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HANDEL'S *Suites de Pièces* were composed before the symphonic form, suggested by Gossec, Vanhall, Ditters, &c., and perfected by Haydn, was known. A *suite de pièces* consists of four or five movements of various characters, but in the same key. Each movement is complete in itself, though the composer's intention is to have the whole played as one piece. A *suite de pièces* is consequently a set of pieces to be performed at one time, as a single composition. Handel and John Sebastian Bach produced the finest specimens of this form of composition, and indeed the only ones now known that have any musical interest or value. Handel also composed sets of fugues for the harpsichord. Scarlatti's "*Pièces*" consist of single movements, nearly in the same form as some of the shorter pieces of Handel. Occasionally a fugue stands in the place of a piece. The *Fantasia*, invented by Bach, a kind of feat in modulation without regular form, was for some time confined to that composer and his son, Phillip Emanuel. Mozart, however, subsequently produced specimens which far excelled those of the inventor, and Beethoven, still later, united the attraction of orchestral accompaniment to the same kind of composition. The fantasias of Mendelssohn and Bennett are misnamed, since they differ in nothing from the regular sonata. The fantasias of the school of modern-romanticists, are, in comparison with such music, little better than nonsense. Hummel alone, among the recent composers for the pianoforte, has given specimens of the real fantasia, invented by Bach, and perfected by Mozart—perfected by Mozart, we say, because he found the art of combining melody, exquisitely developed, with the exigencies of this kind of writing, without departing from its original form—and thus doubled its attraction.

In Handel's first book, which is by far the most elaborate, there are eight sets of pieces. In five of them there are fugues, which, with deference to those who place Bach above Handel in this species of composition, we insist are the finest existing models. But we shall speak of them in their places. The first *Suite* consists of a *prelude*, an *allemande*, a *courante*, and a *gigue*, four pieces, varying in character, and all in the key of A major. The *Prelude*, as the modern acceptance of the word implies, is a number of discursive chords and passages, without form, in the key of the piece which is to follow. The only difference between the present one and a prelude likely to come from the fingers or the head of a modern pianist is to be found in the nature of its progressions, which though rare are very fine. (*En passant*, we may say that

the preludes in the *Clavier bien temperé*, and other works of Bach, are usually elaborate compositions in which a particular figure of melody is carried through a variety of keys by a regular series of modulations and progressions. Mendelssohn's preludes are much longer, but are generally formed on this model, of which Handel has given very few specimens.) The *Allemande* (a piece in the German style we presume) is a melody in two parts, the one ending with a half close, the other with a full close in the key. Each part is repeated. The object of this kind of movement appears to be the development of a melody by the assistance of rich and various harmonies, and cunning interruptions and protractions of the cadence, so as to obtain a beautiful and satisfactory climax. The first *Suite* of Handel presents one of the most exquisite specimens of this lengthened melody, the art of producing which now seems to hang by the single thread of Mendelssohn's existence. It is in three parts, each of which is a melody almost complete in itself. The *Allemande* is always in common time; the style graceful or passionate, but never capricious or trivial. The *Courante* has much the same characteristics as the *Allemande*, with the exception that it is invariably in three-time, 3-4 or 3-8. The present, is a most finished and beautiful specimen. The *Gigue* is a quick lively movement in 12-8, 9-8, or 6-8 time. This movement is generally characterised by a quantity of free imitations, the subject not seldom being answered immediately in canon. It is written, with few deviations, in two parts throughout, and requires great neatness and agility of finger to execute properly. The present *gigue* in 12-8 time, is a short, but excellent specimen of this kind of movement, and being one of the least elaborate will be more easily compassed by the amateur pianist.

Suite II, comprises an *adagio*, an *allegro*, another *adagio*, and a *fugue*, all in F, except the second *adagio*, which is a fragment beginning and ending on the dominant of D minor. As this is the only instance we can find where one of the *suites* is interrupted by a movement in a different key from the rest, we cannot but consider it an accidental interpolation from the *suite* immediately following, which is in the key of D minor. The *adagio* in *Suite II*, is a fragment which chiefly serves to display the performer's agility in trills and ornaments, for which it is a mere frame-work. This was the characteristic of *adagio*-playing in Handel's time. It was for Haydn to discover the slow-movement as it now stands, with developed melody and symmetrical form to back it. By some freak of fancy, Handel has made this fragment end in A minor, although it begins in F, and the *allegro*, which follows—an exquisite specimen of writing in two parts, the right hand florid and the left hand simple—is also in F. The fugue with which this *suite* concludes is most masterly. The inner-counterpoint to the third answer is made use of as a second subject, with wonderful skill. This fugue not

only displays the profoundest learning and ingenuity, but is beautiful from beginning to end, the subjects being melodious, and the harmony natural and pure. It is here that we find Handel superior to Bach. In the fugues of the latter, with few exceptions, there are points which a refined ear cannot tolerate; but in those of Handel, the progressions are so natural, the parts flow so easily, and yet in fine counterpoint, that no such disagreeable effects can ever be found in them. Our theory is that the laws of harmony cannot possibly be violated with impunity, and as Handel rarely or never violates them, we consider him a more legitimate musician than Bach, who constantly does. And yet we yield to none in our veneration for that great man's genius, which we hold to have been one of the phenomena of the era in which he flourished.

The third *suite* is in D minor. It begins with a brilliant *prelude* of scale passages and arpeggios, which is followed by a *fugue*. This perhaps, is not so exquisitely finished as the *fugue* in the preceding *suite*, but its character is more passionate. The subject is mysterious, and one of the counterpoints is most charmingly treated as an episode, in two parts, near the end; this point is of itself worth a whole modern opera. The point which will least please musicians in this *fugue* is a long digression into F, beginning with a somewhat trite sequence, and ending with a sequence on the dominant pedal, which is borrowed from the *fugue* in F in the preceding *suite*. An *allemande* and a *courante*, which come after the *fugue*, are both lovely. An air with variations concludes the *suite*. The air is in the florid style of the *adagio* in the last *suite*, but the variations formed upon its outline are ingenious and beautiful. There are five of them; the first three are the most beautiful; the second has a florid base, and the third a florid inner part, on the top of which rides the melody. (Cramer and Steibelt have each borrowed this variation for the basis of one of their studies. Cramer wrote his in E major, thinking to avert recognisance of the theft. Steibelt, more bold, assumed the same key, and almost the same notes, as Handel. Steibelt's is the best study of the two after all, which will go far to excuse his appropriation of Handel's property.) After the five variations, a very fine movement, *presto*, in 3-8 time, developed to considerable length, concludes the third *suite*.

The fourth *suite*, in E minor, begins with the brilliant and magnificent *fugue* in that key, which is known to all pianists who love good music. This is perhaps the finest composition in the entire *Suites de pieces*, but the difficulties attending its execution are enormous. You may play Liszt and Thalberg wholesale without being able to play this *fugue*. An *allemande* and a *courante* follow; they are plaintive and beautiful, and will remind the performer of similar movements in the *Seven Characteristic Pieces* which Mendelssohn composed in his early youth, when red-hot from the study of his Bach and Handel. The influence of these great writers on the style of the greatest composer now living cannot indeed be overlooked, or too often considered. A *Sarabande* comes next. This is a slow dance tune in 3-4 measure, in the style of a minuet, but played more leisurely. Handel makes these dances the frame-work for the finest harmonic progressions. The fourth *suite* concludes with a *gigue*, in 12-8—a pretty subject treated for the most part in free canon. The only fault of this *gigue* is its brevity, the whole being compassed in a single page.

The fifth *suite*, in E major, comprises a *prelude* in the style of Bach—an *allemande*, the longest and most beautiful of all—a *courante* of almost equal merit—and the charming air

with variations popularly known as the "Harmonious Blacksmith." This *suite* is sure to be the most in favor, not only with amateurs, but the majority of professors. Be it so—though there is no *fugue*, the *allemande* and *courante* will be all powerful in their influence, and taste must be perfected by the study of such refined specimens of art.

The sixth *suite* comprises a fine *prelude à la Bach*, a stately *largo* in 3-4 time with some grand points of harmony, a sublime *fugue* with two subjects, and a *gigue*, the best composition of its kind in the book—the whole being in F sharp minor.

The seventh *suite*, in G minor, sets out with an overture, which consists of an *adagio* in the florid style, followed by a short *presto*, repeated twice, with the intervention of a fragment of the *adagio* after the first time; the *allegro* is a kind of free *fugato* (a short movement with imitations in the fugued style), and a striking character is given to it by its unbroken rhythm and sustained dotted accent. A beautiful *andante*, in the style of the *allemande*, gives way to another *allegro*, a sort of *courante* in double time (3-8 instead of 3-4), a movement somewhat in the manner of Scarlatti, but more profoundly treated than anything that master has left us. But for the antique cut of the cadences this short movement might have passed under the name of Mendelssohn. At all events the influence which the harpsichord music of Handel has had in developing and coloring the style of that great musician is strikingly exemplified in this *allegro*, which is incontestably the germ of more than one of those *intermezzo* movements wherein Mendelssohn is so fertile, and which, by the way, are very often in the key of G minor, that of the present *suite*. The *allegro* is followed by another *sarabande* and a very fine one, which in its turn is replaced by a *gigue*, short and sweet. The whole concludes with a *passacaille*—a series of variations on a short harmonic progression. The progression chosen by Handel in the present instance is as follows:—common chord of G minor, 6-3 on E flat, common chord of F major, ditto of B flat major, ditto of E flat major, 6-3 on C, seventh on D with major third, and common chord of G minor. On this simple progression he has founded no less than fifteen variations. These are brilliant and effective, but not otherwise remarkable.

The eighth *suite*, and last of the first book, is in F minor. It opens with a fine *prelude*, which, after going through a variety of beautiful progressions, stops upon the dominant harmony and gives way to a *fugue* on one subject, answered in the fourth below, and written in three or four parts *ad libitum*. This, though the least elaborate of the five *fugues* contained in the *suite*, is by no means the least striking. The subject is simple and majestic, and the treatment masterly. A magnificent effect is produced in several places, by the introduction of the subject in full harmony. The last time this occurs, the subject is given in the bass, in full chords, and a sublime point is effected by a sudden progression to the relative major of the key, which must be heard to be understood. This point alone induced us to play the *fugue* over a dozen times, for the sake of coming to it in its proper place and receiving exactly the same sensation of surprise at every repetition. An *allemande*, a *courante*, (both beautiful) and a *gigue* almost as good as the one in F sharp minor, conclude this *suite* and the first book. The subject of the *gigue* is answered in canon on the octave, and a capital contrast is produced by reversing the subject in the second part, taking the dominant harmony in place of the tonic, and *vice versa*.

We must defer noticing the second book of *Suites de Pieces*,

and the *Pieces* of Scarlatti till our next, having exceeded our limits already. Meanwhile let us most urgently recommend all our readers, who are pianists, and who wish to make acquaintance (not being already acquainted) with one of the greatest works that have ever enriched the *repertoire* of the harpsichord—or, as it is now improved and developed, the pianoforte—to purchase without delay the first book of Handel, of which we have drawn up this crude and hasty sketch. It bears strong marks of having been a labor of love, and abounds in evidences of that astonishing genius which elsewhere manifested has long been ranked among the wonders of the world. The present edition is beautifully engraved and printed, and when in the second impression the few errors that have escaped the experienced eye of Mr. Moscheles, the editor, shall have been rectified, it will be perfect. A little more of such music as this, and a little less of the modern *fantasia*-school, would benefit extremely the musical taste of the country.

MUSIC IN AMERICA.

THE papers that have lately reached us confirm the prophesy of our New York correspondent, that the arrival of Henri Herz would be the cause of a world of disagreeables between that celebrated pianist and "The Lion." From *The American and Commercial Daily Advertiser*, a paper printed at Baltimore, we extract a series of letters which will give a better notion of the state of affairs than any comment we could make on them. It appears that Leopold de Meyer and Henri Herz were to give each a concert in the same room within a day or two of one another—that De Meyer, after giving his concert, neglected to have his piano-fortes removed, which caused so much inconvenience to Herz as to lead to very angry proceedings on his part. But let the correspondence speak for itself. The first letter is from Leopold de Meyer, and is an appeal to the public against the conduct of his rival.

"TO THE PUBLIC.

"The undersigned is particularly indisposed to appear before the public of Baltimore, from whom he has received the kindest indulgence, upon a subject rather of a private than of a public nature. Yet, he feels it due to himself to make a simple statement of facts, in the event of any occurrence in the future of a similar character, and suggested by similar feelings. The citizens of Baltimore are aware, that the undersigned gave a concert in this city, at Calvert Hall, on Wednesday evening, and as usual left his pianos in the building, which he was informed yesterday morning were so disposed of as to leave no possible inconvenience to Mons. Herz, who was announced to give a concert, in the same place last evening. It was, therefore, much to the surprise of the undersigned that he received a note from the servant of Mr. Herz last evening, shortly before 6 o'clock, when the rain was pouring down in torrents, of which the following is a translated copy:—

'The two pianos of Meyer, have to be taken away immediately, or they will be thrown into the yard of the Hall.'

B. ULLMANN.

"Upon the receipt of this abrupt and offensive note, Mr. Meyer, unwilling either to cause any annoyance to Mr. Herz, or to subject himself to inconvenience by the wanton destruction with which his instruments were threatened, requested his friend, Mr. G. Reitheimer, to call immediately upon Mr. Herz, at Calvert Hall, and attend to the business. He there met Mr. Herz, and suggested, in consequence of the state of the weather, that the piano should remain, alluding at the same time to the impertinent note of Ullmann. Mr. Herz observed that he should not interfere in the matter, and that whatever had been done by his servant, was by his approval. Mr. Reitheimer at once proceeded to remove the pianos, though at considerable risk, and with some injury to one of them. This conduct is the more inexplicable in view of another fact of recent occurrence in New York, and which, but for the transaction of yesterday, the undersigned should never have brought before the public. During the absence of Mr. Meyer at Philadelphia, Mr. Herz announced a concert in New York, with eight pianos; at that time Mr. Meyer had one of his superb Erard pianos, in that city, in charge of Messrs. Scharfenberg and Lui*, Broadway, which, with a most strange and vague idea of the proprieties of life, Mr. Herz actually possessed himself of, and procured to be removed to the Tabernacle for his purpose,

upon representations to those gentlemen, that Mr. Meyer would not object, and that he would be responsible to Mr. M. for what he did. Information being telegraphed to Mr. Meyer, at Philadelphia, he of course took measures to prohibit such an invasion of his rights. It is but charitable to imagine a cause for the very remarkable conduct of Mr. Herz, and the undersigned is led to suppose, that the effect of the weather last evening, being so very unfavorable to the gentleman's projected concert, it also by sympathy, touched his nervous system, and he was thus led to act so very rudely. It is proper to say to the public, that the pianos of Mr. Meyer, will be restored to their position in the Hall, on this (Friday) morning, preparatory to the concert of the evening.

LEOPOLD DE MEYER."

Herr Reitheimer is the *chargé d'affaires* of the "Lion Pianist," and has got him both out of and into several scrapes since his visit to the Yankees. He is a very useful appendage, nevertheless, to De Meyer's train, although he speaks English with little fluency and writes it with less. The next letter is a counter-statement, on the part of Herz, signed Bernard Ullmann, A.M.—for be it known that Herz also is attended by a *chargé d'affaires*.

"TO THE PUBLIC.

"In an address to the public in this morning's Sun, M. Leopold De Meyer has sought to provoke M. Henri Herz into a newspaper controversy, and has endeavoured to give point to his address by calling the undersigned M. Herz' servant, and by using other impertinences of language which it would not be becoming now to notice. At the risk of giving M. De Meyer a consequence which he does not merit, by noticing his communication, the undersigned contents himself with saying that his publication, in every essential particular, is entirely false, as the following brief narrative of facts, fortified by affidavit, will show. The platform at Calvert Hall is too small to hold, at the same time, the pianos of M. Herz and M. De Meyer. M. De Meyer had given his concert on Wednesday, and should have removed his pianos, early next morning as Mr. Herz's concert was immediately to follow. This he did not do; and the undersigned stated to Mr. Burke, (an assistant of M. De Meyer,) at nine o'clock on Thursday morning, that he would require the removal of the large piano only, and that the smaller one might remain. This was said in the presence of witnesses, and was intended solely to consult the convenience of M. De Meyer. No trouble, whatever, was taken to remove either of the pianos; and as night was fast approaching, the undersigned was informed by the person in charge of the Hall, that M. De Meyer refused to remove them, and the note which has been published became necessary. With reference to the second charge, falsely made, in relation to the piano of M. De Meyer in New York, the facts are these:—M. De Meyer, called upon Mr. Herz, and in the presence of several witnesses, offered him the use of one of his pianos, which Mr. Herz said he would accept if it became necessary, and on the evening of his concert, he had it removed to the Tabernacle. M. De Meyer's agent, apparently ignorant of this arrangement between Mr. Herz and M. De Meyer, came and ordered it away just previous to the concert, and without any notice of his intention so to do, to which Mr. Herz made no objection.—Upon a subsequent occasion, when Messrs. De Meyer and Herz again met, M. De Meyer, as the undersigned understood, apologised for the act of his agent, and said it had originated in mistake. Nothing more was heard of the transaction until it now appears in print, in M. De Meyer's communication. These are the plain facts, and the public can judge of them. M. De Meyer's difficulties, heretofore with Thalberg, with Sivori, and with every other artist who appears, as he supposes, to stand in his way; his unblushing method of reaching the public through the press, as disclosed in the late trial between Burchard and himself, for the price of the puff, and now this attempt to embroil Mr. Herz in controversy with him, will sufficiently convince the public, that he relies upon other means for giving himself consequence than professional science. The undersigned forbears to trouble the public with a narrative of the attempts which M. De Meyer has made to induce him, whom he now impertinently designates as the servant of Mr. Herz, to become subservient to his, M. De Meyer's ends, by puffing him into notice, and perhaps some parts of his present insolence may be attributed to the indignation with which the undersigned refused to receive from him a gold snuff box, as the price of a desired puff. BERNARD ULLMANN, A.M., *Doctor of Philosophy, and Elève of the Imperial Polytechnic Institution of Vienna, Aus. State of Maryland, City of Baltimore, sc:*—On this 20th day of November, 1846, B. Ullmann made oath before me, a Justice of the Peace for the said city, that the matters above set forth are true as stated.

Sworn before

G. D. SPURRIER."

But we do not stop here. Leopold de Meyer is not the

man to be easily put down. Read his address to Henri Herz—a document which, for diplomatic cunning, might vie with the masterpieces of Talleyrand.

"TO HENRI HERZ.

"A publication in the Patriot of yesterday evening, under the name of an individual, who, instead of your *savant*, should, it seems, have been styled your *savant*, demands a passing notice. In regard to that statement, should you have authorised it, I now declare it to be untrue that I ever gave my consent that you should use one of my grand pianos at your concert with eight instruments, which took place in New York; nor did I ever apologise for, or in any way excuse the conduct of my friend, Mr. Reithimer, or deem it desirable so to do. On the contrary, his proceedings were prompt and proper, as a suitable rebuke to the impertinence of the act by which my piano had been appropriated, and I warmly approved what he had done. Indeed, upon learning that he had expressed his sentiments with regard to the impertinence of that act, when he recovered the instrument from the Tabernacle at the time of the rehearsal, I immediately sanctioned his conduct. In expressing his own feelings, he had given utterance to mine. In reference to the statement of your *savant*, that Mr. Burke received any communication relative to the pianos at 9 o'clock in the morning, it was either an inexcusable mistake, or a wilful misrepresentation. And I must also use the same language with regard to the assertion, that I refused to remove the pianos from the Hall, from the simple fact, that the first intimation I had of your desire that they should be removed, was the offensive and disreputable note received from your *savant*. And now, sir, a parting word. Concealed as you choose to be, under the shelter of your *savant* that you may avoid the necessity of an excuse "to the public" for your discourtesy, unworthy of a true artist, and permitting him to thrust forward private and irrelevant matters, I take occasion to invite the attention of the public to the correspondence of Signor Rapetti in the New York press of the 9th and 10th inst., for a full exhibition of those traits of your character which are calculated, unhappily, at once to excite pity and contempt. The unwise, and not to say most unjust insinuation of your *savant* against the character of the American press, as a mercenary instrumentality, I leave to be adjusted between him and a profession which I deemed beyond reproach, and whose members are so well able to defend her. In leaving this subject I do so with the assurance that this is the last communication I shall deem it my duty to make with you through the medium of the public press.

LEOPOLD DE MEYER, *Pianiste to H. M., Emperor of Austria, &c. &c.*

* * * TO THE PUBLIC.—I have been induced to appear in this manner once more before my numerous friends and the public of Baltimore, less from a sense of any necessity to refute the misrepresentations of the article under notice, than from a momentary indignation at the receipt of a menacing note from the distinguished *savant* of Mr. Herz, who, with a degree of impudence and presumption, I scarcely know which most to admire, desires me to refrain from any notice of this publication, under peril of being assailed by him in the press of New York, Philadelphia and Havana. This very simple-minded individual has yet to learn that he has entirely mistaken the character of the undersigned.

L. DE MEYER."

Is it not sad to contemplate such unworthy squabbling among artists, who, in their own walk, are equally incomparable! Surely in the United States there is room for more than one great pianist—and surely Herz and De Meyer are unlike enough in the peculiarities of their genius to make it well worth the while of the Yankee amateurs to hear them both, and pay for the hearing. Fie upon the European artists who thus forget themselves! But let us hasten to extract from another journal, *The Philadelphia Public Ledger*, a correspondence more creditable to Leopold de Meyer, and by consequence, more interesting to his friends and admirers on this side of the Atlantic. It records the fact of a testimonial having been presented to the celebrated Austrian pianist, by the Philharmonic Society of Philadelphia.

BEAUTIFUL TESTIMONIAL.—M. Leopold de Meyer was on Saturday evening honoured by the Philharmonic Society of Philadelphia with the presentation of a beautiful silver cup, of exquisite workmanship, about eighteen inches high. The cup is embellished with a design representing a lion playing upon a piano, musical emblems, and an appropriate inscription. A number of speeches were delivered on the occasion, and the following impromptu was made by J. P. Moss, Esq.

"*Rame raised her trumpet, and she loudly blew—*

"*The great De Meyer's come! to him what praise is due!*"
Euterpe answered, 'Why do you inquire?'

The cup will be exhibited at Mr. Scherr's, Pianoforte Manufactory, Chesnut Street, above Ninth, until Wednesday. The following is the correspondence which took place on the occasion.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 11th, 1846.

"My dear Sir—I am directed by the Managers of the Philharmonic Society to tender to you their grateful acknowledgments for the high honor you have conferred on the Society by your gratuitous and invaluable services at our concert last evening, and also to request your acceptance of the accompanying cup as a small testimonial of their high appreciation of you as an artist, and their regard and friendship for you as a man. Accept it, my dear sir, and have the goodness to place it in your cabinet among similar "tokens of feeling," and to regard our amateur association as one among the many thousands of your delighted and gratified audiences on this side of the Atlantic. We hailed your visit to this country in the anticipation of the impetus you would give to the cause of music, and the delight we would experience in listening to the strains of the first master of his time. We have now the additional pleasure of gratitude, for the good feeling which has recognized in our humble effort a principle worthy the encouragement of your great talents. Rest assured, that if, when in other lands, this little *souvenir* should bring back to you any recollections of last evening, that your kindness is still warmly cherished by the Philharmonic Society of Philadelphia, and that your appearance before it will always be remembered as a proud event in its annals. I feel myself highly honored in being made the medium of communicating the thanks of our association, and beg leave at the same time to present my individual wishes for your continual prosperity and happiness. Respectfully, yours,

Signed,

A. G. WATERMAN,
President of the Philharmonic Society."

LEOPOLD DE MEYER.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 15, 1846.

"Dear Sir,—It affords me the greatest possible pleasure to tender to you, as the medium of the high compliment bestowed on me this evening by the members of the Philharmonic Society, my warmest thanks, and to express the feelings of gratitude I entertain for the kind assistance they have manifested towards me. I acknowledge with pride and pleasure the receipt of the beautiful token of friendship which the society, through you, has been pleased to offer me, and rest assured that when the broad Atlantic shall separate me from the shores of America, and indeed wherever I may be through life, I shall turn to the *souvenir* with *delightful* eyes, and always remember with the best wishes my kind friends in Philadelphia. Modesty forbids replying to that portion of your highly complimentary letter, where you are pleased to award such flattering praise to my humble merits; and now let me tender you my sincere regard, not only as one whose real and persevering efforts to advance the cause of music are so well known and appreciated, but also as a highly esteemed citizen, (Qy—Who? De Meyer, or the secretary?) and believe me, my dear sir, I feel grateful for your kind wishes for my prosperity, and the knowledge of promising your personal friendship to me will always be a *souvenir* of unfeigned pleasure.

I remain, dear sir, with much respect, yours truly,

LEOPOLD DE MEYER."

"To A. G. WATERMAN, Esq.,

President Philharmonic Society."

(The above letter, we presume, from the style of its phraseology, to have proceeded, from the pen of De Meyer, *chargé d'affaires*.)

How much more pleased should we be to have only such events as the above to record, instead of being the unwilling chroniclers of disputes and acts of petty envy, which, on the part of men of genius and talent, are as surprising as they are disgraceful. We must confess, *ex passant*, that our intimate knowledge of the two men, leads us insensibly to exonerate Henri Herz from any blame whatever. He is the last man to put up with an offence, but he is equally, in our opinion, the last man to offer one. It is singular, at any rate, that Herz and Sivori should both have cause of complaint against De Meyer, and none whatever against each other. On the contrary, they are the best friends in the world.

CONCERT AT THE BEAUMONT INSTITUTION.

THE amateurs and connoisseurs of music at the East end are determined not to be outdone by the concert-givers of the more lordly section of the metropolis in providing all that is excellent and recherché for their visitors. The entertainments

on Tuesday evening, at the Beaumont Institution, Beaumont Square, Mile-end Road, proved that the march of music was abroad, and that the love of art was pervading every class of society. The projectors of the concert must have been aware of the taste and judgment previously exhibited by the audiences of the Institution, or they would not have provided so very superior a feast of music as they did on Tuesday—superior, whether we consider the compositions to be interpreted, or the interpreters. The fact alone of Madame Bishop's services being obtained, speaks loudly in favour of the enterprising spirit of the establishment. Madame Bishop was engaged at a large sum, but the crowded state of the room proved that the managers of the concert did not reckon without their host procuring the assistance of England's greatest singer and greatest artist. We were both pleased and surprised at witnessing the excellent judgment displayed by the auditors of the Institution, in the marks of approbation they bestowed on the artists. Madame Bishop was listened to with the most breathless suspense until the close of each of her *morceaux*, when the whole audience broke out into the most tumultuous applause, which lasted several minutes. Before making any further remarks, we shall append the programme, which ran as follows:—

PART I.

Fantasia, Organ, Mr. Chitty, (organist of St. James's, Ratcliff)	Chitty.
Tertetto, Guai se ti sfugge, (<i>Lucrezia Borgia</i>) Madame F. Lablache, Mr. Manvers, and Signor F. Lablache.	Donisetti.
Buffo Song, Largo al factotum, Signor F. Lablache, (<i>Il Barbiere di Siviglia</i>)	Rossini.
Scena, Oh, 'tis a glorious sight, Mr. Manvers, (<i>Oberon</i>)	Weber.
Recitative, Al tempo move, } Madame Anno Bishop,	Donisetti.
Cavatina, Ah, quando } (<i>Ugo di Parigi</i>)	Macfarren.
Song, Why do we love? Made. F. Lablache, (<i>Don Quixotte</i>)	Case.
Fantasia, Concertina, Auld lang syne, Mr. G. Case,	
Duet, Les Muletiers, Madame F. Lablache and Signor F. Lablache,	Masini.
Recitative, The bosom of yon waters, } Madame Bishop,	
Ballad, On the banks of Guadalquivir, } (<i>Loretta</i>)	Lavenu.
(Composed expressly for her)	
Scene, Mr. John Parry. Arranged by	John Parry.

PART II.

Duet, Senza tanti complementi, Madame F. Lablache and Signor F. Lablache,	Donisetti.
Song, Philip the Falconer, Mr. Manvers,	Loder.
Cavatina, O come rapida, Madame Bishop, (<i>Crociato in Egitto</i>)	Meyerbeer.
Song, Miei rampolli, Signor F. Lablache (<i>La Cenerentola</i>)	Rossini,
Song, I cannot suffer if I would, Mr. Manvers (<i>Night Dancers</i>)	Loder.
Solo, Vio in air Varie, Mr. G. Case,	Case.
Rondo Finale, Ah, heart be hushed and calm, Madame Anna Bishop (<i>Loretta</i>)	Lavenu.
Scotch Song, Come row me o'er, Madame F. Lablache.	
Domestic Scene, Matrimony! (<i>By Desire</i>) Mr. John Parry,	John Parry.

Mr. Chitty's fantasia was nothing more, nor less, than a selection of subjects, and airs, taken at random, and used without the least art. Among these airs, and subjects, we recognised the chorus of priests from Spohr's *Jessonda*, an aria from *Der Freyschutz*, "Lucy Neal," an air de ballet from *La Donna del Lago*, "Love Not," and "God save the Queen." The tertetto from *Lucrezia Borgia* did not go well. The famous song from the *Barbiere*, was excellently given by Frederick Lablache, albeit his singing was considerably marred by the inefficiency of the conductor, who played the accompaniments in all sorts of ways, but the right way. We must allow that the pianoforte accompaniments to "Largo al factotum," are by no means easy to be mastered on the instrument. Mr. Manvers was not equal to the

trying *scena* from *Oberon*. The recitative and Cavatina from *Ugo di Parigi* are admirably adapted to Madame Bishop's powers and voice. They involve the greatest brilliancies of *fioriture*, the most expressive melodical phrases, and demand from the interpreter the most chaste and delicate conception, conjoined with the most artistic finish. The last movement especially displayed to perfection Madame Bishop's art and skill. We never heard composition more exquisitely rendered. The chromatic passages, the shakes fortissimo and piano, the descending shakes, the cadenzas so novel and so striking, the elaborate and rapid *fioriture* executed with the ease of the most perfect instrument, all proved Madame Bishop beyond a doubt, one of the greatest singers of modern times. The applause consequent on this prodigious vocal display was uproarious, and an encore was tumultuously called for, but was not persisted in, the audience considerably making allowance for the great exertion of the singer. Macfarren's exquisite song was very nicely given by Mad. F. Lablache, and received an encore. Masini's duet is very pretty, and was capitally sung by Sig. and Mad. Lablache, obtaining a unanimous and loud encore. Made. Bishop received a tremendous call to repeat the ballad from *Loretta*, to which she responded, singing it, on both occasions, with her usual exquisite grace and finish. John Parry gave a new comic song called "The White Cat," in which the antique legend is set forth in a garb of modern humour. He sang it in his usual style, with immense effect, and was encored, when he gave Albert Smith's song of "Young England." In the second part, the duet from *Don Pasquale* was repeated with much applause; and Mr. Manvers gave Loder's popular song with expression and taste. Madame Bishop sang Meyerbeer's charming Cavatina from the *Crociato in Egitto*, with greater effect than any of her preceding efforts, and was applauded by the whole house for several minutes. We are inclined to think "Come Rapida" is the best performance of Madame Bishop we ever heard; and, certainly, as a display of consummate art and vocalization we never heard it surpassed. No doubt, the Italian language in which she interpreted Meyerbeer's Cavatina tended, in no small degree, to produce the perfectibility of her performance. So great was the impression wrought upon us, that we would strongly counsel Madame Bishop to sing "O Come Rapida" on every possible occasion in public. Her singing delighted to excess the amateur part of the audience, and enchaind the admiration of all appreciators of true art. Frederick Lablache reminded us potently of the Lablache in the fine dramatic aria buffa of Rossini. He sang it splendidly. This gentleman has made much improvement in his art within the last few years. Signor F. Lablache is now a superior general artist, and an admirable buffo singer. Loder's very charming song lost all its captivations, by being taken much too slowly; Mr. Manvers thereby neither doing the composition nor himself justice. We have much pleasure in bestowing our award of merit on Mr. G. Case's violin performance. This young gentleman is one of the best of our native violin soloists. Madame Bishop, as a matter of course, was enthusiastically encored in the Rondo finale from *Loretta*. It is unnecessary to speak here of a performance so universally known, and which has already won the tribute of admiration and surprise from thousands at Drury Lane. We cannot conclude our notice of the great artist's performance on this occasion without bestowing a word of praise on the grace and charming *naiveté* she displays in a concert room. Madame Bishop is the artist everywhere, and she well knows that half the attraction of a vocal performance lies in the *manner* of its

execution. Many of our best chamber singers might take a useful hint from Madame Bishop's deportment in a concert room. The concert terminated with a song by John Parry, which we did not wait to hear. Altogether we were highly pleased with the entertainments at the Beaumont Institution, and shall be most happy, by any efforts of our own, to advance the interests of the musical section of this most praiseworthy establishment. Mr. Maurice Davies conducted.

THE AFFINITIES.

from the German of Goethe.

(Continued from page 670, vol. 21.)

PART I.—CHAPTER XI.

EDWARD accompanied the Count to his chamber, and was easily induced by his conversation to remain with him for some time. The Count discoursed on former days, and remarked with animation on the beauty of Charlotte, which, as a connoisseur of the fair sex, he unfolded with considerable ardour. "A handsome foot," said he, is a great gift of nature, and a charm which resists the ravages of time. I observed her to-day as she walked. One feels an inclination to kiss her foot, and to repeat that barbaric but deeply-felt mode of shewing honour which exists among the Sarmatians, who think there is nothing better than to drink to the health of a beloved and respected person out of his shoe.

The print of the foot was not the only object of praise with these two intimate friends. From Charlotte's person they rambled to old stories and adventures, and came at last to the obstacles which had formerly prevented the union of the two lovers, to the trouble they had taken, and the stratagems they had observed, only to be able to say that they loved one another.

"Do you remember," continued the Count, "what adventures I, with the greatest kindness and disinterestedness enabled you to achieve, when our highest dignitaries visited her uncle, and met in the spacious castle? The day had passed in festivities and festal attire, and a part, at least, of the night was to be spent in free loving conversation."

"The way that led to the apartments assigned to the ladies of the court you had well observed," said Edward, "and we succeeded in reaching my beloved Charlotte."

"Who," added the Count, "thought more of decorum than of my comfort, and kept by her an exceedingly ugly guard of honour; so that, while you were very much amused with words and glances, my lot was anything but a happy one."

"Just as you were announced yesterday," said Edward, "I was reminding my wife of the story, and especially of our return. We missed the way, and came to the ante-chamber of the guard-room. Because we had got on so well, we fancied we could go through here also, and pass this post as well as the rest. But when the doors were opened how great was our astonishment! The way was covered with mattresses, upon which the gigantic fellows lay stretched out in several rows, and slept. The night guard at his post stared at us with amazement, but we, in our youthful boldness, stepped quietly over the stretched-out boots, without one of these snoring sons of Anak being awakened."

"I had a great mind to stumble for the sake of the noise," said the Count, "for what a strange resurrection we should have seen!"

At this moment the castle clock struck twelve.

"It is midnight," said the Count, smiling, "and just the proper time. I must now beg a favour of you, my dear Baron. Be my guide to-night as I was yours then. I have promised the Baronness to pay her a visit. We have not seen each other for a long time, we have not spoken alone all day, and nothing is more natural, than that we should desire a confidential hour. Show me the way, I will find the way back, and at all events there is no fear that I shall stumble over any boots."

"I will readily show you this piece of hospitable courtesy," said Edward, "only the three ladies are altogether up in yonder wing. Who knows whether we may not find them all at once, or cause some other piece of work that would have a strange appearance?"

"Do not be uneasy about that," said the Count, "the Baronness expects me. By this time she is certainly alone in her room."

"Thus the matter is easy enough," said Edward; and taking a candle, he lit the count down a private staircase, which led to a long passage. At the end of this was a little door, which Edward opened. They ascended a winding staircase, and on the top on a narrow landing-place, Edward showed the Count a tapestried door to the right, and placed the candle in his hand. The door opened at the first attempt, and admitted the Count, so that Edward was left in the dark.

Another door to the left led to Charlotte's bed-room; he heard some one talk, and listened attentively. Charlotte was asking her maid, if Otilia had gone to bed. "No," replied the maid, "she is down stairs writing." "Light the night-lamp then," said Charlotte, "and go, it is getting late. I will put out the taper myself and go to bed."

Edward heard with delight that Otilia was writing. "She is working for me," he thought triumphantly. Absorbed in his own imagination he fancied that, through the darkness, he could discern her sitting and writing. We thought to approach her, and see how she turned round to look at him. We felt an irresistible longing to see her once more near him. But there was no way from the spot where he stood, to the apartment which she occupied. Now he found himself close against his wife's door, a singular confusion took place in his mind; he tried to move the door, he found it locked, he touched gently, but Charlotte did not hear.

In fact, she was in the larger room adjoining, walking up and down with a great deal of animation. Over and over again, she repeated to herself, what she had already considered often enough, since the Count's proposal. The Captain seemed to stand before her; he still filled the house—he still gave life to the walks—and he was to go; all was to become a void. She said to herself all that could be said; nay, she anticipated, as one generally does, the miserable consolation that even pains of this sort are alleviated by time. She cursed the time which was required to alleviate them; she cursed the deadly time when they would be alleviated.

The refuge which she found in tears, was so much the more welcome, as with her it was unusual. Throwing "herself on" the sofa, she completely abandoned herself to her grief. Edward, on his part, could not stir from the door; he knocked again, and then a third time, somewhat louder, so that Charlotte could hear him plainly through the stillness of the night, and started up alarmed. Her first thought was, that it might—nay, must be the Captain; the second, that this was impossible. She considered that the mind was an illusion; but she had surely heard it—wished, feared to have heard it. She went into the bedroom, and softly approached the tapestried door, which was bolted. Then she reproached herself for her fear. "How, probably, might the Countess want something!" she said to herself, and collecting her strength, she cried out, "Is any one there?" A soft voice answered, "It is I." "Who?" returned Charlotte, who could not distinguish the sound. The Captain's form seemed to stand before the door. The voice, somewhat louder, said, "Edward!" She opened, and her husband was before her. He saluted her jestingly, wrapping up the cause of his mysterious visit with explanations equally mysterious. "Why, I really come," he at last said, "I must confess to you. I have made a vow to kiss your shoe to-night."

"You have not had such a notion for a long time," said Charlotte. "So much the worse, and so much the better," retorted Edward.

She had seated herself in a chair, that her light night-dress might be concealed from his eyes. He threw himself on his knees before her, and she could not prevent him from kissing her shoe, nor when this remained in his hand, from catching her foot, and pressing it firmly to his bosom.

Charlotte was one of those ladies, who possessed of a cool temperament, preserve in marriage, without design or effort, the manners belonging to courtship. Far from alluring her husband, it was always her manner rather to shrink from him, and as she at the same time did not evince any coldness or repulsive severity, she always resembled a loving bride, who feels timid even about what is lawful. In this disposition, and even more so than usual, Edward found her upon this occasion. Most ardently she wished that her husband was away, for the imaginary form of her friend seemed to be reproaching her! But that which should have repelled Edward, acted as an additional attraction. It was obvious

that she laboured under some emotion. She had been weeping, and if this is generally a disadvantage to the beauty of persons of a weak disposition, it is an infinite advantage to those whom we are in the habit of seeming resolute and composed. Edward was so amiable, so kind, so urgent. He asked her to let him remain with her. He did not insist upon it, but half jesting, half earnest, tried to persuade her, never thinking that he was only asking for his rights. At last he playfully extinguished the taper.

In the dim light of the lamp, the secret inclination and the imagination of the parties exercised an influence over reality. Edward seemed to hold none but Ottilia in his arms, while the image of the Captain, nearer or farther, floated before the mind of Charlotte. Thus strangely enough was the present most delightfully interwoven with the absent.

But the present has large claims, and will not be despoiled of them. They passed a portion of the night in all sorts of light conversation, and their jests were the more free, because, alas! their heart had no share in them. But when Edward on the following morning awoke on the bosom of his wife, the day seemed to look in upon him with a foreboding appearance, the sun appeared to shine upon a crime. He glided softly from the side of Charlotte, who, when she awoke, was surprised to find herself alone.

PART I.—CHAPTER XII.

WHEN the party had re-assembled at breakfast, an attentive spectator might have observed in the behaviour of the individuals the difference of their internal moods and feelings. The Count and the Baroness met with that cheerful content which is felt by a pair of lovers, when after the pains of separation they once more assure each other of their mutual affections; while, on the other hand, Charlotte and Edward met the Captain and Ottilia with something of shame and remorse. It is the nature of love to believe that its own rights are alone valid, and that all others vanish before it. Ottilia displayed a child-like cheerfulness, and her manner might be called frank. The Captain appeared serious. His conversation with the Count, who had awakened in him all the feelings which had for some time lain dormant, had shewn him but too plainly that he was not fulfilling his proper mission in this place, but was really wasting his days in a sort of half-active indolence. The guests had hardly departed, when other visitors arrived. This arrival was welcome to Charlotte, who wished some diversion from her own thoughts; but it seemed inopportune to Edward, who felt a double inclination to converse with Ottilia, and it was far from agreeable to Ottilia herself, who had not yet finished the copy, which was so much wanted on the following morning. She, therefore, as soon as the visitors had left, hastened back to her room.

It was evening. Edward, Charlotte, and the Captain, who had accompanied the visitors on their way to the carriage, agreed to take a walk towards the pond. A boat, which Edward had ordered from a distance, at a considerable expense, had arrived. They wished to try whether it could be easily moved and managed.

The boat lay moored off the bank of the central pond, in the vicinity of some tall oaks, upon which they had reckoned when considering their plans for the future. A landing place was to be formed here, and an architectural resting-place was to be raised under the trees, towards which, those who crossed the lake would have to steer.

"Where had the landing better be formed, on the other side?" asked Edmund, "I should say by my plane-trees."

"They stand a little too far to the right," objected the Captain. "By landing lower down we should be nearer to the castle, but it requires consideration."

The Captain was already standing at the stern of the boat, and had taken an oar. Charlotte entered it, as well as Edward, who took the other oar, but just as he was about to push off, he thought of Ottilia, and reflected that this expedition on the water might delay him to a late hour. He resolved at once what to do, sprang ashore, gave his oar to the Captain, and with a few hearty excuses hurried back home.

There he learned that Ottilia had shut herself up, and was writing. While on the one hand, the feeling that she was employed on his account was agreeable, he felt, on the other hand, deeply annoyed at not seeing her present. His impatience in-

creased every moment. He walked up and down in the great room, attempted various things, but nothing was able to fix his attention. He wished to see *her*, to see her alone, before Charlotte returned with the Captain. It was night, and the candles were lit.

At last she entered, radiant with amiability. The feeling that she had done something for her friend, had elevated her above herself. She placed both the original and the copy on the table before Edward. "Shall we compare them?" said she smiling. Edward did not know how to reply. He looked at her, and then he looked over the copy. The first leaves were written with the greatest care, in a delicate female hand, but afterwards the characters seemed to change, and to be in an easier and more free style. But how amazed he was, when he glanced over the concluding pages. "In Heaven's name," he exclaimed, "what is this? why this is my hand!" He looked at Ottilia, and again at the paper; the end especially seemed exactly as though he had written it himself. Ottilia was silent, but she looked into his face, with an air of the greatest satisfaction. Edward raised his arms, "Thou lovest me!" he cried, "Ottilia, thou lovest me!" and they were locked in each others arms. It would have been impossible to distinguish, which had first clasped the other.

From this moment the world was entirely changed for Edward, he was no more what he had been, the world was no more what it had been. They stood face to face—he held her hands—they looked into each others eyes, on the point of embracing once more.

Charlotte entered with the Captain. When they made excuses for their long absence, Edward smiled in secret, "Oh, how much too soon do you come," he said to himself.

They sat down to supper, and passed their opinions upon the persons who had visited them that day. Edward, agreeably excited, spoke of all with indulgence, and of some with approbation. Charlotte, who did not quite agree with him, observed the mood he was in, and bantered him for being so mild and charitable on this occasion, when, generally after a party had taken leave, he had been the severest judge.

With much warmth and in a tone of firm conviction, Edward exclaimed, "It is only necessary to love one being thoroughly, and then all the rest appear amiable!" Ottilia cast down her eyes, and Charlotte looked straight before her.

The Captain took up the subject, and said—"The case is somewhat similar with the feelings of esteem and respect. One learns what is really valuable in the world, only when we find an opportunity of exercising such a disposition on a single object."

Charlotte endeavoured soon to reach her bed-room, that she might dwell on the remembrance of all that this evening had passed between herself and the Captain.

The facts were these: When Edward, springing ashore, had pushed off the boat, confiding his wife and his friend to the uncertain element, Charlotte looked upon the man for whom she had suffered so much in silence, as he sat before her in the twilight, and with the aid of two oars moved the boat in whatever direction he pleased. She felt a deep melancholy, such as she had seldom experienced. The motion of the boat, the splashing of the oars, the quivering of the breeze over the watery mirror, the rustling of the reeds, the last flight of the birds, the twinkling of the first stars—all combined to produce something spirit-like in the general stillness. She almost fancied that her friend was taking her far away to abandon her in some remote spot. A strong emotion prevailed, in her mind, and she could not weep.

The Captain, in the meanwhile, was describing to her how, according to his views, the plans should be carried out. He praised the good qualities of the boat, which could be so easily moved and managed by one person, with two oars. He told her she might herself learn what a pleasant sensation it often was to float alone upon the water, and to be one's own ferryman and steersman.

At these words, the thought of the approaching separation fell upon the heart of Charlotte. "Did he say that intentionally?" thought she. "Does he know of it already, or does he speak by chance only, thus unconsciously predicting my fate?" A deep feeling of melancholy—of impatience overcame her, and she asked him to land as soon as possible, and return with her to the castle.

It was the first time that the Captain had been on these pieces of water, and though he had made a general investigation as to their depth, particular spots remained unknown to him. The evening began to grow dark, and he directed his course where he guessed there was a convenient place of landing, and where he knew he should not be far from the footpath which led to the castle. But he deviated in some measure from this path, when Charlotte, with a sort of uneasiness, repeated the wish to be soon landed. With renewed questions he approached the shore, but still found himself at some distance from it. He had run the boat aground, and all endeavours to move it were in vain. What was to be done? He could only get out into the water, which was very shallow, and carry Charlotte ashore. He carried over the dear burden in safety, but though he was strong enough to avoid tottering or giving her any uneasiness, she turned her arms round his neck, with symptoms of alarm. He held her fast, and pressed her to him. He did not set her down till he came to a sloping plot of turf, and then it was not without trepidation and confusion. She still clasped his neck; he again caught her in his arms, and printed an ardent kiss upon her lips, but in the same moment he fell at her feet, and pressing his lips to her hand, exclaimed: "Charlotte, will you forgive me?"

The kiss, which the Captain had ventured to give, and which Charlotte had almost returned, brought her back to her senses. She pressed his hand, but she did not raise him from the ground. Yet when she bent down to him, and placed her hand on his shoulder, she exclaimed: "We cannot prevent this moment from making an epoch in our lives, but it depends upon ourselves whether it will be worthy of us. You must leave us, dear friend, you must and will. The Count proposes to better your condition, and the proposal gives me both pleasure and pain. I wished to say nothing about the matter till it became a certainty, but the present moment compels me to discover the secret. I can only forgive you and myself if we have the courage to change our situation, since it is not in our power to change our feelings." She raised him from the ground, took his arm as a support, and they returned silently to the castle.

Now she was in her chamber, where she had to feel and look upon herself as Edward's wife. In the midst of the contradictions in which she was involved, she derived great aid from her solid and well-practised character. Always accustomed to self-consciousness and self-command, she did not find it difficult to approach, by serious meditation, the equilibrium which she desired; nay, she could not help smiling, when she thought of the odd visit the night before. Soon a strange sense of foreboding, a joyous but uneasy trembling came over her, and resolved itself into pious hopes and wishes. Deeply touched, she knelt down, and repeated the vow which she had made to Edward before the altar. Friendship, inclination, self-denial, passed before as so many cheerful forms, and she felt inwardly restored. Soon a pleasant weariness took possession of her, and she sank quietly to sleep.

(To be continued.)

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DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE PANTOMIMES AND CHRISTMAS PIECES.

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year, and when it comes it brings good cheer; to some champagne, to others beer; and mirth, and laugh, and jest, and jeer, with pudding, beef, and pies, and deer, and yule-logs blazing far and near in chimney nooks, while winter drear without lets fall his frozen tear upon the season's sheeted bier, and whistling night-winds make us fear for homeless wretch upon the mere, making our gratitude more dear for each awarded blessing here, teaching us deeply to revere and praise our joy-allotted sphere with truthful lip and heart sincere.

The above is intended for our prosy poetical invocation to merry Christmas, that happy season of the year which, in cold and darkness, sheds more warmth and light upon our hearts than the choicest day of sunny May, and in the midst of dearth lends more cheer than Ceres herself had poured at any

other period of the twelvemonth from her horn of plenty. But we grow dull, and let a tale grow cold, which must not be pathetically told. The pantomimes are growing year by year less important, less worthy, and far less humorous, and laughter-exciting. Momm no longer presides at the feast. Everything is sacrificed to scenic displays, gorgeous dresses, specious appointments—in brief, fun is eclipsed by upholstery, and instead of a pantomime that formerly was wont to set the house in a roar, we have now an entertainment that elicits admiration and blank surprise. Burlesques, meanwhile, are supplying the place of pantomime, and in a very few years, we fear we shall have to cry coronach over the last remains of our old and time-honoured Christmas friend. Of the five principal theatres of the metropolis, three have provided pantomimes, viz.—Drury-Lane, the Princess's, and the Lyceum; the Haymarket has still adhered to its burlesque, in which it won for itself name and fame; while the Adelphi, disregarding usage, association, public feeling, and old taste, has dispensed altogether with the tribute paid to Christmas by every other house in London, if not in the kingdom, with pantomime or burlesque. But we shall have to allude presently to this strange falling off at the Adelphi, for which we can neither account, nor imagine adequate cause. We shall take the theatres *seriatim*, according to their degrees of rank and standing, and commence at once with Drury-Lane. The pantomime at this house, it not worthy of bygone times, is at least worthy of the present. Drury-Lane has always been celebrated for the splendid decorations of its Christmas entertainment, and certainly this year it has not fallen off in the gorgeousness, glitter, and magnificence of its stage appointments. The subject of the pantomime is the old legend of *St. George and the Dragon*, and is written by Mr. or more properly, the Messrs. Morton. The allegorical part, or introduction, is imagined with some spirit, involving the contest of the March of Intellect with Ignorance, and its subsequent victory. In the first scene there are some fine effects produced by the representation of a storm at sea, and the effects of an earthquake. We cannot praise the introduction of the Seven Champions of Christendom in one scene as children, and in the next as grown men. If we do not require truth in a pantomime, we, at least, demand verisimilitude. We may fancy things *above* our reason, but we cannot receive by any stretch of imagination things *contrary* to reason. A fairy tale must be consistent with itself, or the most fanciful mind will find no pleasure therein. Thus, when told that there were such beings as fairies, we can imagine, that if they existed, they could confer long life, beauty, wealth, and health on whom they chose; but if it were mentioned in the same breath, that a fairy made one moment of time a century, a child of six years would reject so startling an impossibility. The position in the pantomime is not improved by our being informed that fifteen years are supposed to elapse between two scenes. Besides we could not find out what was gained by this sudden jump from infancy to maturity. We have not room to follow the pantomime in all its details. Mr. Payne, who played Saint George, was so ill on the first night, that the success of the piece was much endangered, but ultimately *St. George and the Dragon* was highly successful. On the second night, Mr. Payne, having fully recovered, infused greater life and spirit into his hero, by which the pantomime received no small addition of strength. Mr. Wieland made a most capital Dragon. The fight between the Dragon and the Champion of England was excellently managed by Payne and Wieland, and was the best performance of the pantomime. The introduction is written with more tact than fun, and proves that Mr. Morton is less at home in this species of

entertainment than in farce. The jokes were spare, and the hits were rare. In the transformation, Mr. Howell was Harlequin; Miss Hicks, Columbine; Mr. T. Matthéwa, Clown; and Mr. Priorson, Pantaloon. These were all excellent in their parts. Some of the practical jokes told well with the audience, but we witnessed nothing particularly new, or particularly happy. But the age is fastidious, and critics, now-a-days, will hardly allow any gradient between the super-excellent and the worthless. In justice we must speak very favourably of the Christmas pantomime at old Drury. It fulfils its intention. It provides variety, splendour, fun, bustle, extravagance and noise, and makes the audience merry, thereby making them happy. If this be not the end of pantomime, we don't know what is. So much for Drury-Lane.

At the HAYMARKET, Mr. Planche has supplied his usual Christmas offering, a burlesque, or Romantic Fairy Extravaganza. It is entitled, *The Invisible Prince: or the Island of Tranquill Delights*; and is founded, as all Mr. Planche's late pieces of this kind are, on one of Madame D'Anois' exquisite fairy tales. The *Prince Lutin* of the charming authoress, has furnished the present subject. If we except *Fortunio*, and perhaps the *White Cat*, we are inclined to think that the *Invisible Prince*, is Mr. Planche's best extravaganza. The story, is simple and comprehensible, and is confined to a few scenes. Though, in point of splendid scenic displays, this restriction may militate against the piece in the eyes of many sight-seekers, yet to our thinking it is a boon, and greatly enhances the interest of the story; for however absurd a dramatic production of this sort may be, every one invariably feels an interest in the fate of the hero and heroine, and whatsoever advances their interest, or renders them familiar to the spectator, must benefit the piece. Too often, is every thing sacrificed to these shows and tricks of scenery, until the mind becomes distracted from the personages of the plot, and nobody cares, what becomes of the characters that should interest us. We confess to have been impressed with a favorable disposition towards the hero and heroine of Mr. Planche's new extravaganza on Saturday evening. We should have felt no small disappointment had poor Leander been sacrificed, and Fairbond married the Princess Xquizitelittlepet. Mr. Planche has exhibited great dramatic tact, in *The Invisible Prince*. He wrote nothing which could be omitted after the first night, — a rare compliment to his judgment and sagacity, be it known, when against every Christmas piece of the year, the chief complaint, was that of lengthiness. We would not anticipate the pleasure of any one of our readers, who intends visiting the Haymarket Theatre, by detailing the plot, and retelling the jokes. The plot will be found more prettily, and pithily told in Madame D'Anois' "Fairy Tales;" and the jokes would suffer much by transplantation. We can assure the reader however, that he will find *The Invisible Prince*, a piece as dry as Elder wine; full-flavoured as the best Havannah cigar; racy as bottle-bearded Tokay; pointed as Juvenal's style; flashing as horses' hoofs on a wet road by night, and eating as a baby's gums at eight months old. So much for the Haymarket.

The PRINCESS's furnished the new two-act drama, *Blanche de Valmy*, *The seven Maids of Munich*, and a Pantomime, for its Christmas novelties, on Saturday evening. The Pantomime rejoices under the appellation of *The Enchanted Beauties of the Golden Castle*; or, *Harlequin and the One-eyed Genie*. The two-act drama of Mr. Bayle Bernard, is a respectable thing of its kind, and nothing more. We cannot understand, why the author of *The Boarding School*, and other admirable farces,

should have changed his stage writings, and turned from the whim and bustle, in which he won much merited success, to that drivelling sub-sentiment, so foreign to modern tastes and modern feelings? The Story of *Blanche de Valmy*, is well enough, we dare say, in the novel from which it is taken; but its two-act seriousness cannot claim one pity, nor its characters, from their brief exertions, awaken our interest. We cannot afford to yield up our feelings under three acts; nor let fall a tear, for less than five. This is no paradox; — examine it well, and if you are able to discover it, you will find the cause. The Pantomime, is very magnificent in its appointments, scenery and decorations. It has been got up, with great care, and all the tricks went off to admiration, on the first night. The machinery, was excellently managed, there was more people employed on the stage in the Pantomime, than ever we had seen previously at this house, at one time. Some of the tricks told with exceeding good effect; that for instance, in which the squib blows a van entirely off the stage without leaving a vestige behind it. A comic song, by Cowell, in the introduction, was much applauded. Mr. Bologna, was Harlequin; Mr. Flexmore, Clown; Mr. Paulo, Pantaloon; and Miss Barbidge, Columbine. Though we observed nothing very salient, or novel, in the jokes practical, or verbal, yet, we are inclined to think, from its gorgeous scenery, splendid costumes, brilliant groupings, capital tricks, admirably managed machinery, and excellent company of pantomimic artists, that *The Enchanted Beauties of the Golden Castle*; or, *Harlequin, and the One-eyed Genie*, will have a long and prosperous run.

The ADELPHI this year, has neither Pantomime, Burlesque, Extravaganza, nor Fairy Romantic Drama, to pay the customary compliment to the Christmas holidays. There is substituted instead, a grand melo-drame, entitled *Colomba, the Corsican Sister*, in which, we are presented with scenic effect, striking situations, and impressive incident, in variety. The personages are numerous, and proceeded each other on the stage, with so much celerity, as to create infinite bustle and activity. The plot is taken from a French story of Prosper Mérimée, which presented sufficient materials to a skillful adapter to work out an interesting drama, but which unfortunately fell into inefficient hands at the Adelphi. The management of the theatre, has done everything within its means to render *Colomba, the Corsican Sister* attractive, and there is little doubt, that it will obtain some weeks' run, despite the innocent manner in which it has been dramatised. At the same we are grieved, to see an excellent subject so entirely spoiled. By judicious treatment of the original tale the drama taken therefrom, would have turned out a jewel of price to the Adelphi, while we now only witness it endured by an audience too good-natured to express disapprobation, or rendered forbearing in gratitude for all past benefits. The actors with one exception, were very ill suited in their characters. Mrs. Yates had a most indifferent part to enact; Wright had a sorry one, of which he made nothing, — query, could he? and Paul Bedford had the worst of all. We never remember seeing the performers to less advantage. Wright having little to say, and little to do, supplied the deficiency, with gag and grimace, which we were by no means pleased to see, not only tolerated, but applauded. Madame Celeste, was well suited to the character of *Colomba*, and had the part been written for her by a practised dramatist, as we are convinced it has not, she must have succeeded greatly. As it is, Madame Celeste's performance was unequal, and the success of the drama, the interest of which depended entirely upon her, was for some period of

he evening very doubtful; even the Adelphi audience finding portions of the drama which peremptorily demanded their sibilations. We are bound, however, to record the ultimate success of *Columba*, which was entirely owing to Madame Celeste's spirited acting in the last scene. The fair manageress was summoned at the fall of the curtain and announced *Columba, the Corsican Sister* for repetition every evening until further notice. A most extraordinary performance of gymnastic feats by Mr. Lees and his pupils followed. These feats are truly wonderful, and far surpass any thing of the kind we have previously witnessed. Mr. Lees' eldest pupil is an astonishing youth, and excited the loudest applauses by several of his gymnastic feats. Mr. Lees and pupils will be found a great source of attraction during the holidays.

SONNET.

NO. XV.

To me the world shews nought but weariness,
And things which other men most precious deem
To me are but the fragments of a dream,
Dream'd on by life, itself a dream—or less.
Dark gloomy thoughts, which without ceasing, press
Upon my heart, alone substantial seem,
'Whelming me in a heavy-rolling stream,
Causing dull agony, that none may guess;
For 'tis that pain that wears the heart away,
And leaves the features tranquil as before,
E'en as the sea, though wrecks within it lie,
May seem a field where sunbeams gaily play.
Trust not my smile,—all hope with me is o'er,
Unless, at times, perchance, I hope to die.

N. D.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MADAME BISHOP, left London on Wednesday, for Cheltenham, to fulfill her first provincial engagement. We shall give further particulars, in our next number.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—In an article, of our last number, quoting from the *Morning Chronicle*, we stated that Signor Costa had the entire disposal of all engagements, at Covent-garden. We have since, received authority to contradict the statement *in toto*. Signor Costa is delegated with no such power. He has been assigned the formation of the band and chorus; and even this is subject to certain restrictions.

MADAME MORTIER DE FONTAINE, the vocalist, has returned to town from a provincial tour. This lady's singing was greatly admired by the aristocratic guests, assembled at Western House, Brighton, to whom Lady Hotham gave a *Matinée Musicale* a few days since. Madame Mortier de Fontaine intends giving a *Matinée Musicale*, at the Newburgh Concert Rooms, Brighton, under the management of Mr. Wright, on Monday, the 4th of January. Amongst the *artistes* engaged are, Madame D'Eichthal, the accomplished harpist; M. Bottura, of the Académie Royale de Musique, Paris; and Mr. Lindsay Sloper, the eminent English pianist and composer.

MRS. WOOD.—A Liverpool paper says that Mrs. Wood, the celebrated vocalist, who retired some time since, will shortly appear at the two grand concerts to be given at the concert-hall in that town. She is to receive, it is said, £50 a night.

MONSIEUR COULON gave a concert on Saturday evening at his residence, Great Marlborough Street. The concert was projected to introduce Mademoiselle Coulon, the accomplished daughter of the well-known *professeur de danse*, for the first time to an English public, as a performer on the pianoforte. The concert opened with a trio of Mayseder, for piano, violin, and violoncello, admirably executed by Mademoiselle Coulon, and Messrs. Sainton and Rousselot. The lady proved herself

a thorough proficient in the performance of concerted music. She was also enthusiastically applauded in a duo with Miss C. Hallen. Of Messrs. Sainton and Rousselot, we can hardly speak in terms of adequate praise. Their performances elicited the admiration of all present. Mons. Sainton has taken a high standing in the metropolis as a executant on the violin, and the position he holds as first professor of the violin at the Royal Academy of Music speaks louder in his favour than any eulogium we can bestow. Mons. Rousselot is one of the most elegant and artistic performers on the violoncello in this country. His compositions have exceeding great merit, and are recognised as works of art by every musician. The presence of these two *artists* contributed in no small degree to encourage Mademoiselle Coulon in her *debut*. In a *fantaisie*, on airs from *Lucia*, the fair *debutante* was heard to great advantage. The *morceau* is very difficult, and requires a practised artist to render it full justice. Making every allowance for the nervousness consequent on a first appearance, we may aver that Mademoiselle Coulon's *debut* was highly successful, and we have little doubt that with time and study she will become one of the most attractive ornaments of our concert rooms. Her reception was most flattering, and unanimous plaudits followed each of her performances. The concert concluded with a duo for piano and violin, in which Mademoiselle Coulon played with much effect, and Mons. Sainton's exquisite mechanism was heard to the greatest advantage.

CHORAL HARMONISTS.—The second meeting this season took place on Monday last, at the City of London Tavern, which, spite of the civic festivities so much respected in our great capital at this happy season of the year, was fully attended, the substantial *morceaux* offered in the *bill of fare* acting, it is presumed, as the attraction. Hummell's mass, No. 3, was neatly performed by the band and chorus, as also the solo and chorus, "O thou that taltest." We could have wished for a greater depth of expression in the solo part of the latter, rendered by a young lady possessing a fine voice capable of improvement. A duet for Miss and Mr. Lockey, sang with taste, and Romberg's ode, "Transient Eternal," were well executed. Part second commenced with Cavendish's madrigal, "Come, gentle swains." Mr. Lockey, by his earnest expression and proper enunciation, called forth an encore in a scena, "Lament," by G. Cooper. "St. Cecilia's Day" by Van Bree gave the choir good practice rather than satisfaction to the auditory; this was, however, soon dispelled by a selection from Beethoven's *only* opera, which passed off better. Mr. Machin sustained his air, "Revenge," as well as the band would allow him. Mr. Dando led the concert. Mr. Westrop conducted, and we were pleased to mark the improvement of the chorus, which must be attributed in a great measure to the assistance of several members of the Sacred Harmonic Society. We feel much pleasure in the encouragement of Amateur Musical Societies, more particularly when we find a Society conducted in such a spirited manner as the Choral Harmonists', which reflects great credit on the committee.

EASTERN INSTITUTION.—The subscribers to the above institution gave a concert on Monday last, which was well attended, although not so fully as we have experienced. Miss Birch and Miss E. Birch, as usual, met with a warm reception. The selection of the instrumental music was entrusted to Mr. Arthur, who led several overtures in an efficient manner. Mr. W. Reed played a solo on the violoncello with great taste, and several other pieces contributed to the amusement of the audience, who left highly pleased with the entertainment.

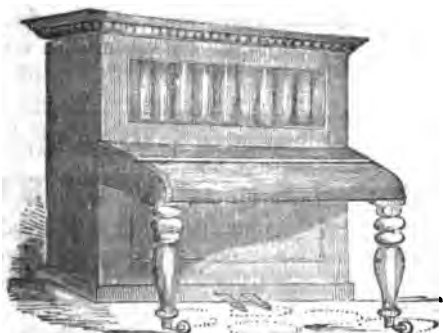
FRENCH PLAYS.—We have had few novelties this week. M. Perlet has played every evening, but mostly in such of his characters as have already been noticed by us. Except *Le Parrain* of which we shall speak next week, *Monsieur Pique-Assiette* is the only new part he has undertaken, and, although superlatively comic, as he ever is in whatever he does, the piece itself is of such slight texture, that it deserves no further mention at our hands. Mlle. Brohan has taken her flight, alas! we fear for another year. We had got accustomed to her free and easy humour; her lively, pert, provoking vivacity had entirely won our hearts. We say it with regret, the pearl of *Soubrettes* has left our shores, bearing with her the best wishes of her admirers and the grateful acknowledgements of the frequenters of this theatre. M. Perlet's engagement is also drawing to a close, and will terminate with his benefit, when he plays for the first and last time in the *Avare*, by Molière, of whose *Ecole de Maris*, (performed on Monday and Wednesday only,) we shall speak in our next.

COLEMAN'S CASINO DE VENISE has attracted a numerous audience during the week; indeed it could hardly fail to do otherwise, from the pleasing nature of the entertainment. The elegance of the mise en scene, the excellence of the orchestra under the able conductorship of Mr. Grattan Cooke, which played a variety of popular compositions, including whose direction the dancing part of the entertainment is Auber's famous overture to the "Crown Diamonds"—The talent of the solo performers combined with the singing of Miss M. O'Connor and Mr. Wrighton, (who, by the bye, is a very sweet ballad-singer) and the urbanity of Mr. O'Brien, under placed, render the Casino de Venise the most amusing place of the kind in London. En passant, the obtrusiveness of the waiters in the refreshment-room, begging for gratuities from the visitors, might be dispensed with.

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Mr. Francis—"O my God, wash Thou me"	Ciampi
Chorus—"Praise, O Zion"	Naumann
Miss Bassano—"Lord and Saviour"	Otto Braune
Trio—Miss Bassano, Messrs. Francis and J. A. Novello—"The hour of vengeance"	Beethoven
Miss Rainforth—"O Lord God"	Marcello
Mr. J. A. Novello	Neukomm
Chorus—"For unto us a Child is born"	Handel
Organ Solo—Miss Mounsey	
Miss Bassano—"The blind maiden"	Proch
Trio—Misses Rainforth and Bassano, and Mr. Francis—"Protect us thro' the coming night"	Curschmann
Mr. Novello—(with Chorus)—"Methinks I hear the full celestial choir"	Dr. Crotch
Miss Rainforth—(The Alps)	Schubert
Corale—"Psalm 19th"	J. Sebastian Bach
Mr. Francis—"One thing have I desired of the Lord"	Handel
Miss Rainforth and Mr. J. A. Novello—"Praise Jehovah"	D. Koning
Chorus—"Praise Him in Judah"	Mozart

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No. 2.—Vol. XXII.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1847.

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ROBERT BRUCE.

"To the Editor of the Musical World."

MY DEAR FRIEND:—You ask me to write to you on the subject of Rossini's opera as soon as it has been performed. It appears, then, that you share the interest and curiosity which this pretended event has excited among the numerous worshippers at the shrine of Rossini. For my own part, at the risk of appearing in your eyes a rigid puritan in musical taste, I must avow that I was not at all impatient to hail the revival of those effeminate cavatinas, those untruthful passions—in short, of all the hypocritical paraphernalia which are to be found by the side of some pretty bits of melody in the operas of that great corruptor of music, called Rossini, generally known under the nickname of the "Swan of Pesaro." I cannot resist, however, my dear friend, (for you know my impartiality,) from excepting the *Barber of Seville*, which I hold to be a masterpiece from one end to the other.

But I have often before explained to you what I think of Rossini. It is enough to remind you that I have never been insensible to the beauties which exist in his scores. I do not judge of music from a fixed prejudice, nor from any particular system. Let me simply be allowed to regard Rossini as a man of great, of very great talent. But he has neither the depth nor the love of truth that belong to genius. The really great artist impresses the seal of truth even upon his most ideal productions—but this power, and the passion for perfecting the smallest details of thought and form, are alike deficient in Rossini. The immense facility of Rossini in production, about which so many wonderful stories are told, is no proof of genius, unless the works thus easily produced are perfect in spite of it. But if numberless faults disfigure a few happy thoughts, if these thoughts themselves sin by want of taste in their arrangement, or lose their charm by a succession of vulgar and trivial ideas, there is then nothing astonishing in this fertility of creation, since there is nothing less difficult than to write quickly and to write ill. But here I stop, thinking of your impatience, and compassionating it. Let us, then, proceed in order.

Robert Bruce, after having been announced three or four times, was produced at last on Wednesday, Dec. 30, at the *Académie Royale de Musique*. The most elegant and distinguished audience filled the beautiful theatre of the *Rue Lepelletier*, and the royal box was occupied by MM. the

Duc de Nemours, the Duc d'Aumale, the Duc de Montpensier, and their ladies, the Duchesses. In the pit was remarked a legion of those "degenerate Romans," pacific cohorts, who demand, nevertheless, nothing better than to come *hand-to-hand*, the species of combat in which they excel. All their genius is in the palms of their hands; they work, they think, they talk, but above all they applaud with their hands, with an energy, a passion, a regularity, a simultaneousness, which could only have been acquired by painful and laborious study. This well-disciplined multitude rolled about like the black waves of a river which threatens to overflow its banks. Presently I shall speak to you of their devotions which narrowly missed drowning, a poor singer who could not—but—

And now I have arrived at the end of my letter. * * * You must not complain—I have nothing else to tell you, since Signor Rossini told us nothing himself. Open the score of *La Donna del Lago*, and you have Robert Bruce before you. In addition to this, divers fragments from *Armida*, or *Cyro in Babilonia*, or *Thorvaldo e Dorsiska*, or *Zelmira*, more or less skilfully interwoven, and the whole *rafistolé, badigonné*, re-cooked—here diminished, there augmented, by sundry bangs of the great drum and sundry warlike flourishes, and you have an idea of Robert Bruce about as confused as they had who were present at its performance. There is a pretty trio (I think from *La Donna del Lago*), and a chorus, both of which gave pleasure. The remainder was listened to with sufficient indifference, and all the interest of the evening was concentrated upon a scene in which Rossini had no part, but which was, nevertheless, pronounced the capital point of the score. This was an air sung by Madame Stoltz, with accompaniment (not *obligato*) of two choruses. One of these choruses was executed by the "Romans" above alluded to, and the other by the public, properly so called. The latter offended by the too zealous ministry of the official clappers of the Opera Director, began to hiss vigorously, and in this manner protested against the praises and applause so imprudently awarded to the air of Madame Stoltz. Thereupon a renewal of enthusiasm, well-fed and well-paid. The public rejoice by hisses in proportion. Madame Stoltz, indignant, turns to the public, and some affirm to have heard her address them in terms by no means reverential—a fact denied by others. At all events (Madame Stoltz), rage in her countenance, began to tear into pieces a very handsome lace handkerchief, and directed threatening looks towards that part of the public, at the extreme left, which was so violently opposed to the *chevaliers du lustre*. The intelligent part of the public, which confines the demonstration of its discontent to coldness and indifference, succeeded at last in calming the tempest which blew from all sides,

and the opera was allowed to proceed to the end. This, then, was the principal event of interest during the evening. The second representation of *Robert Bruce* was announced for Friday, (Jan. 1st), but it did not take place, *Lucia di Lammermoor* being substituted. It is generally believed that the "new opera" of Rossini (it is thus designated in the bills) will endure for a few representations, only on account of the magnificence of the decorations and the *mise en scene*. But this is nothing to me. I should no more have thought of writing to you about this opera than about a performance of *Otello* or *La Gazza Ladra*, had not you asked me to send you an account of its reception.

I finish my letter with a piece of good news. Mr. Lumley, director of Her Majesty's Theatre in London, has engaged Henri Panofka as director-in-chief of the choruses, and as the special superintendent of the artistic interests of that great establishment. Every artist will applaud this intelligent choice, which is a new proof of the capacity of the director.

Now that I have shaken off my idleness, allow me to plunge into it once more, and to subscribe myself your devoted friend,

Paris, Jan. 2, 1847,

STEPHEN HELLER.

HANDEL AND SCARLATTI.

HANDEL'S "*Suites de Pieces*," in two books, edited by MOSCHELES; SCARLATTI'S "*Pieces pour le Clavecin*," edited by J. B. CRAMER.—CRAMER, BEALE, & Co., 201, Regent Street.

(Second notice.)

IN our notice, last week, we reviewed that book of the *Suites de Pieces*, which, according to the outward cover, was the second; but since then we have seen other copies, and find the indicated number transferred from one book to the other. We think it necessary to state this, because the enthusiastic praises we bestowed upon the book of *Pieces* in question, can by no means be applied with equal justice to its fellow, which is a work in most respects of a far inferior order; a work addressing oftener the popular than the refined taste, and evidently written more with an eye towards the advantage of music-sellers than the glorification of art. Be it, then, clearly understood, that the book of Handel's *Suites de Pieces* which we recommend to the attention of musicians and cultivated amateurs, as a prodigy of genius and art is the one which contains the *five fugues*. The other book has no *fugues* at all, which makes the matter clear without further explanation. The number of the book ought, to prevent mistakes, to have been indicated on the title page; and we recommend the spirited publishers to adopt the precaution forthwith. Having explained this, we shall now proceed to speak of the other book—the book which is not the book.

This collection opens with a very long set of pieces in the key of G major. (It may not be out of place to state here, that Handel has not indicated the divisions in this book by the terms *Suite premiere*, *Suite seconde*, &c., as he has in the other.) As these have for the most part but little musical interest, a brief survey of their merits must suffice. A quick prelude in 3-4—an *allemande*—and an *allegro* in common time, written almost throughout in two parts, are only remarkable for the simplicity of their structure, the meagreness of their harmonic treatment, and the scantiness of their modulations. A *courante*, which follows, is more interesting; there is more variety of harmony, and more continuity of development; the *motivo* is pretty, the progressions are natural and pleasing; but the writing bears marks of haste, as though Handel was not

very much in love with his task, and wished to get over it as quickly as possible. In the ninth bar, there is a very bare and unsatisfactory specimen of part-writing, which we shall instance:—

Right hand.—C, D, E, F sharp, G, A, F sharp.

Left hand.—A, B, C, B, A, G, D.

Nothing can be more disagreeable than the succession of perfect fifth, major seventh and major ninth, and its resolution to D with a major third by no means excuses it. Such instances, rare in Handel, are more frequent in this book of *suites* than in any work of his that ever came under our notice. A short *aria* which follows, in common time *presto*, makes up for this oversight; it is a fresh and lovely melody, and a perfect gem of two-part writing. A *minuet*, to which it gives way, is remarkable for containing a long progression in semi-quavers at the commencement of the second part, which is almost the counterpart of a similar passage to be found in Mendelssohn's ingenious *Caprice* in F sharp minor. Mendelssohn sips the beauties of the old masters as the bee the sweets from the flower-cups; but, like the bee, he makes honey of them, and right content are we to taste what he has gathered and set before us in so savoury a form. Yet these *laudable* thefts, like pious frauds, are worthy noting, as signs of the times, and should be recorded, if only in justice to the fine old masters who were the first tillers of the soil which after-husbandmen have made so fertile. A *gavotte* and eight variations upon it, in two parts throughout, come next. These are pretty and sparkling, but somewhat monotonous from the poverty of the counterpoints—a result of the base moving incessantly in thirds with the treble. The *suite* terminates with a *gigue* in 12-8 time, on the whole a good specimen. But, take it for all in all, this *suite* has not an amount of musical interest at all commensurate with its extravagant length, and its predominant style is too trivial to engage the continued attention of those who look, in music, for something more than notes.

The second *suite* in D minor is also very long, but far superior to the preceding one. It opens with an *allemande* which has some charming points, albeit the melody does not always flow so easily as in most of Handel's inspirations. An *allegro* 3-8 (a quick *courante*), written in two parts, but not otherwise remarkable, comes next, and gives way to a slow air in 3-4 time, a kind of song without words—a most heavenly melody, only disfigured by the shakes and trills demanded by the detestable fashion of the period. Next comes a *gigue*, and one of the best of them. There are one or two points in this which help to illustrate the superiority of the new method of noting the minor scale, which prescribes the use of the flat sixth when a harmony in the key is indicated by the passage. Handel is always uncertain in this particular, sometimes adopting one method, sometimes the other, as though he felt an instinctive hesitation on the subject. Wherever he uses the old method the passage is just as offensive to the ear as it is grateful when he employs the new. It may not be out of place here to express our fervent hope that Alfred Day's system of harmony will soon be adopted by all sensible musicians. Its rejection at our Academy was a lamentable instance of short-sided prejudice—a farce, in short, by no means creditable to our only musical institution. It was rejected without examination—a conclusion to which our own conviction of its unanswerable truth inevitably brings us,—and this makes the matter worse. Nor has the consequent resignation of Mr. Macfarren from the ranks of its professors at all benefited the Academy. The loss of so conscientious and admirable a musician cannot, indeed, but have greatly

injured it in the eyes of all unbiassed persons, competent to judge of the matter. But this by the way. A *minuet*, with three variations, follows the *gigue*; it is a very pleasing trifle. The *allemande* and *courante* which come next, built upon one progression of harmonies common to both, are very beautiful, especially the *courante*, which might have been placed in the other book without damaging its musical interest. Still more charming is the grave and melancholy *sarabande* to which it gives way, with its simple and beautiful harmonies, forming the substratum of two ingenious variations. A short *gigue* concludes the *suite*, which has no particular points to eulogize or decry. On the whole the effect of this *suite* must necessarily be monotonous. Fancy, reader, nine pieces in succession, all in one key, and that key a *minor*!

The next is a short *suite* of three pieces—an *allemande*, a *courante*, and a *gigue*, in E minor. These are of the highest order of poetical beauty. The passionate melody of the two first pieces is almost unendurable, so deep is its dejection—so agonising its tenderness. We would give worlds to know in what train of mind was Handel when he poured forth this flood of tristful eloquence, which, to use a fine simile that Coleridge applied to *Romeo and Juliet*, and Cipriani Potter to the *Parisina* overture of Bennett, is like a *long drawn sigh*. The *gigue*, one of the very finest possible, is replete with beautiful progressions of harmony, and delicious passages of sequence. The whole is as fresh and new, both in melody and harmony, as though it had been written but yesterday. Master Felix!—Master Felix!—that is Master Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy!—where did you dig up some of the most loveliest ideas in your two slow movements (in E minor, too!) of the *Seven Characteristic Pieces*,* if not from this exhaustless mine of wealth—aye, if not from this very corner of the mine? You are a knowing hand, Master Felix! This *suite* should be forthwith preferred to the other book. It is too transcendent for association with other than the divinest of divine melodies. By the way, there are one or two places in the *allemande* and *courante* (which, by mistake, is headed *saraband* in this edition) that we strongly imagine must be mistakes, overlooked by the excellent editor. But where there is so much beauty the defects are lost in a veil of borrowed light—like those pictures in the Exhibition which are hung close to the burning splendors of Turner—and he must be a cold critic who would stop to point them out.

A bold and vigorous air, in G major (*chaconne*), with eight brilliant variations, commences the next *suite*. The *chaconne* is in 3-4 time, in character something between a *minuet* and a *saraband*, not so lively as the one nor so grave as the other. This is the finest specimen Handel has left us. Next follows a charming *adagio*, 8-4, in G minor, with six variations in the minor, and five in the major, all of them ingenious, brilliant and effective. Then we find an *allemande* in G minor, which may compete with any piece in either book. It opens with a long passage in the treble, answered, reversed, by the bass, and then a revel of semiquaver-counterpoint *à la* Mendelssohn. The whole of the second part is exquisitely beautiful. A passage commencing with a progression from C minor into B flat, repeated afterwards in the relative minor, is of surpassing loveliness. Play it, reader, and judge for yourself. The form of this piece is that usually adopted by Scarlatti, and the cadence at the end of both parts is taken almost *notatim* from that which Scarlatti affixes to nearly all his movements in the minor key. But though the form is like, the spirit

which is its soul, soars far above the level of the old Italian. It is singular that we should have begun our notice of this book in a strain anything but eulogistic, and that as we advance we should find so many beauties opposing our passage, as to make us already strangely incline to alter our verdict of partial indifference into one of hearty approval. A *courante* follows the *allemande*, with the same progression of harmony for its basis. And yet how differently treated! The beautiful passage in B flat again appears, in a form scarcely less insinuating. Towards the end of the second part there is an extraordinary effect of surprise produced by the unexpected transition from the chord of E flat to that of C. In the last bar but seven, there is an instance of the ancient minor scale, so hideous, that it must be an oversight. Handel's refined ear could not have tolerated the E natural which occurs in that bar. With Alfred Day's E flat the passage would have been unexceptionable; but as it stands, the shock upon the ear is so violent that it goes far to spoil a movement in all other respects beautiful. This very interesting *suite* concludes with a *gigue*, which is the longest and most elaborate of all the specimens Handel has left us—so long, and so elaborate, indeed, so lucid and consistent in design, so complete and grand in development, that it might serve for the last movement of a symphony of the largest pretensions, and we cannot but think that Haydn was much indebted to it for the origin of those *rondo* movements which are the glories of so many of his finest symphonies. Although one figure of triplets is sustained through nearly six pages, the variety of which it is here made susceptible proves the wonderful mastery of Handel over the entire science of counterpoint, and the prodigal resources of his invention.

The next *suite*, in B flat, consists of an *allemande*, *courante*, *sarabande*, and *gigue*—of which, though all are melodious and pleasing, the last is the most interesting and the best. The subject is answered in canon on the octave, the second part taking the subject reversed. It would be impossible to write in three parts more clearly and more naturally. In the last bar of the first part of the *allemande*, and in the sixth bar of the *courante*, there are some evident errors in the bass. A superb prelude follows, which contains some of the most surprising and magnificent progressions of harmony that ancient or modern composer has ever conceived. It is followed closely by a charming movement, in which a continuous motion of semiquavers is admirably sustained to the end. This is followed by a delicious *aria* in the Italian style, with five clever variations. The fourth of these is the undeniable germ of the magnificent chorus of the priests of Bel, in the oratorio of *Deborah*, which is in the same key. The last *suite* opens with a quaint *minuetto* in G minor, diversified by a quantity of turns and graces not by any means to our taste. A *chaconne* with sixty-two variations, (!) all in G major, finishes the *suite* and the book. These variations involve almost every conceivable figure of passage that can be founded on a short progression of harmony such as the present, which is nothing more than a modulation from the tonic to the dominant, and back again from the dominant to the tonic, the whole comprised in eight bars of 3-4 measure. The types of almost all the variations of those composers whose exclusive vocation is to write variations may be found in this extraordinary manifestation of fancy and invention.

So much for Handel's *Suites de Pieces*! If what we have thus hurriedly noted can persuade any of our readers, not already acquainted, to make themselves now acquainted with one of the most interesting and remarkable exhibitions

* Published in England by Wessel and Co., under the title of "The Temperaments."

of the genius of the great Handel, we shall only be too happy to have labored successfully in so excellent a cause.

In our next we shall turn our attention to the *Pieces pour le Clavecin* of Domenico Scarlatti, a composer of very different stamp.

THE RIVAL ITALIAN OPERAS.

ALREADY the mouth-organs of the rival establishments have sounded their notes of opposition, and signs of contention are heralding the opening of the season. The chief subject of difference is the engagement of Jenny Lind at Her Majesty's Theatre; which the *Morning Post* confidently asserts, but which the *Morning Chronicle* looks upon in a very doubtful light. There is a show of reason in the arguments put forth by the latter journal respecting the difficulty likely to be encountered by the Swedish nightingale in her approaching advent to this country, and the statements therein made, if true, would doubtless render the engagement of the fair artiste a matter of serious contest between certain parties. Before making any observations of our own thereupon, we shall allow the *Morning Chronicle* to speak for itself.

"JENNY LIND.—Divers contemporaries, who copy our musical intelligence and private correspondence, without the slightest acknowledgment, every week, have given contradictions to our article on the subject of the Swedish nightingale's visit to this country, as published in the *Morning Chronicle* of December 21. The contradictions are of two kinds—the first being to the effect, that Mr. Bunn has received from her Majesty's Theatre a sum of money, to resign Jenny Lind's contract for Drury-lane Theatre. It is declared boldly that the fair Swede intends to come to this country, on a guarantee, for the damages and costs that may be awarded against her in Mr. Bunn's action should she sing at the Opera-House in the Haymarket. We can only assure our contemporaries, piratical or otherwise—that so far from Mr. Bunn having been bought off, that he has forwarded to Jenny Lind a distinct intimation of his intention to enforce his claim by every legal means should she attempt to sing in this country at any other theatre but Drury-lane. As for the second assertion of certain journals, we are astonished that for one moment it can be supposed of Jenny Lind she would have the temerity to come to London, with two contracts signed by herself, and attempt to sing under the engagement last made because it is more profitable. Instances in dramatic annals are known of artists having engaged themselves at two theatres in this way; but it is also on record, that the public resented such flagrant dishonesty. We shall be delighted to hear Jenny Lind in London, but we do not believe that from her own sense of honour, as well as from prudential considerations, she will venture here whilst two contracts are in force against her. If Jenny Lind be desirous of convincing the English public that it is not a financial feeling which keeps her from fulfilling her first signed contract with Drury-lane Theatre, but that it really arises from her incompetency to acquire the English language, there is a mode of testing her sincerity which we feel sure the Drury-lane lessee would be too glad to adopt. Let Jenny Lind sing in German, and Mr. Bunn would meet her views in that respect."

To the above statements and contradictions we have to offer two rejoinders, which will tend to prove that the *Morning Chronicle* is by no means the most authentic mouth-piece of the new Italian Opera, and that, whencesoever it obtains its information, it is either too susceptible of vulgar rumour, or too dim-sighted to discriminate between the true and the improbable. Our first rejoinder to the article in the *Chronicle* is, that Jenny Lind will positively visit London in April; our second—on consideration—we shall withhold for a future occasion: since it is a grave one.

The second bone of contention between the rival houses is the secession of the band from Her Majesty's Theatre. While the *Morning Chronicle* asserts that the entire members of the orchestra, with two or three exceptions, have passed over to the Royal Italian Opera at Covent Garden, the *Post* produces a document which contradicts the statement, and, as far as we can see, leaves the writer in the *Chronicle* no

justification for its assertion. The names of the two artists who have signed the document afford no room to doubt of its authenticity. As "justice to all parties" is our motto, we feel it our duty to give the letter from the *Post*, and allow our readers to judge for themselves between the contending parties, as to which is censurable, and which is right. The following is the document:—

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST.

"SIR—We regret to trespass on your valuable space, but on the part of the gentlemen of the orchestra of her Majesty's Theatre we are compelled to contradict an imputation conveyed in an article of a morning journal of Saturday, to the effect, that the artists employed at the Italian Opera have abandoned the establishment.

"We beg to say that as regards the orchestra alone, having always found Mr. Lumley as punctual and as honorable in all his dealings towards us, as his predecessors were irregular, ourselves and twenty-two others of our colleagues have never contemplated leaving the theatre, and on no account could we ever have thought of engaging in a hostile establishment whilst still in his service. In this feeling we are happy to find ourselves associated with so many artists in other departments of the institution of the highest character and fame.

"Whilst anxious to avoid all imputation of having participated in this extraordinary proceeding, we wish nowise to reflect on our former colleagues. One may easily imagine what deep considerations were, to persons of limited revenues, the offer of increased pay, with the prospect of less labour (the suppression of ballet being promised), and, still more, the fear that no artist not engaging with the hostile party would be employed as heretofore at the Philharmonic and Ancient Concerts.

"We remain, Sir,

"Your most obedient servants,

"A. J. TOUBECQUE, Leader of the Opera.

"J. B. NABAUD, Leader of the Ballet.

"London, Saturday Night."

The recriminative tone persisted in by both the journals will in no wise tend to the benefit of the respective establishments they would uphold, or to advance art in general. We have every desire to see the two houses make use of all fair and legitimate means to outshine each other in their endeavor to render music as complete as possible in its orchestral and vocal departments; but we cannot appreciate that deprecatory style of criticism which would attempt to elevate one establishment at the expense of the other. The field is open to both parties, and the best conducted, in the end, will assuredly obtain the public favour. Meanwhile, we may remark, that the most strenuous efforts are being made on either side to eclipse the other in the musical and ballet departments. At Her Majesty's Theatre the principal vocalists will include the names of Mesdames Castellan, Frezzolini, Tadolini, and, according to the *Post*, Jenny Lind, with, probably, Anna Bishop; and M. M. Lablache, *père et fils*, Fraschini, Gardoni, &c. &c., while the Royal Italian Opera will comprise Grisi, Persiani, Brambilla, Mario, Tamburini, Ronconi, Salvi, Marini, and others. Thus, as far as principals are concerned, either Opera may boast of a more efficient vocal corps than has been heard together in the metropolis since the golden days of the combination of Grisi, Persiani, Sophie Loewe, Brambilla, Rubini, Tamburini, Lablache, and Mario. Among the engagements of Her Majesty's Theatre we have forborne to mention Rubini, because we are by no means certified as to his coming. If the great tenor condescend to accept of Mr. Lumley's munificent offer, there is little doubt that he will prove the sun of the musical season of 1847 at Her Majesty's Theatre, as well on account of the novelty of his appearance, as of his high and deserved reputation. At Covent Garden, Tamburini's engagement will be hailed with delight by all admirers of that great artist; while Persiani's appearance, after an absence from London of several years, will excite no small degree of interest. Marini's coming is also looked for with eager

longing. His name is high among the highest of serious bass singers in Italy. Of Grisi and Mario it were useless to utter eulogy. The gracious Giulia has long held acknowledged supremacy among the *prime donne* of Europe; and since the retirement of Rubini, Mario alone has been found worthy to fill the place of first tenor at the operas of Paris and London, the two great art-temples of the musical world. Salvi holds a high reputation on the continent, and is in immense favor at St. Petersburg. We never heard him, excepting in a concert-room, where his singing did not particularly strike us; but we are assured from the best information that his dramatic powers are of the loftiest order. We have thus briefly inspected the operatic forces of the two theatres, and have mentioned sufficient to show the folly of attempting to deprecate one side or the other. We shall say nothing of the opposing ballet corps, seeing that the Royal Italian Opera has not as yet announced its list of artists. In conclusion, we may observe that, following our motto, without favour or prejudice, we shall do our duty by both parties, and lean towards neither.

Since writing the above, we have read an article in the *Morning Chronicle* purporting to be an answer to the letter that appeared in the *Morning Post*. But lo! it comes out that the letter in question was sent round to all the daily papers, and consequently the reply of the *Chronicle* is intended for the subscribers to the epistle, and not the *Morning Post*. The *Chronicle* does not deny the fact of two-and-twenty members, in addition to Tolbecque and Nadaud, remaining still faithful to Mr. Lumley, but wriggles out of his previous statement by stating, "We know that as neither these artists, nor their twenty-two colleagues were offered engagements for the Royal Italian Opera at Covent Garden, they have been happily exposed to no temptation." Sylvester, man, where's your logic? It is our opinion that the writer in the *Chronicle* coins a great many of the musical features of that journal out of his own brain, that he prefers being severe to being logical, and that he would rather be reprehended for his want of truth, than not be praised for the discovery of something strange or new, which had never other existence than the being depicted on the retina of his own visual organs. Surely the Royal Italian Opera has not need of descending to fabrication to uphold its repute.

As an appendix to the above, we beg leave to transcribe two letters which have since been issued by the adverse parties, and have appeared in two of the leading journals of the metropolis. The first is from Mr. Ella, the director of the *Musical Union*, who, from the prominent position he assumes on every occasion in which the Royal Italian Opera is concerned, would seem to have been chosen the consul and dictator of the Covent Garden band. The epistle runs as follows:—

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING HERALD.

"SIR,—In answer to the unjust imputations in the letter which appeared in your journal on Monday last, purporting to have been written by two of my late comrades of Her Majesty's Theatre, may I request, from your sense of justice, that you will insert a reply on behalf of myself and the 53 colleagues who have thought proper to accept engagements at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden. It is not my intention to unfold the secrets of the prison-house, nor to disclose matters in which the public takes little interest, but I do protest, in the strongest manner, against the insinuations that we have been actuated solely by mercenary considerations, or *menaces*, to abandon Her Majesty's Theatre. The absence of all sympathy between manager and artist, the personal insults, the tyrannical exercise of power in discharging artists season after season, at the eleventh hour, and the total insecurity of the tenure of the position of any of my colleagues were, in part, the inducements to abandon the old for the new Italian Opera. Within the last few years I have visited

all the principal theatres of France, Germany, and Italy, and I have also been twenty-three years a member of the orchestra of Her Majesty's Theatre, and I can conscientiously declare, as an artist, that I never heard a succession of more discreditable and imperfect executions of operas, than during the last season, so totally unworthy of a great lyrical establishment, and of the support of an enlightened English public. Thus, in consideration of art, as well as for the reasons already assigned, we have transferred our services to the Royal Opera, Covent Garden. I have only to add that the engagements of the band of Her Majesty's Theatre were always made from season to season only, and that the present manager never intimated at the close of any season his anxiety for the continuance of the services of the artists for the following year, until after the first announcement of the new Italian Opera, when he discovered that it was then too late.

I have the honour to remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

"JOHN ELLA,

"19, Mortimer-street."

"Director of the Musical Union.

The second letter is from the treasurer of Her Majesty's Theatre, who thus argues, and, as Major Dalgetty would say, vilipends the detractors of the establishment.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

"SIR,—As treasurer of Her Majesty's Theatre I and myself called upon to contradict in the most positive manner the assertions contained in a morning paper of yesterday. During the present direction no member of the orchestra was ever paid less than in former years, and in numerous instances their salaries were increased, whilst under the preceding direction the disturbances arising from non-payment were of the most derogatory and painful nature. During this period no complaint ever reached me. The additional attendance for the performance of the *Stabat Mater* was paid to all who applied, as the accounts will show, although against the tenor of the orchestral engagement. I challenge the proof of any artist employed in any department during the five years of Mr. Lumley's direction not being paid what was his due, whilst gratuities were constantly given. Not only were all emoluments paid most punctually, but I regret very much to add, that amongst those who have been seduced from the service of the institution, there were several to whom I have often made advances, and others incapacitated from age and accident for efficient service, were kept on the establishment in consideration of the length of their services. To the punctuality observed, it, no doubt, arises that amongst the numberless *employes*, mechanists, artisans, &c., employed on this stage, and to whom offers were made, not one besides those mentioned have left the establishment, the upholsterer perhaps excepted. One of the members of the orchestra who has complained of tyranny exercised in the discharge of artistes, and consequent uncertainty of position, disproves his own assertion, since he has remained 23 years in his office; others have remained here twice that time; and as to Mr. Lumley, he never dismissed any instrumentalist.

"I remain, Sir, your very obedient servant,

"F. Camden-terrace West, Jan. 6."

"W. T. ROBINSON.

The last letter is a fine specimen of logical ratiocination and accurate writing. The author of the epistle has worked hard to get Mr. Lumley out of no scrape, and in his endeavours to protect him from outward attacks, has sorely wounded him with the shield intended for his defence. Mr. Treasurer is no doubt an Irishman—if he be not, he ought to be. To Mr. Ella's letter we have nothing to add. This gentleman is doubtless about to be appointed leader of the band next season. Nothing less could account for the championship he assumes.

Both these letters appeared the day after in the *Post* and the *Chronicle*. The *Post* affectionately imagines that Mr. Robinson's letter is a complete repulse to Mr. Ella's attack. The *Chronicle*, in another tone, declares that the letter of Mr. Ella and the answer of Mr. Robinson arrived at the office together. We do not presume to decide between such a magniloquent pair of controversialists. In the words of Voltaire, "*Nous ne sommes que de pauvres gens de lettres qui croyons tout ce que l'on nous dit.*" So that, believing both parties to be right, we cannot offer an opinion without contradicting ourselves in the same breath.

THE AFFINITIES.

from the German of Goethe.

(Continued from page 8.)

PART I.—CHAPTER XIII.

EDWARD, on his part, is in quite a different mood. He thinks so little of sleeping, that it does not once occur to him to undress himself. The copy of the document he kisses a thousand times, that is to say, the beginning, written in Otilia's hand so childishly timid. The end he scarcely ventures to kiss, as he fancies he is looking on his own handwriting. "Would it were some other document!" he says to himself; and yet it is the most beautiful assurance that his highest wish is fulfilled. Does it remain in his hands, and will he not press it ceaselessly to his heart, although it is disfigured by the signature of a third party?

The moon, now on the decrease, is ascending over the wood. The warm night tempts Edward into the open air. He wanders about—he is the most restless, and yet the happiest of mortals. He strays through the garden, and finds it too narrow—he hastens to the fields, and finds them too wide. He is attracted back again to the castle—he finds himself under Otilia's windows. There he seats himself on one of the steps of the terrace. "Walls and bolts," he says to himself, "divide us now, but our hearts are not divided. If she stood before me, she would drop into my arms, and I into hers—and what is required further than this certainty?" All was quiet around him; not a breeze was stirring. So quiet was it, that he could hear under the ground the labours of those industrious animals to which day and night are the same. Abandoning himself completely to his dreams, he gradually fell asleep, and did not awake till the sun arose with its noble glance, and subdued the morning mist.

He found that he was the first person awake in his establishment. The workmen to him appeared to stop away too late—the labour prescribed for the day seemed insufficient to meet his wishes. He asked after several workmen; they were engaged, and at their posts in the course of the day. But even these are for him not sufficient to carry out his plans with rapidity. The mere progress ceases to afford him any pleasure; he wishes to see everything finished—and for whom? The paths must be made straight for Otilia to walk upon them commodiously, the seats must be rightly placed, that Otilia may rest upon them. Even with the new house he gets on as fast as he can. The timber-work must be set up on Otilia's birthday. There is now no settled rule in Edward's thoughts, any more than in his actions. The consciousness that he loves, and is loved in return, drives him into the infinite. How changed to him is the appearance of all the rooms—of all the surrounding objects! He seems to be no longer in his own house. The presence of Otilia has absorbed everything; his mind is quite enwrapped in her; no other consideration rises before him, no conscience addresses him. All that was restrained in his nature breaks loose; his whole being streams towards Otilia.

The Captain observes these impulses of passion, and wishes to prevent unhappy consequences. The plans, which are now carried out, without regard to moderation, and with a one-sided impulse he had made on the supposition that all would live quietly and on friendly terms together. He had effected the sale of the farm, the first payment had been made, and Charlotte, as had been arranged, had placed the money in her fund. But in the very first week she is obliged to exercise more than her usual seriousness, patience and love of order, for in the present hasty way of proceeding, the money allowed will not go far.

Much had been begun, and much was to be done. How could the Captain leave Charlotte in this situation! They consult together, and agree that it will be better for themselves to hasten the works already planned, and for that purpose to borrow money, appointing for the time of repayment those periods at which the instalments for the purchase of the farm, are still due. By a cession of privileges, this was effected almost without loss; they felt that their hands were less confined; and now all was in proper train, and there were workmen enough, they did more at once, and attained the desired end with speed and certainty.

In her heart, however, Charlotte adheres to her well-considered resolution, and her friend stands manfully by her in the same disposition. But this only increases their intimacy. They

mutually express their opinions on the subject of Edward's passion, and consult as to what should be done. Charlotte keeps Otilia close to her, watches her more narrowly, and the more she has become acquainted with her own heart, the more can she penetrate into the heart of the young girl. She sees no safety, but in the removal of Otilia.

It seems to her a providential piece of good fortune that her daughter, Luciana, has so much distinguished herself at the school; for her great aunt, informed of the circumstance, is anxious to take her to herself, and introduce her to the world. Otilia might now go back to the school: the Captain, being well provided for, might depart; and all might be in as good a state as a few months ago—nay, much better. Her own position Charlotte hoped speedily to restore to Edward, and she arranged the whole matter so very sensibly in her own mind, that she only strengthened herself in the delusion that it was possible to return to an earlier and more confined condition; and that what had been forcibly detached could again be brought together.

In the meanwhile Edward felt very deeply the obstacles which were set in his way. He soon observed that he and Otilia were kept apart, and that it was rendered difficult for him to speak to her alone, or even to approach her, except in the presence of several persons, and while he was cross on this account, he became so with respect to many things besides. If he could manage to address a few words to Otilia, it was not only to assure her of his love, but also to complain of his wife and the Captain. He did not feel, that through his own impetuous manner of proceeding, he was himself on the road to exhaust the fund; he blamed Charlotte and the Captain for acting contrary to the first arrangement, though he himself had consented to the second,—nay, had occasioned it, and rendered it necessary.

Hatred is partial, but love is still more so. Even Otilia estranged herself in some degree from Charlotte and the Captain. When Edward first complained to her of the latter, saying, that as a friend, and considering his position, he did not act quite uprightly, Otilia heedlessly replied, "It has already displeased me to observe, that he is not quite honest towards you. I once heard him say to Charlotte, 'I only wish Edward would spare us that flute-playing of his; he will make nothing of it, and it is a great infliction to the listeners.' You may imagine how much I was hurt by this remark, when I am so pleased to accompany you."

Scarcely had she said this, than her mind whispered to her, that she should have kept it to herself; now, however, the words were spoken. Edward's countenance changed; never had anything more annoyed him. He felt he was attacked in his favorite requisitions; he was aware that his efforts were childish, and without the least pretension. But what entertained and pleased him, ought at any rate to be treated with some leniency by his friends; he did not think how horrible it is for a third party to have his ears offended by an incompetent talent. He was offended, enraged beyond the power of forgiveness, and felt himself released from all obligations whatever.

The necessity of being with Otilia, of seeing her, whispering something to her, confiding something to her, increased every day. He resolved to write to her, and to ask her to carry on a secret correspondence. The slip of paper upon which this request, laconically enough, was written, lay upon the writing-table, and was blown down by the draught, as soon as the valet entered to curl his hair. To try the heat of his irons, this man was in the habit of picking up pieces of paper from the ground. On this occasion he snatched up the *billet*, and pinched it in the iron, so that it was scorched. Edward remarking the mischance, snatched it from his hand. He soon set about writing another, but the second time, it did not flow quite in the same way from his pen. He felt some hesitation, some uneasiness, which at last he overcame. The paper was pressed into Otilia's hand, the first time that he could approach her.

Otilia made no delay in answering him. Without reading the slip, he placed it in his waistcoat, which, according to the fashion of the day, was too short to hold it. It worked its way out, and, without being observed by him, fell to the ground. Charlotte saw it, picked it up, and handed it to him, after a hasty glance. "Here is something in your hand," she said, "which, perhaps, you would not like to lose."

He was thunderstruck. "Is this dissimulation?" he thought. "Does she know the contents of the paper, or is she misled by the similarity of the hands?" He hoped—he thought the last. He was warned, doubly warned, but these strange accidental signs, by which a higher Being appears to address us, were unintelligible to his passion. Perhaps, as this led him further on, he felt the confinement, in which he seemed to be placed, more and more unpleasant. The friendly society was at an end; his heart was closed, and when he was compelled to be in company of his friend and his wife, he could not recall or revive in his heart the inclination he had formerly felt towards them. He could not avoid silently reproving himself on this account, but the reproach annoyed him, and he tried to help himself out with a kind of humour, which, because it was without love, wanted even the ordinary charm.

Charlotte's own internal feeling helped her through all these trials. She was conscious of her earnest resolution to renounce an inclination which was at once so noble and beautiful.

How much did she wish to assist the other two! She felt that the mere absence of Ottilia would be insufficient to remedy the evil. She proposes to talk to the dear girl on the subject, but she is unable, for the recollection of her own wavering acts as an impediment. She tries to express herself in general terms, but these general terms are just as applicable to her own situation, which she is afraid to avow. Every hint which she wishes to give Ottilia points back to her own heart. She wishes to warn, and feels that she herself might be in want of a warning.

Without saying a word, therefore, she still keeps the lovers apart, but the affair is not improved. Slight intimations, which frequently escape her, produce no effect upon Ottilia, for she has been convinced by Edward of Charlotte's inclination for the Captain, convinced that Charlotte herself desires a separation, which he thinks of effecting in a decorous manner.

Ottilia, supported by the feeling of her innocence, and on the road to the most ardently desired happiness, lives only for Edward. Strengthened by her love to him in all that is good; on his account more joyful in her sphere of action, and more open towards others, she finds herself in a heaven upon earth.

Thus do all together, each after their own fashion, pursue their ordinary life, with and without reflection. All seems to move in its accustomed course, just as even in monstrous cases, where all is at stake, people go living on, as if nothing was the matter.

PART I.—CHAPTER XIV.

In the meanwhile a letter from the Count to the Captain had arrived. It was rather an enclosure containing two letters, one of which, pointing out cheerful prospects in the future, might be shown to any one; while the other, which contained a definite offer, for the present, of an important place both at Court, and in office with the rank of major, a considerable salary, and other advantages, was to be kept private on account of sundry additional circumstances. The Captain, therefore, only informed his friend of the more distant hopes, and concealed that which immediately concerned the present.

The work now in hand he continued to carry on with energy, and quietly made arrangements, that the whole might progress without interruption in his absence. He himself now feels it expedient, that for many things a fixed term should be settled, and that Ottilia's birthday should cause much acceleration. The two friends, without any express understanding, now work readily together. Edward is quite pleased that the fund is strengthened by the money which has been raised, and the whole work proceeds as rapidly as possible.

The plan of converting the three ponds into one lake the Captain would willingly have opposed altogether. It would be necessary to strengthen the lower dam, to carry away the middle ones; indeed, the whole affair was momentous and critical in several respects. Both works, as far as they could be combined, were already begun, and on this account a young architect, formerly a pupil of the Captain's, came very acceptably. Partly by the appointment of able masters, and partly by hiring laborers, where it was practicable, he forwarded the progress of the undertaking, and promised security and durability to the work. At this the Captain was secretly pleased, as he saw that his absence would not

be felt. It was with him a fixed principle not to abandon a work which he had undertaken, and had not completed, without appointing some one who could satisfactorily fill his place. He despised those who create a confusion in their own circle on purpose to make people sensible of their departure, and, acting like uncultivated egotists, wish to destroy that in which they can take no part.

Thus the work was carried on with great perseverance for the solemnization of Ottilia's birthday without this purpose being expressed, or even avowed internally. On account of Charlotte's views, free from envy as they were, there could be no decided festival. The youth of Ottilia, the state of her fortune, her position with respect to the family, rendered it improper for her to appear as the queen of a festal day. Besides, Edward did not wish to speak of the subject, as he intended that everything should, as it were, spring from itself, create astonishment, and please in a natural manner.

All, therefore, silently agreed to the pretext of erecting the timberwork of the house on that particular day without any especial reason. The occasion would admit of a feast being announced for the benefit both of their friends and of the people.

Edward's inclinations were boundless. Desiring to appropriate Ottilia to himself, there was no moderation in sacrifices, gifts, and promises. For some presents which he wished to make Ottilia on her birthday, the propositions uttered by Charlotte seemed much too niggardly. He spoke with the valet who had the care of his wardrobe, and who remained in constant intercourse with the tradespeople and the dealers in fashions. This man, who well knew what were the most agreeable presents, and also what was the handsomest way of making them, immediately ordered in the town the very neatest of chests, covered with morocco leather, studded with steel nails, and filled with gifts worthy of such a covering.

He made Edward another proposal. They had by them a little fire-work, which they had always delayed firing off, and this could easily be enlarged. Edward caught at the notion, and the valet promised to see it carried out. The whole affair was to be kept secret.

The Captain in the meanwhile, as the day approached, made his police arrangements, which he considered very essential, when a mass of persons was called, or attracted together. He had taken precautions with respect to beggars and other annoyances by which the pleasure of a festival is disturbed.

On the other hand, Edward and his confidential valet chiefly occupied themselves with the fire-work. It was to be let off by the middle pond, in front of the large oaks, while the company were to be assembled under the plane-trees, and thus at a suitable distance safely and commodiously to see the general effect, and the reflection from the water, as well as the parts of the exhibition that were to float on the waters' surface.

On this account, but under another pretext, Edward caused the space under the plane-trees to be cleared of brushwood, grass, and moss, and the ground being thus disencumbered, the noble growth of the trees, both in height and breadth, was for the first time properly apparent. Edward was highly delighted. The time of year was about the same as that in which he had planted the trees. "How long is that ago?" he said to himself. As soon as he had returned home, he turned over an old diary, which his father, especially during his residence in the country, had kept with great regularity. It was not possible that this plantation would be mentioned, but another important event which happened on the same day, and which Edward perfectly remembered, would certainly be set down. He turned over several leaves, and found the event in question, but how astonished, how delighted he was to discover a wonderful coincidence! The day and the year of planting the trees, were precisely the day and the year of Ottilia's birth.

(To be continued.)

*. To prevent misunderstanding it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

FRENCH PLAYS.—On Monday week we witnessed for the first time this season the performance of *L'Ecole des Maris*, by Molière. This, although one of the author's first produc-

tions, is inferior to none in humour or wit. His anterior pieces held out promises of talent, which were for the first time realised in this. The diction is elegant, easy, and more grammatical than any that preceded it; for it must be remarked that this celebrated author and actor did not appear in Paris until 1658, under the patronage of *Monsieur*, at a theatre prepared for him by order of his patron in the palace of the old *Louvre*; and consequently, his diction is sometimes provincial and antique, and occasionally forced. Although we discover traces of great genius and flashes of brilliant wit in the pieces written in the provinces, the principal of which are the *Precieuses Ridicules*, *le Dépit Amoureux*, and *l'Etourdi*, not to mention the *Médecin malgré lui*, which was almost entirely re-written at a later period, yet there is a heaviness in the plot, a want of individuality in the characters, and not unfrequently a grossness in the language, evidently corrected and altered at a later period, which are not to be found in his later productions. The *Ecole des Maris* was, as we have said, the first fruit of Molière's residence at Paris, and is in no respect, in our opinion, inferior to those which are generally considered his best pieces. The language is peculiarly chaste and elegant, the verses flow smoothly and freely, and the wit and genius of the author are abundantly conspicuous. The object of the play is evident from the first scene, in which two brothers, Sganarelle and Ariste, discuss which is the best means educating a woman. Both are of mature age; but the former, of a morose and austere temper, advocates austerity and seclusion; the latter, of a gay and lively turn, pleads the necessity of perfect liberty and free agency. The two brothers have been constituted, by the will of a deceased friend, guardians to his two daughters, with full powers over them to marry them themselves, or dispose of them as they may think proper. Of course they now put in practice their favourite notions; and the consequence is, as the sequel shows, that mildness proves to be better than compulsion; for as Lisette rightly observes:

"Pensez-vous, après tout, que ces précautions
Servent de quelque obstacle à nos intentions?
Et, quand nous nous mettons quelque chose à la tête,
Que l'homme le plus fin ne soit pas une bête?"

C'est nous inspirer presque un désir de pécher,
Que montrer tant de soins pour nous en empêcher."

This is the moral of the story, and it is admirably worked out by the manner in which the author makes jealousy the instrument of its own destruction. Isabelle has been remarked by Valère, who has tried every possible means to communicate with the object of his passion, but without success, thanks to the jealousy and watchfulness of Sganarelle. He is in despair; but his mistress, endowed with an invention undiscovered by her guardian, helps him out of the difficulty, by sending this very guardian to complain of his assiduities, and begs of him to desist, as he cannot hope to succeed, even should his intentions be honest. The lover is now convinced that he has been remarked, and the guardian delighted at having so virtuous a pupil, and hugging himself with the anticipation of all the pleasure he shall enjoy in the possession of such a paragon of excellence, exclaims:

"Elle montre le fruit
Que l'éducation dans une âme produit;
La vertu fait ses soins, et son cœur s'y consomme
Jusque à s'offenser des seuls regards d'un homme."

But how great is his delight when she presents him with a letter, prepared for her lover, sealed of course, and expresses her indignation at his having dared to write to her! The officious dupe falls into the trap, and is himself the bearer of

the amatory epistle. An admirable scene follows, in which Sganarelle pities the young man, and advises him to give up his useless pursuit, and bears back vows of eternal love and fidelity with a feigned show of despair, to blind the old man. Poor fellow, he says:

"Il me fait grand pitié,
Ce pauvre malheureux tout rempli d'amitié."

Isabelle now pretends that the rascally fellow has dared to propose by the instrumentality of a third party to carry her off—and to confound him, the guardian insists upon their meeting, in order as he says, that he may hear from her own mouth that his assiduities cannot be successful. This scene is admirably managed, and all the parties are of course delighted and the old man most of all, how I pity him after all, poor wretch! and to recompense his word promises her that her marriage shall take place the very next day. In the meantime the lovers are not idle, but Isabelle is surprised by Sganarelle just as she is leaving the house to fly to the object of her choice. She is however soon provided with a plausible story and persuades the old fellow that her sister was in the house, and being in love with Valère, and hearing of his passion rejected by herself, has requested to borrow her name for the occasion, in order to have an interview with him. The old man is indignant, and insists upon her immediate expulsion from the house. This Isabelle undertakes to effect, and having retired, soon re-appears under the disguise of her sister, and enters the house of Valère. Sganarelle now hastens to fetch a magistrate and a notary, and repairs to Valère's house with his brother, whom he forces to accompany him, and who is somewhat astonished at the treatment he receives at the hands of Eléonore, and is taunted by his brother on the education he has thought proper to give his ward. The marriage papers are ready, signed by Valère and Isabelle, and all present sign their consent to them, the two lovers keeping within the house until they obtain the precious document. Then Eléonore appears, and Valère and Isabelle married in reality. The tables are turned, and all are pleased except Sganarelle, who exclaims,

"Je renonce à jamais à ce sexe trompeur,
Et je le donne tout au diable de bon cœur."

On Monday last, M. Perlet played in two of his favourite parts, *Le Savant* and *Le Parrain*. We have delayed speaking of the former piece, afraid of being carried away by the enthusiasm with which it inspired us on a first hearing. It is so different from any of his other conceptions, so essentially characteristic, that we were quite taken by surprise, and were confirmed in our opinion, that to appreciate this consummate actor and wonderful genius, he should not be seen in any one of his creations alone, but in the whole range of his characters; and we pledge our critical knowledge that our opinion will be universally adopted, that M. Perlet is the greatest comedian living. This is a truth at which we have arrived by slow degrees, carefully weighing him against the first men of the present time, both in France and England. No man like him can so entirely divest himself of himself, and take upon him the individuality conceived by the author. For the present we will merely point out the principal features of this week's performance, leaving it to the future to indicate the points which stamp and bring out, in such brilliant and bold relief, the impersonations of M. Perlet. The *Savant* is one of those pieces addressed more to the gentler and more pathetic feelings of the heart than to the risible faculties. It is by Messrs. Scribe and Meuvet, and is well worthy of the reputation of both these gentlemen. The story is simple: so simple, that we scarcely know that there is one; for the principal interest

is concentrated in the *savant* himself, and in the developement of his kind, amiable, and child-like character. The *savant* is a German student, entirely devoted to books and rare editions. He loves science for its own sake, shuns the world because it interferes with his own pursuits, and from no feelings of misanthropy, and is beloved by all who approach him. But, alas! at thirty-three he is an old man, and his doctor, who is his friend, threatens him with speedy dissolution, advises him to take a little recreation, and prescribes marriage. The gentle Reynolds, whose only fear is the non-completion of his great work, reluctantly consents, on condition the Doctor will undertake to find him a wife. The Doctor agrees to do so, and pitches upon Hélène, a favourite pupil of our Reynolds, to whom he is already attached without knowing it, and by whom he is beloved in return. This marriage is crossed by Frederick Stop, the son of our hero's old schoolmaster, but who withdraws his claim on finding that Reynolds is his benefactor, and the marriage takes place. There is a charm even in the simplicity of such a plot as this; and the quiet humour, excellent feeling, prevalent throughout, the exquisite touches of hearty and real sentiment with which it abounds form a pattern which our dramatists might imitate with advantage. To point out any particular parts would lead us into a review of the whole work, which must not be judged in its details; but as a portrait highly finished and exquisitely coloured, we shall merely say, that in the whole range of M. Perlet's performances, none has pleased us so much as this. It must also be remarked that in the pieces played by M. Perlet, the actors seem to have a more careful conception of their parts; his influence is evident even in the most subordinate characters. The Doctor was very well played by M. Langeval, and Madame Grassau as usual was judicious and pains-taking. The *Parrain* is a slight farce, in which the miseries of being a godfather are whimsically and laughably put forward. Mr. Scribe has also a hand in this and we should like to know in what he has not had a hand these last five and twenty years. M. Perlet acquitted himself of the egotistical old bachelor to admiration, and elicited shouts of laughter, especially when it is discovered that after all they have baptized the wrong child. Madame Grassau was excellent as the old nurse; indeed the whole play was well cast and well executed. Of the *Avare*, given on Wednesday for M. Perlet's benefit, we can say but little this week, our space being confined. We having already indeed gone beyond the limits allotted us. This part is perhaps the triumph of the actor—that to which he has devoted most care and is most highly finished and developed. We must, however, mention the scene when he has lost his *cassette*, where his triumph was complete, but in which dangers are so thick set round the actor that the least approach to exaggeration in his part would turn to the absurdly ridiculous. M. Perlet was admirable and elicited frequent marks of approbation; his triumph was complete in this as well as in the following scene when he accuses Valère, and confounds his daughter with his treasure. The house was well attended, and M. Perlet was called before the curtain after the performance. The evening's entertainments concluded with the *Rendezvous Bourgeois*, in which M. Cartigny was as good as ever. A word of praise to that very useful and intelligent actor, M. Dumery, is the least we can bestow on his clever performance in *La Famille Improvisée*, which preceded *L'Avare* on Wednesday night. J. DE C.—E.

DRURY LANE.—We have nothing new to record in our present weekly notice. The *Bondman* still continues its career with success, and draws good houses. The *Pantomime* improves considerably since its first representation, and is re-

ceived nightly with great applause. Mr. D. W. King has undertaken the part of Ardenford, in the *Bondman*, in consequence of the illness of Mr. Harrison, and acquits himself very creditably.

THE HAYMARKET.—This theatre has varied its performances during the week. *London Assurance*, *Money*, *Look before you Leap*, and *The Round of Wrong*, have added diversity to the attractions. *The Invisible Prince* continues to be received with immense favor.

PRINCESS'S.—The *Night Dancers* is alternated with the *Seven Maids of Munich*, and the *Pantomime* is given every evening with increased effect.

ADELPHI.—As we imagined, the new piece of *Colomba*, the *Corsican Sister*, in losing its novelty, has been deprived of its chief source of attraction. We should be glad to see *Colomba* superseded by something more sterling, and better adapted to the means of the establishment.

SONNET.

NO XVI.

A RAY falls on my heart, serenely bright,
And ev'ry dark recess that form'd a fair,
Where crouch'd some hideous figure of despair,
Now sparkles with the magic of that light.
Soften'd becomes my soul's eternal night,
And even Joy displays his image fair,
Stealing upon me with a timid air,
As one who ventures with a doubtful right.
This tranquil state—oh, is it made to last—
This pause amid my bosom's hurricane—
This breath of peace that calms the fever'd brow,
Or comes it to alleviate the past,
Only to make more bitter future pain?
All, all on thee depends. Then answer thou.

N. D.

REVIEWS ON BOOKS.

"*Christmas Carols with the Old Tunes.*" Edited by EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, LL.D., F.S.A.—CRAMER, BEALE, & Co.

MR. RIMBAULT, in his introduction, which displays considerable research, has attempted to explain the meaning of the term "Carol," by ascribing it to songs intermingled with dancing, and traces it back to a period antecedent to the fifteenth century. He has not furnished us with the derivation of the word. Mr. Rimbault's book seems but the precursor of a more elaborate and complete work. The editor has supplied but six Christmas Carols. Doubtless, for a book intended to be nothing more than a seasonable and amusing present at this period of the year, Mr. Rimbault has performed his task to the extent required, and we must award him great praise for the zeal and ingenuity he has shown. The Book of Christmas Carols is an admirable little work, and should find a place on the desk of every lover of the strains of bye-gone times, and the quaint rhymes of "hoar antiquity." The work is beautifully got up.

"*Nursery Rhymes with the Old Tunes.*" Collected and edited by EDWARD F. RIMBAULT.—CRAMER, BEALE, & Co.

WELCOME, old Friends! Dear, kind, soothing, half-lost, but never-forgotten old Friends! welcome once more to our hearts. Ye make us children again, and bring back the familiar faces of our childhood, and the green meads, and the laughing waters of our happy home, and the cheery fireside, and the stories of old nurse, and summer sports, and dawning hopes, and loves bubbling from the wild current of our young hearts, and joy, and mirth, and prank, and all the lost entrancements

of heedless juvenescence. Ye are gone for ever, but memory leaves us your shadows, and lo! at a word, like visions in a magic mirror, ye pass before as, as bright, but as evanescent. Show us the man that could hear the songs of his youth unmoved, and we will set him down as senseless as a block, a stone, or any other inert mass of matter. For our own poor part, we are not ashamed to confess, that the old song, "There was an old Woman tost up in a blanket," screamed by some crone far gone in years, has more power to move us than "Fra Poco" thrillingly warbled by Rubini. This is not a matter of taste, but of feeling. If we go on we shall grow melancholy. Nevertheless, we must tell an anecdote of our boyhood. The first time we heard "Hey, my kitten, kitten"—but no, we cannot go on—the tears are stealing to our eyes, and we must e'en turn from suggestions of the past, to thoughts of the present. Mr. Rimbault has accomplished his task in the "Nursery Rhymes," still more happily than in the "Christmas Carols." The book is altogether better, and more valuable, inasmuch as the subjects are more familiar, and will therefore meet with greater appreciation. The old airs are all supplied, and arranged for the piano, with the melody and a simple bass. This is as much as was required in a volume of nursery airs. The preface contains some excellent information. If Mr. Rimbault is neither a Ritson, nor a Percy, he has at least brought forth as original a work on minstrelsy, as either the compiler of "The Reliques," or the editor of the "Robin Hood Ballads." We most heartily recommend the "Nursery Rhymes" to all classes and to all ages.

"The Silver Swan;" a *Fairy Tale*. By MADAME DE CHATELAIN.—GRANT AND GRIFFITH.

"The Silver Swan" is a neatly constructed story, and is written in a succinct, easy style. The characters are amusing, the plot is entertaining, and the moral striking. Madame de Chatelain has, for some time, been a worshipper of the muses, and has heretofore appeared in print as Mademoiselle Pontigny. Her effusions are remarkable for ease and grace.

REVIEWS ON MUSIC.

"Ronald," *Ballad*, Words by COVENTRY PATMORE; *Music* by CLEMENT WHITE.

"He never can be Mine," *Ballad*, written by DESMOND RYAN, composed by CLEMENT WHITE.

"Waiting for Thee," *Serenade*, written by DESMOND RYAN, composed by CLEMENT WHITE.—P. E. ROWE.

MR. ROWE, the music-seller at Plymouth, has just published the three very pretty songs above named. Of these Ballads, we hardly know to which to give the preference. "Ronald" is written in the old ballad fashion, and contains a very striking melody. It is composed appropriately to the words, which are indited by a true poet. Coventry Patmore's lyric muse is original and graceful, and is replete with the deepest sentiment. If words be of any value in a song, the verses alone of this ballad would re-pay the purchaser in the perusal. If it were sung in public, by some favorite vocalist, we have no doubt that "Ronald" would become one of the most popular songs of the day. We know ballads, inferior in every respect to this, that have gone near to make a publisher's fortune. "He never can be mine," perhaps is the least happy of Mr. White's three songs. It is tender enough, and the melody is well fitted to the poetry, but it is too sentimental for our nerves, though doubtless the song would delight all who are more romantically inclined than

we are. The last song of the three is a most charming and graceful ballad, and does infinite credit to the composer. The very first bar of the melody is striking, and at once captivates the ear, and the whole song is written spontaneously, and without effort. The ballads of Mr. Clement White are carefully arranged, and present no difficulties, either to the singer or performer.

JULLIEN'S ALBUM FOR 1847.

(From the *Liverpool Chronicle*.)

If any thing were wanted to prove the great advance that music has made in England during the last few years, we think there is nothing more likely to do so than the number of beautiful musical albums which have been brought out this year. The only one we have seen yet is Monsieur Jullien's, and a magnificent one it is. We cannot give our readers a better idea of this splendid production, than by quoting a part of the prospectus:—"It contains no less than thirty pieces of vocal and fourteen of instrumental music. The illustrations, in addition to the elaborately executed covers, title, and dedication pages, include two magnificent views of the interior of Covent-garden theatre, the one taken during the brilliant scene exhibited in that splendid arena on the occasion of M. Jullien's Grand Bal Masqué; the other a view of the theatre taken during the concert, the grouping of the figures in both views exhibiting the audience in a manner at once life-like and elegant. To those who have visited the theatre on either occasion, the album will form a delightful *souvenir*, and to those who have not had the opportunity, it will convey an accurate idea of the gorgeous scene. A splendidly coloured portrait of the celebrated danseuse, Madlle. Flora Fabbri, in the admired pas, 'La Castigliana,' is also given with 'The Fortune Teller,' illustrating Baker's beautiful ballad of that name. The whole of this department of the Album has been under the active superintendence of J. Brandard, Esq.; whose pencil only has been employed in its production. Nothing more need be said in favour of the musical department of this album, and in proof of its vast superiority over all others, than to call attention to the names of the contributors, where will be found the principal talent in Europe; viz, Rossini, Verdi, Donizetti, Rubini, Roeh-Albert, Heuzel, Goldberg, Schira, Schulz, Stœpel, Duprez, Jose Gomis, Marsanau, Maretsek, Balfe, Jullien, Hatton, Barret, Alexander Lee, König, Knight, Baker, Farmer, Linley, Lake, Fitzball, Mould, Hurrey, Forest, Desmond Ryan, Albert Smith, &c. &c. It will thus be perceived that, in addition to the latest compositions of the best English composers, the album will contain some of the newest and most popular productions of Italy, Germany, France, Spain, &c., a careful selection of which has been made from those works that are now attracting the attention of the continental dilettanti." Every word of the prospectus is perfectly true, and some of the songs, ballads, &c., are of a very superior description, more particularly "The Fortune-teller," the words of which are by G. Linley, and the music by Baker. The instrumental portion will be in great demand for parties and balls this Christmas, as it includes several of the most popular quadrilles, polkas, waltzes, &c., as played at M. Jullien's concerts at Covent-garden theatre, including the celebrated "British Army Quadrille." The illustrations themselves would formerly have cost three times as much as the whole book, which is, considering the variety and excellence of its contents, worth treble its price.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

DEAR SIR,—Your pages a few weeks ago contained an address,—"To Women, and English Women in particular." Will you allow me, through the same channel, to publish a few remarks on the subject so well advocated by your fair correspondent: I allude to the proposal for a monument to be erected to the memory of our poet, Shakespere, by the ladies' subscriptions. And here, that I may not be misunderstood, let me add, that I am one of his devoted admirers, and that I thank him from my heart for showing forth the virtues of our sex. But he has slept in peace for 230 years with no other memorial than the one he so nobly carved for himself—one that will outlive the stone pillar, or the sculptured statue—for as long as the English language is known on the earth shall the writings of our immortal bard be treasured in the hearts of all true lovers of poetry. Let him then still slumber on for a little while longer with his fame for his monument; and let us not in a time when every paper is rife with accounts of death from starvation—when every penny might help to save a life, let us not *now*, I say, collect our mites together to enrich the pocket of some wealthy architect, and to lay gilt on gold; but let us rather give of that we are able to him that needeth. It was but last week, and that in a city where charity

is bestowed liberally, that a woman in the hour of her greatest trial had not even a handful of straw to keep her from the cold earth, or a rag to cover her new-born babe, while five others were crying for food. True, she might have gone to the Union, but for what? To be separated from her dear ones—to be deprived of liberty—to be imprisoned, in fact, for the crime of poverty. And this we know to be but one case among thousands. O let then the penny and the donation of the rich be added together, and distributed among such as these, till the name of the English woman shall be mentioned with thankfulness by thousands. And then shall each subscribers' name instead of being enclosed in a stone to be read, perhaps, when the dust of its owner shall be returned to dust; but more likely never to see the light—instead of this shall each name be written in heaven, to be read when all shall hear and be repaid ten-fold, for "Charity covereth a multitude of sins." If I hear that subscriptions are received at Messrs. Coutts and Co., or any other place for this purpose, my mite shall not be wanting, and O if every woman that can spare a penny will do likewise, how many a heart will be gladdened. I humbly pray that it may be so. I remain, dear Editor, yours faithfully,

AN ENGLISHWOMAN.

Sir, I have gone into my subject at much greater length than I at first intended, and find on reading it that it is rather a sedate article for a journal of the description of the *Musical World*. I should, however, if you could save a corner, be glad to see it in print, as the suggestion it contains may be useful.—*Bristol, Dec. 16th, 1846.*

PROVINCIAL.

RYDE.—On Tuesday evening last a music class of the Literary Institution commenced, under the leadership of Mr. Dawes, Organist; it is to be hoped Mr. Dawes will succeed in improving the musical taste of Ryde, which is at present at a low ebb.—*Dec. 17th, 1846.*

WOLVERHAMPTON.—Mr. Pearsall has been giving his musical lectures here, with great success. A Miss Hunt assists him in the vocal illustrations.

CHELTENHAM.—Mr. Alban Croft's concert last week, at the Assembly Rooms, obtained a highly respectable audience, and much better as to numbers than either of the two previous ones, though by no means better than it deserved, for the music was excellent. Mrs. Croft sang very effectively all her songs, and was deservedly greeted with warm applause. Her "Auld Robin Gray" had some exquisitely musical touches about it. Miss and Master Croft sang "Per Vally" and another Italian duet very sweetly indeed, and in a way that told of careful teaching; and the latter also gave us "Scenes that are brightest" with surprising effect for one so young. The performances altogether went off remarkably well.

MANCHESTER.—MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.—The Directors of this useful Institution, always anxious to introduce the first talent to their numerous subscribers, made arrangement with Miss Whitnall, to give a grand concert on Monday evening last.—As soon as the doors were thrown open the rush into the Lecture Hall was terrific, the house was instantly filled in every part, and those parties who generally occupy the best seats in the boxes, were glad to secure seats in the pit.—There is no doubt, but in a short time the lecture hall will become too small to contain half the number of subscribers to this valuable Institution. The performers engaged on this occasion were Miss Whitnall, Senior Sappio, Mr. H. V. Lewis, and Mr. John Parry. A variety of glees, songs, and duets, were given during the evening with good effect, and much applause was elicited by Mr. John Parry, in the two songs which he gave, entitled the "London Season, or as Captain Clifford says,"—the other, "Family Argument Foreign Affairs."—(A short maternal course of the French language.) He was encored in both songs, but as a general principal, he did not repeat them, but gave two others entitled "Marriage," and the "Fine young English gentleman of the present time." The company separated about 11 o'clock, highly delighted with the evening's entertainment.—*Manchester Courier.*

TUNBRIDGE.—An evening concert of vocal and instrumental music took place in our Town-Hall on Wednesday evening, Dec. 23, consisting of glees, duets, songs, and instrumental pieces. Miss Cole and Miss Greaves, two young ladies from the Royal Academy of Music, were the principal vocalists, and sang the songs, &c., allotted to them in excellent style. We may mention, in particular, the duet, "The flight of the swallow" (by Kucken, a German composer), very effectively sung by the two ladies, and eliciting an unanimous encore. The difficult cavatina, "Ah! Rammento," by Mercadante, was very chastely executed by Miss Cole, accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Cullum in his usual masterly style. Parry's duet, "Flow gently, Deva," was excellently given by Messrs. Snelling and Humphrey; indeed, it was quite a treat, and was received with great applause. Hobbs' popular ballad, "A friend in distress," sung by Mr. Humphrey, merited and received a hearty encore. The grand feature of the evening was

Mr. Morfill's performance on the violin, consisting of De Berliot's 6th air, and a piece by Mayseder, which were played in the most masterly style. His tone, in the adagio passages was most exquisite, and his rapid passages were brilliant in the extreme. The other instrumental pieces were Mozart's symphony (No 1), and his matchless overture, "Zauberflöte," played in a style that reflected the greatest credit on the gentlemen composing the band. Altogether the concert was well got up, and we have seldom seen a better selection of pieces than that contained in the programme. The managers of the concert are exceedingly pleased at the success of their efforts to afford their neighbours delightful evening's amusement, which, they are assured, was the case on this occasion. (*From a Correspondent.*)

CHELTENHAM.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—Madame Anna Bishop has given no less than three concerts here this week, at the Assembly Rooms, and with immense success. Her voice is indeed *MELODIOUS*, if ever voice deserved that epithet. Every note goes to the heart; and there it remains. She is both wonderful and pleasing; and that is the case with very few performers, either vocal or instrumental. She was encored, *una voce*, in most of her Italian songs, as also in that pathetic ballad, "John Anderson, my Jo," in which, indeed, she appealed to the hearts of her auditors, and was really triumphant! Such a triumph has been very seldom witnessed in Cheltenham; NOR WILL IT EVER BE FORGOTTEN!!! No wonder that Madame A. B. should be *prima donna assoluta* of the Theatre San Carlos, Naples; but what an honor to England, where Madame Anna Bishop is born! Not even a Billington is to be compared to her! Mr. Clanchettini conducted these concerts, and performed an extemporaneous fantasia at the first; as also, at the second, his uncle Dussek's celebrated "Notturmo Concertante," (op. 68.) for the piano-forte and the violin; in which he was most artistically accompanied by his friend, Mr. R. Brett. Mr. R. B. also performed Ernst's celebrated "Carnaval de Venise," and an elegant fantasia by Artot, a pupil of the celebrated Baillet. Mr. and Mrs. Alban Croft also appeared at these concerts, and to the greatest advantage; for they not only sang well, but good music, and that is not often the case with vocalists. Madame Anna Bishop is a truly classical lady as ever appeared in this world. She can only enjoy what is really good! —P.C.—

MANCHESTER.—A miscellaneous concert was given by the Musical Society on Tuesday evening, in the large room of the Town Hall. The principal vocalists were Miss Parsons, of London, Mrs. Yardly, of Manchester, and Mr. E. L. Hime, of Manchester. Mr. T. Maude presided at the piano-forte. There was a very large attendance of subscribers, most of the principal families of the town and neighbourhood being present, as well as a great number of the general public; in fact, the room, which is a very large one, was completely filled. The selection comprised songs, glees, and duets, by some of the most celebrated composers; the concert opened with the overture to "Semiramide," followed by the beautiful madrigal, written in 1597, Dowland's "Awake, sweet Love, thou art returned." One of Lover's songs sung by Mr. Hime, was encored most rapturously. Then followed, "Where the bee sucks." A song, by Miss Parson's, "Oh, the merry days when we were young," was most applauded. The overture to "Masaniello" was performed with great precision. In the "Cavatina" (Donna Carites) Miss Parsons was encored, when she substituted a favorite air: "In the air, roving abroad in the night." Mr. Hime was loudly encored, when he sang "Lucy Niel." The concert closed with the chorus "Welcome, welcome, Lady Fair." The audience were evidently much delighted, both with the performance and the selection.—*Manchester Courier.*

SALISBURY SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS.—The second concert for the season (under Mr. Aylward's management), on Wednesday evening last, at the Assembly Rooms, was attended by a brilliant and crowded audience, there having been no less than 500 persons present. The great attraction of the evening was the engagement of the Distin Family, who played with their accustomed talent and success. The elder Distin, in "The Soldier tired of War's Alarms," was loudly encored. The principal vocalist on this occasion was Miss Dolby, who in the unavoidable absence of Miss Rainforth, detained in London by severe indisposition, with much kindness and good-nature, consented to supply her place, and proved herself a worthy substitute. Miss Dolby was in fine voice, sang delightfully, and was more than once unanimously encored. Mercadante's air, "A te riede," Linley's ballads, "Thou art gone from my gaze," and "Primroses deck the bank's green side," and the Scottish ballad, "Willy Gay," were deliciously sung by Miss Dolby, and deservedly applauded. Mr. Ransford sang several songs and loudly in the course of the evening, and experienced a very favourable reception. In the "Gipsies' Laughing Song" he was encored. Among the instrumental performances, was a fantasia on the violoncello by Master Aylward, having for its theme the melody "The last Rose of Summer," which was played with so much taste and expression as to elicit well-merited applause. This young gentleman does credit to his father's tuition.

A trio for flute, violoncello, and piano-forte, by Mr. and Master Aylward and Mr. Willy, jun., was nicely played, and afforded much pleasure. Mr. Willy, jun., accompanied the songs with judgment.—*Salisbury and Winchester Journal*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MADAME BISHOP sang three times last week at Cheltenham. Her reception on each occasion was enthusiastic. She was encored in most of her songs; and at the morning concert, on Saturday, the enthusiasm was so great, that the fair cantatrice sang ten times; for not only were four of the *morceaux* redemanded, but she was obliged thrice to repeat a very charming *chansonnette*, "Je suis la Bayadere," in which Madame Bishop accompanied herself on the tambourine.—*Morning Post*.

BRIGHTON.—A *matinée musicale* was given by Madame d'Eichthal, the harpist, on Thursday week, at Weston House, the residence of Lady Hotham. Madame d'Eichthal is a harpist of superior merit, uniting the qualities of correct execution and graceful expression. She played several pieces with good effect and was warmly applauded. The selection was varied by some German and French songs of Madame Mortier de Fontaine, which were deservedly received with great favour. The attendance was fashionable and numerous.—*From a Correspondent*.

MR. BIRD, Organist of Walthamstow, gave his patrons a great musical treat last Monday evening. Mr. Turle conducted. The vocal corps consisted of Miss A. Williams, Miss Ellen Lyon, Mr. Howe, Mr. Barnaby, Mr. Kench, Master Turle, and four other young vocalists. A duet composed by Kalliwoda, admirably rendered by Misses A. Williams and Ellen Lyon, and Mr. Kench's "Last Man," were the prominent features of the evening, but the whole programme was capitally performed and conducted.

MR. J. L. HATTON gave one of his musical entertainments on Thursday evening at the Marylebone Institution, Edward street, Portman-square. The vocal performance was diversified with pianoforte playing from authors ancient and modern. Mr. J. L. Hatton gave sundry manuscript songs of various merits. His introduction to the entertainment, and the interspersed verbal portions, were happily sprinkled with anecdote and information. The concert was on the whole excellent, but we have not room at present to particularize. We shall shortly speak of these entertainments at length. Mr. Hatton is an excellent musician, and his efforts are worthy serious attention.

MADAME BISHOP has given three concerts during the past week at Cheltenham, in each of which she excited the greatest enthusiasm. At her last concert she was encored in every song, with one exception, and was called upon to repeat a French air twice, in which she produced a novel effect by accompanying herself on the tambourine. Her execution of this *chansonnette* proved that Madame Bishop is a great artist, whether she interprets the most difficult or the most simple music. A third cavatina, from *Ugo di Parigi*, exhibited to perfection the rare and artistic resources of this most accomplished vocalist.—*Morning Herald*.

MR. J. L. DOWNE, principal Flautist of the Italian Opera, New Orleans, gave a concert at Blagrove's Rooms, Mortimer Street, on Tuesday evening. The concert was remarkable for the introduction of names of artists, instrumental and vocal, unknown, or little known, if we except Nicholson, the Oboe player, and Hancock, the Violoncellist. The vocalists were, Mrs. Alexander Gibbs, (formerly Miss Graddon,) Mr. John Roe, Miss Allen, Miss Collins, Signor Furtado, and Mr. Weeks; Messrs. Hancock, Nicholson, Casolani, Dean, Reed,

and Downe. Mr. Downe played two solos on the flute, and was greatly applauded. His execution is brilliant, and his tone clear and distinct. He performed an Italian air, with variations, in a superior manner. Mr. Nicholson played a fantasia on the oboe in his usual masterly style; and Mr. Hancock, on the violoncello, gave great effect to a trio of Corelli's, which was encored. Miss Allen distinguished herself in a song from the *Night Dancers*, and the rest of the ladies, by their endeavors, gave interest to the entertainment. Mr. Charles Blagrove presided at the piano.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP.—This charming English vocalist, who of late years has astonished and delighted the lovers of music in the principal continental cities, took the leading part in three grand concerts at the Assembly Rooms, during the past week. These *recherché* entertainments were given under the auspices of Messrs. Hale and Son, the first of which took place on Wednesday evening, and was but thinly attended, owing no doubt to the want of sufficient publicity; the other two had to boast of a company more numerous, and fashionable. Madame Anna Bishop sang selections from the *Maid of Artois*, and *Loretta*, in exquisite style, which elicited great applause. The pathos and execution thrown into these gems of composition had a thrilling effect upon the audience, who were lost in admiration at the grace with which the whole were given. Mr. and Mrs. Alban Croft, Mr. Cianchettini, and Mr. Robert Butt, proved able auxiliaries, and seldom have concerts altogether, gone off with greater *eclat*. At the morning concert on Saturday, Madame Bishop was encored four times; and on the execution of the French song, she received a double encore, which manifested the estimation in which she is held. Madame Bishop's triumph in London, during the present season, has been perfect and unquestionable, such as sufficiently indicates that she will be permitted to continue her career in this country with the same *eclat* which so long marked her prosperous efforts in the great capitals of Europe. The opera chosen for her first appearance in London a few months since, was Balfe's *Maid of Artois*, in which a rôle was allotted to her rendered memorable for its having been first selected for that queen of songstresses—poor Malibran, of whose triumphs it was one of the noblest and the best. In the revival of an opera, which since that time, had been suffered to die away from public recollection, save in the single song, *The Light of other Days*, Madame Bishop has presented the rare gift of musical excellence combined with dramatic intensity; and as such, her first provincial tour is calculated to excite feelings of no common interest among those who look forward to the opportunity now about to be afforded them of personally appreciating the bird-like purity of intonation, and the refined and delicate, but brilliant points of execution, which are so remarkable in the vocalism of this English warbler—this prophetess in the land of her birth. We understand that this celebrated *cantatrice* is engaged at Brighton during the present week; for the then ensuing three weeks she proceeds to Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, and other places in that neighbourhood. The first week in February will be divided between the two University towns, Oxford and Cambridge. On February the 8th, she purposes going to Dublin, where she performs until the 22d, and thence to Belfast and Cork. On the 1st of March she takes Edinburgh for a fortnight, and Glasgow for three days, returning south again to Bath and Bristol for four days, and during passion week she will be at Exeter for the sacred concert there. In short, the British syren has not a day disengaged between and this the beginning of April.—*Cheltenham Journal*.

TAUNTON AND SOMERSET PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—We have pleasure in stating that there is every reason to hope that a society, upon an extended basis, and having for its objects the cultivation of music, and the providing of a source of entertainment for the inhabitants of this town, will shortly be formed. The following are some of its principal features, as stated in a circular just issued:—"It is proposed that the society shall be open to persons residing in all parts of the county, and that it shall be governed by a president and committee, assisted by a treasurer and secretary. [A number of influential gentlemen have signified their willingness to become members of the committee: and it is hoped that the office of president will be taken by some nobleman.] That the principal gentry of the county be requested to become patrons of the society. That during four months in the year, the members shall meet weekly for the purpose of performing instrumental and vocal music; and that during the remaining eight months the meetings shall take place at intervals of a fortnight. That sacred and secular music shall be performed. That the amount of subscription shall be about five shillings per annum. That a public music library be established in connection with the society. That prizes shall be offered for the best compositions of music by members. That during the winter season there shall be five public concerts,—two of sacred, and three of secular music. Members to have the option of taking part in the performance or not." We hope our musical friends all over the county will join the society without delay.—*Taunton County Gazette*.

WAITING FOR APPLAUSE.—Perhaps all readers are not acquainted with the following fact. A certain singer was engaged to sing at the rooms at Margate; and having a pretty good opinion of himself, wrote in the leader's book at a particular place, "wait for the applause." The leader, as in duty bound, stopped the band; but, alas! there was no applause; when the disappointed vocalist turned sharply round and said, rather *forte*, "Why don't you go on?" The mischief-loving leader replied, much more loud, "We are waiting for the applause." This was heard by several of the audience, and a general titter pervaded the room.

MOLIQUE'S THIRD SET OF SIX GERMAN SONGS.—(*Wesell & Co.*)—The third set of Herr Molique's songs is, in our opinion, not so good as the fourth set, which was our pleasing task to notice a short time since. It seems, however, impossible for this elegant and characteristic composer to send a work into the world without impressing it with some marks of great musical interest. Thus, although the songs before us have been unable to obtain very great popularity, there are three at least of them which must be always admired: These are No. 293, "Cottage fair" (Huttelein's, a most pretty and playful little song, set to one of the most charming of all the beautiful lyrics of *Ruckert*; No. 295, "O still my heart's fond beating" (*O stille dies verlangen*) the expression of which is poetical as the music is beautiful; the restless and passionate character of the work is well portrayed in the broken melody of the voice parts and the continual motion of the accompaniments; and No. 296 "Come dearest come," (*Komm, Liebchen, Komm*), a very melodious serenade, and perhaps the most vocally effective of the whole set.—*Morning Post*.

CROSBY HALL.—The Third Concert of Sacred Music, for the season 1846-7, took place on Tuesday evening, and was well attended. The concert, as usual, was under the direction of Miss Mounsey. The programme was by no means interesting, the selections made, for the most part, being neither suited to the Crosby Hall audience, nor adapted to the powers

of the principal singers and choir. For instance, the chorus, "Unto us a child is born," having for its interpreter no more than thirty vocalists, could hardly produce the idea of sublimity and immensity intended by the composer. The names also of Ciampi, Otto Braune, and Naumann, introduced into the scheme, reflected no great credit on the direction. There were, however, many excellences in the concert to which we would call attention. We shall first state that the principal singers were the Misses Dolby and Bassano, and the Messrs. Lockey, Francis, and J. A. Novello. The two ladies gave Handel's fine duet, "O lovely peace," from *Judas Maccabeus*, with great effect, their voices consorting in an admirable manner. Mr. Lockey was encored in the recitative and air from the same oratorio, "'Tis well, my friends," which he delivered with power and energy. Beethoven's most charming trio, "O, shall we then behold the Lord," from the *Mount of Olives*, was rendered with much grace and expression by Miss Bassano, with Messrs. Francis and Novello. The *ensemble* at the end was beautifully given by the three artists. Miss Dolby sang an air of Miss Mounsey's, "Save, Lord, and hear us," and received very great applause. The composition has considerable merit. The second part, commencing on the words "Praise the Lord, O my soul" contains a highly pleasing and expressive melody, and by its arrangement evidences proofs of Miss Mounsey's talents for writing sacred music. Miss Dolby's singing deserved great credit. She sang with the true feeling and expression of an artist. Mr. J. A. Novello was heard to little advantage in an air of Neukomm's. His fine voice and chaste style were entirely thrown away. Miss Bassano gave Proch's favourite song, "The blind girl to her mother," and interpreted it with much taste and judgment. There is little, or nothing, in Proch's air: nevertheless the sentiment which the words convey is capable of being felicitously expressed by an artist of sensibility and impulse. Miss Bassano displayed these two qualities in her singing, and in addition exhibited a degree of energy, which we have hopes will bring her laurels on another arena. We must, however, make one exception to Miss Bassano's singing of "The blind maiden," viz.—the manner in which she draws the penultimate note of the song, endeavouring thereby to produce a lasting effect. To us this vicious taste completely nullified the vocalist's previous excellences, and made us entertain doubts of Miss Bassano's judgment; but when we recalled to mind the numberless English songstresses who have recourse to this useless claptrap, we could hardly attach particular blame to the young artist, to whose many merits we have borne now, as oft, honorable testimony. We would entreat of Miss Bassano to eschew altogether this vile, modern, indigenous propensity. Miss Dolby gave two solos in the second part, and produced a great sensation by her splendid singing. The first was an air of Marcello's, of no particular merit; the second was Andre's "Unto thee, O Lord, I cry," which was finely adapted to Miss Dolby's contralto voice; she sang it with exquisite taste and passion, and was rapturously encored, but—here again we must be critical—she nearly marred all the effect she produced by an ineffective and useless cadence at the close. Bach's magnificent corale, "The Firmament, the Heavens that stand," was well given by the choir, and the concert terminated with a Hallelujah of Mozart. At the commencement of part second Miss Mounsey performed an organ concerto of Handel's, for which she obtained the unanimous applause of the audience.

STEWART'S VIOLIN HOLDER.—The utility of this simple and highly efficient apparatus, for facilitating the holding of the Violin, has been acknowledged by all professors of that

instrument, and is now in course of being universally adopted. The holder may be carried in the waistcoat pocket, and attached to the violin instantaneously, when required. We ourselves have tested the use of the instrument, and are warranted in strongly recommending so admirable and efficient a contrivance. To the beginner, above all others, it will prove of the greatest service in facilitating his progress, and rendering compassable, in a brief period, difficulties which at present, can only be surpassed by a long course of practice. Mr. Stewart, has conferred a boon, on all violin players by his ingenious invention.

CHORAL HARMONIES OF NATURE.—Sitting here, I can discriminate almost every sort of tree, as it is called upon, either solo or in score, to take part in the grand choral harmonies of the tempest. Now it roars deep and still among the oaks behind this bookroom; anon, breathes hoarse and hollow upon the dark old Scotch pines of the cider-mill grove; groans through the sycamores and lime avenue, "that weather-fends my cell;" rattles the bony boughs of the skeleton ash; howls through the elms; hisses (and each obviously different) in the cedars, spruce, and silver fir; whistles through the larch; whispers in the Weymouth and aphorously; and suddenly whisks a solitary cypress; while the evergreens, and dry-leaved hornbeams, keep up a constant accompaniment, each after his kind.—*Mr. Dovaston, in Loudon's Magazine of Natural History.*

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—So much has been said respecting a new Italian opera that any information relating to the arrangements for the season at Her Majesty's Theatre, cannot fail to be interesting. From authentic sources we have learnt that Mr. Lumley, in providing for the ensuing campaign, has succeeded beyond his usual success. Three of the greatest lyrical composers of the age will contribute new works for the season. Lablache, a host in himself, will be supported by Gardini Frascini Superchi (Verdi's favourite hero,) Colletti and Staudigl. The orchestra is composed of *artistes* of tried abilities, at the head of whom are Tolbecque and Nadaud, and a chorus of extraordinary power has been selected with great care. The ballet will be under the direction of Paul Taglioni and Perrot. The *pas de quatre* and the *pas de deux*, will be revived, with the aid of Taglioni, Lucile Grahn, Cerito, Carlotta Grisi, and Rosati, a young Italian dancer of distinguished ability. We believe we might add, that the vocal department will be enriched by other talent of no ordinary power.—*Times.*

THE Duke and Duchess of Bedford have been entertaining a large party at Woburn Abbey; and the "Theatre-Royal, Woburn Abbey," as it is called, has been opened for private theatricals, the performances being under the patronage of the Duchess of Norfolk. The actors and actresses were all distinguished personages.

MUNICH Dec. 25.—JENNY LIND.—In consequence of the extraordinary sensation she created on her last appearance, as *Suzanna* in Mozart's *Figaro*, the royal management of the theatre, by particular desire, induced this inimitable artist to appear once more in the same opera, on the 27th, to the delight and gratification of all lovers of the musical art. On Christmas eve, about fifty admirers of the Swedish nightingale prepared a feast at the Odeon, in honor of the queen of song. On her entering the saloon, which was splendidly decorated, accompanied by the celebrated historical painter, Kaulbach and his lady, she was taken by surprise, with a Weihnachtsbaum (the German Christmas tree) ornamented, with valuable presents. Among these was a most splendid broche from his Royal Highness the Duke of Bavaria. The entertainment

was enlivened with toasts and poetical effusions, in honor of her fair guest.—*Morning Post*

THE FIRST NIGHT OF ROBERT MACAIRE.—(From *Hervey's* "Theatres of Paris.") After continuing his dramatic apprenticeship at the Odeon, where he was still condemned to play the confidants, though in tragedy instead of in spectacle, Frédérick offered his services to the manager of the Ambigu, who had just accepted *L'Auberge des Adrets*, a melodrama which appeared to him (and was in reality) sufficiently commonplace to admit of the principal character being intrusted to a *debutant*. He did not, therefore, scruple to admit the young actor into his company, and gave him the part of *Redmond* to study. The eventful night came, and the two first acts of the piece having gone off very heavily, *L'Auberge des Adrets* was generally regarded as a failure. Frédérick, however, suddenly hit upon the ingenious idea of making *Redmond* a comic instead of a melodramatic rascal, and began to introduce all kinds of drolleries into his part, which backed by the equally laughable acting of Serres, put the audience into an ecstasy of delight, and decided the triumphant success of piece and performer. One of the authors had sent his *bonne* to see the first representation, and was waiting anxiously for her return in order to know the result, when, to his surprise she came back hardly able to speak for laughing, 'Ah, sir,' she exclaimed, as soon as he had recovered her breath, 'what an excellent piece! how funny it is! I am sure I never laughed so much in all my life!' 'What! cried the amazed and indignant author, 'laugh at my melodrama! This comes of intrusting the leading character to an actor *sans conscience*!' However, on going himself to see the piece, he laughed like the rest, and following the example of his *collaborateur*, pocketed his author's dues with great good humour."

RACHEL.—She does not come on the stage to recite a lesson; but to speak as the spirit prompts her; she does not act, she *feels*; with her adoption of the Roman or Grecian dress, she adopts the Roman or Grecian character; she is no longer Rachel, but *Camille* or *Hermione*. This is the great secret of her influence over the masses; she stands before them, but is not of them; they have neither time nor inclination to criticise her dress, her manner, or her look; they are spell-bound by the reality with which she invests each of her personations. She has a power, unknown to other actresses, of rivetting the attention of her audience, and this power consists in her entire ignorance of, and contempt for, the conventional traditions of the stage. She imitates no one, not even herself; but keeps perpetually alive the curiosity and interest of the spectator by some new reading of a passage, some peculiar look or gesture, suggested by the inspiration of the moment, and forgotten by her as soon as that moment is past. The very *claqueurs* themselves are puzzled; they know not when to applaud, or when to be silent. While reserving their hired enthusiasm until some cabalistic word, the preconcerted signal for its explosion, shall have been pronounced, they are confounded by the legitimate bravos of the audience, who are impelled, by some magical and wholly unexpected effect of her acting to applaud *for themselves*."

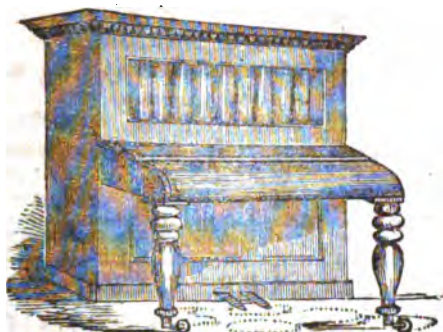
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FABRICO.—We have so many original articles on hand, that we must beg to decline, with many thanks, our Correspondent's humorous and entertaining anecdote.

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No. 3.—Vol. XXII.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1847.

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SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.

At the Fifth Concert, which we have hitherto left unnoticed, the following programme was executed:—

PART I.—Quintet, in E flat, Pianoforte, Oboe, Clarinet, Horn, and Bassoon, Messrs. W. Rae, Jennings, Key, Calcott, and Keating, *Mosart*.—Duet, "Remember me," Miss Ellen Lyon and Miss Cubitt, *T. M. Mudie*.—Song, "The Blind Boy," Mr. Bodda, *Kate Loder*.—Serenade, (MS.—first time of performance), Miss Ellen Lyon, *E. Perry*.—Trio, (MS.) No. 2, in D, Pianoforte, Violin and Violoncello (first time of performance), Mr. J. B. Calkin, Master Day, and Mr. Lucas, *J. B. Calkin*.—Quartet, in G minor, (MS.), two Violins, Tenor, and Violoncello, Messrs. Jos. Banister, Gattie, Thomas, and Quinton, (his first appearance at these Concerts), *H. Graves*.—Song, (MS) "I never can forget thee, love," Mr. Bodda (first time of performance), *J. R. Tutton*.—Song, "The Gipsy Maiden," Miss Cubitt, *A. Fesca*.—Quintet, in D minor, No. 2, Pianoforte, two Violins, Tenor, and Violoncello. (first time of performance in this country), Messrs. F. B. Jewson, Gattie, Jos. Banister, Thomas, and Lucas, *Spohr*.—Ternetto, "Se di là," (*Agnes*) Paer, Miss Ellen Lyon, Miss Cubitt, and Mr. Bodda.—The Vocal Music accompanied on the Pianoforte by Mr. W. Dorrell.

It is too late now to criticise the performance of this programme, or the materials out of which it was constituted. The great novelty was decidedly Spohr's quintet, the second he has produced. With all the characteristics of the great musician's style this quintet exhibits many features that are absolutely new, and the composition as a whole is masterly, brilliant, and effective. It will, doubtless, win the attention of our pianists generally, and become a stock-piece in the approaching concert season. Mr. F. B. Jewson sustained the pianoforte part with great ability. His execution was energetic and finished, and his general reading showed how entirely the young pianist entered into the feeling and intention of the composer. Mr. Jewson was admirably supported by Mr. Gattie (first violin), Mr. Joseph Banister (second violin), Mr. Thomas (tenor), and Mr. Lucas (violoncello), about as capable a quartet to help out a pianist as England could well muster—all accomplished performers, and all zealous and right-minded artists. The quintet was well received, and the slow movement re-demanded, though the executants did not respond to the evident desire of the audience. Mr. Calkin's trio and Mr. Graves' quintet, both the works of acknowledged favourites, were ably executed and warmly received. Among the vocal pieces, which were nearly all MS., we must specialise Mr. Mudie's charming duet, which was nicely sung by Misses Ellen Lyon and Cubitt. It is worth asking—why, in the course of six concerts, we have only been favoured with one composition from the pen of this excellent musician? Mr. Mudie's absence in Edinburgh is certainly no reason for overlooking his claims upon the society as one of the best composers in its ranks. A word must record our favourable opinion of Miss Kate Loder's pleasing song, the serenade of Mr. Perry, and the song of Mr. Tutton, the worthy founder of the society. Miss Ellen Lyon to one and

Mr. Bodda to the other two of these vocal essays rendered the fullest justice. Fesca's song is uninteresting, and Paer's trio somewhat *perruque*; they were both well sung however. It is unnecessary to praise Mr. Dorrell's method of accompanying; it has been long and honourably proved.

The sixth and last meeting was superior in all respects, and perhaps, indeed, the very best of the whole series. The following programme, rich in novelties, instrumental and vocal, will carry out our verdict.

PART I.—Sonata in A, Op. 69, Pianoforte and Violoncello, Messrs. S. J. Noble, and W. F. Reed, (their first appearance at these Concerts).—*Beethoven*.—Duet, "Saper vorrei," Miss and Mr. Lockey, *Haydn*.—Song, "A Farewell," Miss Duval, *Walter C. Macfarren*.—Double Quartet in B minor, (MS.—first time of performance), *W. S. Rockstro*; Messrs. Thirlwall, A. Streather, W. Dawson, T. Westrop, Westlake, R. Blagrove, W. F. Reed, and Guest.—Song, with pianoforte duet accompaniment, "In the silver beams of Luna," Miss Lockey, *Spohr*.—Quintet in G minor, Pianoforte, Violin, Tenor, Violoncello, and Double Bass, Mr. Lindsay Sloper (his first appearance at these Concerts), Messrs. Thirlwall, Westlake, W. F. Reed, and C. Severn. *G. A. Macfarren*.—Scene, (MS.) "Lament," Mr. Lockey, *G. Cooper*.—Grand Duet in F, Pianoforte, *Mosart*, Messrs. Walter C. Macfarren and W. Dorrell.—The Vocal music accompanied on the Pianoforte by Mr. Walter C. Macfarren.

Beethoven's fine sonata found able interpreters in Messrs. S. J. Noble and W. F. Reed. The former, one of the cleverest pupils of the best of masters (Mr. W. H. Holmes), promises to rank high among the most finished pianists in whose education the Royal Academy has had a hand. The latter, a brother of Mr. T. German Reed, the director of the Haymarket musical arrangements, is a very improving violoncellist. Mr. and Miss Lockey must be praised for introducing a gem of Haydn's so little known and so lovely wital. This is not the first mark of attention which Mr. Lockey has paid to the neglected works of one of the greatest of masters. We must also eulogise the excellent manner in which the duet was rendered by the amiable brother and sister artists. Mr. Walter C. Macfarren's song must be admired for its frank and pleasing melody, its original and musician-like accompaniment, and its faithful adaptation to the sentiment of one of the most exquisite of Alfred Tennyson's minor poems. Let the reader judge of the beauty of the verses:—

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
Thy tribute wave deliver;
No more by thee my steps shall be
For ever and for ever.

Flow, softly flow by lawn and lea,
A rivulet, then a river;
No more by thee my steps shall be
For ever and for ever.

But here will sigh thine alder tree,
And here thine aspen quiver,
And here by thee will hum the bee,
For ever and for ever.

A thousand suns will stream o'er thee,
A thousand moons will quiver;
But not by these my steps shall be
For ever and for ever.

Miss Duval sang this with true feeling, and merited the *encore* she received. Owing to the non-arrival of some of the violins, the instrumental piece that was to follow was delayed, and Mr. Cooper's song—a composition aiming at more than a common mark, and hitting it after a certain fashion, followed next. Mr. Lockey's irreproachable singing gained an *encore* which the gravity of Mr. Cooper's music could hardly have expected to attain. The double quartet of Mr. Rockstro is entitled to serious attention as the work of a very young and a very promising musician. The author has studied under the wing of the greatest living composer—Felix Mendelssohn; it is to be presumed, therefore, that the gifts of nature have been well fostered. Taking him as we at present find him, Mr. Rockstro has dispositions that augur well for his future career. He has fancy, earnestness, strong musical feeling, and a taste that rejects every idea that is vulgar. With these qualities, so admirable in a young musician, he combines unusual facility in the mechanical resources of his art. His double-quartet is a very favourable specimen of his talents. He has not overlooked the examples of this grand species of chamber music which have come from the pen of the illustrious Spohr; still less has the *Ottetto* of Mendelssohn escaped his observation. His love for these authors has led him occasionally into more than an imitation of their beauties. Nor has Sterndale Bennett been allowed to pass the young composer's barrier without paying the toll. But all this augurs favourably of his discernment, and shows that his reading has been in the right direction. The first and last movements of the double quartet are, in our opinion, the best. They are well constructed and developed with clearness and decision, while the subjects, if not strikingly original, are happy and well contrasted. We would especially call attention to the second *motivo* in the *Allegro con Fuoco*, which is exceedingly quaint, and is doubled in importance by the ingenious manner in which it is handled further on in the movement. The *Andante* has some points of instrumentation that are both original and charming; but in striving after constant variety of colour Mr. Rockstro has fallen into the sin of incoherency. The division of the two quartets becomes meagre and monotonous from the want of contrast; and this gives a rambling and patchy effect to the movement, which has none of those rich and grand masses of full and sustained harmony of which Spohr's double-quartets present such fine examples. In the *scherzo* there is not much to remark, beyond the fact of its being rhythmical and pretty. The reception of this work cannot but have been grateful to Mr. Rockstro, and the appreciation of what he has thus far done so well will, doubtless, stimulate him to do still better. We cannot say much in praise of the execution of the young composer's work, which evidenced a want of rehearsal that should have been remedied before its public performance. The composition of a beginner is even more entitled to this careful pre-examination than that of a more experienced hand. The first step is the great step, and it should be taken with every legitimate support, to prevent the possibility of its being a false one. The vocal piece which followed, "In the silver beams of Luna,"* one of the most delicious chamber-compositions of Spohr, was very quietly and effectively sung by Miss Lockey, and the pianoforte accompaniment for two

performers was capitably played by Mr. Lindsay Sloper and Mr. W. C. Macfarren.

But the capital *morceau* of the whole programme was the quintet in G minor, by G. A. Macfarren, a work as remarkable for its musicianship as for its genius. Mr. Macfarren put the society into action by his symphony in F minor, the first piece performed in the first concert ever given by the members. The years that have elapsed have gradually helped to the full development of that genius which then promised so much. It is now in its full meridian and the appearance of the masterly opera of *Don Quixote*, a work of profound scholarship and the highest genius, and which would confer honour upon any school of art, at once established its composer in the estimation of musicians among the first of the age. Every work that Mr. Macfarren has since produced has borne the stamp of matured style and ripened talent which are exemplified to such rare perfection in *Don Quixote*. The quintet performed on Monday night is one of the completest and most masterly of these works. It consists of an *allegro* in G minor, a grand and energetic movement—a *barcarole* in the major, a strain of soothing melody—a *bolero* in C minor, full of character and elaborated with the ingenuity of a thorough musician—and a *finale* in the original key, passionate and elevated, and sparkling with artistic beauties and ideas at once new and striking. From beginning to end this quintet is full of melody, properly so called; not made out of short impertinent bits of tune, but of phrases long drawn out, developed with felicity, colored with rhythmic variety, and satisfying the ear and the understanding with cadences well calculated and complete, neither weakened nor interrupted by ante-climax nor ill-considered and extravagant modulation. To make a long matter short, the quintet is a noble work, fulfilling all the highest conditions of art, and contenting the judgment while it delights the ear. It is seldom we can have the gratification of speaking thus unreservedly of the work of a countryman, and we are too happy to do so, when occasion presents, to be at all backward in uttering what we think to the last syllable. It gives us almost equal pleasure to speak of the execution of this quintet. Mr. Lindsay Sloper made his debut in the principal part, and proved to the Society the value of their recent acquisition in his person. He played, indeed, so finely, that if the composer were not thoroughly satisfied he must be very hard to please. The other executants aided him most efficiently, and Mr. C. Severn especially must be praised for the admirable style in which he rendered the very elaborate *obligato* bass part of the *bolero*, a feat of no common difficulty. The applause bestowed by the audience showed clearly their appreciation of the quintet and its performance. Mozart's fine pianoforte duet in F major, was executed with great brilliancy and power, by W. C. Macfarren and Mr. Dorrell, who kindly consented to undertake it at the last moment, it being impracticable to make up another quartet. With this the concert ended. Mozart was the climax—and happily so, for what could come after him with effect? Mr. W. C. Macfarren was the accompanist of the evening, and performed his duty most ably. Thus concluded the present series of chamber concerts. We shall shortly refer to the Society in general terms.

THE RIVAL ITALIAN OPERAS.

THE war progresses with increasing fury. In answer to a semi-official statement published in the *Morning Post* of Friday, setting forth a catalogue of the attractions which Mr. Lumley has secured for the coming season, the *Morning Chronicle* publishes a rejoinder, which is by no means re-

markable for the faith it reposes in the promises of the rival mouthpiece. As the extract from the *Times*, which we cited in our last week's number, contained the information embodied in the *Post* article, stripped of its garniture of irony and recrimination, it is unnecessary for us to do more than refer our readers to its contents. We quote the answer of the *Chronicle* entire:—

"**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—A semi-official statement as to the ensuing campaign, has been published by a contemporary. It is drawn up with that flippancy and impertinence which pass for wit and humour amongst waiting-maids and yellow plushes, but as a journal of more solidity contains nearly the same details, the article is entitled to some notice, although it cannot be accepted, of course, as a prospectus, a document now of paramount importance in matters operatical. We learn, then, that the patriarch Lablache will return to London next season—we presume for *opera buffa* only, in which he will be right welcome. Staudigl, as we stated in yesterday's columns, has been engaged; his singing in Italian will of course be an experiment, but it is one which the manager has done quite right to make. Superchi, for whom Verdi did not compose *Ernani*, as it has been stated, and Coletti are amongst the new comers. The former is of no note, the latter is a clever artist, not a Tamburini or a Ronconi, it is true, but at all events a welcome substitute for Fornasari. Gardoni and Fraschini are mentioned as the tenors. The former will be useful in the secondary parts; the latter has a fine voice, but has no style. We have given the names of all the announced vocalists, for the lyrical troupe is not yet completed as we are assured—a very unnecessary declaration, inasmuch as no *prime donne* nor *contraltos* are at all alluded to. For the ballet there is great attraction and strength. Perrot and Paul Taglioni are the ballet masters, with Taglioni, Cerito, Carlotta Grisi, Lucile Grahn, and a new Italian *dansseuse* named Rosati. Three new ballets "by three poets of European fame," are promised. The next pledge we must give *verbatim*—"Three of the greatest composers of Europe, with their *chefs d'œuvre*, written expressly for Her Majesty's Theatre, will contribute to the glories of the season." This is incomprehensible. If three new operas are to be written, they cannot be *chefs d'œuvre* as yet—whatever they may be—only, the puff preliminary even is rather too premature. We have heard of Verdi's opera founded on Lord Byron's "Corsair"—of Rossini's pasticcio *Robert Bruce*, that has just failed in Paris, and of Meyerbeer's *Camp of Silesia*. Verdi's opera was promised last season, but it was never heard of—a fact that we bear in mind in reading all semi-official promises that may be disavowed at the end of a season. It is stated that a chorus of 70 is under probation; and the singers, it is added, are not "venerable mummies," but "young and well looking." This may be gratifying to *roué* patrons, but the musical public will require artists who understand their choral duties. The orchestral announcement is most ominous. The only new names mentioned are L'Anglais, a good contra-basso from Turin; Piat, the violoncellist; Pizzi, a flautist from Milan; and a M. Zeiss, of whom we know nothing. Of the old artists specified there are Tolbecque, Nadaud, Deloffre, Watts, and Wagstaff (violin); and Pilet (violin-cello). If these players, some of whom are clever artists, and others quite incompetent, are the "stars," we tremble indeed for the band. No conductor's name is mentioned in the list. On the whole, there is nothing striking about the introductory Programme but the ballet, and that is very strong; but the operatical arrangements look at present weak and suspicious. We are glad to be told that such a mass of talent is now to be had in Europe, as the *Morning Chronicle* last season was so bitterly reproached for having doubted the transcendentalism of the "triple troupe." If we shall have contributed to the importation of new and powerful singers, and to the production of operas, expressly composed for Her Majesty's Theatre, we shall have achieved something for art and artists, and we will then be quite willing to accept the welcome signs of managerial penitence for the past. The public will be the gainers by honourable competition.

There is more sound than reason in this answer. As Mr. Lumley is not answerable for the statements of the *Morning Post*, or any other journal, there was no necessity for making the article in question a subject of serious discussion. But this is not our only objection to the *Chronicle* attack. Among other things that are well enough, there are some which are ill enough, and the *ensemble* is a *gachis* of impeachable and unimpeachable propositions. *Es. gra*:—why should Lablache be confined to comic opera? Is he not as great in Henry VIII. as he is in Dr. Bartolo—in Mose as in Leporello—

and so on *ad infinitum*? And what matters it whether Superchi is or is not the original in Verdi's *Ernani*? Does it make him a better or a worse singer, to have had, or not to have had the first experiment in an opera of questionable merit? Again the *Chronicle* is quite abroad about Gardoni, who is beyond controversy, one of the most accomplished tenors in existence, and by no means fitted for second rate parts. Lastly, nobody ever hinted that Verdi was one of "the greatest composers in Europe." We defy the *Chronicle* to explain that assumption on its part. It is not in the *Post* article, and if not there, where should it be looked for? Why, too, abuse the unoffending members of Mr. Lumley's orchestra? and why omit the name of M. Lavigne, the oboist, certainly the best of the recent acquisitions? To conclude, why omit the names of MM. St. Leon and Louis D'or from the list of *dansseurs* who are to constitute the principals of the ballet company? (We suppose because they did not appear in the first article which the *Post* adventured.) We admire independence, and should wish this opera-question fairly argued. But let praise or censure be the result of reflection and conviction, not of pique and prejudice. The *Chronicle* will damage its own cause by pursuing any other course than a fair and dispassionate one.

MRS. BUTLER'S RETURN TO THE STAGE.

THE following correspondence between Mrs. Butler (Miss Fanny Kemble) and Mr. Bunn has been published in the morning papers:—

"London, Jan. 9.

"Madam,—In entertaining the question you were polite enough to submit to me—that of your return to the stage—I was actuated by a sincere desire to resuscitate, as far as the limited talent of the country would admit, the precarious position of the drama—an effort only to be made with a chance of success, through the moderate expectations of its professors. The establishment of Drury Lane, being exclusively devoted to opera and ballet, would require considerable reinforcement to admit of your performances being sustained in a manner due to the public, to yourself, and to the character of the theatre. My present expenses are nearly £200 per night, and I could not calculate on a less nightly addition than £50, in the engagement of extraneous talent, and in preparation. If, then, to this £250 per night, be added the £100 demanded by you, there would be a certain liability of £350. on each of your performances. I question if an average receipt could be realised to that amount, to say nothing of the detriment caused to three nights in the week by a predominant attraction on the others. If it would suit you to lend your powerful co-operation to the re-establishment of the drama on the highest terms awarded to your illustrious relative, Mrs. Siddons, viz. £50 per night, I would devote all my means to the furtherance of so laudable an undertaking, and immediately engage with those *artistes* essential to the upholding of it.—I have the honor to be, Madam, your obedient servant,

A. BUNN.

"Mrs. Butler.

"P. S. If, however, your performances were confined to readings and to dramatic scenes, I think the nightly sum you ask might be realised."

The following is the reply of Mrs. Butler.

"Bannisters, Southampton, Jan. 10, 1847.

"Sir—You desired I would state my lowest terms for acting at Drury Lane, and I did so. I regret that they did not suit you.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

FRANCES ANNE BUTLER.

"To Alfred Bunn, Esq."

This, nevertheless does not effect the question of Mrs. Butler's return to the stage, which is indeed in want of some renovating stimulus.

In regard to this correspondence the *Morning Post* remarks as follows:—"In giving publicity to the above, we are enabled to throw some additional light on the matter. About ten days since the Drury Lane management received a communication from Mrs. Butler, intimating her intention of returning to the stage, and suggesting that, as Drury Lane

and the Haymarket were the only theatres at which she could appear (Covent Garden being out of the question) she should be glad to hear the views of the former management on the subject. Mr. Bunn wrote to Mrs. Butler, expressing his perfect readiness to enter into an arrangement with her, and requesting to be informed of the amount of remuneration she would expect. Mrs. Butler in reply named £100. a night, on the first ten nights and £75. a night for every subsequent night, with an additional payment to be agreed upon for the production of one or two of her own new plays. (Here follows the correspondence which appeared in the *Standard*.) In justice to Mr. Bunn we should further state, that in demanding the respective sums of £100. and £75. a night, Mrs. Butler by no means intended those terms to apply to an engagement for a limited number of performances. The understanding suggested by herself was, that her first appearance should take place immediately, and that her performances should follow thrice a week until the end of May."

—*Morning Post*.

PERLET AND LEMAITRE.

(From the *Morning Chronicle*.)

To the frequenters of this theatre the transition from Perlet to Lemaitre could not but offer a striking contrast. Perlet, so studied and so polished—Lemaitre, so droll, but so original. Both admirable and entertaining in their way, their object is attained through a very different source. Perlet's performances are the result of sound observation and patient study of human nature in various conditions of life, and as affected by various circumstances. The endless eccentricities of character are not overlooked by him, but in embodying them he strives (and how successfully!) to subdue rather than exaggerate them, rendering them conformable, within limits, to a general standard. Even in the accidental extravagancies of real life, he observes that there is still a strong prevailing tendency to a moderation and uniformity; witness his admirable lesson on the act of drunkenness which he gives us in *Les Trois Crispins*, wherein he shows that the real drunkard is not half so unsteady as his imitator, and for the reason that the real drunkard is constantly striving to keep his perpendicular, and the assumed drunkard constantly exerting himself to lose it. Perlet is a splendid artist. His school is of the highest order, and his assumptions are always marked with the happiest imitative powers, regulated by the soundest judgment. With this preparation, and this guiding principle, Perlet always plays up to himself, and within himself—he never plays to an audience. We never knew an actor in comedy in whom the power of abstraction was more remarkably exemplified. In Lemaitre we find the very reverse of all these qualities. He is no imitator; he has studied nobody but himself, and the whims and humours of his audience. Yet he is natural—he is all nature, exuberant nature. But it is his own nature, his own humour, totally unschooled by the observation of other natures. He is a spoiled child, Perlet an industrious patient scholar. Where Perlet could tame down a natural propensity to extravagance, or subdue an eccentric habit within the limits assigned by his judgment, Lemaitre hugs himself in his extravagancies, and cultivates eccentricity as the principle and not the accident. Let it not be supposed that we would detract from the merit of M. Lemaitre, or grudge our tribute of applause and thanks for the huge mirth he occasions us; far from it, he is at once one of the most original and entertaining of low comedians on the stage, but

his advent immediately upon the heels of the most excellent existing high comedian suggested reflections upon the diverse features of their respective schools upon which it was impossible to avoid offering a passing word. [The above excellent remarks have forestalled some observation it was our intention to offer on the same subject. As we agree entirely with the clever writer, it is unnecessary for us to repeat what he has so well and forcibly expressed.—ED. M.W.]

CHRIST CHURCH, COVENTRY.

(From a Correspondent.)

ALL who feel an interest in any matter connected with the progress of music, and especially with that lofty style of it, which tends to dignify and enoble the service of our sanctuaries, will read with pleasure the subjoined particulars of a new organ recently erected in this church. The musical portion of the service at Christ Church had long been a subject of universal complaint, having been conducted with an instrument originally intended for a private apartment (the gift of a gentleman late of this city), and therefore truly defective and inefficient. In the course of the past year a subscription was commenced and liberally responded to, for the purpose of obtaining an instrument worthy of its position in this beautiful church. The builder chosen was Mr. John Banfield formerly of London, but now resident in Birmingham; who has accomplished his task in a manner exceeding the most sanguine expectations of the committee. The organ which is not surpassed by any for the fulness, grandeur, and sweetness of its tones, consists of the following stops:—

Great Organ, or Lower Manual, (compass, from GG to F in alt., with GG sharp.)
Open Diapason metal throughout.
Stopt ditto.
Dble. Diapason (Stopt) throughout
Principal.
Twelfth.
Fifteenth.
Sesquialtera, 4 Ranks.
Trumpet through.
Clarion ditto.
Cremona to E below middle.
The Swell Organ, or Upper Manual, compass from E below middle to F in alt., contains—
Stopt Diapason.
Open ditto.
Principal.
Hautboy.
Horn.
Harmonicon; with Double and Stopt Diapason Bass carried down to GG.

There are two Octaves, and two notes of Pedal Pipes from CCC to E, full scale, with the same amount of German Pedals.

The mechanism includes—

Coupler, Swell, and Great Manuals.

Pedals Great.

Pedals Choir, or Upper Manual Pedal Pipes; and six Composition Pedals, to give the following mixtures, viz:—

Stopt Diapason and Cremona.

Double Diapason.

Stopt Ditto.

Diapasons and Principal.

Diapasons, Principal, Twelfth,

Fifteenth, and Clarion.

Full Organ.

The case, designed by Mr. Akroyd, of Coventry, is extremely handsome and elegant, and in perfect keeping with the architecture of the church.

By the interest and exertions of Mr. Simms, the organist of St. Michael's and Christ Church, (to whom the order for the organ was entrusted, and who liberally presented a donation of £90), the whole has been completed at a cost of £330. It was opened on Sunday, the 27th of December last by Mr. Simms, who presided with his usual taste and ability—the musical service was ably sustained by the Coventry Choral Society under his direction.

FELIX CODEFROID.

In a review of two of its late concerts, dignified by the appellation of *fêtes*, the *France Musicale* thus apostrophises

the talent of our excellent friend, the well-known harpist and musician—'Felix Godefroid is the king of harpists!' Is this artist a giant, who at his first appearance, has been received with deafening applauses? He is indeed a truly musical genius. Fancy in your own mind, a little man with a round and open countenance, with a high forehead, eyes dark and piercing, large black brows and black hair, of twenty-six years or upwards, and you will have the portrait of Felix Godefroid. Behold him at the moment when he strikes the harp under his powerful grasp: his little hands and lower limbs seem to have some superhuman power. If Godefroid is not of the family of giants as regards size, he is so at least as far as regards intellect, and that is infinitely better. Hear his *fantasia* on *Robert le Diable*; what an astonishing composition—for Godefroid is also a grand composer!—The most beautiful songs of the lyric drama are reproduced in every manner with an originality of execution, which was hitherto considered an impossibility on the harp. There are two *chefs d'œuvre* in this morceau, the *chef d'œuvre* of Meyerbeer, and that of Godefroid. Twenty times was the artist interrupted in the performance by bravos, and at the end he was recalled with enthusiastic acclamations.

Hear him yet again: Godefroid executed one of those charming *fantasias*, the motive of which Paganini has immortalised. It is impossible to know anything more poetical, more seductive than this bagatelle, where tenderness and irony are intercommingled, in so bizarre a fashion. It was the *Carnaval de Venise* with its sports, its follies and its caprices. This brilliant composition, bristling with the most arduous difficulties, fraught with the most marvellous traits, replete with so much smiling, so much passion, so many freaks of folly and intrepidity, finishes with a bold *piacato*. The saloon was electrified by prodigies of execution, the audience clap their hands, they recall the artist, they make him repeat this admirable *fantasia*, to which the performer added new feats of difficulty, new and splendid improvisations; the triumph was complete. At the second concert, in place of repeating the *Carnaval de Venise*, which the audience also re-demanded, he performed his *Valse des Sylphes*, a charming composition, where the air is deliciously blended with the *fantasia*, whilst one hand pursues the theme with a constancy that nothing can disconcert, the other hand more rapid than the empyrean swallow, flings round a thousand notes coquettish, rapid, æriel, sparkling, transparent as pearls. This morceau, like the two others, has been received with the most maddening applauses. One word for the harp upon which Mons. Godefroid performed. The instrument, manufactured by Erard, of London and Paris, is a veritable master-piece of mechanism. Let the greatest detractor of the harp hear Erard's instrument, and I immediately set him down as a converted man. [We should feel sorry had the amiable and accomplished harpist no better eulogist than the writer, whose article we have just translated. M. Godefroid is a highly talented musician as well as a very superior performer on the harp, and is deserving of a more creditable criticism than the one we have selected, which we have given, partly to exhibit the French mode of eulogizing a favorite performer. In our humble estimation, the article is a curiosity.—Ed. M. W.]

ON DIT.—It is reported that sundry of the members of the press have subscribed together, to present a piece of plate to the musical editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, as an acknowledgement of their sense of the independent course he has pursued in regard to the rival Italian operas. This is a new interpretation of the word *independent*.

THE AFFINITIES.

from the German of Göthe.

(Continued from page 19.)

PART I.—CHAPTER XV.

At last the morning, so anxiously expected, dawned upon Edward, and many guests successively arrived. Invitations had been sent to a considerable distance, and several persons who had missed the laying of the foundation stone, which had been described as very interesting, felt the more inclined not to miss this second solemnity.

Before dinner, the carpenters appeared with music in the courtyard, bearing their splendid wreath which was composed of many waving hoops of leaves and flowers, placed in gradation, one over the other. They uttered their greetings, and requested the ladies to grant them silk ribands and handkerchiefs for the usual decoration. While the gentry dined, they continued their joyous procession; and after they had remained a long time in the village, and there, also, had obtained several ribands from the female residents, they, at last, proceeded, accompanied and expected by a great multitude, to the heights upon which the house stood.

When dinner was over, Charlotte, in some measure, kept back the company. She desired no solemn, formal procession, and they therefore assembled on the spot, in distinct parties, without rank or order. Charlotte delayed with Ottilia, but this did not improve the matter, for Ottilia being nearly the last who appeared, it seemed as if the drums and trumpets had waited for her alone, as if the whole solemnity was to begin immediately on her arrival.

To take off the rough appearance of the house, it had been adorned in architectural style, with green twigs and flowers, according to a plan of the Captain's, but without his knowledge. Edward had caused the architect to mark the date with flowers on the pediment. This was all very well, but the Captain came in time to prevent the name of Ottilia from being likewise introduced. She managed, with a great deal of tact, to frustrate this scheme, and to remove the letters which were already formed of flowers.

The wreath was set out, and was visible at a great distance round. The ribands and kerchiefs fluttered in the air, and a short oration was rendered almost inaudible by the wind. The solemnity was now at an end, and the dance in front of the edifice, upon the levelled space, which had been surrounded with leafy branches, was now to begin. A spruce young carpenter led up to Edward a smart peasant girl, and asked Ottilia, who stood by, to join in the dance. The two couple soon found others to follow their example, and Edward managed to change his position, by taking the hand of Ottilia and going through the figure with her. The younger members of the party mixed joyously in the dance of the rustics, while the elder folks amused themselves by looking on.

Before they dispersed about the walks, it was agreed that they should meet again at sunset by the plane-trees. Edward was first at the spot, arranged every thing, and consulted with the valet who had to manage the fireworks on the opposite side.

The Captain remarked these preparations with some displeasure. He wished to point out to Edward what a great crowd of spectators would be occasioned, but his friend asked him somewhat sharply, to leave to him alone this part of the solemnity. The people had already thronged to the dikes which had been cut on the upper side and despoiled of their turf, so that the soil was uneven and insecure. The sun set; twilight approached, and during the interval before a greater darkness, the guests under the plane-trees were served with refreshments. The spot was found incomparable, and pleasing anticipations were formed as to the future view of the lake, so wide, and surrounded with such various objects.

An evening so calm that not a breath of air was stirring promised well for the night's entertainment, when suddenly a frightful cry arose. Great masses of earth had detached themselves from the dikes, and many persons were seen to fall into the water. The ground had given way under the pressure of the ever increasing multitude. Every one wished for the best place, and now none could move either backwards or forwards.

All sprang up, and hastened towards the spot, but for the sake more of looking than of acting; for what was to be done when no one's exertions would avail? The Captain, with a few of the more resolute, quickly made the crowd move down from the dike

towards the bank, that sufficient room might be afforded to the useful persons who were endeavouring to pull out those who were sinking. Partly by their own exertions, partly by those of others, the whole party were now brought upon dry ground, with the single exception of a boy, who, by striving too anxiously, had moved away from the dike, instead of approaching it. His strength appeared to fail him, and now only a foot, now a hand was seen above the surface. Unfortunately, the boat was on the opposite side, filled with fireworks; it could only be moved slowly, and assistance was delayed. The Captain had taken his resolution; he cast aside his upper garments, all eyes were directed towards him, and his able, powerful form inspired every one with confidence; but a shriek of astonishment arose from the throng when he plunged into the water. Followed by the eyes of all, he soon, as an experienced swimmer, reached the boy, and brought him, apparently lifeless, to the dike.

In the meanwhile the boat came up, the Captain entered it, and made accurate inquiries of those present, whether all were really saved. The surgeon took charge of the lifeless boy; Charlotte came up and requested the Captain to take care only of himself, to return to the castle, and to change his clothes. He delayed until some cool, intelligent persons, who had themselves assisted in saving several lives, assured him in the most solemn manner, that all were now in safety.

Charlotte sees him return home, remembers that the wine and tea, and other necessities, are all locked up, and thinks that in such cases people generally make mistakes. She hurries through the scattered party, which is, however, still under the plane-trees. Edward is occupied in telling every one to remain, informing them that in a short time he will give the signal, and the firework will begin. Charlotte approaches, and requests him to postpone an entertainment, which would now be misplaced, and which, indeed, could not be enjoyed at the present moment. She reminds him what is due to the person recently saved, and to him who saved him.

"The surgeon will do his duty," replied Edward, "he is provided with everything, and all interference on our part would be a mere hindrance."

Charlotte adhered to her purpose, and beckoned to Ottilia, who at once prepared to depart, when Edward, catching her hand, exclaimed—"We will not finish this day in an hospital! She is too good for a sister of charity. Without our assistance the apparently dead can wake, and the living can dry themselves."

Charlotte was silent, and departed. Some followed her—others followed these; in fine, as no one wished to be the last, all followed. Edward and Ottilia found themselves alone under the plane-trees. He insisted that she should remain, notwithstanding her urgent, anxious entreaties that he would return with her to the castle.

"No, Ottilia," he cried, "the extraordinary does not happen on the smooth, ordinary path. The surprising occurrence of this evening brings us more rapidly together. You are mine! I have often said it, and sworn it already. We will no more say it, or swear it—now it shall be."

The boat came over from the opposite side, rowed by the valet, who asked, with some confusion, when the firework was to begin.

"Fire it off now," exclaimed Edward. "It was ordered for you alone, Ottilia, and now you alone shall see it. Allow me to sit by you and look at it also." Modestly he placed himself at her side, without once touching her.

Rockets ascended whizzing; maroons thundered, balls of fire went up, squibs turned about and banged, wheels hissed, first singly, then in pairs, then all together, and ever with increased violence. Edward, whose bosom was on fire, pursued these fiery apparitions with a lively glance of satisfaction, while to Ottilia's gentle, but excited mind this noisy flashing appearance and disappearance was rather painful than pleasant. She timidly leaned against Edward, to whom this approach, this confidence gave a perfect feeling that she now belonged to him entirely.

Night had scarcely resumed her dominion than the moon arose, and illumined the paths of the returning pair. A figure, with a hat in its hand, stopped before them, and asked them for alms, saying that he had been overlooked on the occasion of this festivity. The moon shone full on his face, and Edward recognised the features of the beggar who was so intrusive on a former occa-

sion. But, in his present happy state, he could not be angry, nor could it once occur that on this day a heavy penalty had been imposed upon begging. He did not feel long in his pocket, but flung the man a piece of gold. He would willingly have made every one happy, as his own happiness seemed boundless.

At home all had happened as had been wished. The activity of the surgeon, the circumstance that all necessary articles were ready at hand, the assistance of Charlotte—all worked together, and the boy was restored to life. The guests departed, both to see something of the fireworks at a distance, and to reach their peaceful homes after such scenes of confusion.

The Captain, who had quickly changed his clothes, had taken an active part in the attendance on the boy. All was quieted, and he found himself alone with Charlotte. With friendly confidence he now explained to her that the time of his departure was near. She had gone through so much that evening that this discovery made little impression upon her. She had seen how her friend sacrificed himself—how he had saved another, and was saved likewise. These strange events seemed to predict an important but not unhappy future.

On Edward's entrance with Ottilia, the approaching departure of the Captain was announced to him. He suspected that Charlotte knew more of the matter before, but he was too much occupied with himself and his own designs to feel any annoyance on this account. On the contrary, he heard with attention and satisfaction the good and honourable situation which was to be given to the Captain. His private wishes, breaking through all restraints, anticipated the progress of events. He could already see the Captain united with Charlotte, himself with Ottilia. No greater boon could have been given him on the occasion of this festival.

But how astonished was Ottilia when she entered her room and found the precious little chest on her table. She opened it without delay, and found all so beautifully packed and arranged that she did not venture to unpack, scarcely to lift them. Muslin, cambric, silk, shawls, lace vied with each other in costliness, fineness, and elegance. Nor had jewels been omitted. She perfectly saw that the design was to give her more than one complete suit of clothes from head to foot; but all looked so valuable and so strange that she did not venture to appropriate it to herself, even in thought.

(To be continued.)

. To prevent misunderstanding it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

SONNET.

NO XVIL.

Love seiz'd my heart in an unguarded hour,
Invading the domain by slow degrees,
And coming softly, as the gentle breeze
That scarcely bends the lightly-trembling flow'r,
While I, forgetful of his mighty pow'r,
Thought his assaults my idle soul would please,
That I might watch him, smiling at my ease,
As men watch foes from some unshaken tow'r.
At first I smil'd to see thee smile again,
And then I lik'd to see thine eye grow bright.
And then I thought thee fairer than before.
Thus cautiously did love secure his reign,
But now he rises in his awful might,
An earnest love—the *jest* of love is o'er.

N. D.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.—His Majesty the Conde Montemolin honored this theatre with his presence on Thursday evening and was much gratified with the performance of *She stoops to Conquer*, *The Woman Hater*, and *The Invisible Prince*, which attracted a crowded auditory, and filled the theatre in every part on the opening of the doors. A new comedy, in five acts, by Dion Bourcicault, is in rehearsal.

FRENCH PLAYS.—On Monday last we witnessed the first appearance of Mr. Frederick Lemaître for this season, and,

indeed, these two years. If we may judge from the early crowded house, the good humour of the audience, and the excitement and curiosity displayed at every motion, every gesture of the actor, he is no ordinary favourite, and will, no doubt, turn up a good card for the management. In giving our opinion of Mr. F. Lemaitre's acting, we must not be supposed to judge him by the ordinary standard, either of tragedy, comedy, or melodrama; nor indeed by any standard or rule hitherto observed or existing. It was in the part of *Robert Macaire* that he struck out a new path for himself, apart from all previous stage conventionalities. This piece, written in the most serious of moods, became through his genius, and we maintain that it was genius, a vehicle of bitter satire and severe castigation on the manners of the day; it laughed to scorn the weaknesses and hollowness of society; it turned into ridicule the uselessness and absurdity of mere duty and feeling, unless upheld by a higher and more moral conviction; it taught a noble lesson in the punishment of vice and recklessness; for, although amused at the eccentricities of the hero, we felt no compunction at his final death. Since the *Marriage de Figaro*, by Beaumarchais, no piece has caused so great a sensation. Both these dramas created the most painful surprise in the minds of many, and there were men who gravely shook their heads, and wondered what society would come to next, when the order of things was thus inverted, and the most sacred ties turned into ridicule, and, what was more, loudly applauded; they predicted ruin to society, and wondered that some sudden punishment did not crush the infidels; both were prescribed by the censorship, but too late, the blow had been dealt, the idea had gained ground and spread abroad, and *Figaro* and *Robert Macaire* became the vehicles of a long, numerous, and spirited succession of caricatures, which, by turns, attacked every folly, every vice, and every ridicule of the times. Politics, quackery, letters, education, speculations of every sort underwent the ordeal, and were held up to the public gaze. As regards the change effected by the actor we have every reason to be pleased with it. He did away with those tyrants, the delight of the gods of our minor theatres; he mingled the burlesque with the terrible in such a manner as to amuse, nay, instruct by both; and he has detracted nothing from the interest by knocking the murderer and assassin off his stilts, and high flown phraseology. *Don César de Bazan* is evidently of the same school, modified and improved it is true, but still bearing the impress of the reform effected in this department of dramatic acting. We shall not venture into any detail of the plot of a play produced at all the theatres of London, (we remember its being played at six houses the same night); neither shall we make any comparison between the French and English actors, we never do; indeed, the difference of language, bearing of the actors, and points of the dialogue is so great, that any analogy is out of the question. The reckless, profligate, thoughtless spendthrift; the ruined, houseless outcast; the high-minded, proud nobleman, were admirably portrayed in turns—at the same time, the chivalry and elegance of the Spanish Don, although almost entirely laid aside at intervals, were never entirely abandoned, and sprung up as soon as an opportunity afforded. His first scene was admirable, and his quarrel with the Captain on his refusal to paragon Lazarille, both affecting and exquisitely ludicrous; so also was his interview with Don José, who offers to grant any favour he may demand, full of good feeling and generosity. In his interview with the King he appears the high-minded, chivalric nobleman, defends his wife, and reproaches the monarch with his perfidy. This was nobly and well acted, without exaggeration, or bombast, and met with deserved

applause. M. Langeval played the part of the King exceedingly well, and Mlle. Clarisse was favourably received—however, we must see this lady in some other part before we pronounce our final judgment on her. She certainly is superior to most actresses as a vaudeville singer, although unequal to the music injudiciously introduced into this piece, and which had much better have been cut out altogether, or altered to something within her means. We certainly do not expect to find a finished singer at the Porte St. Martin; on the other hand, we have a right to quarrel with any attempt to overstep the bounds of nature. M. Cartigny did the small part allotted him in his usual careful and judicious manner, and Mlle. Vallée as the page, looked exceedingly pretty, and acted with infinite grace, earnestness, and vivacity.

On Wednesday *Don César de Bazan* was repeated, together with the *Dot d'Auvergne*.—J. DE C—E.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—The debut of Miss Bassano, on Tuesday evening, at this house, has been the only dramatic feature of the week. Considerable excitement had, for some period, pervaded the musical circles, and much interest was created to witness the fair vocalist's first appearance on the English stage. Miss Bassano heretofore had been recognised as a very popular singer at concerts, oratorios, and festivals. She was a pupil of the Royal Academy of Music, and studied under Signor Crevelli. She proceeded to Italy about three years since, where she underwent a course of musical and histrionic tuition, to befit her for the stage, to which, for some period of time she had turned her attention and her hopes. Miss Bassano appeared, for the first time on the stage, in Italy. She performed the leading characters of several favorite operas, and obtained, according to the continental journals, considerable success. Miss Bassano returned to this country last season. When she quitted England, her voice was a very fine *contralto*, rich, racy, and even. Since her continental training, her voice has undergone a serious alteration. Miss Bassano no longer possesses a *contralto* voice. It has now become a true *mezzo-soprano*, combining the low notes of the *contralto* with the upper notes of the *soprano*, but restricted in both. Miss Bassano's organ is, for the most part, formed by education. In losing much of the mellowness and evenness of her natural tones, Miss Bassano has sacrificed what formerly were the chief excellences of her voice. She has supplied these defaults with power and brilliancy, and has rendered thereby her vocalizing more effective and dramatic. If she have lost the greatest charms of her vocal powers she has substituted those which will befit her more in producing high results in stage performances. Miss Bassano has, by her musical education, given up much; she has likewise gained much: and as her endeavours were directed with a view to the stage, we cannot blame her for adapting her voice to render her assumption of *prima-donna* parts practicable. The opera chosen for the fair vocalist's first appearance was Donizetti's *Anna Bolena*. We have heard and read many criticisms, deprecating the selection of this opera for Miss Bassano's debut. It is alledged that *Anna Bolena* is represented by the loftiest lyric artists only, such as Grisi and Pasta, while secondary vocalists entirely forego its assumption; that the whole performance demands the highest dramatic conception, and greatest tragic powers; that there is little melody to display the fine or delicate qualities of the voice, so necessary for a *debutante* to exhibit; that, in short, no opera could have been fixed upon which would more lamentably expose the deficiencies of a novice and that, in consequence, Miss Bassano made an unfortunate selection in *Anna Bolena*. We grant all the premises of the above

rationale to be true, but we deem the conclusion false. In the first place, it will be granted, that when the dramatic or lyric personation of a *débütante* is of the loftiest kind, the indulgence of the public will be in proportion to the difficulty of the conception and performance: in the next place, the audience are not so likely to draw comparisons in a representation seldom seen and not often, when seen, rightly appreciated: in the last place, passion and power, are more easily assumed on the stage by a beginner, than ease, grace, and repose, which experience and study can alone provide. With this view before us we think Miss Bassano acted wisely in taking a character like that of *Anna Bolena* for her first appearance. The fair *débütante* was received with great favour throughout the evening, and if applause be a criterion of success, no one could be more eminently successful than Miss Bassano on Tuesday night. Her performance and her singing were repeatedly cheered throughout the evening; she was called for after the first act, and received the same compliment at the end of the opera. Miss Bassano's singing is particularized by energy and judgment; she has evidently studied hard, and has been taught well; her voice is powerful and managed with skill, while she exhibits considerable ability in her histrionic essays. With all these recommendations, Miss Bassano could hardly fail from proving successful in *Anna Bolena*, especially when we remember the previous favoritism she had obtained with the public, and consider the indulgence that, under such circumstances, was necessarily extended to her. And yet, justice compels us to say, that notwithstanding all these favourable combinations tending to make a great lyric artist, Miss Bassano has seasons of toil and study to undergo, before she can ever hope to be a great dramatic singer. We have given her credit for all the talent she possesses; we would now point out, but with a lenient pen, the faults, that if persisted in, must for ever militate against her obtaining a high position in her art. Miss Bassano has been kindly treated by fortune; she is gifted with a highly capable, if not a charming voice, and has an expressive face, and a neatly-moulded form. She possesses in her acting the substratum of all dramatic power, impulsiveness, and seems to have a keen sense and sensibility of the character she assumes. Miss Bassano's vocal powers are unsuited to such parts as *Anna Bolena*. Her voice is neither sufficiently high to enable her to fulfil the range of characters given to modern prima-donnas; nor is it flexible enough to adapt itself to the general tone of Italian music. In her acting, her movements are evidently those of a practitioner, being wanting in repose and dignity, while most of her attitudes are devoid of grace and purpose. There is, however, evident talent in her performance; she projects herself into her character with much earnestness, and whether the impersonation be false or exaggerated, it is by no means divested of vitality. This shows that the real dramatic talent is inherent in the young artist, and requires culture only to bring it to perfection. We have thus spoken openly and candidly of Miss Bassano as a singer and an actress; in the fairest spirit of criticism have we judged of her faults and her merits. Let not this fair and promising artist be led away by the momentaneous acclamations of enthusiastic audiences, or the fatal prejudices of kindred and acquaintances. Let her not fancy she has nothing to learn; let her studies be deep and untiring, and she may then obtain, what her young ambition now aims at obtaining, a place among the highest lyric names of this country. We can only offer a word or two concerning the other artists who performed in the opera. Mr. Leffler's common style was too manifest in Henry the Eighth; Miss Sarah

Flower sang the music of Smeaton very prettily; Miss Georgiana Smithson was not particularly well suited to the character of Jane Seymour; and Mr. Allen was all that could be desired as Percy. This gentleman decidedly proves himself, the oftener we hear him, the best artist on the English stage. He sang exquisitely on Tuesday night. The female chorus was excellent; the male chorus indifferent; and the orchestra, under the admirable direction of Mr. Loder, achieved all that could be anticipated from its slender means. Would that the deficiency of our theatrical bands could be amended.

The English version of *Anna Bolena*, by Mr. Charles Jeffreys, is carefully adapted from the original and written with great ease and harmony. The songs are all excellently done, and exhibit much poetic feeling in the author. When the twofold difficulty of translating the Italian words into English so as to fit them to the original music, and at the same time of rendering them into poetic numbers, be taken into account, the merit of Mr. Charles Jeffrey's version will be duly appreciated. Some of the songs are likely to obtain considerable popularity in their English form. We may instance the song of Smeaton, "O that I never more might see," (*Deh non voler*); the cavatina, charmingly sung by Miss Bassano, "Speak not again of bygone days," (*Come innocente*); and Percy's two airs, so deliciously given by Allen, "Ah! how bright were those blest days," (*Ah! così*), and "Cherish life, I do conjure thee," (*Vivi Tu*).

A new farce called *School-day Frolics*, was produced on Wednesday evening with success, which want of space hinders us from noticing till next week.

MY HOME IN THE CITY:

(From the "*Illuminated Musical Almanac*.")

I.

My home in the City, dear mother,
I know is uncommonly dark;
But, believe me, your son thinks no other
Would do half so well for a clerk!
'Tis true the sun's ray never glides there,
Through windows all dusky and dun;
But one beautiful vision abides there,
A great deal more bright than the sun.

II.

The poor artist pining above me,
Who's toiling from morning till night,
Hath a fair girl who's learning to love me,
And she is my angel of light!
It gives me a sort of heart-fulness
To leave that dear home: when I do
'Tis not on account of its dulness,
But only—to come and see you!

III.

Oh! soon from the want-chains that bound him
Her father will merge in his pride,
With the halo of Fame shining round him,
And she for my beautiful bride!
You'll never shed love on another
When I bring her hither to dwell;
For she'll teach me to sing, dearest mother,
"My home in the City, farewell!"

F. W. N. BATLEY.

REVIEWS ON BOOKS.

"*Christopher Tadpole*." No. 5. By ALBERT SMITH.—RICHARD BENTLEY.

THE number of the present month is more narrative than any of the preceding. Mr. Gudge takes a journey on pur-

pose to get Christopher into his power, and is about to take him into his domestic establishment as a page. Dr. Aston's curiosity-shop is described with much point and humour. We shall extract it, as the most favourable specimen which the number offers:—

"The doctor's curiosities, when they were removed from the institution, were placed here. First there was his air-pump; a curious machine between a large coffee-mill and a small fire-engine, which, put in action, made grievous moans and other expressions of internal suffering, and performed aerial conjuring tricks to any extent. Then there was the electrifying machine, which nobody could be got to come within ten feet of, even in its quiescent state, for fear it might go off and blow them into bits. There were things in bottles, too, of wondrous form; dreadful lizards, which people in foreign countries were reported to find in their beds when they retired to rest, and boots and pockets when they got up; kittens with two heads of melancholy expression; scorpions and centipedes that the doctor had tried to domesticate and breed, and happily failed. All the old brasses were hung up as well—the gentleman in armour with the lankey legs and impossible shoes, making footstools of vividly-conceived dogs; the ladies in the powerful head-dresses, with hands inconveniently bent back in prayers, as if their wrists were hinges; the unintelligible anecdotes of their births, marriages, and deaths underneath them, as difficult to read as samplers, out of which clever people made anything they pleased without chance of contradiction; they were all there."

Mrs. Grittles, the old housekeeper of Dr. Aston, is a clever and happy sketch. Sprouts's *soirée* is well recounted, and exhibits the author in his proper sphere of relation. The scene is very amusing, and displays Mr. Albert Smith's knowledge of character, and his intimate acquaintance with the manners and customs of the humble classes of society. This is no faint praise to a writer of modern romances. We have no fault whatever to find with the present number of "Christopher Tadpole."

"*Dombey and Son*," No. 4. By CHARLES DICKENS.—BRADBURY AND EVANS.

MR. DICKENS has, in this number of his new work, directed his powerful pen against the system of precocious education. Impressed with the beneficial results following his exposure of the Yorkshire cheap schools, the author has flown his wit at higher quarry, and has laid bare the flagrant and absurdities of certain Academies of pretence, who undertake to train up youths in the way they should go. Our readers shall have Mr. Dickens' own description of the Academy he has selected to satirize.

"In fact, Doctor Blimber's establishment was a great hot house, in which there was a forcing apparatus incessantly at work. All the boys blew before their time. Mental green-peas were produced at Christmas, and intellectual asparagus all the year round. Mathematical gooseberries (very sour ones too) were common at untimely seasons, and from mere spouts of bushes, under Doctor Blimber's cultivation, every description of Greek and Latin vegetable was got off the driest twigs of boys, under the frostiest circumstances. Nature was of no consequence at all. No matter what a young gentleman was intended to bear, Doctor Blimber made him bear to pattern, somehow or other.

The picture of Doctor Blimber, the head of this choice institution, is vividly and graphically drawn, and realises the very impersonation of pomposity and self-conceit.

"The Doctor was a portly gentleman in a suit of black, with strings at his knees, and stockings below them. He had a bald head, highly polished; a deep voice; and a chin so very double, that it was a wonder how he ever managed to shave into the creases. He had likewise a pair of little eyes that were always half shut up, and a mouth that was always half expanded into a grin, as if he had, that moment, posed a boy, and were waiting to convict him from his own lips. Inasmuch, that when the Doctor put his right hand into the breast of his coat, and with his other hand behind him, and a scarcely perceptible wag of his head, made the commonest observation to a nervous stranger, it was like a sentiment from the sphynx, and settled his business."

The stupid and pernicious custom of forcing a quantity of learning upon young minds at once, is very happily exposed in a scene where Paul is given a number of books to study, whereby nothing but confusion is produced in his brain. The author handles it in his own peculiar view of humour.

"They comprised a little English, a deal of Latin—names of things, declensions of articles and substantives, exercises thereon, and preliminary rules—a trifle of orthography, a glance of ancient history, a wink or two at modern ditto, a few tables, two or three weights and measures, a little general information. When poor Paul had spelt out two, he found he had no idea of number one; fragments whereof afterwards obtruded themselves into number three, which slid into number four, which grafted itself on to number two. So that whether twenty Romuluses made a Remus, or hic hæc hoc was troy weight, or a verb always agreed with an ancient Briton, or three times four was Taurus a bull, were open questions with him.

Our friend, Walter Gray, is about to depart for the West Indies, whither Mr. Dombey dispatches him, having procured him some official employment. We hardly sympathize with the early dawning love of Walter for Florence. Florence is a mere child, and can hardly be supposed to awaken any feeling whatsoever akin to the tender passion in a youth. Besides, boys seldom or never, in their first love, devote their sighs to such of the fair sex as are younger than themselves. But again the author has described, or rather betokened Walter's affection with so much purity, and has sketched the character of Florence, with such exquisite delicacy, that we can hardly blame himself, much less Walter, for being in love with her, since we are assuredly in love with her ourselves.

"*January Eve, a Tale of the Times*." By GEORGE SOANE, B.A.—E. CHURTON, HOLLES STREET.

A most admirable little Christmas story has Mr. Soane provided for his readers, neatly constructed and elegantly written. "January Eve" is a tale founded entirely on human interest; and though we are led until the last page to believe that the author has dealt in the immaterial world, we find no instruments used, save such as are open to mortal apprehension. Mr. Soane has exhibited great art and tact in the development of his story, and the denouement is striking and satisfactory. The author of "January Eve" is the writer of the very pleasing version of *Giselle* to which Mr. Loder's music is wedded. Mr. Soane is also well known as an elegant and accomplished prose writer. A work of his, entitled "Robin Goodfellow, or the Frolics of Puck," was most favourably received by the public and the press some years since.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

THE CRITIC OF THE MORNING POST.

DEAR SIR,—If you will allow me, I will now answer other attacks made upon me by the *Post*, and with the addition of this letter, I shall have defeated the critic at every point.

But the critic may say, "I have the advantage of a paper, whose circulation is more than double Mr. Flower's." This is false consolation, because I can circulate *truth* amongst those who are able to appreciate it, and forward amongst them my views of science. Six wise men who read the truth, are more powerful than nine foolish ones, who can be deluded by unsound arguments—"the still small voice" of truth, will find its way in time.

Had the critic known that Rossini had employed a similar harmony to the one which he calls "too ugly, and unmusical to be mimicked, in ordinary phraseology," he would have reserved his severity for a more becoming opportunity. The passage referred to, is the too last bars in my "Pascaglia." This attack is as unhappy as the one wherein Mozart was accused, (not I) of making "the most unharmonious progressions of all the harsh and unmusical things that even this work con-

tains." I never could have supposed that criticism would have come to such a low ebb, as to have used the above language, to describe one of the most striking and prominent features of the beautiful aria, "Wenn der Freude Tränen fliessen," from the celebrated opera "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," wherein Mozart has employed these "uneuphonious progressions!" no less than twelve times during this short song! Not only does Mozart make use of these progressions, but all the great masters too. The *Post* critic, therefore, seems well read in music!

I come now to an important part of my system, and one which the *Post* objects to, viz., my having introduced nine new terms to express such movements of a dissonance as have hitherto been considered unworthy of especial notification. We are taught to consider that the dissonance *E*, for instance, may be thus treated; *E*, *G*.

F, if resolved, moves to *E*, or *E* flat.

F, if suspended, remains on *F*.

F, if retarded, leaves *F*.

F, if enharmonically changed, becomes *E* sharp, (which, in my essay is designated "*transmutation*," because this term corresponds with the others, and is more decided in its meaning.)

But in classical music, we find that composers employ other movements besides these, and that they also form a legitimate solution, or treatment of a dissonance: how is it, then, that no terms have been given to them? This is readily explained. Early writers on the theory of music had neither a Sebastian Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Cherubini, Spohr or Mendelssohn, consequently their laws were as limited as they were often defective. When any distinguished composer before Bach's time intended to employ a dissonance, otherwise than in the above methods, theorists immediately set that down as a matter of "*licence*," instead of which they should have examined the effect, and if found good, passed it into a law; but this they did not do. Bach gave the death-blow to old fashion, and trite notions of harmony, and it ought to have been the study of theorists long ago to have built upon safe and copious systems of treating harmony upon the immortal works he has left behind. Old theories should have long been disregarded that proved the comparatively rude state of music before his time.

Now that the writings of the great masters are not wholly accounted for (except by the shuffling word *licence*), by the ancient law-givers, it is high time that a new code of laws should be made; and as the treatment of dissonance forms an important branch of the theory of music, I have, I believe, omitted no movement of a dissonant note, (as employed by the great masters;) giving to each of them such terms as I thought, best described each particular species of movement.

I will, again, take *F*, as the dissonant note, and treat it in four ways, quite different from the foregoing *E*, *G*.

F, if it ascend to *F* sharp, is called *transversion*.

F, if it be transplanted to another voice of the harmony, is called *translocation*.

F, if it be altogether retained, is called *retained diversion*.

F, if it ascend to a minor, and a major second, is called *conjunct diversion*.

There are nothing like *licences* in music: why then should the above ways have no nomenclature?

I showed in my last letter that my "*fixed rules of dissonances*," explained 2288 harmonic varieties, and that without these, only 192 could be produced. This would not be the case, however, if any of the chords mentioned in my Essay had been omitted, and as the *Post* objected to some of them, I will now enter upon this subject.

A system of harmony that gives as many chords as are employed by the great masters, cannot fail of embodying all the combinations of which their music is composed; to omit one of them, then, cannot be satisfactory or methodical.

The theory of acoustics is sufficiently understood to guide the inquirer to all the different vibrations of a generator; but what assistance has this been to the musical theorist? Do we not call *D* for instance, the root of the minor triad of *D*, *F*, *A*? then why seek the aid of one theory which does not bear upon the commonest law of another? I never subscribe to musical theories which are fragile from the very foundation. Is not a minor triad almost as natural to the ear as a major triad? Being, then, bereft of the theory of acoustics, the safest and simplest principle for ascertaining the roots of the chords is this—trace out what scales procure all the combinations of notes that are used by the great masters; then call harmonious intervals, or duads, all those that when heard together, contain one of these combinations.

A sound principle of chords, then, depends upon a sound principle of duads; because duads are the very foundation of chords.

The number of chords founded on the fundamental intervals, I. III. V. VII., amount to sixteen and there are neither more nor less than this number, all these chords are necessary to the students' improvement; and that system which gives fewer, takes away the materials, as it were, that developes and explains classical harmony.

I will conclude by thanking you Mr. Editor, for bearing my defence against the *Post*, in your enlightened musical Periodical.

Dear Sir, yours truly

FARMER FLOWERS.

Jan. 14th, 1847.

Errata, to my last letter. "Nor is resolution identical with suspension, nor is suspension identical with retardation. (not, "resolution")

False relations, (not, "relatives.") I perceive the critic had little penetration for he cannot see how the figures I, III, V, VII, &c., can be by adding two, (not "one.")

POEMS UPON LITTLE EDITH.

BY COVENTRY PATMORE.

I.

Think of cloudlets, light and tender,
Underneath the moving moon,
Full of love to that bright lender
Of their beauty in the noon;
Think of ripples, smooth, unriveted,
Travelling regularly on,
Swiftly, delicately, driven
By the white breast of the swan;
Think of lambs, just shorn, at leisure
Filing past a narrow lane,
With repeated bleats of pleasure,
To their green abodes again;
Think of whatsoever feedeth
Tranquil woods; and I will find
Gentler charms in little Edith,
Edith of the thoughtful mind.

II.

A song to little Edith, for she is very fair!
Her eye-lids are the snow-flakes, amidst the black night-air,
When, dropping large and leisurely, they show the coming thaw;
And her eyes, beneath, the softest are that ever daylight saw.
A song to little Edith for she is full of grace!
In her motion flows the fairness which broods upon her face;
Urgent sometimes, never hurried, her spirits hold free sway,
And royally neglect the time, as things immortal may.
A song to little Edith, thrice graceful and thrice fair!
Her outward grace and beauty are true tokens to declare
Her bosom's holy beauty, her spirit's higher grace,
Which make the sacred missal to the gold and jewell'd case.

III.

I say, "I must amend me,
And be like little Edith!"
She does not comprehend me;
Some riddle she infers:
And while, with sweet demureness,
My countenance she reads,
I quail before the pureness
Of that child's smile of hers.
I sigh, "She is unto me
As April to December!"
With marvel does she view me,
My meaning to divine.
Thank God! my heart's compunction
Subsides, when I remember
Our everlasting junction,
Through Christ, her Lord and mine.

PROVINCIAL.

CANTERBURY.—On Wednesday the room was thronged at the concert of the "Original Catch Club." In addition to the customary entertainments, Mr. Farquharson Smith sang two songs, and Messrs. Ashby and Harding, a duet, each of which were well received. The duet from *L'Elisir d'Amore* was one of the most attractive pieces of the evening. Amongst the visitors were Colonel Perce, and several others of the gallant heroes of Afrik and Sohraon, belonging to the 16th Lancers, now quartered at Canterbury.

Between the first and second parts of Mr. W. H. Palmer's concert, the Messrs. Ashby and Harding, from the Theatre, of whom we have before spoken in favourable terms, introduced the duet from "The Puritans," "Il rival salvar tu dei." We understand this piece is one of the small number that the Messrs. Ashby and Harding intend putting before us, with the aid of costume and scenic effect, between the plays at the Theatre.—*Kentish Gazette*.

CANTERBURY.—Mr. Longhurst gave his seventh Soirée Musicale, at the Assembly Rooms, Bargate-street, on Monday last, and we have the pleasure of according our approbation of the performances generally, but would wish more especially to notice the brilliant execution of Mr. Longhurst on the piano, and Mr. Marsh on the harp, in a grand fantasia, which elicited much applause. We would also name Master Nicholson, whose youth renders his performance on the flute truly astonishing; his solo of "Di Tanti Palpit," gave universal pleasure. Mr. Whitnall, on the violin and Master Saunders, in the song of "Let me Wander," were loudly applauded. The attainments of Master White on the piano reflected the highest credit on Mr. Longhurst, his preceptor, and the whole performance was well calculated to advance Mr. Longhurst in his professional career.—(From a Correspondent.)

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—(From a Correspondent).—Theatricals, under the management of the new Lessee, Mr. Davis, seem to increase in popularity. The pantomime is a production which reflects the highest credit on the scene painter, machinist, and costumer, and the graceful dancing of Mr. Shaw and Miss Nosadale, as Harlequin and Columbine, has elicited bursts of approbation from a succession of crowded houses. On Friday evening the boxes were quite full at first price, to witness the performance of Mr. Davis in "Richelleu;" he made quite a hit on its first representation, and judiciously gave it as the first piece, on the crack box-night of the week. The Cardinal was most ably represented by him, and the enthusiasm with which he was called before the curtain, shewed the high estimation in which he was held by the discriminating audience by which he was surrounded. De Mauprat was beautifully played by Everett—this gentleman, in juvenile tragedy, is equal to any one on the stage. But where was pretty Mrs. Gurner that she did not play Julie? Miss Winstanley was pleasing and ladylike in the part, but she lacked the accomplishments of such an artist as Mrs. Gurner, besides which the name of the latter, combined with that of Mr. Davis, is always an attraction.

BRIGHTON.—(From our own Correspondent).—Madame Mortier de Fontaine gave a concert on the 4th inst. She is a very clever and pleasing vocalist, and the stamp of intelligence and feeling is impressed upon all she does. Her efforts were received most warmly by the audience. We trust that Mad. Mortier de Fontaine will be frequently heard at the London concerts next season. The oftener she appears before the public the more she will be liked by audiences, her style being at once agreeable and unaffected; moreover, she is a very excellent vocalist, educated in a good school. The other singer was Signor Bottura, a basso of repute. The programme was diversified by solos on the harp and piano-forte by Mad. D'Eichthal and M. Lindsay Sloper, both of which were loudly applauded. The room was not so well filled as we could have desired, and as Mad. Mortier's talents deserved.

BATH.—Mr. and Mrs. Millar gave a Soirée Musicale on the 30th ult., at their residence, 13, Old Sydney-place. The following programme was performed:—

PART I.—Round, "The Indian Drum," Sir H. R. Bishop; Air, Mr. Millar, "O Fortune! ton caprice," Meyerbeer; solo (violin), Mr. Cooper, "Le Carnaval de Venise," Paganini; Air, Mr. Pyne, "Then you'll remember me," Balfe; Aria, Mrs. Millar, "Fommo Ciel!" (violin obbligato), Mr. Cooper, Pacini.

PART II.—Duett (violin and piano-forte), Mr. Cooper and Mr. W. Browne (*Guillaume Tell*), Osborne and De Beriot; Air, MS., Mr. Millar (first time), "I fly with thee, Adina, dear," written expressly for him by Sir H. R. Bishop; Duett Mr. Pyne and Mr. Millar, "Flow gently Deva," Parry; Trio, "Vanne a coles," Mrs. Millar, Mr. Pyne, and Mr. Millar, Costa; Fantasia (piano-forte), Mr. W. Browne, Hummel; Duett, Mrs. and Mr. Millar, "Doux aye" (*Guillaume Tell*), Rossini; Terzetto, "Vadasi via di qua," Martini.

The attendance was fashionable, and the performances gave entire satisfaction. In our account of the recent concert at Clifton, our correspondent omitted to say, that Mr. Millar undertook the whole of the tenor part with the greatest ability.

DEVIZES.—A concert was given in this town on Thursday evening, Jan. 7, by Miss Kate Ward, of the Royal Academy of Music. The vocalists engaged on this occasion were Miss Ransford, (whose pleasing voice is well known to the habitués of the Royal Academy Concerts,) and Mr. Ransford, her father. Mr. Lindsay Sloper presided at the piano-forte, and performed two fantasias in the course of the evening, and Miss Ward, also secured the services of the Messrs. Pitman, from Bath. This young lady possesses a soprano voice of charming quality, and her style is pure and expressive; she was much applauded throughout the evening, and was encored in Mozart's, "Non mi dir," and in Linley's Ballad, "Spirit of Air." The programme gave general satisfaction, several other pieces being encored; all Mr. Ransford's characteristic Gipsy Songs obtained that distinction. Miss Ransford sang an aria from *Linda* and "The Fairy Bride," ballad, so effectively, that, at the conclusion of the latter, she was unanimously called upon to repeat Donizetti's air. Mr. Pitman is a clever performer on the violin, and his fantasia was received with great favour. Mr. Lindsay Sloper joined the Messrs. Pitman in a trio of Mayeader, which was a brilliant and effective performance. Herz's *Lucia*, and Weber's *Invitation pour la Valse* gave

our admirable young pianist an opportunity of displaying his finished execution, animated style, and unaffected expression to the greatest advantage. The last piece was the favourite; but Mr. Lindsay Sloper received with great enthusiasm in everything he played. The concert was numerous and fashionably attended.—(From a Correspondent.)

MANCHESTER.—At the usual weekly rehearsal of the Hargreaves choir, on Tuesday last, the members presented to them zealous and accomplished conductor, a mark of respect, which was highly honourable to both givers and recipient. It consisted of an elegant conductor's baton, made of green ebony, with silver handle, and surmounted by a figure of Apollo and a decorative device, also in silver,—enclosed in a morocco case lined with silk. The handle of the baton had the following inscription engraved thereon:—"Presented to John Waddington, junr., Esq., by the choir of the Hargreaves Choral Society, Christmas, 1846." The baton was presented by Mr. Charles Anthony, (professor of music, pianist of the Chorlton-upon-Medlock Gentlemen's Glee Club, and also a member of the Hargreaves choir,) in a neat speech, expressive of the high esteem in which Mr. Waddington is held, in both a personal and a professional sense, by the whole choir. Mr. Waddington who was taken quite on surprise, replied with much feeling, declaring that he was totally unprepared for such a splendid mark of respect, but this from no other source could it have come with so much satisfaction to his own feelings, as, with the members of the Hargreaves choir, he had especially laboured to advance the prosperity of the society, and the choral music in the town generally. We believe that the baton, which was made by Mr. Simmons, St. Ann's-Square, is valued at upwards of six guineas, and is the result of a subscription confined entirely to the members of the choir, (many other subscriptions having been refused,) and limited to one shilling each.—*Manchester Courier*.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

PHILADELPHIA.—(Extract from a Letter.)—My dear Friend,—In the greatest possible haste (half-past eleven o'clock at night), I write these few lines, having just heard that the steamer leaves New York to-morrow, at one o'clock. Your letter and printed copy of the *Cracovienne* have come safely to hand. I will publish it with pleasure; and it is now engraved, waiting your orders. Please let me know *exactly* the day and hour when you wish it to appear, and if in the power of man, it shall. By the steamer from Boston, you will receive letters and papers, informing you of many events, &c., &c. By the *next* steamer, you will receive some papers which will please you much. I send you a few now. One thing I tell you—your fame is growing hourly. Mr. Waterman, president of the Philharmonic, told M. De Meyer the other evening at Herz's concert,—"I tell you what it is, there's none of them like Wallace; he has soul, feeling, taste, and skill; his genius I adore: and tell him from me, the first time you write to him, that come when he may—and the sooner the better—he is sure of a whole-souled welcome; and I only keep the chair of our society till he comes to join with heart and hand, in giving him a glorious bumper." The pleasure your first signature, since your departure from this country, gave me it is impossible to describe. Do write soon; I am anxious to have the *Cracovienne* published.—

No. 52, South 4th Street, Philadelphia, Dec. 27, 1846. C. M.

VIENNA.—The first English concert (assisted entirely by Englishmen), was given at Vienna, on Dec. 13, 1846, by our young countryman, William Streather, harpist, pupil of Parish Alvars. The concert commenced with Mendelssohn's overture to *Fingal*, performed by the opera band, under the direction of Professor Helmesberger. Mr. Streather performed a concerto in E flat, composed by his master, and a fantasia on melodies from *Rienzi*; the audience testifying their approbation by calling the young performer before them at the conclusion, and greeting him warmly. Mr. Pratten played a fantasia on the flute, and was much applauded. Mr. Gregg, a pupil of Staudigl, sang Benedict's "Rage thou angry storm," and gave great satisfaction. The concert was very well attended—Meyerbeer, Staudigl, and nearly 150 professors

and composers being present; the English Ambassador, Lord Ponsonby and his lady, Prince Esterhazy, and many fashionables honoured the concert with their presence. Mr. Streather will shortly return to London from Vienna, where he has been some time studying under Parish Alvars.—(From a Subscriber.)

PARIS.—Lablache has made his first appearance for the season at the *Italiens*, in *Don Pasquale*. Mario has recovered from his illness, and played in the opera. Grisi of course enacted the heroine. The *Gazza Ladra* is in rehearsal for Grisi, Gardoni, Colletti, and Lablache. Persiani's singing in the *Elisir d'Amore* is more charming than ever. Carlotta Grisi has left for Rome, where she has an engagement of one month. Liszt's marriage was a report without foundation. *Robert Bruce* is proceeding slowly; nothing averse to its success, however, has occurred since the first performance. Adolphe Adam has purchased the *Cirque Olympique*, which will be converted into a third lyric theatre.

MILAN.—The Carnival season has commenced here. The SCALA opened on the 27th ult. with Verdi's *Attila*, without any great effect. Marini, however, was very fine in the principal character. Moriani and La Tadolini were the other chief executants. Two ballets, a grand and a *petit*, both failed. Perrot and Fanny Elssler are waited for with impatience, the former has been ill and the public is furious.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MADAME BISHOP commenced her three weeks engagement with Mr. Simpson, Lessee of the theatres of Birmingham, Liverpool, &c., on Monday last. The *Maid of Artois* was announced at Birmingham for that evening, but could not be produced for want of rehearsals, and Mr. Simpson in consequence, took Madame Bishop to Leamington to sing at a morning concert. On the same evening she sang at Coventry; on Tuesday at Worcester; on Wednesday at the Town Hall, Birmingham; on Thursday at Wolverhampton; and last night she appeared at the Birmingham Theatre in the *Maid of Artois*. Madame Bishop is creating an immense sensation every where. We have received letters from correspondents at Leamington, Coventry, and Birmingham, all extolling her to the skies. If we were to print all the letters they would fill our journal. We see by the bills and papers that Madame Bishop has followed our suggestion, and invariably sings Meyerbeer's Cavatina, "Come rapida," at the concerts, and invariably receives an encore. She is also encored every where in "John Anderson my Jo," and "Je suis la Bayadere." Madame Bishop was assisted at the Birmingham concerts by Mr. Arthursen, the tenor, and Mr. Corri, the bass. M. Bochsa was also engaged, and played a fantasia of his own composition with very great effect. We shall have more to say anon Madame Bishop's provincial tour next week.

THE RIVAL ITALIAN OPERAS.—The directors of Her Majesty's Theatre, and of the New Italian Opera in Covent Garden, it appears, are making strenuous efforts to open the approaching campaign with *éclat*. It is announced officially that Covent-Garden Theatre will open the first week in April; Her Majesty's Theatre, we believe, will open some weeks earlier. From the preparations of both parties, there can be no doubt that the entertainments at both houses will be of unprecedented magnificence. While the Covent-Garden company will include Grisi, Persiani, Mario, Tamburini, Salvi, Ronconi, and Marietta Brambilla, the company in the Haymarket will comprise Jenny Lind, Castellan, Lablache, F. Lablache, Gardoni, and Staudigl. Of the engagement of

Jenny Lind and of Staudigl we have information which we are assured is correct. The Covent-Garden orchestra, under the direction of Costa, will be of unprecedented strength, besides including the *élite* of the old Opera band; while on the other hand, Mr. Lumley has been busily recruiting in Germany and France, and has engaged M. Panofka, a Parisian composer and violinist of high talent and reputation, as principal director of the choruses. The approaching competition will necessarily stimulate the efforts of both houses to form a rich and varied repertoire. At both, it is said, some of the greatest works of the German school—including operas of Gluck, Mozart, and Meyerbeer—and likewise works of the older Italian masters—will be brought forward. Covent-Garden is to have a ballet as well as Her Majesty's Theatre. This was not at first expected; but since it is to be so, there will of course be the same rivalry in the ballet as in the opera department. The labours in the rebuilding (as it may almost be called) of Covent-Garden Theatre go on without intermission, and we are told that it will be next in magnitude and splendour to the Scala and the San Carlo. We heartily wish success to both houses, and trust that a fair and honorable competition between them may be good for themselves as well as for the public. At all events, if the preponderance of public patronage shall incline to either, we shall only say, *detur digniori!*—*Daily News*.

MRS. BUTLER.—We have it from the best authority to state, that the celebrated actress, Mrs. Butler (Fanny Kemble), will re-appear on the stage. This will indeed be a real boon to the modern stage.—*Times*.

THE NEW CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME of *St. George and the Dragon* increases each night in attracting fashionable and crowded audiences to Drury Lane. The private boxes have been filled with the most distinguished families of the aristocracy. The theatre, on Saturday will, doubtless, present a scene of intense excitement, it being "the juvenile night," upon which occasion the pantomime will precede the other attractions, thus affording the younger members of families the opportunity of witnessing the splendours and drolleries of the Christmas annual, and of retiring sufficiently early to allay any parental apprehension of the result of late hours.—*Morning Post*.

A FALSE REPORT.—"It is stated in a Sunday paper," says the *Morning Post*, "that some alarm was occasioned last week within Covent Garden Theatre, owing to a portion of the building giving way; but that the architect was sent for, and prompt measures taken to prevent any serious damage. People ought to be careful how they pull *old houses* about their ears. [There is not a word of truth in the report, which may be accounted for by the paper in question being a known enemy to the establishment. In its swagger about independence, the *Sunday Times* is too apt to overlook the truth. We have a score to cast up with this magniloquent print which we shall take an early opportunity of effecting.]

ANCIENT BRITONS.—Lord Robert Grosvenor will preside at the 133d festival of the Honorable Society of Ancient Britons, on St. David's Day, which will be celebrated, as usual. The society has experienced a loss in the death of Sir Charles Morgan, one of its vice-presidents, who contributed 50*l.* annually towards the Welsh charity school. The present Baronet, however, follows his example.

PARIS.—The theatres, balls, concerts, exhibitions, and other places of public entertainment, are made to contribute a certain proportion of their receipts towards the relief of the city. The amount of the fund obtained from this source in 1845 was 1,046,526*fr.*

MADAME ANNA BISHOP has been delighting crowded audiences at the Brighton Theatre during the past week. Her singing and acting in the third act of *The Maid of Artois*, and her fine dramatic and vocal exertions in *La Sonnambula*, have been greeted with the greatest enthusiasm. The style in which this charming cantatrice rendered the plaintive Scottish ballad, "John Anderson, my Jo," and Rossini's "Tu che accendi," the celebrated cavatina from *Tancredi*, stamped her as the most finished *artiste* on the British stage. Her benefit took place on Friday night, upon which occasion every box was taken, and the theatre attended by a full and fashionable audience.—*Morning Post*.

MR. J. L. HATTON's second entertainment at the Marylebone Literary Institution, Edward Street, took place on Thursday evening. Mr. Hatton still continues his specimens of classical pianoforte music, which, in our estimation, constitute the best portions of the concert. The selections were taken from the works of Corelli, Bach, Handel, Mozart, and Beethoven. Mr. Hatton interpreted the music of these great masters with a true sensibility of their meaning and power. "O Ruddier than the cherry" was given with fine effect by Mr. Hatton, who also introduced songs by Curschmann, Hunnemann, and others. A most excellent entertainment, concluded with "The adventures of Robinson Crusoe," a comic song capably written, and sung with spirit and humour by Mr. Hatton. No lover of true classical music should absent himself from these concerts.

ILLNESS OF MISS FAUCIT.—We regret to say that the sudden illness of Miss Faucit disappointed a large audience last evening. The house was full, including the boxes, when it was announced that Miss Faucit, who was to play *Mrs. Haller*, was too ill to appear. Of course, the audience immediately rose and departed. We understand that Miss Faucit would have played at any risk, but her physician told her that if she did she would certainly rupture a blood-vessel, and that the consequence might be fatal; and, with judicious imperativeness, he would not allow her to quit her chamber.—*Cork Examiner*.

DEATH OF MR. HAWKINS, THE VOCALIST.—This gentleman, well known in the musical world as an accomplished vocalist and a good musician, expired on Saturday last, universally regretted. Mr. Hawkins was for many years first alto singer of Westminster Abbey and the Royal Chapel.

DEATH OF MR. W. KEARNS.—This accomplished musician, justly celebrated for his intimate knowledge of the properties of instruments in the orchestra, and distinguished also as a teacher of singing, expired on Monday week, at his residence, Princes Place, Kennington. Mr. Kearns was an Irishman by birth, but has been a resident in the metropolis for thirty years. He was a member of the Philharmonic Society, the Ancient Concerts, and the band of Her Majesty's Theatre. He was a very superior violinist. Mr. Kearns' decease is universally regretted. He has left a large family to deplore his loss.

DEATH OF MR. JOSEPH CALKIN.—Death has been busy of late among musicians. We have to add to the list the demise of the above gentleman, which took place about a fortnight since, at his residence in Pall-mall. Mr. Calkin was one of the tenor players of the Philharmonic band for many years. The Royal Society of Musicians, of which he was a member, are deeply indebted to him for his active exertions in its cause. Mr. Calkin died in his 67th year.

A STAGE VETERAN.—Our old favourite, Deshayes, died lately in Paris. With Deshayes depart the last glories of ancient choregraphic art, which began when Louis XIV.

danced, and was handed down, through Gardel and Noverre, to Deshayes. He was himself the very prototype and living compendium of this art at the time when conventional grace and dreamy poetry were preferred to energy of thought and execution. A more amiable and more courteous personage never existed in the realms of the fantastic toe, nor was he devoid of inventive talent. Her Majesty's Theatre having been indebted to him for Bochsa's celebrated *Benyowsky*, and several other excellent ballets. Last season he came to visit the beloved precincts again, and being invited to a dinner with Taglioni, Cerito, and many of the first of the light-heeled fraternity, all the memories of his glories were revived, and he had so many toasts on the subject to drink in champagne, that he grew glorious himself afterwards; floated in clouds of dreamy reminiscences, like the heroes of Ossian; and instead of going to bed, strolled into the fields, and nearly broke his neck in a pit. However, he recovered with broken shins, and lived to die amongst his household gods in Paris, loved and esteemed by all who knew him.—*Sus*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Mademoiselle Steffanoni, the celebrated *prima donna* of the Scala at Milan, the San Carlo at Naples, and the Felice at Genoa, has been engaged for this theatre. Report speaks in the highest terms of the *artiste's* personal attractions and vocal talent.

CROSBY HALL.—Mr. Dando has announced his series of quartet concerts for the present year, for Mondays, Jan. 25, Feb. 8 and 22nd, and March 8; Tuesday, March 23; and Monday, April 5. The quartet will be represented by Messrs. Dando, Gattie, W. Thomas, and Lucas.

MADAME BISHOP sang in three concerts last week at Cheltenham, and on each occasion obtained the most triumphant success I ever witnessed in a concert room. The applause consequent upon each of her efforts was deafening. She was called on to repeat every song but one. She was encored three times in the French ballad, "La Bayadere." This was at once the most graceful and most striking specimen of simple vocalization I ever heard. You can have no notion of the effect it produced. We poor Cheltenham folks considered Madame Bishop, before we had heard her, as merely a *bravura* singer, the brilliancy of whose voice was not suited to the interpretation of cantabile singing, nor to the rendering of simple melody. We were never more mistaken in our lives. Madame Bishop is the exquisite vocalist, whether she sings the most florid music of the Italian school, or the most unpretending melody. She is, indeed, one of the very greatest singers I ever listened to. Mrs. Alban Croft sang three charming songs very nicely. These songs are from the pen of our talented townswoman, Mrs. Francis Herrick, and speak highly for the musical acquirements of that lady. The poetry is by L. E. L., taken from her "Songs of the heart." The ballads given on this occasion by Mrs. Alban Croft are called, "The Blighted heart," "The wasted heart," and "When the violet bloometh." The concert gave infinite satisfaction. Madame Bishop's singing created an immense sensation in Cheltenham.—(*From a Correspondent*.)

MISS INVERARITY, the vocalist, died on the 27th December, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, of disease of the lungs. Miss Inverarity was a native of Edinburgh, and was born in March, 1813. She was niece of the Scotch poet, Ferguson. She made her first appearance in London, at Covent-Garden, 1830, in *Cinderella*. She afterwards appeared in *Azor and Zemira* and *The Maid of Judah* with great success. She was an immense favorite at Edinburgh. In 1836, she married Mr. Martyn, the bass-singer, with whom she went to America, where her talents were greatly appreciated.

MADAME D'EICHTHAL, harpist to the Emperor of Austria and Her Majesty the Queen of the Belgians, has arrived in town for the season.

MR. W. VINCENT WALLACE's new opera for Drury-Lane is nearly completed, and will be put into rehearsal forthwith. Rumour already speaks in very high terms of the new composition, by the author of *Maritana*.

EXETER HALL.—The *Messiah* was performed, for the third and last time, by the Sacred Harmonic Society on Friday last; the performance calls for no particular notice, offering the same peculiarities of style which had been observable in the Society's exposition of Handel's master-pieces for the last twelve years—the same faults and the same excellences. The principal singers were Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Hawes, Mr. Manvers, and Mr. Phillips. Haydn's *Creation* is to be played on the 19th and 26th inst., with Miss Birch, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Phillips for principals. In addition to the engagement of Mendelssohn to conduct the performance of his oratorio, *Elijah*, in April, the second part of which he has been busily engaged in re-scoring, we understand that arrangements have been entered into with Spohr to conduct three of the Society's performances during the season, on which occasions the works of this great master will be produced under his own immediate superintendence. We cannot but hail with the liveliest pleasure this new feature in the Society's proceedings, and look upon these spirited movements as harbingers of that progress which has for so long a time been desirable in the proceedings of a Society which has already done so much for music, but is yet capable of doing a great deal more.—*From a Correspondent*.

MADAME BISHOP appeared on Thursday and Friday evenings at the Brighton Theatre, in her favorite part of *Isoline* in the *Maid of Artois*, and met with the greatest possible success. She introduced in costume, the grand scena, "Tu che accendi," from *Tancredi*, during the evening, and sung in addition several popular ballads. Madame Bishop's reception proved the Brighton audiences to be true appreciators of the best style of singing. The *Brighton Herald* speaks in the most lavish terms of praise of the fair vocalist's talents.—*Morning Herald*.

THE NEWLY-FOUND PORTRAIT OF SHAKSPERE.—The supposed portrait of Shakspeare, which we announced some weeks since on the credit of the editor of *The Builder*, to have come into the possession of the Bishop of Ely, has now been seen by our contemporary, as he states, and he is inclined to favour the opinion of its genuineness. It is, he states without the beard, closely resembling the engraving in the folio edition to which were appended Ben Johnson's well-known lines. The painting is on a panel, 1 foot 8 inches by 1 foot 3½ inches—and when found was in an old ebony frame, covered with dirt and disregarded. It was bought for a few shillings, solely on the ground of its likeness to Shakspeare. The date and age (1603, ætat. 39) serving to confirm this impression, were not discovered till afterwards; these are in the left-hand corner of the picture, at the top—in the same position as they are in the portrait of Cornelius Janson, dated 1610.—*Athenæum*.

THE WIDOW of the late Frederick Cooke, the celebrated tragedian, now resident at St. Louis, U.S., has presented the gold watch of her husband to Mr. Charles Kean.

JULLIEN'S ALBUM FOR 1847.—Studded with delight for country cousins, crowded with the newest polkas, waltzes, and songs, embellished with views of the bal masque and promenade concerts, with the celebrated conductor himself in full fig, white waistcoated, accurately trowered, and neatly

bewhiskered, with Flora Fabbri, moreover, rising on tiptoe—in short, as a perfect mirror of all the notabilities of a London season, this book takes precedence of all albums, as M. Jullien himself does of all conductors, both in costume and gesticulation. Young ladies residing in old country houses and in out of the way places, may be expected to scream with ecstasy as they turn over its pages. They will be enabled to dance, to sing, to chat, to criticise, and laugh out of it extempore; wherever it goes it will dissipate gloom, and the dullest parish in England may acquire somewhat of the air of the *beau monde* from its pages. Need we say more? *Jullien's Album* must, and will be, included in all country commissions.—*Atlas*.

HULLAH TESTIMONIAL FUND.—Four concerts, illustrative of English Vocal Music, under the superintendence of Mr. Hullah, are announced to take place, in aid of the erection of a new music hall. This is directing musical energies in the right way. Mr. Hullah, the projector and conductor, is entitled to the praise of all musicians. The first concert takes place on Monday evening next. The programme already issued is on a grand scale. The chorus will consist of Mr. Hullah's upper singing schools.

MADRIGAL SOCIETY.—The 106th anniversary festival will be celebrated on the 21st inst. Lord Saltoun, permanent president of the society, will come from Scotland expressly for the occasion.

THE FAVOURITE VIOLIN of Beethoven is, it is said, to be sold at Hubteldorf, near Vienna; it is an Amati of 1667.

CASE OF COPYRIGHT.—An interesting case of copyright, came before the Jury Court, of the first division of the Court of Session, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 23d and 24th instant, and was as follows:—The late Archibald Constable, publisher, applied to the late Dugald Stewart to furnish preliminary dissertations on mental philosophy, for the supplement to the 4th, 5th, and 6th editions of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and at completion paid him the sum of £1600, being a sum equivalent to double the rate at which Sir Walter Scott, and other distinguished contributors, were remunerated. On the failure of Constable, Adam and Charles Black purchased the property of the "Encyclopædia," and after some years issued a 7th edition, in which the dissertations of Stewart were included, besides being published in a separate form, in common with other treatises furnished to the work—but were in the latter edition withdrawn from sale when the complainant objected. The action was brought by Professor Stewart's son, on the ground that his father had disposed of the dissertation for insertion in the supplement alone, and he craved damages from Messrs. Black, for the copies "piratically" sold by them in the subsequent edition, as well as in a detached shape. The Jury unanimously found for the defendants.

LEOPOLD DE MEYER.—A curious case came before the Fourth Ward Court lately, in relation to the *lion pianist*. It appeared from the testimony that De Meyer employed a literary gentleman, named Burkhardt, to translate a puff from the German to the English language for the purpose of publishing it in a morning print as an editorial commendation of his performances. Burkhardt charged 25 dollars for his work, but the lion pianist was unwilling to pay more than 10, and hence this suit. It was testified by one individual that the effect of the puff could not be calculated, and that he would be willing to give 50 dollars for such a one previous to giving a concert. The jury sided with the plaintiff, and as it was proved that he had already received 10 dollars, they returned a verdict in his favor of 15 dollars.—*New York Evening Post*.

THE DISTIN FAMILY.—The Lecture Hall, Greenwich, was crowded to excess on Monday evening, on the occasion of Miss Moriatt O'Connor's concert, at which the above talented family assisted, and mainly contributed to the attraction of the evening. The Messrs. Distin were encored in several morceaux performed on the Sax-horns and Sax-tubas. A trumpet solo by Mr. Distin was greatly applauded, and was repeated. Three glees were excellently rendered by Messrs. Henry, William, and Theodore Distin. Miss Moriatt O'Connor sang two songs with much effect, obtaining a hearty encore in one instance. Miss Baynes accompanied all the vocal pieces with efficiency. We scarcely remember on any former occasions to have seen the Lecture Hall so densely crowded.

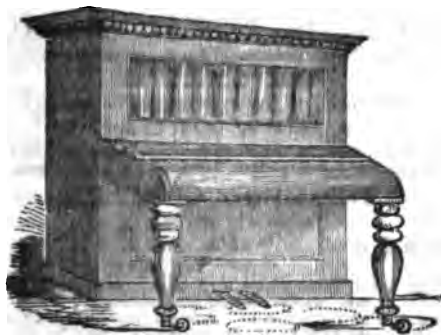
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A LADY SUBSCRIBER.—(Bridgewater).—*We would do anything in our power to meet the wishes of our correspondents—but what CAN we do? Shall we publish her letter, or another one that she may be pleased to write? Seriously, we think our fair subscriber takes too much to heart at the silly expressions made use of in disrespect to herself in a silly country paper, which we again assure her nobody reads but some silly old women who rent cottages in the outskirts of the town where it is published. Leave "Orpheus" to his Eurydice;—she will scratch his eyes out if he continues to misbehave himself, we warrant. DU RESTE, we are at the service of our Bridgewater fair unknown—let her but indicate what course we should pursue, and as the arrow the impulse of the bended bow, shall we follow the bent of her direction.*

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No. 4.—VOL. XXII.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1847.

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NOTICE!

Our Subscribers will be presented with No. 5, A
GRAND TRIUMPHAL MARCH, composed expressly
for this Journal, by M. MOSCHELES.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE manager of this establishment has politely furnished us with a written copy of the prospectus he intends to issue of the arrangements for the coming season. It is with uncooled pleasure that we select the principal points in this document for the information of our readers. Viewing it as a whole, there has never been in our memory of the Opera a programme so thoroughly interesting in a musical point of view. Hitherto directors have imagined that, provided there was a brilliant array of executive talent in their prospectuses, it mattered not one straw what was the quality of the music to be executed. In the written programme before us we find that Mr. Lumley has considered it expedient to adopt quite another view, and so fully are we persuaded of its soundness, that we at once tender him our congratulations and our heartiest wishes for his success. But we must not, in our zeal for Mr. Lumley's new politics, endeavour to blink the fact that opposition has had a beneficial interest in promoting them. Mr. Lumley, it is true, has been the resuscitator of the Italian Opera in this country. He found it tottering and decayed; he renovated and made it weatherproof. He found it out of credit and in ill odor; he restored it to integrity and reputation. He found ill-paid and unpaid artists, an interior in disorder, a band and chorus in revolt, shabbiness and poverty rampant within the walls, and as with the wand of an enchanter, he turned all this topsy-turvy, made that which was bad good, that which was shabby decent, that which was poor wealthy. The ill-paid artists he turned to *millionaires*, the unpaid he made comfortable citizens. The disorder of the interior he marshalled into symmetry and regularity, the band and chorus he reduced to discipline and raised to perfection and magnificence, and the whole establishment he as completely changed, as when in a pantomime or Easter spectacle, the scene, which was a dark cavern, vanishes away and gives place to a gorgeous palace in fairy land. Mr. Lumley, it must not be denied, effected all this, and at the same time benefited himself, carved out a position among the great ones of the earth, nourished himself with rich wines and juicy viands, and clad in ermine, walked *per alta*. And who shall blame him? The labourer is worthy of his hire, and Mr. Lumley has nobly earned his position. Yet in all that he did we had reason to remark no change in the musical politics of his predecessors. He differed from them inasmuch as that he gave sumptuous entertainments and paid the cost to a fraction:

whereas they gave but meagre fare, and left even that unliquidated, hungry creditors in vain crying, "give, give!" at the porch. Herein he merits all the eulogy that has been bestowed upon him. Nor can we overlook the splendid condition to which Mr. Lumley has raised the *ballet* at his establishment, and the rare diplomacy by means of which he has effected what, until his advent, was the utter despair of managers:—viz., the simultaneous co-operation, in one entertainment, on the same night (the importance of the subject will excuse the tautology) of the great luminaries of Terpsichore. At first, Mr. Lumley contrived to bring Fanny Elssler and Cerito—the one in the prime of her reputation, the other in the dawn of her celebrity—together, in a *pas de deux*. This naturally created a *furor*, and utterly bewildered the stalls and the *Omnibus*. But the consummation of this policy in the *Pas de Quatre*, when Marie Taglioni, Lucile Grahn, Fanny Cerito, and Carlotta Grisi consented to abandon their solitary spheres of despotism, and unite in one republic for the administration of delight to the *habitués* of Her Majesty's Theatre—and moreover, the persistence in this policy, exemplified in the brilliant *Pas de Déeses*, were triumphs of managerial tactics, of which Mr. Lumley had every reason to be proud, little Perrot's share in the transaction being equally considered. In this also Mr. Lumley rose above all the managers that had gone before him.

But, in the written prospectus which lies upon our table, the *Ultima Thule* of a musical manager's aspirations (or at least what should be so) is shadowed forth in portentous prophecy. The greatest composer in the world has consented to write an opera, on the subject of one of Shakspeare's undying plays, and this will be interpreted by singers, and an orchestra and chorus worthy of the task, under the immediate direction of the author. Here then we are forced to congratulate ourselves and without risk of being dubbed egotists. At the trying moment, when a vast and organized opposition threatens the perdition of Her Majesty's Theatre, to whom does the manager fly for aid, to whom does he address himself to rescue him from danger? Reader, we tell you a truth—for it is written on the forehead of the manuscript prospectus that has been placed in our hands—the weapon which Mr. Lumley will use in his defence, the sword that he will brandish in the visage of his enemies, assumes the shape of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, the king of modern German musicians. This is our answer to the scoffers who have laughed at us for advocating the necessity of resorting to some such measure to serve as a staff for the Italian Opera, which of late years has been gradually dying of its own dullness. Cimarosa and Paisiello could sustain the Opera on its legs—Rossini could do it also, and without assistance—Mercadante, Donizetti, and Bellini, could effect it after a manner—but Verdi, and the like of him, cannot. The disease of the Italian Opera has grown into a

head, and Verdi is the fungus to which all the bad humours have flowed from the various parts. To re-establish health, this fungus must be lopped off, and a wholesome plaster be applied. The plaster will be Mendelssohn—but beware of applying it before the cancerous tumor, in which all the most virulent poisons of the disease are concentrated, be removed. It will not do for Mendelssohn to patch up Verdi—he must sit upon his vacant throne. Verdi must abdicate and Mendelssohn reign in his stead. But let us proceed to speak of the written prospectus in detail.

We shall follow the written prospectus in the order of its arrangement. It commences with a list of the engagements for the operatic department. The first of these is the celebrated Jenny Lind, who, apparently disregarding of the menaced law-suit of a rival manager, has made up her mind to place her reputation at the tribunal of an English public. Report has been busy on this matter. Some have it, that the *debut* specified in Mr. Bunn's engagement with Jenny Lind is so large as to render it incompatible with the interests of Her Majesty's Theatre for Mr. Lumley to pay it. Others affirm that the engagement has been assigned by purchase from Mr. Bunn to the Covent Garden speculators. But the majority assume that there is no stipulated fine in the original engagement with the Drury Lane manager, and that, in consequence, when Jenny Lind has appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre, an action for damages will be laid by Mr. Bunn, or the holders of the engagement, whoever they may happen to be at the time. Be this as it may, we have had ocular evidence, in the Swedish nightingale's own handwriting, that she considers herself engaged to Mr. Lumley, and the inference to be drawn can only be that she intends to risk the consequences, whatever may come of it. In which case the public will be the gainers, and Mr. Lumley entitled to an acknowledgment of his bold and enterprising speculativeness. The other *cantatrice* of note is the modest and talented Made. Castellan, who will always find admirers, while the combination of unassuming manners and artistic power, in the person of a young and charming female, shall be found worthy of attention. Made. Del Carmen Montenegro, a Spanish artist, not unknown to this country—Mlle. Sanchioli, who during the whole of last season supported the abuse of the *Chronicle* and the flattery of the *Post* with perfect equanimity—Signora Vietti, a new *contralto*—Mad. Daria Nascis, and Mlle. Tagioni, also unknown here, complete the catalogue of female vocalists. The list of the male singers is unusually strong:—Signor Fraschini, the tenor from the *San Carlo* at Naples, in whose favour fame has blown loud flourishes, with a trumpet of many valves—Signor Gardoni, from the *Académie Royale* in Paris, whom we have both heard and seen, and to whose fine talent and prepossessing appearance we can bear testimony—Signor Superchi, a baritone, for whom it is said (as though it were a matter of some importance) that Verdi wrote the opera of *Ernani*—Signor Coletti, a bass, who since the season he passed in London five years ago, has earned a large meed of fame in Italy and France—Herr Staudigl, whose venture on the Italian stage cannot but be a matter of lively interest to his London friends—Frederic Lablache, whose improvement lately has induced us to entertain hopes that eventually he may supply the place of his great progenitor—Signor Corelli, a useful second tenor, well known to the *habitués* of Her Majesty's Theatre—and lastly the great Lablache himself, the hero of a thousand triumphs, incontestably the most consummate artist of the day. Nothing could well be stronger than this, and we do not expect that even the *Morning Chronicle* will be disposed to direct its artillery

against so compact and well-appointed a phalanx. So much for the vocalists.

But we have yet more particulars to record about the opera department. One promise we shall dismiss without comment:—Signor Verdi, having recovered from his indisposition, has been for some time engaged on the composition of an opera, the subject of which is founded upon the *Robbers* of Schiller. Better than this, the *Robert Bruce*, which has been unhandsomely fathered upon Rossini, but which is interesting on its own account, will be presented early in the season. Better still, Meyerbeer is coming to preside at the rehearsals of his *Camp of Silesia*, in which Jenny Lind and Fraschini will sustain principal characters. Report dilates in glowing terms upon an air in this opera in which the celebrated vocalist and the *flauto primo* contend in a skirmish of florid incredibilities of execution; a Meyerbeerian version of the famous scene in Le Brun's *Rossiniol*. The presence of Meyerbeer will be an immense stimulus to the perfect execution of his work. He is known to be a most particular and exacting director, and one not likely to let a single error pass without correction. No fears need be entertained of the hurried production of the *Camp of Silesia*, while Meyerbeer is at hand to watch its progress in rehearsal. This must be regarded as one of the grand points of the season. But a still grander remains to be recorded—that which was shadowed forth in our preamble. Mr. Lumley has prevailed upon Dr. Mendelssohn to compose music to a *libretto* of Scribe, founded on the *Tempest* of Shakspeare. The opera is to be produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, with Jenny Lind as Miranda, Staudigl as Caliban, Gardoni as Ferdinand, and Lablache as Prospero. To dilate upon this would be superfluous. The appearance of an opera from the pen of Mendelssohn, as the *Morning Herald* justly remarks, will form an epoch in the history of music. Since the composition of *Fidelio* no event of such importance to the art has occurred. It will be hailed with acclamations by the musical world, as the appearance of a new planet in the system of which Mendelssohn is the bright and burning sun. Mr. Lumley deserves the thanks, not only of the immediate followers of the musical profession, but of the civilized world at large. He has been the means of gifting the art with a new truth—another stone in the great spiritual edifice which the master-minds of music have been rearing since its infancy. The opera of Mendelssohn will be all this, for the composer of *Elijah* cannot afford to retrograde. Add to these a *repertoire* of the popular works of Mozart, Cimarosa, Rossini, Mercadante, Donizetti, and Bellini, and a richer feast of anticipation never welcomed the gaze of an undecided subscriber reading his prospectus.

The orchestra is next to be considered. On this point we have reason to believe that Mr. Lumley has vanquished one of his chiefest difficulties. He has, by a large amount of exotic assistance, added to three and twenty staunch veterans who would not, or as the *Chronicle* insists (which we do not insist), could not go to the new establishment, contrived to bring together an orchestra of magnificent pretensions. Besides Tolbecque, the leader of the opera, Nadaud, leader of the ballet, and other scions of the ancient stock, the following foreign stars (among numerous others) have been secured:—first oboe, Lavigne, from Brussels, (excellent); first clarinet, Dell' Uomo, (from Milan); first *contra-basso*, Anglois, (Turin); first violoncello, Piatti; first bassoon, Koesel and Templini; (both are put down as *first*); first flute, Elie, (Paris); first trumpet, Zeiss; (Brussels, *admirable*):—and many others too numerous to mention. That this large influx of foreigners, who may be regarded as perpetually fixed in the country is much to be regretted, no one who considers the subject can

doubt. It will help to impoverish still further a very impoverished class, by dividing their already slender resources. But what was Mr. Lumley to do? The Opera cannot exist without a band, and band-compilers for Italian operas have no faith in English professors. We are sure that neither Signor Costa, nor the seceders (or "the rebels," as the *Post* facetiously terms them) foresaw this inevitable result of the secession from the dominion of Mr. Lumley. Alas! to think of what changes may be made in a few years in the physiognomical surface presented by our orchestras at the Philharmonic, the Ancients, Exeter Hall, and the Provincial Festivals! How many veterans will be set aside for new comers and whiskered parvenus, who shall say? But this is now unavoidable and our artists must be on the look out: Mr. Willy must hoist a standard and all the "natives" will flock to him as to a captain. He, perhaps, may lead them on to victory.

The chorus engaged by Mr. Lumley amounts to about eighty in number, and to the fresh voices and efficiency of these we had an opportunity of testifying the other night, when we heard them execute several compositions under the direction of our excellent friend, Balfe.

That Balfe continues to occupy the post of conductor of the orchestra is a fact on which we congratulate the Opera frequenters, in the teeth of the *Chronicle*. We consider him eminently qualified for the position, and nothing we have heard or seen has had any influence in persuading us to the contrary. Moreover, Balfe is a zealous and conscientious artist and labours hard in his vocation. And, to conclude, Balfe's name is European and would confer honour upon any lyrical establishment whatever.

The *Ballet* must be shortly dismissed. Here, indeed, Mr. Lumley is fortified on all sides, and is as unassailable as the Castle of Ehrenbreitstein, on the Rhine. The queens of the ballet are to be Lucile Grahn, Cerito, and Carlotta Grisi. This last engagement is another source of congratulation to ourselves—for have we not often said that the opera without Carlotta was as the heavens at night without the moon? But now we have the moon and all the stars, and strong hopes even of the sun—of Taglioni, who will once more, it is anticipated, (would that we could say it was certain) dance in the *Pas de Quatre*, and the *Pas de Déeses*, and in another *Pas*, which is to *out-pas* all *Pas* that have preceded it—the *Pas de la Constellation*, another child of Perrot's brilliant fancy. Then, moreover, we are to have a new planet in the system—Carolina Rosati from Milan, of whom report speaks, as the *Post* would say, egregiously. Besides these, a Madlle. Maurthier, (from Milan) whom we are assured is a full moon of beauty, and whom the *Post* declares to resemble one of Correggio's soft-eyed, rosy-shouldered nymphs; and to conclude; Madame Petit Stephan, Mdle. Caroline Bancourt, Mdle. Honoré, Mdle. Elise Montfort, Mesdames Thévenot, Julian, L'Amoureux, Emilie, Fanny Pascal, Bertin, and a host of minor satellites. The male dancers will include the inimitable Perrot, St. Léon, a certain M. Louis D'Or, (who, by rights, should be wedded to Mdle. L'Amoureux), MM. Gosselin, Venafr, Gouriet, Bertrand, and who not? The ballet-masters will be M. Paul Taglioni, and M. Perrot. The ballet composer, as usual, Signor Pugni.

Among the novelties of the season is to be a *ballet*, written expressly for Her Majesty's Theatre by Heinrich Heine, the poet, the object of which, according to the *Post*, is by seeking for a subject among the German black-letter folios, "to unite the mysticism of Goethe with the peculiarities of the modern ballet"—a singular means to produce a singular end, neither of which do we presume to understand.

The theatre will open in the middle of next month, with Donizetti's *La Favorite*, in which Gardoni will make his first appearance—and a new ballet by Paul Taglioni, which will be illustrated by the *début* of Carolina Rosati.

All this is plainly set down in the written prospectus which has been supplied to us. We have not interpolated one word, exaggerated one promise. If all be fulfilled as is here sketched out, who can doubt that Her Majesty's Theatre will have a brilliant season, and Mr. Lumley a new triumph?

MEMOIR OF PALESTRINA.

GIOVANNI PIERLUIGI, surnamed Di Palestrina, from the small town of that name in the principality of Rome, where he was born, was one of the most illustrious musicians of his time. Spite of his claims to the reverence of posterity, the name of his family, the circumstances of his parents, the date of his birth and death, are subjects of doubt and discussion. M. L'Abbé Baini, director of the pontifical chapel, expended his time in laborious researches respecting the life and works of Palestrina. Thirty years, however, employed in the task did not always conduce to the discovery of incontestable truth; and the Abbé himself is frequently reduced to relate contradictory traditions, and to discuss and leave undecided questions so long agitated. The utmost result of M. Baini's efforts seems to be that the parents of Pierluigi were indigent, that he died early in February, 1594, at the age of 70, and consequently that he was born in 1524. There is reason to suppose that he prosecuted his first literary and musical studies in quality of a choir-boy. According to Pettrini, he arrived at Rome in 1540, in order to apply himself to the study of music. At this period the best musicians of Italy were French, Belgians, or Spaniards. The first regular school of music instituted at Rome by Gondimel, had for contemporary disciples Giovanni Annimuccia, Stephano Bettini, Alessandro Merlo, and Giovanni Pierluigi di Palestrina, the most celebrated among the composers. In September, 1551, under the pontificate of Jules the Third, he was chosen master of the choir-children of the Giulia chapel at 17 years of age. By a special decree of the chapter, the title of chapel-master was conferred upon Palestrina, the first time it was bestowed upon any one holding the situation of director of the choir-children. In 1554 he published the first selection of his compositions, in which were found four masses for four voices, and one for five. Submitting himself to the influence of the school in which he was educated, Palestrina wrote these masses in the style of his predecessors, but exhibited in the composition a superior mode of harmonic treatment. In this respect, the first mass, which is written entirely upon the ancient chant, *Ecco Sacerdos Magnus*, may be considered a work of great excellence for the period, although this mass, as well as the last, is disfigured by that extreme endeavour after the minute proportions of notation, of which the ancient masters of the French and Flemish schools made a monstrous abuse, about the end of the fourteenth and commencement of the fifteenth century. Pope Jules the Third, to whom Palestrina dedicated his first book of masses, recompensed him by entering him among the choristers of the pontifical chapel without examination, and contrary to the rules of the chapel, the strictness of which he himself enforced by a former decree. The superior talent which was apparent in this first work, seemed to the sovereign pontiff motive sufficient for an exception. His suit was signified to the college of the chapel singers on the 13th of January, 1555; but, unfortunately, Palestrina had more genius than voice, and this circumstance

exposed him to the jests of the other singers, who admired him on compulsion, and conferred on him with bad grace the usages of politeness. Jules the Third expired on the 23rd of March, 1555; Palestrina was then deprived of the high protection which defended him against the malevolence of the college, about five weeks after his admission into the chapel. The succeeding pope, Marcellus the Second, was well inclined towards Palestrina, and would have proved a prop of support to him had he lived. The death of Marcellus, which took place twenty-three days after his succession to the apostolic chair, was but the precursor of more lively griefs than had heretofore troubled the existence of the composer. Palestrina was married early. He had four sons, three of whom died in their youth. Hygin, the surviving son, was editor of the two last books of his father's masses. After the death of Pope Marcellus, his successor, Giovanni Caraffa, who ruled the church under the title of Paul the Fourth, summoned resolution to attempt effecting a reformation in the clergy of the court of Rome. His attention was first directed to the pontifical chapel, among whose singers were found many married men, contrary to the existing ecclesiastical law. These singers were, Leonardo Barré, Domenico Ferabosco, and Palestrina. From the moment of his admission the latter found little sympathy among his colleagues; nevertheless, as soon as the Pope ordered his expulsion from the chapel with the other two, the college took up his defence, in conjunction with that of Barré and Ferabosco, and strongly represented that they had given up advantageous posts for their situations, and that their appointments at the chapel had been stipulated as lasting for life. Spite of all argument and remonstrance, the inflexible Paul did not the less persist in his determination to expel married singers from his chapel, and issued an express decree on the subject in stern and humiliating terms. The only compensation offered to the expelled musicians for their loss was a pension of three crowns each per month. Overpowered by this calamity, Palestrina fell ill. In this situation his ancient colleagues came to see him, abjured the hate they had formerly shown to him, and became his most zealous friends. So celebrated a musician could not remain long without employment in a city containing so many splendid churches, in which music flourished triumphantly. He was offered the place of chapel-master of the Santo Giovanni di Lateran, to replace Luppachino, and he entered on his office in this cathedral on the first day of October, 1555, two months after his expulsion from the pontifical chapel. On this occasion a difficulty presented itself regarding the pension he had received from the Pope, which, according to precedent, would cease from the moment the pensioner entered upon any new employment. The chapter, nevertheless, decided that the pension should be continued, and the Pope himself confirmed the decision. Palestrina remained chapel-master in the church for five years, and during that period composed some of his best works,—among which we may mention his admirable *Improperii* for the office of Holy Week. The salary of his situation was so trifling that he was induced to accept the post of chapel-master of the Santa-Maria Maggiore, of which he took possession on the 1st of March, 1564, and which he held until the 31st of March, 1571. These ten years constituted the most brilliant epoch in the life of the master.

(To be continued.)

MADAME BISHOP IN THE PROVINCES.

(From the Birmingham Journal.)

January 16th

THE *début* of this famed cantatrice, who has reaped the richest laurels even in the land of song, has been most successful. On Wednesday evening she appeared at the Town Hall, and at once established herself in the good opinion of the audience, and taught even the initiated amongst her hearers of what music is capable, and that though the means of enjoyment have been well ransacked, there may be another new pleasure left. The audience was not so numerous as we expected, but the enthusiasm was unbounded. An overture and a tenor air protracted the appearance of the lady, and whetted curiosity. When she appeared, the applause was tremendous, and must have been gratifying to the interesting debutante. A brief sketch of her *personale* may not be unacceptable. She is rather below the middle height, and approaches that standard which, as loyal subjects, we are bound to consider a good one, which the altitude of our Queen has furnished. Her figure is compact and elegant; her face intellectual rather than beautiful, the fire of her dark eye lighting up the quiescence of her features. Her head is small, her forehead square, compact, and well developed. Her eyes are singularly expressive—sparkling, frowning, and laughing, and reflecting every phase of feeling. That prominent feature, of which, excepting in the case of ideal ladies, the less that is said about it the better, is, in this case, rather aspiring in its character, and gives the lady's face an air of unquestionable good humour. She dresses with exquisite taste, and withal has a lady-like deportment, winning grace, and dignity of manner. Such is this prima donna. Of her vocal powers it is less easy to speak in the calmness of every-day compliment. Her opening piece was a cavatina from Donizetti's "Ugo di Parigi," difficult of execution, but in the air prodigal of beauties. Her execution of the recitative at once placed us at ease as to her capabilities both of voice and execution. The former, as our readers are already aware, is a pure *soprano*, of great compass and richness, rather than the more insipid quality of sweetness. Her upper notes remind us of the luscious roundness of the tones of a flute, and the middle register is especially voluptuous. Her voice is not possessed of that bell-like clearness so frequently found in *soprano* voices, but has what may be called a veiled quality, which adds to its power, and the gorgeousness of its effects. Her execution is remarkably perfect—characterised by neatness in the introduction of her embellishments, of which she is occasionally lavish; and her execution of *floritures* is no less finished and artistic. In the cavatina we have mentioned, her chromatic runs were executed with surprising certainty and taste. She leaps from octave to octave with ease, and produces an effect startling and delightful. Her falls are particularly beautiful and occasionally she introduces a half note, which melts away into a flood of the most harmonious embellishments, and then glides almost insensibly into the note upon which she has so tastefully dwelt. The romance from the opera of "Loretta," "On the banks of Guadalquivir," a delightful snatch of melody, developed the superb character of her swell, and the beauty of her modulation. This air was vociferously encored. The next cavatina, by Meyerbeer, "Ah, come rapida," evoked her histrionic powers. In the third movement, where the action of the libretto is spirited, she displayed great energy and fervour of feeling. It is scarcely necessary to say, that it is not reasonable to expect that a vocalist proficient in the florid ornaments of the Donizetti school of music can do justice to the simple

MONS. JULES DE GLIMES, the fashionable conductor and vocal professor, arrived in London, from Brussels, on Wednesday.

and unadorned ballads to which Burns loved to wed his matchless poetry. Yet "John Anderson, my Jo" was thus treated. This requires something approaching to genius. We have repeatedly heard this beautiful and touching air, which tradition tells us was at one time a chant in the "haly kirk," sung by the bright particular stars of ballad singing, but until Wednesday night we had no conception of the pathos of the music or the potency of the verse. Madame Bishop's execution of it was toned to the very essence of pathos. No extraneous ornament was introduced; it was given in its unadorned loveliness, and at the "rest" which immediately precedes the close of the air, the most intense sympathy was manifested, and rendered the succeeding burst of applause absolutely deafening. It is such music as this that fulfils the high purposes of the art, but its true interpretation is rarely met with. The shadow of the noble monument that covers the resting-place of the poet; the storied urn and animated bust that endeavour to perpetuate the image of one of Nature's noblest sons, would not yield the poet so much delight as could the glorious exposition of his sentiments, as given by Madame Bishop, if he were cognisant of the events of this nether world. No wonder that the hall rung with reiterated plaudits, and little marvel is it that the echo of the melody still plays upon our memory. The quaint and pretty French air, "Je suis la Bayadere," in which she accompanied herself on the tambourine, assisted by the harp of M. Bochsa, formed a pleasing *finale* to a very delightful concert. The voice of Mr. Arthurson, who assisted, is a high-pitched tenor, limited in compass, and deficient in expression. His style is cold and inanimate, and though there is a degree of sweetness in his notes, they are bald and colourless. Mr. Corri's pipe is a comical one, uncommonly harsh and most perseveringly monotonous. We need scarcely add, that M. Bochsa's fantasia on the harp was a luscious piece of instrumentation; occasionally giving forth tones like the breathing of Shakspeare's *Ariel*, then swelling into the majestic harmony of a full orchestra, and again in fitful sweeps and gusts giving expression to strains wild, brilliant, or plaintive.

The "*Maid of Artois*," at the Theatre on Friday night, afforded us an opportunity of judging of the histrionic powers of the gifted lady. Madame Bishop's execution of her part was marvellously perfect. The first scena is a difficult piece and by no means pleasing, yet she masters it effectively, and again at once carried with her the sympathy of her auditory. In the second part there is a pleasing though not an original melody, "Oh, what a charm." This she sang with characteristic simplicity. Her triumph, however, was in the last act, where weary and athirst she resigns herself to death. The air, "Oh, beautiful night," was sung with most exquisite pathos, and the grand finale, so complicated in its construction, and magnificent in its effects, was delivered with that finished grace, and buoyancy and brilliancy of voice, which forms so prominent a feature in the style of the accomplished artiste. We observe that she appears again in the same opera on Tuesday, when we counsel the attendance of all lovers of the divine art.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

On Thursday last the following sacred selection was given at the third concert for the present season of the Hargreaves Choral Society. The night was intensely cold and foggy—the cold was in some degree mitigated by the Free Trade Hall being so well filled—but neither the bright glances of the

fairer portion of the audience, nor the brilliancy of the gas lights could dispel the gloom that was caused by the fog—and this threw such a damp on the concert that the first part passed off very heavily indeed, and must have no little tended to discourage the artists engaged.

PART FIRST.	
Overture.....	"St. Paul"..... Mendelssohn.
Chorus....	"Lord, thou alone art God".... (St. Paul) .. Mendelssohn.
Recitative....	"Deeper and deeper still" }..... (Jephtha).... Handel.
Air.....	"Wait her angels"..... }
Air.....	"Return O God of Hosts"..... (Samson).... Handel
Chorus.....	"To dust his glory"..... }
Song.....	"Ave Maria"..... Cherubini.
(Clarinet Obligato, Mr. Leonard.)	
Motet (full choir).....	"Sanctus"..... Palestrina.
Christmas Hymn....	"Adeste Fideles"..... Arranged by Novello.
Duet.....	"Forake me not".... (The Last Judgment) Spohr.
Song.....	"Honour and arms"..... (Samson)..... Handel.
Chorus.....	"With thunder armed"..... (Samson)..... Handel.
PART SECOND.	
Motet.....	"Praise Jehovah"..... Mozart.
Recitative..	"Oh, worse than death".... }.. (Theodora).... Handel.
Air.....	"Angels ever bright and fair" }.. (Theodora).... Handel.
Chorale.....	"Alla Trinita beata"..... (A.D. 1545) Palestrina.
Air.....	"Total eclipse"..... }..... (Samson).... Handel.
Chorus.....	"Oh, first created beam" }..... (Samson).... Handel.
Air.....	"Lord God Almighty"..... Neukomm.
Chorus..	"Then round about the starry throne" .. (Samson) .. Handel.
Chorale.....	"Luther's Hymn"..... Harmonized by S. Bach.
(Trumpet Obligato, Mr. Ellwood.)	
Solo and Chorus.....	"Alma Virgo"..... Hummel.

As will be seen above, the concert was *scarcely* of that high character that the Hargreaves Society is now expected to produce. When sacred music is given, some complete work—some mass or cantata—or some entire oratorio is far more worthy of the powers and resources of the Hargreaves directors, their inimitable choir and excellent band; and, we think, would be far more pleasing to the body of subscribers generally, than any such selection as the one given on this occasion. There is a patch-work and want of continuity of interest about them at the best—and then, except given by such a society, what chance have we in Manchester of hearing the greatest works of the greatest composers? In London you have them given by the Sacred Harmonic Society at Exeter Hall—then let our Hargreaves Society follow their good example. But to the performance. We must not notice each piece after our already lengthened remarks. Mr. Manvers was in good voice, and acquitted himself well in all he had to do. Unfortunately any singer who attempts to give "Deeper and deeper still," or "Total eclipse," is put into comparison with Braham, (we mean with Braham as he was, not now,) it is scarcely fair, but the thoughts will revert back to the splendid dramatic delivery of Braham in his *best* days so "long as memory holds her seat." Mr. Manvers, or any other tenor, may succeed better with these songs in the *next generation*! By the way, although Mr. Manvers was not quite so successful in the *dramatic* in his recitative, he gave us some *theatrical* pronunciation in his song, which he would do well to alter,

"Wait her angels to the *skies-ies*."

Why make *skies* into two syllables? Mr. A. Sapio is a bass or barytone of very moderate pretensions; he might well have chosen some song more suited to his limited power than "Honour and Arms." It may seem ungallant to speak *last* of the lady principals, but though last we do not think *least* of their talent. Miss Cubitt has a sweet and pleasing quality of voice, with a plain style of sticking to her text, which pleased us more than the ornaments introduced by her more showy competitor, Miss Elisa Birch—of course the

voices are different, the former being a mezzo soprano, the latter, at present, a somewhat thin and high soprano; they both appear young too, so doubtless are far from being at the zenith of their powers. If they would allow us to give each a word of advice it would be to Miss Cubitt to infuse a little more animation and feeling into her manner, and to Miss E. Birch that she should be more certain of her intonation before she ventures on so much ornament; and she should not, when singing in English, *Italianize* her words, as "Taake, oh, taake me to your care!" her "Angels ever bright and fair," but for this, would have merited and no doubt received an encore.

The chief gems of the concert, both as to music and performance, were Mozart's Motett; Palestrina's Chorale (which was encored); and the chorus from Samson, "Then round about the starry throne," a bit of Handel that our choir revelled in accordingly. Great praise is due to the performance of Martin Luther's Hymn, as a chorale, by the choir, and to Mr. Elworth's admirable trumpet accompaniment, as also to Miss E. Birch, band, and chorus, for the "Alma Virgo" of Hummel's, (a most lovely composition, the orchestral accompaniment especially, are very beautiful) which made a good finale to one of the tamest concerts given for some time by the Hargreaves Society. We trust there will be something of a higher character in store for us at the next, or fourth concert, which is fixed, we see, for the 25th of February. Elijah is promised but cannot be done, it is expected, before April.—May we have Staudigl and Mendelssohn on that occasion!

THE RIVAL ITALIAN OPERAS.

Of the *Due Rivali*, Her Majesty's Theatre has made the first official announcement. The substance of the prospectus for the ensuing season (for particulars of which see our leading article) has appeared in all the morning journals of Thursday, with the exception of *The Morning Chronicle*. *The Times*, *Herald*, and *Daily News* are little more than statistical, while *The Morning Post* spins out its notice to a column and three parts in length. From the splendid array of talent put forth, and the magnificent promises held out by Mr. Lumley in his prospectus, we should have thought that even the *Morning Post* might have rested satisfied with the mere edict of so superlative a bill of fare: but, no! that zealous advocate thinks otherwise: it considers a small grain of irony necessary to flavour the programme. Grisi's "years" are again made the subject of discussion. One would absolutely be led to believe, from reading the articles in the *Morning Post*, that Madame Grisi was "fallen into the vale of years," instead of being, as most indubitably she is, in the very prime of womanhood. The *Morning Post* states that Madame Grisi has been fifteen years at Her Majesty's Theatre. We beg to correct our contemporary on this head. Mademoiselle Grisi made her first appearance in London in April 1834, and consequently Mademoiselle Grisi has been twelve, not fifteen, years at the Opera. The same journal accuses the *prima donna* of absolutism, meaning thereby to convey to its readers that Madame Grisi usurps all the leading characters in the theatre in which she is engaged. Justice bids us politely to contradict this assertion. The principal parts which the accomplished cantatrice has personated since her first advent to this country, could hardly have been undertaken, with success, by any *prima donna* who has been since engaged at Her Majesty's Theatre. Grisi is undoubtedly a great tragic actress, and has won her laurels, as well in the histrionic, as in the lyric

department of the opera. Her performances of Norma, Semiramide, Desdemona, Anna Bolena, Elvira in the *Puritani*, Ninetta, and other parts, are proofs of her superior tragic powers. The only comic parts she assumed at Her Majesty's Theatre for several seasons, were Norina in *Don Pasquale*, and Rosina in *Il Barbiere*. That she does not exert the *absolutism* ascribed to her by the *Morning Post*, even in parts which she has peculiarly made her own, may be instanced by her resigning her favourite character of Rosina in *Il Barbiere* to Persiani in Paris. The article in the *Morning Post*, however, from its important and elaborate statements deserves more consideration than we have room to devote to it this week. Next week we shall review it at length.

In an article on this subject, which appeared in the *Morning Herald*, of Monday, our contemporary follows up some statements and conjectures about the engagements at Her Majesty's Theatre for the forthcoming season, with the following excellent remarks:—

"In the mean while the public is diverted with the squabbling that is going on between the organs of the elder Theatre, and those of the new undertaking in Bow-street. What is said on the one side is flatly contradicted on the other, and the quarrel has reached a point when all courtesies are laid aside—when impertinence is met with impertinence, and vulgar imputation with defiance and rejoinder. Folks who are collaterally connected with the two establishments have rushed into print, and their letters have been sufficiently piquant to gratify the lovers of professional dispute; and, no doubt, more of the same sort are in store, which will be equally acceptable. Beyond, however, the amusement derived from these charges and recriminations, the public care very little for the real facts at issue, and the partisans on either side would show better taste and better generalship were they to abstain altogether from open scurrilities, which are neither calculated to strengthen the interests they defend, nor give their respective establishments credit in the eyes of the world. Mr. Lumley has no doubt found a direct practical antagonism to his Theatre—one conducted with largeness of view and helped by pecuniary sufficiency. It behoves him, therefore, to meet the danger which might otherwise threaten him with boldness and activity, and we apprehend he has done so, if we were to place any faith whatever in the hints which have oozed out of his engagements, present and prospective. The public will judge for themselves, and the competition no doubt will be productive of something very near perfection in either case. But for our own part, we have no hesitation in expressing the conviction, which we have from the first entertained, that there is not a public for two Theatres of this class, the costliness of which must inevitably keep them both beyond general accessibility, to the fatal narrowing of the receipts and the gradual absorption of the means of maintenance. This, however, only concerns those who choose to incur the heavy responsibilities in question, and indulge in golden dreams undisturbed by fears and misgivings—backed, let it be added, by the powerful incentives of personal animosity and the rancorous spirit of revenge."

We do not understand the last sentence, but with the rest of the observations we cordially assent. Coming from so impartial a quarter, they ought to have double weight with the contending parties.

The *Morning Chronicle* of Thursday contains an article respecting the progress of the alterations and modifications of Covent Garden. It speaks in high terms of what has been already done, and states that the New Italian Opera will be ready for performances in April. A Sunday journal contradicts flatly the coming of Jenny Lind to Her Majesty's Theatre. We can as flatly contradict the assertion of the Sunday journal. Jenny Lind is engaged, and were there any direct necessity, we could inform the said journal of the very night upon which Jenny Lind will appear at Her Majesty's Theatre. We are also able to say, that the order for the dresses and decorations in *La Fille de Regiment*, one of Jenny Lind's favourite operas, has been already issued by the management.

The *Morning Chronicle* of yesterday treats the prospectus

of Her Majesty's Theatre with the utmost coolness, and is entirely sceptical concerning the principal attractions held forth in the announcement. Our readers shall have the entire article.

"Our contemporaries published yesterday a notification of certain arrangements for the ensuing season at Her Majesty's Theatre. We need scarcely assure our readers that this circular is not the official prospectus, which has not yet been issued. As the main hope of having a presentable *prima donna* rests on JENNY LIND, and we are only told by the *Times* that she will "no doubt" come, it is evident there is every doubt. We know that overtures have been dispatched to Mr. Bunn (who is at Brighton on account of ill health) to ascertain at what amount he fixed his damages if Jenny Lind broke her contract with him, with an intimation to meet any reasonable arrangement; but we have reason to believe that Mr. Bunn will listen to nothing of the kind, and still greater reason to believe that unless he does abandon his contract Jenny Lind will not visit us. The idea of Meyerbeer coming unless the matter be arranged with the Swedish Nightingale, is absurd, for he not only drew up Jenny Lind's contract with Drury-lane Theatre, but specifically undertook to produce his opera there, the *Camp of Silesia*, which can only be given on a very large stage, as in the second act there are more than 300 people required at one time, with four distinct military bands. The opera of Mendelssohn is mere moonshine. It is true that he has promised to write an opera for Jenny Lind, when he has a good *libretto*; but, to our knowledge, he has refused shoals of poems; and it is not a fortnight since he declared that he had no opera ready, and, what is of more importance, no chance of any as he had not yet met with a *libretto* that he could approve of. To suppose that Mendelssohn would accept a French translation of Shakspeare's *Tempest* for an Italian opera, two of the principal parts to be supported by a Swede and a German, is to draw too largely on our credulity. Another reason that prompts us to regard the circular of our contemporaries as idle gossip is, that Rossini's *pasticcio Robert Bruce*, which has just proved a signal failure in Paris, as such a musical fraud deserved, is announced amongst the novelties."

In addition to the above remarks of the *Chronicle*, we publish a letter of Mr. Bunn's which appeared in the *Morning Post* of yesterday, as bearing closely upon the question so long at issue between the partizans of the Rival Operas.

"To the Editor of the *Morning Post*."

"Sir,—My attention has been directed to the following paragraph in the *Morning Herald* of this day, relating to the arrangements of the ensuing season at Her Majesty's Theatre:—

"At Easter Jenny Lind absolutely comes, and what is more, remains, throughout the whole of the season; the direful threatenings of Mr. Bunn, to whom she was last year under certain imputed obligations, being either removed by negotiations or regarded with defiance."

"The 'imputed obligations' between Mlle. Jenny Lind and myself, consist of a formal contract drawn up by M. Meyerbeer, (who undertook to produce his opera of the *Camp of Silesia* with her at Drury Lane,) and it was executed in the presence of the British Minister at Berlin. Mlle. Lind has made a forcible appeal to me to give up this contract, which I have most certainly refused to do. My 'direful threatenings' may be 'regarded with defiance,' but are not at present removed by negotiation; for, while I am ready to admit that a negotiation is under consideration, I beg to say the contemptible offer of compensation recently made me has been utterly rejected.—I have the honor to be, Sir, your most obliged servant,

"A. BUNN,

"York Hotel, Brighton, Jan. 21."

We abstain as yet from offering further remarks upon the advent of the Swedish Nightingale, having already pledged ourselves as being able to state the very night upon which she would make her first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre.

It is gratifying to us to find, that *La Critique Musicale*, one of the most independent and able of the Parisian musical papers, has given us full credit for our impartiality regarding the Rival Opera Houses. "*The Musical World*," it remarks, "a special journal devoted to the art of music, and one generally well informed, has hitherto taken no position for either side. An impartial observer, it principally confines itself to publishing the correspondence emanating from the organs of either party. It declares itself the friend of both establishments, and expresses its wishes for the prosperity of

both. Will the hope of *The Musical World* ever be realised? We fear not. In this instance, as in every other, fortune will make two unequal parts of its favours." With this eulogium we shall conclude this week's remarks on the *Rival Italian Opera Houses*.

EXETER HALL.

In aid of the "Hullah Testimonial Fund," the object of which is to aid the spirited disciple of Wilhem in his praiseworthy object of erecting a large music-hall in London for his own purposes and for general musical performances on a vast scale, the first of a series of four concerts was given on Monday night. The design of these concerts is one of high interest and importance. It is to illustrate by examples the history and progress of English vocal music from the earliest times up to the present moment. Though we are no devoted admirers of the old English school of music, we cannot but admit the utility of these performances considered in the light of popular elementary lectures. Of course the first concert was likely to be the driest, and the least interesting, but even that contained much that was delightful and much more that was instructive. Our best mode of giving an idea of its nature will be to insert the programme.

PART I.—SACRED MUSIC.

Hymn . . .	Gloria in excelsis, Deo . . .	Chorus . . .	Tye, c. 1540
Anthem . .	Call to remembrance . .	Soli and Chorus .	Farrant, c. 1564
Prayer . . .	Hear the voice and prayer . . .	Semi-chorus . .	Tallis, 1567
Anthem . .	Sing joyfully . . .	Chorus . . .	Byrd, c. 1580
Metrical Psalm .	Ye children which do serve the Lord . .	Semi-chorus and Chorus of Tenor Voices . . .	Allison, 1602
Anthem . . .	O Lord my God . . .	Soli and Semi-Chorus . . .	Bull, c. 1600
Hymn . . .	Te Deum . . .	Double Choir . .	O. Gibbons, c. 1610

PART II.—SECULAR MUSIC.

Part Song . .	In going to my lonely bed . . .	Chorus . . .	Edwardes c. 1550
Ballet . . .	Sing we and chant it . .	Chorus . . .	Morley, 1595
Part Song . .	Awake, sweet love . . .	Soli . . .	Dowland, 1597
Madrigal . .	Lady, when I beheld . .	Chorus . . .	Wilbye, 1598
Madrigal . .	All creatures now . . .	Chorus . . .	Bennet, 1601
Song . . .	Shall I seek to ease my grief . . .	Mr. Manvers . .	Farabosco, 1609
Madrigal . .	The silver swan . . .	Chorus . . .	O. Gibbons, 1612
Song . . .	Sweet Echo . . .	Miss Rainforth .	H. Lawes, 1634
Part Song . .	Where the bee sucks . .	Soli . . .	Wilson, 1644
Song . . .	I long to sing the songs of Troy . . .	Mr. Leffler . .	H. Lawes, c. 1650
Song . . .	Whilst I listen to thy voice . . .	Miss Dolby . .	" "
Song . . .	Chloris yourself you so excel . . .	Mr. Manvers . .	" "
Dialogue . .	Daphne, shepherds if they knew . . .	Miss Rainforth and Miss Dolby . .	" "
Song . . .	Why shouldst thou swear . . .	Mr. Leffler . .	" "
Song . . .	As I walked forth . . .	Miss Dolby . .	Johnson, "
Song . . .	Go, young man . . .	Miss Rainforth .	H. Lawes "
Duet . . .	Bacchus, Iacchus . . .	{Mr. Manvers and Mr. Leffler . .}	" "
Part Song . .	The Walts . . .	Chorus . . .	Saville, c. 1660

The whole of the first part, though capably executed by the choristers, who were selected from Mr. Hullah's upper-singing schools, was inevitably monotonous and dull. The total absence of rhythmic melody, the peculiarly Gothic nature of the harmonies, and the unfinished part-writing in the works of these old masters, which abound in every species of contrapuntal fault, makes listening to an uninterrupted succession of them a wearisome task to modern ears. The second part was more musically interesting, and agreeable in proportion. The works of Henry Lawes preponderated much more than their merits authorised, since nothing could well be more

spiritless and devoid of character. The part-song of Edwardes has some sweet melody, sometimes, however, disfigured by laboured attempts at imitation and elaborate counterpoint. It was beautifully sung. Morley's *ballet* is pretty and fanciful; it was well rendered, and encored with unanimity. This was the first bit of decided tune, with beginning, middle, and end, that we had heard during the evening. John Dowland's part-song is also pretty and melodious; but this again is spoiled by attempts at imitations in the part-writing. The madrigals were unhappily chosen, partaking too largely of the sombre and fragmentary style of the ecclesiastical music. Mr. Manvers was encored in the song of Ferabosco, in which, nevertheless, we could discover no merit whatever. Orlando Gibbons' madrigal is as ugly as a piece of music can easily be. If the "Song of the Swan," about which it treats, at all resembles it, then is the "Song of the Swan" unworthy of its reputation. Wilson's part-song is almost the same as that to which the name of Dr. Arne has most unwarrantably been affixed. It was excellently sung, and encored with clamorous enthusiasm. Mr. Seguin sang the "Anacreontic Ode," by Lawes, much better than its dullness merited, and the same may be said of Miss Dolby in "Whilst I listen to thy voice." The duet of the two nymphs is very absurd; but was well sung, nevertheless, by Misses Rainforth and Dolby. The best song of the whole lot was "A forsaken lover's complaint," by Robert Johnson—a plaintive and simple melody, harmonized with unpretending sweetness. Miss Dolby's execution of this charming trifle was not only graceful and finished, but full of exquisite tenderness and pathos. She was encored with one voice by the whole audience. In such songs as these Miss Dolby has no superior, her voice and style are alike suited to them. Miss Rainforth also gained a boisterous encore for her animated and *spiritual* delivery of "The young maid's resolution," the only one of the songs of Lawes that presents the ghost of a tune, with the exception of "Love's scrutiny," a song to which Mr. Seguin (who is to be doubly praised for having upon very short notice supplied the place of Mr. Leffler) rendered more than justice. The words of this latter song might with advantage have been reconsidered by the managers of the concert ere they had been admitted into the programme of a modern concert; they are positively indecent. We are none of your straight-laced persons, and are not likely to be offended by ordinary matters. But when we find nothing but filthy profligacy helped out by a villanous display of heartlessness, with no poetic beauty to redeem it, we cannot find it in our hearts to set decorum at defiance—and such are the words of this song, which are about as good as the music to which they are allied. The bacchanal duet has little merit, but was well sung by Messrs. Manvers and Seguin, and Saville's pretty "Waits" concluded the concert merrily. On the whole the selection was monotonous. Mr. Edward May must be praised for the efficient manner in which he conducted the entire performance—and Mr. Oliver May, a musician whose great merits ought to bring him more frequently before the public, deserves the highest praise for the admirable style in which during the first part he presided at the organ, and during the second at the pianoforte, filling up with extreme cleverness the accompaniments of almost all the pieces, the authors having left them with nothing but a figured bass to help out the melody. The second concert is announced for Monday, February 8th. The Hall was well attended. The organ, by the way, was erected by Mr. T. Robson, expressly for the occasion, the committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society having declined to allow their own instrument to be used for the occasion. On

this particular a correspondent has forwarded us some particulars for insertion, which want of space compels us to defer till our next.

GREGORIANIZERS V. HARMONIZERS.

No. 2.

(From *The Manchester Courier*.)

We alluded in a former article to the "fertile fancy" of the Gregorianizers, and we have since been much entertained by some amusing examples. One unassuming proposition is this—"The defenders of harmony are only those persons who know nothing of Gregorian music." This is concise and satisfactory. The bull has gone forth, and we are merely extinguished. With all due submission, however, to our rampant adversaries, we opine that there is something malignant in utter annihilation. We might have been allowed to descend to the grave with the consoling thought that we had met the foe with fearless, though unsuccessful bravery. This is denied us. We might have said, with honest Sir John, "We fought a full hour by Shrewsbury clock." But no, we are disbanded and cashiered, as unfit for duty, and must henceforward be considered as the Chelsea pensioners, of Tetracordian warfare. Our pen trembles in our palsied hand. What will harmonizers say to the establishment of a musical star-chamber, to be designated "the Hypo-mixo-lidio-phrygian order of knighthood?" Who could have anticipated the passing of an act for the suppression of sacred harmony? We quote from memory a rough draft of "The Gregorianizers' Relief Bill." "Whereas sundry rebellious persons have from time to time assembled for the purpose of singing divine compositions, known as "harmonized church song," be it hereafter enacted, that any person or persons suspected of this enormity shall be liable to imprisonment, unless the words be profane, without bail or mainprize." Tremble, ye lovers of Tallis, Tye, Purcell, and Gibbons. For our part, we confess our dreams are ever and anon disturbed with visions of these belted knights. We avoid with scrupulous care the abrupt corners of our streets, lest we should be laid low with a hypo-mixo battle-axe. Before we retire to oblivion we will remind our Quixotic antagonists of two or three defects. They tell us of their laborious researches, intense application, years of study, &c., they publish the result of all these, we pursue them, and yet, strange to say, "we remain in entire ignorance." While reading some of their speculations, we rub our eyes, and feel strongly inclined to refer to the title pages, to ascertain whether the work is not "Belzoni on Egyptian antiquities." That learned traveller informs us, that when he examined the ancient catacombs, he attached a piece of thread to the entrance carrying one extremity in his hand, to enable him to return without difficulty. What would have been his consternation, if after-travellers had amused themselves, and tired their readers with ingenious disquisitions on the texture of the thread, its colour, its probable length, and peculiar properties? What should we say to the antiquary who should present us with the figures from an Egyptian tomb, not as valuable curiosities, but as true copies of nature. Place these before the child,—the uncouth posture, the right-angled anatomy, and perhaps the small discrepancy of the arms extending to the ankles, and he will tell you in other words "the harmony of proportion is wanting." Let us not be thought to undervalue the disinterested exertions of the antiquarians. We would not rush in and break the slender thread of history, and then plunge into the secret caverns, and recesses of our own invention, or our florid imagination. We are indebted to the guide, not only for our internal ramblings, but for our safe

retreat. The upholders of mere antiquity seem to think that the great and beautiful must not be trusted by themselves; they must be put in leading-strings. We must abandon harmony, because "horrid examples" exist. The question is frequently asked, "What is the distinguishing feature of ecclesiastical harmony?" To the musician we might discourse on broad and fundamental harmonies. To the unmusical we say, What is the difference between a chapter of Isaiah and "Drink to me only?" between the triumphs of Rubens and the sign-board of a country inn? between the sculpture of Chantrey and the roughed wax-work of a hair-dresser's window? Do we close the scriptures because men misquote? Should we demolish all sculpture if some fanatic proposed the insertion of glass eyes, vermillion cheeks, and an elaborate wig?

The broad volume of Nature is open before us. Let the study of her beauties be pursued with humble simplicity, and the truth-loving student will not depart unrefreshed. Let him throw open the windows of his soul, and inhale the fragrance of her breath. Her dasied meadows, her flowing fields are all his. She sighs in the soft language of evening after her fallen votary-man. She thunders in her anger, and yet perverse man pursues the vagaries of *his own* imagination, and *invents* for himself a standard of beauty, as imperfect as it is presumptuous; as grovelling as it is fallacious. He seeks instruction with preconceived notions. Can he wonder if he reap disappointment. In this age of *intellectual supremacy*, we would not for one moment be misunderstood. We regard with intense satisfaction every approximation to the simplicity of primitive doctrine; but the arts, the divine handmaids of the church, must advance with the great stream of time. No earthly power can stem the torrent. No mortal can make the attempt without experiencing shipwreck and complete overthrow. We do not wish to lay too much stress on the discoveries of finite man. They are loud proclamations of his former ignorance; yet we do not return to the principles deduced from that ignorance. Sir Isaac Newton supposed himself a child playing with pebbles on the sea-shore, yet we do not dispute gravitation. If the cup of a man's terrestrial happiness be small, there can be no impiety in attempting to fill it. The Gregorianizers launch the vessel of discovery, and descend the stream buoyant with hope; then, like the disaffected crew of Columbus, they mutiny. "Take us," cry they, "to our own ancient stream, our native obscurity. You talk of antipodes, you say the world is round, and that everything in nature has its echo; but, oh, let us not lose sight of shore." This fresh water fry cannot live in the swelling waters of progression; they must return to the wildness of by-gone ignorance,—to the ruggedness of dim antiquity. Refinement and finished magnificence are not for them. These musical Calibans disdain the elegant attire which nature has so bountifully displayed; they cast the ponderous remains on shore, meagre and unsightly. We exclaim with Trinculo, "Verily it hath an ancient and fish-like smell." These Robinson Crusoes must, forsooth, live in solitary grandeur,—in sumptuous misery. St. Ambrose did not employ harmony, and Mr. Crusoe eschewed kerseymere, and in the plenitude of our simplicity, we conjecture, for one very excellent reason, they did not possess the article in question. In vain Nature's sonorous monitors proclaim the rules of harmony. The bells peal forth their sweetest *chords* from tower to spire, her hills and dales repeat the sound; she reverberates with rapture. The feathered songsters warble forth their praise; but man alone must descend to second infancy. In profane matters, indeed, he may employ the high resources of harmony, but in celebrating the glories of his Creator, barbarity must be his

guide, and ancient groping after truth his maximum in art. The practical part of the question presents insuperable obstacles, which we will hereafter explain. The *sustaining* a long and solemn tone is an artistical exertion, not a natural property of the vocal organ. How will voices out of tune blend with the organ? Will a 1000 rough, uncultivated voices be more endurable than 20, 12, or 2?

THE AFFINITIES.

from the German of Göthe.

(Continued from page 34.)

PART I.—CHAPTER XVI.

THE next day the Captain had disappeared, and had left a gratefully expressed letter for his friends. He and Charlotte had, on the preceding evening, taken a sort of half-leave of each other, couched in monosyllabic words. She felt that the separation was to be eternal, and resigned herself accordingly; for in the Count's second letter, which the Captain had at last communicated to her, mention was made of an advantageous marriage; and although he paid no attention to this point, she looked upon the matter as certain, and gave up all thoughts of him.

She now conceived she had a right to exact from others that power which she had exercised over herself. What had not been impossible to herself must be possible to others also. With this view she commenced a conversation with her husband with the more openness and confidence, as she felt that the matter must once for all be brought to an issue.

"Our friend has quitted us," she said; "we are now towards each other as we were formerly, and it depends upon ourselves whether we can completely return to our old position."

Edward, who heard nothing, but that which flattered his passion, thought that by these words, Charlotte alluded to her previous state of widowhood, and was throwing out vague hints of a separation. He answered smiling, "Why not? it only requires a mutual understanding."

He felt he was much mistaken, when Charlotte proceeded thus: "We have now only to remove Ottilia elsewhere, for a double opportunity presents itself to place her in a position which would be most desirable. She can return to the school, now my daughter has gone to her great aunt, or she can be taken into a superior family, and there, with an only daughter, have all the advantages of a suitable education."

"But," said Edward tolerably composed, "Ottilia is so accustomed to our friendly society, that she would hardly be pleased with any other."

"We have all been spoiled," said Charlotte, "and you not the least. In the meanwhile an epoch has come which demands consideration, and which earnestly warns us to think what will be the most advantageous for the members of our little circle, and also to undergo some sacrifice."

"At any rate I do not think it fair," said Edward, "that Ottilia should be sacrificed, which will be the case, if at the present moment she is forced to be among strangers. The Captain has been sought here by his good fortune, and we may let him go, not only without regret, but with pleasure. Who knows what is in store for Ottilia. Why should we be in a hurry?"

"What is in store for us is pretty clear," replied Charlotte, with some emotion, and as it was her design to speak out plainly, she continued, "You love Ottilia, and are making yourself accustomed to her. Inclination and passion are also created and fostered on her side. Why should we not speak out in words, that which every hour acknowledges? Shall we not have so much foresight as to ask what is to come of this?"

"If an answer cannot be given at once," said Edward, collecting himself, "at least as much as this can be said, that we first resolve to await the instruction of the future, when we cannot exactly say what will come of a matter."

"In the present case," retorted Charlotte, "no great foresight is required, and at all events we may say this, that we are neither of us young enough to go blindfold into an improper course. No one can any longer look after us; we must be our own friends, our

own tutors. No one expects to see us driven to extremities; no one expects to find us culpable or ridiculous."

"Can you blame me," said Edward, who could not answer the plain open speech of his wife; "Can you blame me, if I take Ottilia's interest to heart. I do not speak of a future interest, which is not to be estimated, but of the present. Think for yourself honestly, and without self-deceit, what it would be to tear away Ottilia from our society, and place her among strangers. I at least do not feel cruel enough to counsel such a change."

Charlotte clearly perceived the resolution of her husband, in spite of his dissimulation, and now, for the first time, she felt how far he was estranged from her. With some emotion she cried out: "Can Ottilia be happy if she divides us—if she deprives me of a husband, and his children of a father?"

"As for our children, I should have thought they were provided for," said Edward with a cold smile; but he added, somewhat more timidly, "Why should the worst be imagined at once?"

"Because the worst lies nearest to passion," returned Charlotte. "Do not, while there is yet time to profit by it, reject the good advice and assistance I offer. In obscure cases those must act and assist who see most clearly. I am such a one in the present case. Dear dearest Edward, do be persuaded by me. Can you counsel me at once to renounce my well-earned happiness—the holiest rights,—in a word, to renounce you?"

"Who says anything of the kind?" said Edward, with some confusion.

"Yourself," replied Charlotte; "while you wish Ottilia to be kept near us, do you not yourself allow of all the consequences? I will not press you; but if you cannot subdue yourself, at any rate you will not be able to deceive yourself much longer."

Edward felt how perfectly she was in the right. An uttered word is a terrible thing when it at once expresses what the heart has long permitted, and it was only for a moment's evasion that Edward said, "I do not clearly know what you propose."

"My plan," replied Charlotte, "was to consider both propositions, for there is a great deal of good in both. The school appears most suitable for Ottilia when I consider what the girl is now. But, on the other hand, the grander position promises more when I consider what she's to become." She then explained to her husband in detail the two positions, and concluded with these words. "For my own part, I should prefer the lady's house to the school for several reasons, but on this account particularly, because I do not wish to increase the inclination, nay the passion which the young man at the school felt for Ottilia."*

Edward appeared to assent, but it was only to obtain a respite. Charlotte determined to do something decisive at once when she found she had no immediate opposition from Edward, embraced the opportunity of appointing the departure of Ottilia within the next few days. Every thing had already been got ready quietly for her departure.

Edward shuddered, he considered he was betrayed, and looked upon the really amiable discourse of his wife as preconceived, artful, and systematically contrived, to separate him for ever from his happiness. He seemed to leave the whole affair in her hands, but internally he had formed his resolution. Only to gain breathing time and to avert the inevitable evil of Ottilia's removal, he determined to quit the house himself, and indeed not unknown to Charlotte, whom he managed to deceive by saying that he would not be present at Ottilia's departure; nay, that he would not so much as see her from the present moment. Charlotte, who thought she had gained him to her wishes, rendered every assistance. He ordered his horses, gave his valet the necessary directions as to what was to be packed up, and how he should follow him, and then, without forethought, sat down and wrote:

EDWARD TO CHARLOTTE.

"The evil that has befallen us, my love, may be curable, or it may not, but this I feel, that if I am not to be driven to immediate despair, I must have respite for myself—for us all. While I sacrifice myself, I may make demands. I quit my house, and will only return when the prospects are more favourable and more calm. You, in the meanwhile, shall possess it, but *with* Ottilia.

"I will know that she is with you, and not with strangers. Take care of her, treat her as you have hitherto done, nay, even with more kindness and tenderness. I promise that I will carry on no clandestine intercourse with Ottilia. Rather let me be for a time altogether ignorant how you are going on, and I will imagine the best. Imagine the same of me. On this point, above all, I insist with the greatest urgency; make no attempt to settle Ottilia elsewhere, or to bring her into any new connections. If she goes beyond the circle of your castle and park, and is entrusted to strangers, she belongs to me, and I will take charge of her. If you have any regard for my inclinations, my wishes, my pains; if you humour my fancies, my hopes, I will not resist the chance of recovery, if it presents itself."

The last sentence flowed from his pen, but not from his heart. Nay, when he saw it on the paper, he began to weep bitterly. That he, in any manner whatever, should resign the happiness—aye, the unhappiness—of loving Ottilia! Now, for the first time, he felt what he was doing. He departed without knowing what might be the consequences. For the present, at least, he was not to see her, and with what certainty could he promise himself that he should ever see her again? But the letter lay written, the horses stood at the door, and he dreaded every moment lest he should see Ottilia, and find his resolution shaken. He collected himself. He considered that it would be possible for him to return any moment that he pleased, and that by absenting himself he might draw nearer to his wishes. On the other hand, he pictured to himself Ottilia forced out of the house, if he remained. He sealed the letter, hurried down the steps, and sprang upon his horse.

When he rode by the inn, he saw sitting in a bower, the beggar whom he had liberally rewarded the evening before. The man was sitting comfortably at his dinner, and rising as Edward approached, bowed respectfully—even with something of adoration. This very form had appeared to him yesterday, when Ottilia was leaning on his arm, and it now painfully reminded him of the happiest hour of his life. His anguish increased; the feeling of what he had lost was insupportable, and looking once more after the beggar, he exclaimed, "Oh, thou enviable man, thou canst feast on yesterday's alms, while I cannot feast on yesterday's happiness!"

(To be continued.)

† This despair of resigning even unhappiness is a beautiful touch.—TRANSLATOR.

* To prevent misunderstanding it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

SONNET.

NO. XVIII.

HEAUTONTIMORUMENOS.

STRANGE is the task assign'd to me by fate;
In mine own hands the deadly torch is plac'd
That I, by slow degrees, my life may waste,
And countless forms of agony create.
Of none may I complain—none, none, I hate,
But most are kindly. I myself have trac'd
The path, that by no cheerful flow'r is grac'd,
Myself have piled the soul-oppressing weight.
In place of joy I have this sullen pride,
That I create the world in which I dwell,
I do the work that cannot be undone,—
A work of misery and nought beside,
But still mine own—I stand in mine own hell,
I stand and burn alone—alone—alone.

N. D.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.—Nothing novel of late has been produced at this house. The first piece performances are, however, varied nightly—the *Invisible Prince* still holding its firm place. Mr. Planche's clever two-act comedy, *Who's your Friend*; or, *the Queensberry Fête*, has been performed during this week, Mr. Webster taking Charles Mathews's original part of Giles Fairland. Mr. Webster plays the part, to our thinking, with a happier tact and a nicer discrimination than Mr. Charles Mathews, and the majority of the audience on Wednesday

* Charlotte alludes to the teacher, whose letters appear in the early part of the romance.—TRANSLATOR.

night seemed to lean to our opinion, as Mr. Webster's performance was received throughout with very considerable applause. We know no one, indeed, on the present stage who can represent the rough and hearty natures of countrymen like this actor. He never forgets the rustic to assume the gentleman. He is in earnest with his part, and acts it *con amore*; and the rough humour, which is a characteristic of his comedy, aids him materially in such impersonations. Mrs. Glover played her original part of Lady Bab Blazon. She was the same as ever—let that be her eulogy. On Tuesday evening Her Majesty and Prince Albert honored the theatre with their presence. The royal couple laughed heartily at the drolleries in *The Invisible Prince*, and remained till the last *finale* was sung. The house continues to be crowded every night. All the boxes are taken several days in advance. We are delighted with this success. The enterprising manager deserves every encouragement at the hands of the public.

ADELPHI.—Notwithstanding the absence of pantomime, the Adelphi performances draw capital houses. The *Phantom Dancers* is the main cause of attraction. We understand a new drama of great interest is in preparation for Madame Celeste.

PRINCESS'S.—The new farce at this theatre, entitled *Schoolboy Frolics*, is a very amusing trifle, is excellently acted, and is received with great laughter nightly. Miss Marshall has a capital part, a mischief-loving romp—male, not female—and plays it with great spirit. It is a part something between Cherubino and Little Pickle, requiring all the *amorous* tendencies of the one, and all the fun and frolic of the other. We have not seen Miss Marshall for a long time in a character so well suited to her. She kept the whole house alive.

Miss Bassano's performances are bringing crowded and fashionable audiences nightly. We are sorry to see *The Night Dancers* withdrawn from the bills to make room for *The Seven Maids of Munich*.

OLYMPIC.—A new drama, entitled *Gaston Dubarry*; or, *a Night in La Bertaudiere*, has been produced at this theatre with much success. The plot is entirely taken from the French. The drama is of the mixed school, comprising intricacies, *contretemps*, embarrassments, complications, involvements, and other interesting excitations. It is very well acted.

FRENCH PLAYS.—On Monday last M. Frederick Lemaitre again played in the *Dame de Saint-Tropez*, by order of Her Majesty, who honoured the theatre by her presence. The house was the best we have seen this season; the stalls were almost all occupied, and scarcely a private box was empty. We are glad at these indications of prosperity, and record them with unfeigned pleasure and satisfaction. Hitherto we have had every reason to be content with the exertions of the enterprising lessee: he has given us the best actors of the French capital, and the St. James's Theatre may boast of a company little, if at all, inferior to the first in Paris, and certainly superior to any beyond the *Boulevards*. Last Monday we were confirmed in our former opinion of M. Frederick Lemaitre. As regards the piece, it is of the purely melodramatic school. Written at a period of extraordinary excitement, when the famous trial of the notorious Madame Laffarge had caused a thrill of horror and disgust throughout Europe; when opinions ran high against and in favour of this modern *Brincoilliers*—just at the moment of the publication of her sickening, rapid, poisonous lucubrations, called by her *Memoires*, and blindly read, and we shuddered at the thought believed by many; this play caused a certain sensation to which, judging it on its own intrinsic worth, it had no right

whatever, even from the most vapourous waiting-maids, or the most philanthropic of medical students, or long bearded *moyen âge-rapins*. Having disposed of the piece, we shall proceed to point out a few of the most salient parts of the performance. In the first place, we were deprived of one-half of the actor—we had his energy without his humour—his pathos without his satire—his tragedy without his comedy; that which distinguishes him from all living actors—the contrast between the severe and the buffo, the grave and the sarcastic, did not exist; and these are so mixed up and blended together, the public are so accustomed to the *mélange* from him, that more than once they distorted the words put into his mouth, gave them a different meaning, and indulged in laughter when tears were required at their hands, both by the author and actor. The first three acts were somewhat tame and tiresome; but the last scene of the fourth was a complete triumph, and the crowning effort of the actor. The accusation of his wife—the agonies he endures from the effects of the poison—the trembling, convulsive writhing of his whole frame—the fixed, vacant eye—the dropping of the jaw, produced a sensation which cannot be conveyed by mere description. Not a sound was heard throughout the theatre: a pin might have been heard to drop in any part of the house—all were bent forward, greedily intent on catching every word, every gesture; and when the curtain went down on this scene of horror the applause was deafening, and the actor was obliged to come forward to receive the felicitations of the audience. For the fifth act, the discovery of the real assassin was well managed, and the death scene was effective, although deficient in colouring when compared with that in the fourth. This, of course, was no fault of the actor's, the author is alone to blame for introducing an anti-climax, which destroys the effect of the *dénouement*. It would not be fair to judge M. Frederick Lemaitre from this piece; his genius is essentially versatile, change is his element; he requires a wide field, unlimited scope to be seen to advantage; a part that requires patient, careful study, elaborate finish, attention to detail, would not suit him, he would be cramped in it; that which constitutes the great comedian, the finished actor, that which elevates Perlet above all the men of the present day, is entirely wanting in Lemaitre. The one can never err, and is more refined, more polished, more brilliant every time you see him; time adds to, but cannot detract from his merit; even physical infirmities can scarcely impair his powers, for he does not depend upon them for his effects; his acting will rarely cause the house to rise as one man, or vociferate forth thunders of applause on some particular gesture or exclamation, but it will command universal attention, elicit frequent and deep-felt marks of satisfaction, please by the exquisite finish of all the parts, by the unity of conception, the absolute abandonment of everything else to the one thing in hand, and when all is over, we feel that we are satisfied with the actor and ourselves—that we have not been duped into exaggeration, but have, perhaps, rather underrated than overrated the artist. The other acts from impulse; he is great on great occasions—he carries us away with him whether we will or not; everything depends upon the humour of the moment; he does not improve, for he is no greater now than he was ten years ago; his health has a painful and most decided influence on his acting, even in those parts where no great energy is required; he astonishes to-day in a part in which he will merely succeed to-morrow. He cannot always adapt himself to a part: the part must be suited to his genius. His effects are not produced by the elaborate finish of details, but dashed off with a bold, daring, desperate hand, and consequently are dependant for success on

accident; he is child of impulse. Nature has gifted him highly; occasionally, he sports with her gifts—he rejects the pearls. In conclusion, we must not be supposed to infer that M. Frederick does not deserve the popularity which he enjoys; far from it. In drawing the above parallel between the two actors, we have merely indulged in one of those trains of reflection which have frequently struck us on witnessing their performance; and we have endeavoured to put our readers on their guard against the seductions of the latter, more specious than solid; and point out the sterling worth of the former, whose conceptions will bear the closest analysis, and stand the test of the severest criticism.

We must not forget to mention that Mademoiselle Clarisse deserves the highest commendation for the feeling and tenderness which she threw into her part. Her surprise when taunted by the multitude, her honour and agony when accused by her husband, were well conveyed, and gave a most favourable impression of her powers.

On Wednesday this same piece was again repeated.

J. DE C.—E.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

MISS BASSANO.

SIR,—Permit me to correct an error in your account of Miss Bassano last week. You assert that her voice was a decided contralto before she left England, and that since that period she has been forcing it upward from its natural pitch. This is quite a mistake; Miss Bassano's voice is now lower than ever it was, not only in compass but in quality, the upper notes having been formerly the best, as the middle ones are now; in fact, nature never intended her voice for other than what it now is. As I have known Miss Bassano from her childhood, and may, therefore, be allowed to be a competent authority on the subject, you will oblige me by the insertion of these lines.—I am, sir, your most obedient servant,
Kentish Town, Tuesday, 19th January. J. G.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

BERLIN.—(From a Correspondent.)—Mademoiselle Antonina di Mendi, cousin of Madame Malibran and Mademoiselle Viardot Garcia, who made so favourable an impression upon our aristocratic dilettanti during the latter part of last season, has been paying a *visite artistique* to Berlin, where she has been received with the most flattering marks of approbation; the freshness of her voice, the neatness and elegance of her style, and though last not least, her graceful deportment, have combined to render her an object of most attractive interest alike in private and public society. She has been singing with the greatest success at court, in company with Mademoiselle Viardot Garcia; the critics give their general assent, that age alone is required to make her a worthy vocal member of the Garcia family. Other foreign journals also announce a similar success having befallen this charming young artist in a recent tour through Belgium.

VENICE.—Mademoiselle Lucile Grahn was engaged for the three months of the carnival at the sum of 40,000 livres, and in quitting the Venice theatre has given up that amount, wishing to overthrow the old system of Italian pantomimes in order to introduce the modern French ballets. The *artistes* employed in the choregraphic department united with Grahn to defeat the old system. A cabal, similar to that of which Marie Taglioni was last year the victim at Milan, was organized against Lucile Grahn, and when she came on the stage for the first time in the ballet of the *Gypsy*, a dozen individuals in the pit received her with shouts and threats. The young lady remained a moment as if thunderstruck, and then, with a gesture full of calmness, ordered the curtain to be dropped, and, in spite of everything which could be done to retain her,

quitted the city immediately. Venice will long suffer from this event, for what foreign *artiste* of celebrity would come and expose herself to a similar cabal.—According to an account given in a Venice journal, the disturbance was partly caused by the prices of admission having been unexpectedly raised. Lucile Grahn is now at Milan, whence she will proceed to Vienna, at the expiration of her engagement.

PROVINCIAL.

LIVERPOOL.—The introduction to the lecture season, which commenced last night at the theatre, was a grand concert on Tuesday evening, at the Collegiate Institution, when there was a full and fashionable auditory. The performers were, Miss Birch, Madame F. Lablache, Mr. Manvers, and Signor F. Lablache, the veteran Lindley, Mr. Carte and Mr. Hopkins. Miss Birch was in good voice, and sung well, especially in the aria "Lo! here the gentle lark," and the other performers acquitted themselves well. Macfarren's song by Madame F. Lablache "Ah, why do we love?" and which was the gem of the evening, being encored. Mr. Manvers appears to have improved. The concert terminated at a quarter to eleven.—*Liverpool Mail*, Jan. 16.

HALIFAX.—On Tuesday evening week, a grand performance of Sacred Music took place in the Parish Church, Halifax, with the organ and a chorus of sixty voices. The first part was from the Messiah; the second was a capital selection, and included Handel's choruses, "Your harps and symbols raise," "Immortal Lord," and "From the Censor." Mrs. Sunderland was the principal vocalist, and sang with her accustomed taste and feeling. Mr. Frobisher, who enjoys considerable provincial reputation as an accomplished organist, presided with great ability; indeed, he fairly promises to become one of our greatest players. The choruses were given in most excellent style. The attraction at this performance was so great that the church, which is one of the largest in the kingdom, was crowded in every part. It was estimated that there were not less than from 7,000 to 8,000 persons present. Hundreds went away unable to gain admittance.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. WILSON will give an entertainment on the "Songs of the Highlands," at the Princess's Concert Room, Oxford Street, on Tuesday evening, the 26th, in behalf of the fund being raised for the Distressed Highlanders. Mr. Wilson has been giving a series of Scottish Entertainments at the Music Hall, Dublin, during the last fortnight with his accustomed success.

EXETER-HALL.—The Sacred Harmonic Society performed the "Creation" on Tuesday evening. This favourite composition of Haydn invariably collects a large audience, whether on account of the lightness of its style, compared with the more severe demands of Handel on the attention, being more appreciable by the general public, or whether on account of its being the only oratorio of that master, we are unable satisfactorily to determine. We incline to the former opinion, as it cannot be doubted that, to the unpractised ear, the flowing melodies with which the composition abounds, the "fitting" (if we may use such a term) of the words to the music, and the brilliancy pervading so many of the *morceaux*, as so much more adapted to captivate the senses, than that severe school in which Handel writes, and which requires so much attention, and time, properly to appreciate. The performance of Tuesday night partook of the sameness which usually characterises this Society's efforts. For the reasons which we have above stated, it partook a little more of the light and shade necessary in all compositions, but in no other respects was there much difference. The air and chorus, "The marvellous work," was encored. "The Heavens are telling" was rendered unintelligible by the efforts of the organist, the total disregard of time by the chorus, and the want of understanding of its nature by the conductor. We regret that the organ is so much used at these concerts.

Apart from the instrument itself not being of the first order, it is not required in an orchestra so complete as this is; and when used, it should be sparingly, and in so masterly a manner as not to clash with the instrumentation. Its obtrusiveness was particularly remarkable also, in Mr. Phillips's air, "Now Heaven in fullest glory shown." The use of the pedal on the words, "With heavy beasts the ground is trod," was in very bad taste. Mr. Lockey made his first appearance in the tenor part of this oratorio at these concerts, and the chaste style of his singing the music allotted to him deserves approbation. He was encored in the air, "In native worth," and deservedly so. Miss Birch was the soprano. The duet for soprano and bass, "Graceful consort," sung by her and Mr. Phillips was effectively performed. The oratorio was announced for repetition next Tuesday. We observe that the committee have publicly advertised the engagement of Spohr to conduct several of his compositions during the season, which we intimated in our last week's number.

THE ANCIENT CONCERTS will take place this season on Wednesday, March 10th and 24th; April 21; May 5th and 19th; June 2nd, 16th and 30th. Handel's *Messiah* will be performed on the 7th of July.

MR. HAWKINS.—A burial service by Drs. Croft and Purcell was performed in Westminster Abbey, on Tuesday morning, by the members of the choir, assisted by those belonging to the Chapel Royal, and several professional persons, as a tribute to the memory of the late Mr. Hawkins, whose remains were deposited in the Cloisters on that day.

THE MELODISTS CLUB will meet for the first time this season, being the twenty-third, on Tuesday next, at the Freemason's Tavern. The prize given by W. Dixon, Esq., for a cheerful song, to be sung and accompanied by Mr. J. L. Hatton, will be awarded at the meeting in February. Sir Andrew Barnard will give a prize for a Druidical Ode and Chorus, to be sung by Mr. Machin, &c., &c., in the course of the season. The musical members of the club only are to be the candidates, of whom there are twenty.

CHORAL HARMONISTS.—The third Concert took place this season as usual, at the London Tavern, and its performance altogether was more successful than the last meeting. Spohr's "Last Judgment," principal parts by the Misses Williams, Messrs. Lockey, Machin, and Peek, occupied the first part: the choir (kept under good restraint by Mr. Westrop) executed their portions admirably. This society, instituted many years back for the practice of choral music, offers to amateurs, and professors even, the pleasing opportunity of hearing and studying our old choral music, sacred and secular. The efficient performance of the latter description of part-writing is rendered scarce in London, by restrictions imposed upon our largest choral society. We are led to this remark by Bennett's (1590) madrigal, "All creatures now are merry-minded," which opened the second part of the concert, with an encore. This madrigal was written, with many others, in honour of Queen Elizabeth, and which is a fine specimen of our primitive part-writing. The Misses Williams sang the duet from *Der Freischütz*, "Come be gay," which produced an encore. Mr. T. H. Severn's "The Spirit of the Shell" was performed in a manner gratifying to the public, as every effort was used to represent the conception of this talented native composer. The band, led by Mr. Dando, redeemed a little unevenness in their execution of the Serenata, by a masterly performance of Weber's beautiful overture *Oberon*, which concluded the concert.

CAMILLO SIVORI.—A correspondent in a Philadelphia journal thus writes in respect of this violinist.—"I forbear

any attempt (as all attempts must be futile) to describe Sivori's playing: it is ethereal and cannot be condensed into language. This is the sober truth—it runs into and all about the heart, gushing now hither, now flitting thither, taking up with magic force its inscrutable emotions and sentiments, and whatever of poetic feeling is there, and carrying them along at will, till one is *enchanted*. This is the only word in the English language which gives the faintest idea of the effect of Sivori's inspiration. A female writer in New York has ventured to describe what seems to me *indescribable*: after listening to him, her critique is not only without astuteness, but is vapid and *palls*. Let all who can—go to hear him, if ever he plays in *this city*; (which if I were him, would never be graced by a repetition of a concert,) for all who do not hear him may be assured they can learn nothing from those who have had that delight. The eyes which see not his eyes when he is inspired, and the ears which do not hear the dulcet song following that inspiration, and the heart that has not been seized and *held* by his music, can form no conception of his poetry of sound. And so becomingly modest withal! But how often is high genius thus characterised. This communication is no *puff* of Sivori—the writer does not know him nor any one in the remotest manner connected with him or his interests—besides, Sivori *cannot be puffed*! Ole Bull *could be and was*, most effectually, to his hearts content and his pockets joy, (if pockets can have joy,) and I think mine danced with it last night owing to the vacancy made by some paltry coin melted away into the ethereal essence of the heart's best banquet and the dulcet song of Sivori's violin."—The letter is signed W. P. C. B. Since Sivori's arrival in America he has given six concerts at New York, nine at Boston, three at Philadelphia, two at Baltimore, and two at Washington. Besides this he has played at three of the Philharmonic Societies. His success has been very great, and perhaps a more legitimate one than that of Ole Bull.

THE PRICE OF GENIUS.—We are happy to find that, notwithstanding the alleged extinction of the drama, the price of dramatic genius has suffered no abatement. According to the latest state of the market, 100% a-night has been asked, and 50% a-night has been refused, by a fair ex-actress.—*Punch*.

CONCERT AT GREENWICH.—The concert which we announced last week, as been given at the Lecture Hall by Miss Moriatt O'Connor, was, in reality, given by Mr. Carte, the flute-player, the mistake having crept into our columns from an oversight in the letter of our correspondent.

NEW THEATRES.—It is currently reported that a new theatre for the legitimate drama is shortly to be built, and will be put under the direction and sole management of Mr. Macready. Mr. Buckstone's new theatre, the site of which is already fixed upon, in Leicester Square, will be commenced as soon as the list of shareholders is completed.

FANNY KEMBLE.—Speaking of literary matters, it has transpired that Mrs. Butler (Fanny Kemble that was) has two or more new plays ready if any manager can be found to accept her services on the terms declined by Bunn, viz. £100 a night for ten nights, and £75 for every subsequent night, the plays to be a matter of special bargain extra. Bunn's offer of £50, the highest sum, as he says, ever paid Mrs. Siddons, is considered by professionals and amateurs as most liberal, particularly as the engagement would entail another £50 a night in procuring dramatic talent necessary to afford her performances something like adequate support. With such a monstrously extravagant demand as this, in the very lowest epoch of the drama, what nonsense it is to clamour about the

extortions of foreign actors. It is, however, fortunate for the traditional reputation among present playgoers of the great ornaments of the stage, that Mrs. Butler is not to reappear. Were she to do so, the admiration entertained by those who remember in their prime Downton, Kean, Young, and the rest of the great race, of whom Farren and Mrs. Glover are the last, would be put down by the present generation to the score of mankind's natural partiality for the "scenes of their youth, when every sport could please." Fanny Kemble was the "Boz" of the stage—the pet of a coterie who succeeded in persuading the public to accept, as wonderful genius, abilities very respectable in themselves, but which would never have been regarded as anything more than respectable, were it not for incessant panegyrics of people who had the general ear, and from other causes which occur probably but once in a century, and then leave behind them a reputation that becomes a standing mystery to those who created it. Actors, however, unlike authors, once they retire famous, are famous for ever, provided they do not break the spell by an inopportune reappearance before a strange or fastidious audience; the justice of an author's temporary celebrity may at any time be tested by his works. If Mrs. Butler value the preservation of the renown that undoubtedly belongs to her, no matter how acquired, she will not furnish the present class of play-goers with materials for astonishment at the Fanny Kemble mania of fifteen or sixteen years ago.—*Birmingham Journal*.

M. LEON-PILLET.—"The most contradictory reports have been circulated respecting the renewal of the privilege of the Opera. One party asserts that M. Leon-Pillet will resign his direction of the Opera, while others more strenuously affirm that he will still hold it, and that all will remain as heretofore. Certain journals have spoken of an interview between M. Leon-Pillet and M. Cavé, director of the FINE ARTS; but they have been rather premature in stating the result of this interview, since a definite ministerial decision must first intervene. We ourselves can positively state, that M. Leon-Pillet will still hold the privilege of the Opera, and his reinstatement will take place with a proviso that will equally satisfy the minister and the director, viz: that Leon-Pillet will have an associate. We will return to this important question, which has so much influence upon the destinies of the musical world."—*La Presse Musicale*.

AN INHARMONIOUS CHORUS.—Some nights since, the chorus employed in "*The Bondman*" committed, in the prompter's opinion, divers acts of insubordination. It was impossible to identify any particular offender, and a fine of sixpence was inflicted upon all the males. Every opposition was offered to this, and on Saturday night the entire body refused to go on in "*The Bondman*," unless their sixpences were restored to them. This the manager refused, but Mr. Harley, the stage director, drew his purse strings, and yielding to every man his little coin, peace and harmony were restored.—*Daily News*.

MUSICAL EDUCATION.—It may be said there never was a period in England when music was more cultivated than at the present day; nevertheless, the manner of its cultivation tends to deprive it of its beneficial qualities, and often renders it an evil rather than a good. It is too generally regarded and employed amongst us as one of our most trifling and frivolous amusements, instead of being studied and prosecuted as a noble science and a beautiful art, calculated to exercise the intellect—to refine the taste—to elevate the moral and religious sentiments, and to soften the heart. The substantial knowledge of the olden time is at present poorly compensated by executive dexterity. Music, as fashionably, (and, consequently), as generally cultivated, is reduced to an exhibition

of flexibility of throat and rapidity of finger. The best performer is he or she who can produce the greatest number of "demisemiquavers" in a second of time! We trust, however, that there is a prospect of better times. A desire for solid musical education is on the increase, and we are glad to see that Mr. Hackett, who has lately been appointed to the important office as organist of St. Peter's Church, and whose musical skill is well known, announces his intention of combining, with the practice of the piano-forte or organ, the theory of music. This is an advantage, of which, we doubt not, many will avail themselves.—*Liverpool Mail*.

THE SUNDAY TIMES AND COVENT GARDEN.—The above weekly journal has made the *amende honorable* for its mistatement respecting the works in progress at Covent Garden. The following letters will explain all:—

"To the Editor of the Sunday Times.

"Mr. Editor—On reading your paper of Sunday last I was surprised to find a paragraph stating that a portion of the building was giving way, which caused great excitement among the workmen, and that it was only allayed by the timely calling in of Mr. Smirke. I am sure, from your usual kindness and sense of justice to Mr. Albano and those employed under his directions, you will insert the following contradiction.

"I can say throughout the pulling down of the interior of the old theatre, and making the various and extensive alterations, there has not been the least cause to fear that any portion of the old well-built building was giving way, and neither was Mr. Smirke called in, as your correspondent calls him (but he means, I suppose, Sir Robert Smirke); and I can likewise testify that the greatest possible caution and care has been used by all those employed on the works under Mr. Albano's direction to prevent any such occurrence or inconvenience to the works or workmen. And I have Mr. Albano's instructions to invite any gentlemen of the press (or architect), that are willing to view the work now in progress, they will be at liberty to do so by sending their card to the office.

"THOMAS JULIAN.

"Covent Garden Theatre, January 14, 1847."

"Mr. Editor—The paragraph which I sent you last week, respecting Covent Garden Theatre, had its origin in a rumour which was very prevalent at the west end of the town; but which, I have found on inquiry, was utterly devoid of truth; not a single untoward event has occurred, during the progress of the extensive alterations which are making in that theatre, the walls of which are of immense thickness, and calculated to last for ages. I regret, exceedingly, that I should have been the innocent cause of giving a moment's uneasiness to any persons connected with that establishment.

"YOUR REPORTER."

This settles the question.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN OLD BELLows BLOWER.—The second letter has unfortunately been mislaid, but we shall be delighted to hear at all times from our kind correspondent, and the oftener the better.

A LADY SUBSCRIBER.—Many thanks for the suggestion of our fair and courteous correspondent. We will take it into consideration—though to accomplish it effectually would be little less than the labour of Hercules which involved the cleansing of the Augean stables.

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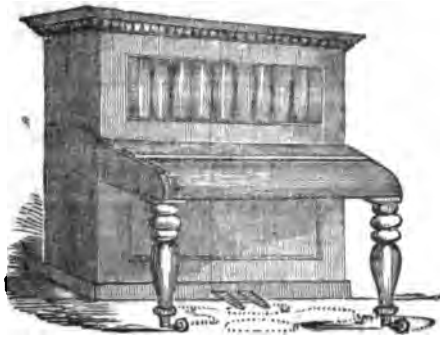
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The Proprietors have just received the following Testimonial, amongst many others, from MADAME ANNA BISHOP:—

"DEAR SIR,—I am happy to say that all I have heard respecting the efficacy of DR. STOLBERG'S celebrated LOZENGE is perfectly true, as yesterday, feeling myself very fatigued (singing nightly at the Theatre), I took several of the Lozenges, and my voice was very clear, and my throat quite free from relaxation. I am, Dear Sir, Yours truly,
ANNA BISHOP."
"18th November 1846.—Jermyn Street."

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No. 5.—VOL. XXII.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1847.

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NOTICE.

Our Subscribers are presented this week with a **GRAND TRIUMPHAL MARCH**, composed expressly for this Journal, by M. MOSCHESLES.

THE RIVAL ITALIAN OPERAS.

"Audi alteram partem."

We would fain allow this subject to drop for the present, and let the two operas alone until the proper time arrives for discussing their merits on the occasion of their actual demonstration. But the press has taken so unexpected a position, and its various organs have argued on either side with such vehemence, and in many cases with such indiscreet betrayal of partiality, that we should be forgetful of our duty towards our readers and the public, were we to refrain from doing our utmost to place the subject in its proper light, and clear away the mist of malaria which has arisen from the unhealthy soil of party feeling to wrap it in obscurity. The plain question stands thus: Mr. Lumley, the Director of Her Majesty's Theatre, by some means or other, with which neither the public nor the press has anything to do, has given such cause of discontent to the principal members, vocal and instrumental, of his company, as to induce them to leave him in a body, and not to stop at this, but to found a rival establishment of their own. Our high opinion of Mr. Lumley, and our sense of the improvements he has effected in the condition and prospects of Her Majesty's Theatre, cannot be doubted. We have never been backward in giving expression to our sentiments on this point, and Mr. Lumley would be the last, we are sure, to tax us with misappreciation of the services he has conferred upon the public in his capacity of director of the largest and most important musical theatre in the world. But were we to consult exclusively the interest of Mr. Lumley, or any other servant of the public, we should derogate from the duty which we owe to our readers, who expect, and have an imperative right to expect from us the truth, unadulterated by personal prejudice of any kind whatsoever. This we shall endeavour to do. We have nothing to expect from either party, and hold in very small account the attempts of certain active denizens of one of the parties to injure us by studious vituperation of *The Musical World* in quarters accessible to their insinuations. We court neither, prefer neither, and fear neither. Our principal object in this paper is to show that both suffer from the mistaken zeal of certain of their adherents, and the violent and injudicious method of its expression. We shall from week to week, until the Operas commence proceedings, devote a portion of our space to extracts from the various journals which take an interest in the subject; and by a comparison of their opinions and asseverations, we shall hope to arrive at the truth, so as to be enabled to lay it before our readers naked and bare for their consideration. With this promise we unite another, viz., that throughout our discussion

of this engrossing and, in some respects, unpleasant topic, we shall be influenced by no personal considerations whatever.

Last week we gave a detailed account of a written prospectus which had been politely forwarded to us by Mr. Lumley. Since then this prospectus has been printed and advertised in the public journals, with the solitary exception of the *Morning Chronicle*. Why the *Morning Chronicle* was excepted may readily be devined by those who have remarked the style in which that journal, during the last twelve months, or thereabouts, has descanted on the performances at Her Majesty's Theatre. The publication of this prospectus has however been the signal for a charge of literary artillery from the adherents of either side. It may be as well, in a few words, to inform our readers, all of whom may not be acquainted with the subject, what policy the various influential journals pursue in respect of this mooted question. The *Times*, with the acumen and the spirit of independence which are its characteristics, enters in no way into the controversy; and in giving the outline of Mr. Lumley's programme confines itself to a simple statement of facts, or such as it has every right to consider facts, there being no conceivable reason why Mr. Lumley's pledges to his patrons and the public should be doubted. The *Herald*, with a like feeling, has even gone further than the *Times*, in accompanying its announcement of the opera prospectus by a declaration of impartiality which we transferred to our pages last week. The *Daily News*, following the same line of policy, has put forth a like reprobation of party feeling, which has also appeared in the pages of this journal. But now comes the other side of the question. The *Athenæum*, a journal respectable from the talent with which it is edited, and influential from its position and circulation, has by the general tone of its articles about the opera created an impression by no means favourable to its impartiality. The unmingled disapproval which it bestowed on all Mr. Lumley's efforts last season, to say nothing of the biting and sarcastic vein of doubt and ridicule in which it discourses of the prospects of the coming season, leaves small room for belief that the musical critic of the *Athenæum* is in any way favourable to Her Majesty's Theatre. Still we are bound to add, that this evidence of acrimonious feeling towards the old establishment is joined to no puffing or inflated eulogy of its rival. One word must dismiss the two journals which remain to be signalized—the *Morning Post* and the *Morning Chronicle*. These are purely and unconditionally partisans, the former, of Mr. Lumley's establishment, the latter of his opposers. The talent and industry evinced by these journals in the discussion of the question is as nearly as possible equal.

With these preliminaries let us proceed to state the occurrences of the week. The *Chronicle*, as our readers are aware, replied to the prospectus of Mr. Lumley, and the comments thereupon of certain journals, by an article in which

the advertised engagement of Jenny Lind and the promised opera of Mendelssohn were treated (to quote the *Chronicle* phraseology) as "mere moonshine." In Saturday's *Times* however, appeared the following:—

"HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—By letters from Vienna we are enabled to announce, that Mademoiselle Jenny Lind will leave that capital in February, in order to arrive in London early enough to prepare for her debut at the reopening of Her Majesty's Theatre after Easter. As to the claims made by Mr. Bunn on this distinguished artiste, whatever their merits may be, they only apply to a special period long past. We have reason to believe that an offer has been made in the most fair and honourable manner to enter into an investigation of any demands for compensation that Mr. Bunn can possibly have."

That Mr. Bunn regarded the offer referred to in a very different light may be gathered from the fact of his having addressed a letter to the public journals in which he applies to it the expressive epithet "contemptible," and asserts his determination to reject it and any other that might be made. This letter appeared in our last week's impression. Touching the other point, the opera of Mendelssohn, the following remarks appeared in the *Times* of Monday, when the prospectus of Mr. Lumley, which had previously only been seen by the representatives of the public press in a written form, had been officially advertised in the columns of that journal.

"The official publication of the programme for the approaching season confirms all that was published in this journal, and, of course, sets at nought the doubts which have been uttered because the statements of Thursday last were not officially made. With respect to a conjecture set on foot that a translation of Shakspeare's *Tempest* would not be acceptable to Dr. Mendelssohn as a subject for an opera, it may be mentioned that there is in London a letter from the eminent composer, in which he expresses his great satisfaction at M. Scribe's poem, accompanied with sundry suggestions. It is just the sort of letter that would come from a person actually at work on a subject. With respect to the appearance of Jenny Lind, we have, on the one hand, the positive and official assurance of the fact by the manager of Her Majesty's Theatre, and on the other hand, the statement, confirmed by Mr. Bunn, that she is under a contract with that gentleman which will prevent her appearing elsewhere than at Drury-lane. It is not our office to give legal opinions, but it seems to us very doubtful whether the existence of a contract with one manager could prevent the appearance of a performer at the theatre of another, and whether an affair of the sort might not be readily settled by paying into court a sum which a jury might consider a fair compensation. In other words, it seems a matter of *damages*, and not of *injunctio*. Moreover, it is said by some parties that the contract only refers to a period long past, and has nothing to do with this year, 1847. This is of course an affair for lawyers to consider, but the fact of the discussion shows the very great importance which is attached to the engagement of Jenny Lind, even by those who can scarcely be considered favourable to Her Majesty's Theatre. In a letter, dated January 7, she notifies her intention of leaving Vienna in February, in order to arrive in London in March. We are informed that Coletti, whose engagement is mentioned in the programme as under negotiation, is now actually engaged. On his account, it is said, Verdi's opera, *I due Foscari* will be produced very early in the season."

It will be remarked that the *Times* merely intends to convey in this, that the doubts thrown by certain parties upon the genuineness of the prospectus were set at rest by its official publication in a printed form in the advertising sheets of the morning papers. The writer, moreover, though insinuating that a letter from Mendelssohn on the subject of the opera spoken of was in London, does by no means state the fact of having seen that letter, which proceeding from so grave an authority as the *Times*, would have settled the question definitively. Nor does the *Times*, while informing its readers that a letter from Jenny Lind, "dated Jan. 7, notifying her intention of leaving Vienna in February, in order to arrive in London in March," at all pledge itself that she is coming to Her Majesty's Theatre, which is not precisely synonymous with the fact of her coming to London. Information from the *Times* is information—that all the world believes. No one can therefore blame it for being guarded and chary of its

announcements. In the meantime the *Chronicle* is not idle, but endeavours to strengthen the position it has assumed by further argument, in the form of letters, and extracts from letters, with comments thereupon. That *somebody* must be wrong is sufficiently evident from the contents of the document. But let us give them in order. On Monday we read, with no little astonishment, the following remarks in the *Chronicle*, which prefaced a letter from Mr. Bunn to Jenny Lind, that we shall cite further on.

"JENNY LIND.—It is with great gratification we are enabled to announce to our readers, that the great obstacle to the appearance in this country of Jenny Lind has been removed, and that there can now be no reasonable doubt as to her *début* being made at Drury Lane in due course, the lessee having in the handsomest manner consented to her singing either in German or Italian, at her option. Although this important concession will subject Mr. Bunn to a considerable increase in his nightly expences, and he might at once have realised a considerable sum without any risk, we think that he has displayed a proper feeling in thus keeping faith with the public, after he has announced in two successive seasons the advent of the Swedish nightingale, whom we sincerely congratulate on this happy result. Jenny Lind will indeed be delighted to have the opportunity of proving that her alleged reason for not having up to this moment fulfilled the contract with Mr. Bunn, signed in January, 1845, in the presence of the Earl of Wesmorland, our minister in Berlin, was really true, that she was unable to conquer the difficulties of the English language, and that no mercenary considerations of a more lucrative contract had entered her mind. Next to the delight of admiring the genius of an artist, there is always the additional pleasure of being able to acknowledge the value of character. Good faith, honour, and punctuality in the observance of dealings with managers, are a guarantee that artists will not disappoint the public. The game of outbidding is always a dangerous one, both for manager and artist, as was proved signally in the case of Gardoni, the tenor, who was bought off from Milan for Paris, and from Paris in turn for London, and if he were worth the purchase, might no doubt be secured for any other lyrical capital."

We agree with the last paragraph entirely, considering that an engagement should not only be legally but honourably binding. Managers will henceforth have no confidence whatever in celebrated artists, if a compact made with them on liberal terms can, ere completed, be violated at caprice. But this by the way. From all the preceding remarks we expected at least to peruse a document which should placé the advent of Jenny Lind to Drury Lane beyond all question. How we were disappointed in reading what follows, may be easily imagined. "We subjoin," pursues the *Chronicle*, a copy of Mr. Bunn's letter to Jenny Lind, and in a few days her name will doubtless appear in the Drury Lane bills officially." The letter is as follows:—

"London, January 23, 1847.

"MADAME.—The manager of Her Majesty's Theatre has this day issued a programme of his season's arrangements, a copy whereof I enclose you, at the head of which you will find your own name. Although, in common with others, I have little faith in any prospectus issued from that theatre, it is necessary I should bring the circumstance to your knowledge. For my own part, I do not believe you have signed any but a conditional engagement with the management of Her Majesty's Theatre, deeming it impossible that an artiste of such celebrity and character could visit this country liable to the consequences of two attested contracts, and prepared to forfeit the one for the larger offer subsequently held out in the other. As it is alleged that the proposed violation of your engagement with me is based upon your inability to master the English language, I repeat the offer contained in my letter of the 30th of last March, that you sing in either German or Italian, and thus remove any objections, on your part, to your appearance at Drury-Lane Theatre. I have resolved to repudiate any offer of a compromise, not based on the important condition of your *début* in England taking place in this theatre; as well to enable me to keep faith with the public, as to silence the groundless representations resorted to by the friends of Her Majesty's Theatre. I therefore trust, that having got rid of all impediment, you will apprise me by the first post of the precise time I may expect you, to enable me to make every necessary preparation. I am, Madame, your very obedient servant,

"A. BUNN.

"Mademoiselle Jenny Lind, Vienna."

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Which merely goes to say, that Mdile. Jenny Lind may sing at Drury Lane if she please, and choose her own language, be it German or Italian. No one doubted it. But does this letter at all warrant the introductory remarks of the *Chronicle*? Most assuredly no! The *Chronicle* then proceeds to say:—

"We might break off here, but as it is declared by a contemporary that Jenny Lind had resolved to come to London and set Mr. Bunn's conduct at defiance, we reprint her own letter on the subject, printed in our columns Jan. 7, 1846, the original of which is in French:—"

and accordingly the letter is printed in full, or rather a translation thereof. Here it is:—

"How shall I reply for so much kindness? You will tax me with ingratitude, but I hope that your opinion of my good faith will not be affected. I have written to Mr. Bunn to request him, as a favour, to return my signature, and to free me from a promise which it is impossible for me to keep. I admit that I was wrong to allow myself to be persuaded that the English language would be easy enough for me to appear on the stage. I am now convinced of the utter impossibility of such an attempt, and I hope that Mr. Bunn is gentleman enough not to seek to profit by the circumstances which led to that fatal signature—my position in respect to M. Meyerbeer, whose opera (the *Camp of Silezia*) was the principal condition. Truly I was teased, surprised, and I signed, not knowing how and what, between the acts of the opera, under the influence of my part. Finally, if I have made a blunder (*bévue*), I cannot be the victim of a counsel as destructive as it was inconsiderate. Never shall I be enabled to sing in English; my habits (*dispositions*) are opposed to it; but if ever I had sufficient confidence to believe myself capable of being able to sing at the Italian Opera, at the Queen's Theatre, you may believe in my word of honour that the affair of Drury Lane would prevent me from doing so. I must deplore the enthusiasm which caused me to sign the promise to appear there, for it deprives me for ever from the happiness of seeing your fine country, and to seek for the suffrages of a great people. May I then request you to exercise your influence with Mr Bunn to relieve me from a burthen which weighs on my mind and saddens me? I repeat to you that I do not calculate on signing any other engagement in England. I have the honour to be, with the most perfect consideration, your very humble servant,"

"Copenhagen, Oct. 18, 1845."

To which the *Chronicle* annexes the following paragraph in eulogy of the Swedish nightingale's unbroken faith:—

"We can only add to the above explicit declaration, that from every authentic information which has reached us respecting Jenny Lind's intentions, she has, much to her honour, invariably confirmed the resolution she has so forcibly expressed in her letter, not to sing in London until Mr. Bunn's contract was placed in her hands."

But the *Chronicle* overlooks the fact that he is writing in the year 1847, January 23, and that the letter of Jenny Lind is dated 1845, October 18, which makes all the difference in the world, the long interval which has elapsed since, without any signs of Mademoiselle Jenny Lind's anxiety to fulfil her engagement proving beyond question her indifference, or her regret for having accepted it.

But on this point we have more to advance in another place. Not content with the above, the *Chronicle* attacks the Mendelssohnian feature of Mr. Lumley's programme, with even more vehemence, in the next day's paper. After quoting some remarks of his own, which appeared in our number of last week, and some counter-remarks from his opponent, the *Morning Post*, and one of its constant satellites, the *Sunday Times*, the critic introduces to his readers, with an appropriate preparatory flourish, the following most startling letter from Mr Buxton, Mendelssohn's "confidential agent and publisher in London:—"

"12, Newgate-Street, Jan 23, 1847.

"Dear Sir—You may, if you like, flatly contradict every word the *Post* and the *Times* have put forth respecting Mendelssohn having made any arrangement with the Italian Opera House. Up to the 16th of January he had neither seen a *libretto* nor written a note towards an opera; and he is the last man in existence to make an engagement without being sure he can keep it. As far as Mendelssohn is concerned it is all fabrication. It even depends on my letter, which I have written

to-day, whether he comes over this year or not.—I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

"E. Buxton (Lewer, and Co.)"

That the above letter is somewhat difficult to get over no one can deny, who is aware of the extreme intimacy that exists between Mr. Buxton and Dr. Mendelssohn. The following day, however, we sent at an early hour for our *Post*, expecting to find in its columns some kind of statement which, while it shamed the *Morning Chronicle*, would set the matter entirely at rest. Judge of our astonishment on reading what follows:—

"HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The only notice we think it necessary to take of the barefaced assertion of a morning contemporary, in which our authority is called into question, is, that what we stated in reference to the programme of Her Majesty's Theatre, was founded upon documents of the most clear and undoubted nature. As regards the falsehoods published, they are parts of the wretched system unblushingly adopted last year, and which was ultimately exposed, so as to deprive the concoctions of those parties of all character, and end it. That it should have increased tenfold in virulence, at the present juncture, does not surprise us; but what does astonish us is, that any hope should be entertained, after the innumerable exposures, that it should this season meet with the gullibility necessary to give it currency. The amusing part of this affair is, that the natural tendency of these malevolent inventions and intrigues is to excite an interest in, and to do good to the very parties attacked."

We very much query the latter part of this article, in reference to the "interest excited." That curiosity is excited, and in no small degree, we cannot doubt—curiosity to know which of the two parties has had the boldness to place itself in an equivocal position before the public. The season's events will decide the question, and at the end either the *Chronicle* or the *Post* must hide its head in shame.

In respect to the difficulty with Jenny Lind, our opinion differs from the general one. Having no possible right to doubt the promises contained in Mr. Lumley's prospectus, a document on the truth of which depends not merely his faith as a manager, but his honor as a gentleman, we profess our entire belief of every word it contains, and feel confident that the indecision of the celebrated songstress depends altogether on a timidity and nervousness which are very natural in her position. She has in some degree compromised her great patron, Meyerbeer, in the Drury Lane affair; and it is not at all to be wondered at that she should dread being received in England by opposition from a set party, no matter on what grounds, which would most probably be the case if she sang at Her Majesty's Theatre previously to the claims of Mr. Bunn being satisfied, by law or by compromise. Jenny Lind is wise enough to know that even a partial failure in England would be almost a death-blow to her on the continent, and she is perfectly justified in holding back until all danger of opposition be smothered. Her talent must have full and fair play, and if it be as magnificent as Germany declares, her triumph will be certain, and Mr. Lumley's enterprise rewarded. The same feeling which prevents us from entertaining any doubts whatever about the engagement of Jenny Lind, inspires us, in the face of Mr. Buxton's letter, with equal confidence in the promised opera of Mendelssohn, the most splendid feature in the prospectus. It is possible that Mr. Buxton may be mistaken, but it is not probable that Mr. Lumley would take so great a liberty with the illustrious composer, as to use his name without his authority; especially since the non-fulfilment of the pledge given to the Opera subscribers would compromise the honour of Mendelssohn no less than that of the manager of the establishment. This would indeed be an ungrateful return for all the favours which the English public has so lavishly heaped upon the composer of *Elijah*. No—Mr. Lumley is too wise, too prudent,

and too much of a gentleman thus to commit himself. The name of Mendelssohn cannot, like that of a modern Italian, be made the pivot of a job, or the commodity of a market. With this belief, we reiterate our approval of Mr. Lumley's programme, and our assurance of his success. The error of those who doubt the candour of the Opera proceedings must be traced to a mistaken notion of making the director of that establishment answerable for the absurd philippics of certain of his literary champions.

We had intended to have examined the article on Mr. Lumley's prospectus which appeared in the *Morning Post*, but on reflection it would be waste of time and space. Such an odd, incoherent jumble cannot possibly be hurtful to the Opera, since the satire it contains will utterly escape the majority of readers. We cannot refrain, however, from expressing our astonishment, that the name of Mr. Balfe, the conductor, should have been overlooked by the writer, in an article which condescends to mention the very meanest of the subordinates, in the minuteness of its detail. Surely Mr. Balfe is entitled to some distinction at the Opera, not merely as the director of the orchestra, but as Mr. Balfe, the composer. In forgetting him, the *Post* has committed, at least, a blunder.

THE NEW THEATRE IN LEICESTER SQUARE.

THE *Morning Post* of Thursday contains an article, in which is set forth the names of several noblemen who have subscribed largely to the erection of the new theatre in Leicester Square. The only portion of the article to which we attach any importance is contained in the following sentence:—"A further sum of from £25,000 to £30,000 will be necessary for its completion." We have not the slightest doubt of this. The sum mentioned would go very near completing the building of a theatre of the size laid down in the article of the journal. We can therefore imagine that the lordly money subscribed amounts to little or nothing. It is ridiculous to fancy that a home for the legitimate drama is required in the neighbourhood of the Haymarket. Mr. Webster has accomplished everything requisite to sustain the legitimate drama at his theatre, and he is not always successful. He engages the best actors in the country, he employs the most established authors, he leaves nothing undone to uphold the character of the Haymarket Theatre, which is at present the only temple of the west end set apart for the highest order of dramatic entertainment, and yet Mr. Webster does not roll in gold. He succeeds because he provides entertainments excellent in their kind, and admirably represented; but he does not always meet all the success he merits. Another theatre!!! We shall believe it when we witness its first performance. Like Thomas, we must touch to be persuaded.

MADAME BISHOP IN THE PROVINCES.

(From the *Birmingham Journal*, January 23.)

SINCE our last Madame Bishop has appeared at the Theatre in the characters of *Isoline* and *Amina*. On Tuesday a full house applauded to the echo the brilliant vocalism of the fair cantatrice, and as she was supported by the respectable acting and singing of Mr. King, she appeared to far greater advantage than on the first evening. Other engagements prevented our attendance on Thursday night, when she appeared in the character of *Amina*, in the opera of "*Sonnambula*." We understand, however, that it was a highly finished performance. In the ornate portions of the music, her voice showered down floods of brilliant notes; her pathos was no less remarkable, and the finale was the

essence of musical voluptuousness. Last night she again essayed the part of *Isoline*, and with still greater success than before. In the desert scene, particularly, her expressive energy, and the modulation of her voice, were heard to great advantage. Nothing could exceed the play of her feelings as she gazed on the arid waste, and supported the inanimate form of her affianced. Wailing in accents of despair, yet ever and anon bursting forth in a transport of hopeful rapture, she alternately gave expression to the gloomiest fears and passionate devotion with power, and truth, and purity. What a fine conception is displayed in the strength which she preserves while her lover is insensible, and in the reaction that follows; and how well does her voice express the heart-sinking, the burning thirst, the love, "strong in death," and the faint dull glimmering of the lamp of life as it wavers, and sinks, and flashes into momentary brilliance, before it is quenched for ever. This was a powerful scene, fitly finished by her matchless execution of the gorgeous finale. Certainly the lady is justly entitled to a high place in the role of song; may we hope that she will again delight us with her graceful and bewitching warblings.

(From our own Correspondent.)

You may rely upon what the *Birmingham Journal* has stated of Madame Bishop's success. There is not a word of it exaggerated. She has become one of the greatest favourites with the Birmingham folk they have had for years. Madame Bishop sung on Monday the 18th instant at Lichfield: on Tuesday the 19th at Birmingham, where she repeated to a crowded audience *The Maid of Artois*: on Wednesday the 24th she sang in a concert at Shrewsbury: on Thursday in *La Sonnambula* at Birmingham, with immense success: on Friday also at Birmingham in the *Maid of Artois*. On Saturday she appeared at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, where she obtained a complete ovation. She was greeted at each *entrée* with three rounds of applause and was encored in all her songs. After the concert, when Madame Bishop was stepping into her carriage, she was greeted with cheers by the members of the Philharmonic Choral Society, who assisted at the concert. From all I have heard from several gentlemen connected with the musical profession, it is my belief that Mr. Simpson has not acted with a judicious view to his own interests. He is acknowledged to be a very able theatrical manager, but entirely innocent of making arrangements for concerts. Instead of securing the aid and good will of the local publishers and professors in the different towns where Madame Bishop was engaged, he proceeded entirely on his own individual strength without any assistance from, and often against the interests of musical societies, and the consequence was, that great as was the attraction of Madame Bishop, it was not so great as it might have been made by skilful management. Madame Bishop's success could not have been greater. Mr. Simpson is blamed by all acquainted with the ways and means of regulating concerts for the want of tact he has displayed in his new management. It is to be hoped he will gather knowledge from experience. In conclusion, I can assure you, without any exaggeration of criticism, that Madame Bishop has excited a great *furor* in all her performances.

MEMOIR OF PALESTRINA.

(Continued from our last.)

THE reputation of Palestrina spread rapidly with the publication of his first book of masses. Each succeeding effort seemed but to strengthen and confirm his genius. It was about this period that the ecclesiastical authority resolved to

work a reform in church music, which was by most considered indispensable. A few words respecting the abuses which had originated the notion of this reform may not be here out of place. The composition of entire masses and motets upon an old chant, or a profane melody, was introduced by music writers for the church about the thirteenth century, as one may see in the motets of Adam de la Hale for three voices. This custom was carried to such ridiculous extent, that while three or four voices sang in fugued counterpoint the *Kyrie-Eleison*, the *Gloria in Excelsis*, or the *Credo*, the person who chanted the melody gave the ancient words, or even those of the French or Italian *Chanson*, sometimes sufficiently gross and lascivious. The French and Belgian musicians were especially fond of this kind of composition, not having been acquainted with any other for almost two centuries, and had introduced the taste for it into the pontifical chapel, when the seat of the church government was at Avignon. When the translation of the government to Rome took place, the French, Gallo-Belgic, and Spanish singers followed the papal court, and prepared the Italians to march upon their footsteps. The first schools of music in Italy were established by foreign musicians, who taught their principles to their scholars. The scholars naturally were led to adapt themselves to the style and manner of their masters. Certain vulgar melodies had obtained so much celebrity, that every composer of note of the period, yielding to the popular demand, deemed it indispensable to take one or other of them as a theme for a mass or a motet—more than fifty musicians having written masses upon the famous *Chanson*, *L'Homme Arme*. Palestrina did not escape the contamination of the school in which he was educated. He likewise had recourse to the same *Chanson*, and upon it he wrote a mass for five voices, the fifth of his third book, in which he expended the greatest researches on the proportions of notation. This mass, a veritable musical enigma, put many musicians of the sixteenth century to the torture, and gave rise to the long commentaries of Zacconi in his *Prattica di Musica*, and of Cerone in the twentieth book of his *Melopeo*, to explain the system. The mass was not published till 1570; nevertheless it bears the stamp of having been written long previously; since after having laboured from 1563 to reform these monstrous abuses and insane subtleties of music, and having given in others of his ecclesiastical works, models of perfection, we cannot well believe that he would have fallen back upon his rejected errors seven years after.

The ridiculous and indecorous medley of profane and sacred music became an object of censure to the Council of Bale, and subsequently to the Council of Trent. The assembly of the latter having been closed in the month of December, 1563, the Pope, Pius the Sixth, nominated the cardinals, Vitellozzi and Borromée, who joined with themselves eight members conversant with musical affairs, principally selected from the choir of the pontifical chapel. At the first meeting of the commission it was resolved—first, that for the future the choristers should refrain from singing masses or anthems in which words of different construction were used; and, secondly, that masses written on themes of profane songs should for ever be banished from the churches. In France, where the decrees of the Council of Trent were treated with contempt, musicians still persisted for more than twenty years in following the old custom in their church music; but in Italy, and more immediately in Rome, the enactments of the commission were strictly enforced. But as yet there existed no models for the musician, if we except the masses called *Sine Nomine*, if such could be called models. These *Sine Nomine* masses, moreover, were overcharged with puerile researches of counterpoint, which

darkened or annihilated the sense of the sacred context. The cardinal, chosen by the pope to execute the decrees of the Council, particularly insisted upon the necessity of rendering these texts intelligible. They proposed as models for imitation the *Te Deum* of Constant Festa, and, above all, the *Improprie*, written by Palestrina. The singers of the pontifical chapel replied, that these unskilful *morceaux* could not supply a standard for their masses, from which neither figured counterpoint nor cannons could be banished. The discussion was only terminated by a resolution highly honourable to Palestrina, and which proves that the superiority of his talent was at that time acknowledged beyond dispute, it being resolved that they should solicit the master to compose a mass, which should both combine the majesty of the divine service, and fulfil the exigencies of the art, such as they demanded at this epoch. If he attained the end proposed, music would be preserved for the church; in the contrary case, a resolution would have followed, which would probably have reduced all sacred music to the simple *sing-song* chant. Palestrina was far from being dismayed at the responsibility imposed on his genius. Moved with a holy enthusiasm, he composed three masses for six voices, which were heard for the first time at the house of the Cardinal Vitellozzi. The two first were considered beautiful; but the third excited the most intense admiration, and was considered by all who heard it as one of the most delightful inspirations of the human mind. From that time it was resolved that music should be preserved in the pontifical chapel, and in the churches of catholic worship; and that the masses of Palestrina should become models for all compositions of the same class. The third mass, which was received with such enthusiasm, was published by Palestrina, in the second book of his masses, under the title of *Missa Papa Marcelli*. This name, bestowed by the composer on his work, has given rise to an anecdote recorded by Bevardi, and many other writers, in which they inform us that, in consequence of the defective state of music, Marcellus the Second desired to banish it from the churches, and that Palestrina had prayed him to suspend his judgment until he had heard this mass; and that after he had heard it, the pope immediately altered his determination. The few days occupied by the pope in possession of the apostolic seat renders this history of small probability: in addition, M. Baini furnishes proofs of that which he relates, with respect to the Council of Trent, concerning choral music. If we admit the anecdote of Pope Marcellus, we must suppose that Palestrina had twice preserved religious music from the anathema with which it was threatened, which is hardly to be admitted. The motive which induced him to confer the name of Pope Marcellus on this mass is then unknown; but that is of little importance. It is certain, that Pope Pius the Fourth, after hearing this beautiful production on June 9, 1565, remunerated Palestrina by nominating him composer to the pontifical chapel, at a salary of four crowns monthly, which added to his pension of five crowns, increased his revenue to nine crowns per month, about fifty shillings sterling. Pope Gregory the Fourteenth, moved with pity by the distress in which so celebrated a musician had passed the greater portion of his days, afterwards increased these emoluments, so little commensurate with his talents.

Few historical monuments of the art afford so much interest to the student as this mass of Pope Marcellus. It distinguishes one of those rare periods, in which genius breaking down the barriers that surround the spirit of the times, suddenly opens a clear way, and traverses it with the steps of a giant. To have composed an entire mass at the epoch in which Palestrina

flourished, without having recourse to imitation or fugued counterpoint, would have been considered nothing better than an imprudent undertaking, because it must needs have arraigned that which constituted the principal merit of the musician of the times. Besides, Palestrina could hardly have been insensible or averse to that style in which he was educated. We shall not therefore, be astonished to find in Pope Marcellus's "Mass" the fugued counterpoint as well as imitation, notwithstanding the obstacles which these must have thrown in the way of his accomplishment. But the manner in which he has triumphed over these difficulties, and the faculty of invention he has employed in this work, equal at least to his learning, must always excite our surprise and warmest admiration. We are astonished, upon hearing this mass, to perceive how the illustrious master has been able to give to his composition a character of angelic sweetness, by traits of harmony broad and simple, in opposition to the fugued importations rich in artifice, and consequently giving birth to a variety in style before unknown. These fugued *entrées*, for the most part, brief and contained in a few notes, are disposed in such a manner that the words can be always heard with the greatest ease. With regard to the composition, to the purity of the harmonies, to the art exhibited in making the different parts combine in a simple and natural manner, in distinguishing the particular kinds of voices, and making six parts progress with all the combinations of science, in the small space of two octaves and a half—all is beyond praise; and considering the era in which it was composed, the mass of Pope Marcellus may be truly considered a great effort of genius.

(To be continued.)

THE AFFINITIES.

from the German of Göthe.

(Continued from page 53.)

PART I.—CHAPTER XVII.

OTILIA, hearing some one depart, went to the window in time to see the back of Edward. She thought it strange that he left the house without seeing her, or wishing her a good morning. She became uneasy and more and more thoughtful, when Charlotte took her for a long walk, and talked on all sorts of subjects, but, as if designedly, did not mention her husband. She was, therefore, still more struck when, returning home, she found the table laid out with only two covers.

We do not like to miss even trifles to which we have grown accustomed, but it is only in important cases that such a loss gives us pain. Edward and the Captain were wanting. Charlotte had, for the first time since a long period, arranged the dinner, and it seemed to Otilia as if she was displaced. The two ladies sat opposite to each other; Charlotte spoke quite unconcernedly about the Captain's departure, and of the small hopes that existed of seeing him soon again. One thing consoled Otilia in her present condition, and that was the belief that Edward had ridden after his friend, to accompany him for a short distance.

But when they rose from table, they saw Edward's travelling-carriage under the window, and when Charlotte asked, somewhat angrily, who had ordered it, she was answered that it was the valet, who was going to pack up something else. It required all Otilia's self-possession to conceal her pain and her surprise.

The valet entered, and asked for his master's drinking-cup, a few silver spoons, and several other articles, which to Otilia seemed to signify a more distant journey—a longer absence. Charlotte drily refused his request, and said that she did not know what he meant, as he had himself, under lock and key, all that belonged to his master. The cunning man, who was really only trying to speak with Otilia, and on that account to get her out of the room on some pretext or other, was obliged to excuse himself, and adhere to his request, which Otilia was willing to grant. Charlotte, however, still refused, the valet was forced to depart, and the carriage rolled off.]

It was a frightful moment for Otilia, she could not understand it, she could not conceive it; but thus much could she feel—that Edward was torn from her for a considerable time. Charlotte felt for her position, and left her to herself. We do not venture to describe her pains—her tears; her sufferings were infinite. She only prayed God that He would help her through this day; she endured the day and the night also; and when she came to herself, she thought she had acquired another nature.

She had not collected herself, she had not resigned herself, but, after so great a loss, she still existed, and had yet more to dread. Her immediate fear upon her return to consciousness was, that after the departure of the men, she herself might be removed, for she knew nothing of the contents of Edward's letter by which her residence with Charlotte was secured. Nevertheless she was in some measure calmed by the conduct of Charlotte, who endeavoured to occupy her, and did not readily allow her to quit her side; for although she well knew that words will not effect much against a decided passion, she also knew the power of deliberation and self-consciousness, and on this account discoursed on many subjects with Otilia.

Thus it was for Otilia a great consolation when Charlotte intentionally made this wise observation. "How lively is the gratitude of those whom we calmly help over the difficulties produced by passion. Let us joyfully and cheerfully set about the work which the men have left unfinished. Thus we shall most agreeably look forward to their return, while by our moderation we preserve and advance what their violent and impatient nature might destroy."

"Now you speak of moderation, my dear Aunt," said Otilia; "I cannot conceal from you how I am struck, by the want of that quality in men, especially with respect to wine. Often have I been pained to observe, that clear understanding, prudence, regard for others, gracefulness and amiability are lost, even for many hours, and that instead of all the good, which an excellent man is able to produce, mischief and confusion have threatened to break in. How often may this have occasioned the most violent resolutions."

Charlotte agreed with her, but did not continue the conversation, as she felt that even on this point Otilia was only thinking of Edward, who, not in general, but oftener than could be wished, was wont to increase his pleasures, his loquacity, his activity, by an occasional glass of wine.

If Charlotte's remark had recalled the men, and Edward especially, to the mind of Otilia, she was still more struck when Charlotte spoke of an approaching marriage of the Captain as of a thing perfectly certain and well known, for this gave matters a turn quite different from that which she had been led to expect by the former assurances of Edward. All this increased Otilia's attention to every expression, every sign, every action, every step of Charlotte. Otilia had become sharp and suspicious, without being aware of it.

In the meanwhile Charlotte, with her acute perception, penetrated into the detail of her whole affairs, working with her own clear aptness, and compelling Otilia constantly to join with her. Without uneasiness, she reduced her household expenses. Nay, when she looked closely into matters she considered an event produced by passion as a sort of fortunate dispensation. For, in the way they had hitherto gone, they might easily have strayed into the boundless, and for want of mature consideration might, by their over-urgency, have compromised, if not destroyed, the condition of their valuable property.

The works for the park already in progress she did not interrupt. She rather allowed that to proceed, which might form a foundation for future improvements, but even this was for a particular object, namely, that her husband, on his return, should find enough occupation to amuse him.

While engaged in these labours and plans, she could not sufficiently praise the conduct of the architect. The lake, in a short time, lay extended before her eyes, and the newly-made banks were planted and covered with turf in an elegant and various style. All the rough work of the new house was finished, all that was necessary for its preservation was provided, and a stop was made at that point where the work might be pleasantly recommenced. Thus occupied, she was calm and cheerful. Otilia only seemed so; for in the whole work she regarded nothing but the signs

whether Edward would return or not. In this consideration she alone found interest.

On this account, an invitation to which the peasant-boys were invited, and the object of which was to keep in order the new spacious park, was particularly welcome. Edward had already entertained the notion. A gay-coloured uniform was made for the boys, which they put on in the evening, after giving themselves a thorough washing. The wardrobe was in the castle, the superintendence of it being entrusted to the most careful and intelligent of the boys. The architect conducted the whole, and before people were aware of it, all the boys had a certain destination. They were found to be well-trained, and went through their duties not without something of military manoeuvre. Certainly, when some marched along with their pruning-hooks, knife-blades, rakes, little spades, hatchets, and brooms—when others followed with baskets to remove weeds and stones, and others again drew the huge iron roller behind—they formed a very pretty agreeable procession, in which the architect observed an elegant series of attitudes and occupations for the frieze of the summer-house. To Ottilia, on the other hand, the whole appeared only a kind of parade, which was soon to greet the master on his return.

This prompted her to receive him with something of a similar kind. For some time attempts had been made to encourage the girls of the village in knitting, sewing, spinning, and other female occupations, and these virtues had increased since the adoption of the regulations to preserve order and cleanliness in the village. Ottilia always assisted, but more accidentally, according to opportunity and inclination. She now thought to make the matter more perfect and consequent; but it is impossible to get a chorus out of a number of girls, as one can out of a number of boys. She followed the dictates of her own good sense, and without explaining herself quite clearly, she only endeavoured to inspire every one of the girls with attachment to her home, her parents, and her brothers and sisters.

With many this succeeded—only against one little lively girl was the complaint constantly made that she was without talent, and at home would do nothing whatever. Ottilia could not be angry with the girl, who was particularly fond of her, coming to her, and walking or running with her whenever permission was granted. Then the child was active, cheerful, and unwearied, the attachment to so beautiful a mistress seeming an actual requisite. At first Ottilia only tolerated the child's society, then she became fond of her, until at last they were inseparable, and Nancy accompanied her mistress everywhere.

Ottilia often walked to the garden, and was delighted to see how all was thriving. The season for berries and cherries was drawing to a close, and Nancy particularly liked the fruits of the later growth. When occupied with the other fruits, which promised so rich a crop for the autumn, the gardener constantly thought of his master, and never without wishing him back. Ottilia liked to listen to the good old man. He perfectly understood his business, and never left off talking to her about Edward.

When Ottilia expressed her delight to see the grafts thriving so well, the gardener answered doubtfully, "I only wish that my master may live to take much pleasure in them. If he were here this autumn, he would see what valuable species have been in the castle-garden since the time of his father. The present cultivators of fruit are not so much to be relied on as the Carthusians were. In the catalogue we find nothing but fine names. One grafts and rears, and at last, when the fruit comes, it turns out that it was not worth while for such trees to stand in the garden."

Most frequently, nay, nearly as often as he saw Ottilia, this faithful servant asked when his master would return. And when Ottilia could not tell the old man, he let her see, with a melancholy air, that he thought she would not trust him, and most painful to her was the feeling of uncertainty, which in this manner was forced upon her. Nevertheless she could not separate herself from these plantations. What they had partly sown and entirely planted together, was now in full blossom, and scarcely required any other attendance than that of Nancy, with her watering-pot. With what sensations did Ottilia watch the later flowers, which now began first to display themselves, and the brilliancy and fulness of which would beam forth and show her affection and gratitude on Edward's birth-day, which she often hoped to celebrate.

Nevertheless, her hopes of seeing this day were not always equally vivid. Doubt and uneasiness were always whispering around this good girl's soul.

A real open agreement with Charlotte was now not to be restored. Indeed the positions of these two ladies were widely different. If all remained as it was, and they turned into the track of legitimate life, Charlotte was a gainer with respect to present felicity, and a joyful prospect with the future was opened to her. Ottilia on the contrary lost all—we may well say all,—for she had first found life and joy in Edward, and in the present situation she felt an infinite void of which, at an earlier period, she had hardly a conception. For a heart which seeks, feels that something is wanting; a heart that has lost has the sense of a privation. Desire is transformed into impatience and indignation, and a female mind, although accustomed to wait, may step out of its circle, become active and enterprising, and do something towards its happiness.

Ottilia had not given up Edward. Indeed, how could she, although Charlotte, against her own conviction, was cunning enough to assume as a decided possibility, that a friendly calm relation might be established between Edward and Ottilia. How often at night, when she had locked herself in her room, did she kneel down before the open chest, and look over the birth-day presents, of which she had used, cut out, and made nothing. How often, at sunrise, did the dear girl hasten out of the house in which she had once found all her happiness, into the open air, which once did not suit her. She did not even like to remain on dry land. Jumping into the boat, she rowed into the middle of the lake. Then she would draw out of her pocket a book of travels, allow herself to be rocked by the waves, read, and fancy herself in a foreign country, where she always found her friend. She had always remained near to his heart, and he to her's.

(To be continued.)

*. To prevent misunderstanding it may be stated, that the Copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

SONNET.

NO. XIX.

ŒDIPUS.

THOU say'st that to each other we are nought;
But from thy heart that sentence never came.
That heart, which for his mildest, gentlest flame
Love as his purest, holiest altar sought.
No,—by a thousand signals I am taught,
Soft, furtive signs, too delicate for name,
That to each other we remain the same,
Bound by those links that long ago were wrought.
And what thou art to me, love, I will say:
The one soft beam that gilds a cloudy sky,
The one mild star that views a stormy sea,
The one regret, if life should ebb away,
The one bright dream that gives a hint of joy,
The one belov'd—And what am I to thee?

N. P.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

DEURY LANE.—Of the successful *début* of Mr. Travers, the new tenor, which occurred on Thursday night, we shall speak at length in our next number. For the present it must suffice that he chose the part of Ferdinand, in Donizetti's *Favorite*, for his *début*, one which though "bristling" with vocal difficulties (as the *Post* has it,) is not unsuited to the display of those qualifications for which his voice and method are remarkable. Mr. Travers exults in a tenor voice of great purity and delicious quality, which wants nothing but the refinement of cultivation. This will come in time. Mr. Travers is given somewhat to hyperbole, which is the fault of all our singers who have visited Italy, but he has so much of the right sort of feeling, and such an evidence of earnestness in all he does, that the exaggeration is forgotten in the contemplation of the better points of his style. But of all this we must defer speaking fully till our next. The English version of *The Favorite*,

produced for Mr. Templeton some years ago, is the same which was revived on Thursday night. The other characters were sustained by Miss Romer, Miss Collett, Messrs. Borroni, Stretton, Morgan, and Horncastle. The scenery and appointments were striking and picturesque, and the opera is altogether got up with excellent intentions. Signor Schira's appointment as director of the orchestra is likely to be highly beneficial; the band is evidently improving. Nor must we omit to praise the manner in which the choruses were sung, an evidence of the excellent training of Mr. Tully, the chorus-master. Mr. Travers was encored in the ballad of the fourth act, and called on at the end of the third and fourth acts, on both of which occasions he brought on Miss Romer to share the honours. The success of the new tenor was unequivocal. The house was well filled. For further particulars, see our next week's number.

HAYMARKET.—On Thursday a juvenile night was given at this theatre, the performances comprising *She Stoops to Conquer*, and *The Invisible Prince*. The house was exceedingly crowded and the extravaganza seemed to give unqualified delight no less to the juvenile portion of the audience than to the more mature. The new comedy, by Dion Bourcault, is entitled *The School for Scheming*. The green-room gossip speaks of it in the highest terms of praise.

PRINCESS'S.—A new two-act drama, entitled *The King of the Brigands*, was produced at this theatre on Thursday evening with very equivocal success. The piece is not entirely devoid of interest, but the characters were altogether unsuited to the actors. Mr. Compton, who performed the chief personage, was never less happy than on this occasion. His humour was entirely lost, and he seemed to have but a vague notion of the part he represented. The drama is evidently a translation from the French, but seems to have suffered considerably in its transfer into English. We have seldom witnessed at this house a production of less merit. The curtain fell on *The King of the Brigands* with some slight manifestations of approval, which, however, were counteracted by symptoms of disapprobation. The majority of the audience took no part whatsoever with either side, and as far as we may judge, *The King of the Brigands* appeared to have died a natural death. We are sorry to record the ill-success of the drama. The management of the Princess's is seldom guilty of producing anything so indifferent. The piece received every benefit that could be conferred on it, from excellent scenery and appropriate dresses. The illness of Miss Bassano prevented her from appearing in *Anna Bolena* during the earlier part of the week. She again played last evening to a crowded audience. We are much gratified at finding the public take so much interest in our fair English vocalist. Miss Bassano's performances continue to be the great source of attraction at the Princess's.

LYCEUM.—A most excellent farce was produced at this house on Monday night and met with the most decided success. It is called *The Wigwam*, and the scene is laid in America among a tribe of the Indians. There is something irresistibly droll in the part played by Keeley. Let our readers only imagine the inimitable "Bob" in the character of a true cockney, taken prisoner by the wild woodsmen and made to become a hero of their tribe, under the name of the "Little Buffalo," and they will have some notion of the piece. *The Wigwam* was received with roars of laughter. Mr. Shirley Brooks is the author.

SURREY.—A new melodrama of the true fire-red school, was produced at this house during the week and was successful. It is called *Ruby Rattler; or, the Scamp's Progress*.

The Surrey folk received the drama with immense cheers. We thought, some time since, that Macready had driven out this class of productions from the theatre; we now find that what he effected was merely a temporary expulsion of these plays, and that they have returned back with redoubled force. Well, the people must be gratified, we suppose, and their inclination must be studied.

FRENCH PLAYS.—On Monday last we saw for the first time a delightful little vaudeville, entitled *Louissette; or, la Chanteuse des Rues*. In the midst of the heavy, melodramatic, murderous atmosphere we are now breathing at the St. James's, it is really quite refreshing to see something that comes within the bounds of possibility, to feel a sensation of calm affection and enjoy a little quiet, easy wit and honest excitement, without the chance of being laughed to scorn the next moment for our susceptibility. The first scene reminds us of the *Champs Elysées* of a summer's evening; we have the decorations of the front of a *café*, with the usual tables and chairs, all green, and specimens of Parisian beer, of which such enormous quantities are engulphed in this city during the summer months as would make a coal-heaver stare with astonishment. We here find César (M. Duméry), and Louissette (Mlle. Clarisse), standing on a bench singing "*the loves of the great lady and the handsome hussar*," to the air of Berat's "*O toi, ma compagne fidèle*," in alternate couplets. The effect is pleasing, Mademoiselle Clarisse doing her part excessively well, and M. Duméry, who is no singer, supplying his want of musical knowledge by a grotesque which pleased us more than a more artistical execution would have done. At the conclusion of the duet a collection is made and the receipt turns out to be a few pence, two five frank pieces and two billets-doux, demanding an interview and making offers of wholesale love, splendid furniture, the dream of all Parisian *Grisettes*, lands, country seats, &c. &c. But the young lady is not to be caught, she has a lurking attachment for César, who accompanies her on the double bass, which he returns a hundred fold by the most devoted affection and humble adoration. César having been despatched to order some dinner, the first interview takes place—it is with a young *fashionable*, as he is styled in the programme, a M. Jules de Lanzy; this young gentleman, who has already captivated the heart of Floreska, a quondam street-singer and for the present a figurante at the Opera, lays his fortune at the feet of Louissette, who, after a slight hesitation, accepts with the intention of substituting her former friend in her place. M. César, who has overheard the whole of the conversation, is horrified at the duplicity of his mistress, but is easily calmed by her explanation of the trick. The next lover now appears, but is received by César; he explains to him his plans on Louissette, talks of a villa, ten thousand ducats a month, Milan, in short César gets into a tremendous rage, and pummels and shakes the poor Italian most unmercifully; luckily Louissette arrives in time, and an explanation takes place; the Italian is no seducer, he is the manager of the Opera at Milan, and charmed with the accomplishments of the young street-singer, makes her an offer of an engagement at his theatre with a handsome salary. This is of course accepted, and in a quarter of an hour an appointment is made to start for Italy; the manager, who has no occasion for César's services, hurries off Louissette to the post-chaise, and César, who sees a carriage in the distance, starts with his luggage, double bass, and guitar, in pursuit, and is soon on the road to Orleans in company with M. Jules de Lanzy and Floreska, who has taken the place of Louissette. The second act passes at Milan; we are at the eve of Louissette's *début*, the theatre is crammed, the manager full of

hope in the powers of the *debutante*, to whom he has given a sound musical education; the young lady is awaiting the summons to appear, when an organ is heard in the street playing the identical air which she used formerly to sing herself—she immediately recognises the minstrels, who are no other than our friend César and Floreska, who on being abandoned at Orleans by Jules de Langy on his discovering his mistake, have joined their fortunes and migrated into Italy in the hope of discovering their lost companions. The betrayed is also at Milan and piqued at the ill success of his endeavours, gets up a cabal and hisses Louissette on her *debut*. The talents of the young singer have, however, made a favourable impression on the Grand Duke, and the caballers have been arrested and thrown into prison. Louissette, who is however tired of Italy and of being the pseudo-wife of M. Saltarelli, the manager, accepts an engagement offered for Bordeaux, chooses César for her husband, and thus winds up as neat a piece as we have seen for many years. The parts were all well played, particularly those by Mlle. Clarisse and M. Duméry. The latter is a most useful actor and occasionally displays great humour and originality.

Le Barbier du roi d'Arragon was also played for the first time in England, the success of it was not doubtful, considering we had M. Frederick Lemâitre for the hero. It is written principally to show his wonderful tragic-comic powers, and on that account is well worth seeing; but the plot, if there be any, is so confused in our minds that we despair of being able to trace it. We shall, however, give a broad outline, in as few words as possible. The King of Arragon, Alphonse, has resolved to carry off Paghita, affianced to Perez, the king's barber, and beloved by Torreno, a muleteer. A conspiracy is at work to dethrone the king, odious to his subjects on account of his vices, which is joined by Perez, on his discovering that it is the king who has carried off his future bride. In a transport of jealousy and madness, the barber has undertaken to cut the monarch's throat, but his courage fails him at the critical moment, his hand trembles, and the king further disturbs his resolution by making him a marquess. The conspirators break into the palace, the king flies to repulse them, and in the confusion forgets Paghita, who escapes to the mountains through the instrumentality of Perez. The disturbance being quelled, the monarch returns; but finding the bird flown, his suspicions attach upon Perez. The king's confessor, who was one of the conspirators, fearful of detection, resolves to be beforehand with the others, and reveals the whole of the plot. Alphonse now resolves to have vengeance on his barber—and in an excellent scene, at least as far as M. Lemâitre's acting went, he resolves to shave him, to do him honour. The poor barber gives himself up for lost, when he is relieved by the arrival of the Princess of Castille, Isabella, to whom Alphonse is about to be married. In favour of the general rejoicing, the king grants a pardon to all concerned, marries Paghita to Torreno, but decrees that the monk and the barber shall ever after live together—the monk to impose any penance he may choose, but the barber to shave the monk every morning. M. Lemâitre as usual convulsed the house with laughter; his shaving-scene especially was excellent, from the finely expressed mixture of fear, respect, and hatred. The part of the King was well played by Mr. Langeval, and Mlle. Vallée looked exceedingly pretty and interesting in the part of Paghita, and acted with truth and earnestness and a fund of natural sentiment. On Wednesday we had the *Ecole des Maris* already noticed, and the *L'Auberge des Adrets*.

J. DE C.—E.

M. Lemâitre has twice appeared as Robert Macaire in the

drama, *L'Auberge des Adrets*. This, if not one of the greatest, is decidedly one of the most extraordinary of the actor's parts. His performance is a miracle of ease, natural grace, and self-possession. The piece, as performed at the St. James's Theatre, is nearly worthless, and Lemâitre is the Atlas that supports the whole weight of the interest upon his shoulders. It is hardly possible to convey by words a notion of the whim, humour, and drollery, with which Lemâitre invests the character of Robert Macaire. From the moment he comes on the stage until he quits it the house is one continued roar of laughter. His dress in itself is enough to excite mirth in the most phlegmatic gravity. And then his important swagger in the beggar's attire, his manner of using the tattered pocket-handkerchief and the old creaking snuff-box, his caricaturing the Ethiopian singers when he uses a warming-pan for a banjo, his burlesque of the dance in *Faust*, his deportment to the *Gens d'armes*, in short every portion of his performance is a proof of that artistic power that meditation superinduced on genius alone effect. To one whose heart has been thrilled at the performance of Frederick Lemâitre in the *Dame St. Tropez*, his acting in Robert Macaire must convey the most vivid astonishment. To behold the great tragic artist stepping, as it were, from out the line of acting that nature seemed to have marked out for him, and assuming the very antipodes to that style with equal power and effect, is no small matter of wonder, even in this age, when versatility in the performer is by no means an unusual qualification. Of all the actors we have ever seen Frederick Lemâitre the best realizes our abstract notion of a great tragedian and a great comedian united into one person.

ADELAIDA.

[The following verses have been written to the music of the celebrated song by Beethoven, with a view to their vocal expression rather than their rhythmical precision.]

LOWELY—sadly I wander by the silent river
Where the whispering myrtles in the moonlight quiver,
Murmuring fondly o'er this dearest name for ever—
Adelaida!

On the trembling streamlet the stars are gleaming,
From its azure breast thy joylit eyes are seeming
On mine to be beaming—
I behold thee! Am I dreaming?
Adelaida!

On the stream is the violet-heaven reclining?
Or thine eyes, are they shining?
Adelaida!

Soft—low murmurs along the woods are creeping,
Ev'ry flower lifts up its head from sleeping,
Nearer floating—now coming—quickly fleeting—
'Tis the echo of Heav'n's far choir, repeating
Adelaida!

Though this life will fleet—this voice be hushed for ever,
My heart the grave can silence never—
From this heart each night will spring a flower,
Throbbing with the passion of your lover,
Moonlight wooing by Love's power
On every leaf unfolding this word you will discover—
Adelaida!

London, Jan. 28, 1847.

DION BOURCICAULT.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

MADAME SCHWISO.

SIR,—Can you favour me with the address of Madame Schwiso, a pianist, whose Concert you noticed about three weeks ago as having taken place at the Princess's Concert Rooms. Yours, &c.,

A SUBSCRIBER.

P.S. Should you be unable to supply me with this information, perhaps you will do me the kindness to give it publicity in your columns, as it probably may meet the eyes of some one acquainted with the lady.

REVIEWS ON MUSIC.

"Album of Dance Music," for the Pianoforte, 1847.—R. Cocks & Co.

THE composers who have contributed towards the contents of this volume are, Labitzky, Camille Schubert, Strauss, Redler, Hilmar, and Gorla. Of these the three first are well known and highly popular; the next two we never heard of before; the sixth and last has some reputation in Paris as a pianist. Camille Schubert has contributed a set of "Five New Polkas." They are certainly *five*, though not indisputably *new*. But how can newness be expected when accent and rhythm, and measure and time, and character, and what not, are compelled to be invariably the same, cut out of a pattern which must serve for all eternity? Still M. Schubert's polkas are exceedingly pretty, and sparkling, and moreover essentially danceable. The three first are decidedly the best. The fourth, which is entitled *La plus Coquette*, is rather stiff and prudish; and the last, which is christened *La plus Jolie*, less pretty than any of its companions. M. Labitzky has wiped out the adage *ex nihilo nihil fit* from the book of truth, by making (op. 180) a very lively and rhythmical set of quadrilles from such scraps of tune as he could dig out of Verdi's opera of *Attila*. But M. Labitzky is a man of parts, and knows his trade, as he needs must, to make quadrilles out of the somniferous strains of Guiseppe Verdi, composer of that very extraordinary opera, *Nabucco*. The *Ernestiner Polka* of M. Hilmar is a well marked tune, easy to perform, and brilliant in effect. The celebrated Johann Strauss has contributed his op. 195. A set of waltzes called *Die Unbedeutenden*, in his most agreeable style. The fancy of this writer is positively inexhaustible. The *Robert Bruce Quadrille*, on favourite Scotch airs, is a favourable specimen of the talents of M. Redler. The tunes are judiciously selected, and the arrangement is simple and irreproachable. The *Caroliner Polka* is a much more acceptable present from the popular Labitzky, than the quadrille from Verdi's *Attila*. Here the tunes being his own, are really excellent. There could have been little doubt of Labitzky's being a better melodist than Verdi; but if there had been two opinions on the subject, a comparison between the quadrilles in question (where the tunes are by Verdi) and the polkas in question (where the tunes are by Labitzky), would have set the matter right, without room for hesitating. Camille Schubert has contributed a brilliant and animated set of waltzes called *Les Triomphales* (op. 100), which he has appropriately dedicated to "son ami M. Robert Cocks," the spirited publisher. The composition and dedication together suggest the notion of talent paying homage at the shrine of enterprise. In his quadrilles, "*Lá Harpe D'Erin*," M. Redler has set out by appropriating to himself an idea from the *ballet-music* in Auber's *Gustave*. This is in the first figure. The other figures consist of fricassees of old Irish melodies, more or less happy—less happy when deviating from the originals, and more happy when sticking to them *notatim*, but never quite happy altogether. M. Gorla's "*Madiedjda*" is entitled a third original mazurka; the originality may be traced to the nomenclature; elsewhere it is untraceable. The *Vienna Railroad Polka* of Labitzky is inimitable, and makes a dashing finale to one of the capitallest albums of dance music which we ever stumbled over during our ramblings among the lanes, alleys, fields, hills, and valleys of musical dedications to Terpsichore.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

DRESDEN, Jan. 15.—Madame Schroedet Devrient, who

for some time has been residing quite secluded in the small town of Rochlitz, in the Saxon-Swiss, and had almost been forgotten, on the 10th instant made her re-appearance on our stage, in her favorite character of *Romeo*, in Bellini's opera of *Romeo and Juliet*, with immense success. The management has re-engaged her for several years, to the great satisfaction of the public. Although she may not be so great a singer as in those days when she was wont to carry the audience away by astonishment and enthusiasm, she is still the Schroedet, the Siddons of the German stage.

BERLIN.—(From the *Berlin Figaro*).—A talented young pianist, Mr. Ignatz Gibsone, has arrived here from London. The communications from London, Brussels, and the Rhenish towns on the concerts of Mr. Gibsone, drew the attention of seeing the excellent artist appear amongst us. England shows now with such talents as Litolf, Balfe, Wallace, Lord Westmoreland, Horsley, Bishop, Sloper, Macfarren, Parish Alvars, Bennett, Jewson, Holmes, Hatton, Flowers, Cohan, &c., that in music it is well qualified to rival with other nations.

(From the *Vassische Gazette*).—ERNST's second concert in the Königstädter Theatre was in some respects even more brilliant than the first, as the pieces chosen for performance disclosed more particularly the characteristic peculiarities of the great violinist. The first performance was a grand concerto by Bazzini, in which Ernst displayed an uncommon degree of brilliant mechanism. The author's last work, the "*Paganini Rondo*," contains very characteristic and elegant subjects, developed with tasteful orchestral accompaniment, on which the Papageno figure (*Zauberflöte*) vies with the principal and brilliant violin passages. The "*Carnaval of Venice*," by Ernst, although not new to us, gave us again the utmost pleasure. The concert was diversified by the appearance of a pianist from London, Mr. Ignatz Gibsone. He played an original Polka, which was varied extemporaneously. Although we did not discover any new ideas in its construction, with the exception of an interesting change, where the left hand takes the theme of the right hand, opposite a chromatic scale, still the young artist deserves every praise. His right hand disclosed much grace, which gave his playing a lively colouring. Altogether, however, he seems to require the energy of expression.

(From the *Prussian Journal*, December 14th, 1846).—A young English pianist, Ignatz Gibsone, performed between the acts (in Ernst's second concert) an original theme with variations of his own, and obtained by his neat, tasteful, and perfect execution of this equally brilliant and effective composition, deserved applause. A third concert is announced by Mr. Ernst, on which occasion he intends to perform his Grand Solo on the *Pirata*, (Op. 19) dedicated to the King of Hanover.

PROVINCIAL.

LIVERPOOL.—Miss Whitnall, the spirited and popular caterer for the lovers of song, provided on Monday, an excellent treat in the Theatre Royal, Williamson-square, on which occasion we were introduced, for the first time, to the celebrated vocalist, Madame Anna Bishop, of the grand theatres Rome and Palermo, and *prima donna* of the Theatre San Carlo, at Naples. The other singers were Miss Whitnall herself, (who, we regretted to observe, was indisposed, and, indeed, appeared contrary to the advice of her medical attendants,) Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam, Mr. D. W. King, of the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, and Mr. Corri, of the Nobility's Concert, Dublin. The first part comprised Wallace's trio, "*Turn on Old Time*," which was effectively sung by Miss Whitnall and Messrs. King and Corri, although it was evident that, in addition to Miss Whitnall's indisposition, Mr. King was labouring under a severe cold. Madame Anna Bishop appeared next, and gave a Recitative and Cavatina from Ugo, arranged by Donizetti, with thrilling effect. Her next piece, in this part, a Recitative and Cavatina from Meyerbeer, was however a

more pleasing,—indeed a splendid effort, wonderful in execution and faultless in taste. The tones were throughout clear and bell-like; and in her subdued notes more sweet than those of any vocalist we remember to have heard. But for the compassion of the audience this piece would have been encored. Mr. D. W. King gave "Forth I wander," from Beethoven, with great judgment. We have already mentioned that he seemed to be suffering from cold, which evinced itself strongly in this piece. His voice—a tenor—is evidently a fine organ, well trained; and, when in better health, we expect to find in him a fine singer. Mr. Corri sang "As I view those scenes" very finely, and afterwards volunteered an Irish ballad, in the room of a duet in which Miss Whitnall was to have taken a part. In this he received an encore. Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam was encored most heartily in "Barge of the Bonny Sea." This talented young lady is rapidly becoming a favourite. The gems of the evening consisted of "John Anderson my Jo," (sung by Madame Anna Bishop, and encored,) and "On the Banks of Guadalquivir," by the same lady. Both were delightfully and wonderfully sung, and encored of course. The latter songs of this part we could not stay to hear. The house was thinly attended. Amongst the visitors we noticed his worship the Mayor, John Shaw Leigh, Esq., and other influential parties.—*Liverpool Standard.*

LIVERPOOL.—The far-famed vocalist, Madame Anna Bishop, made her first appearance at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, at Miss Whitnall's concert, on Monday evening. The Mayor having patronized the performance, was present with a party, as also were John Shaw Leigh, Esq., and several other families of distinction; but the house was thinly attended, and the reception given to Madame Bishop was not of the most enthusiastic description. She, however, greatly won upon the audience by the talents which she displayed in the course of the evening, and was encored in the ballad, "John Anderson my Jo," Lavenu's ballad, "On the banks of Guadalquivir," and in the Chansonette Française, "Je suis la Bayadere." Her voice has some notes of a richly-melodious character; her treatment of it is that of the perfect artist, study and discipline having enabled her to overcome the greatest difficulties, and her style is unexceptionable. Miss Whitnall had not recovered from her severe indisposition, and the indulgence of the house was requested for her by Mr. Roxby, but she got through what she had to do in a manner that was highly creditable to her tact and taste. "The Singing Lesson," and "The Meeting," in one of which she was to have sung with Mr. Corri, and in the other with Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam, were withdrawn, but Mr. Corri, who acquitted himself well in Bellini's "As I view now those scenes," volunteered a duet *solo*, "Mother, he's going away," which took the fancy of his hearers so much that its repetition was demanded. Mr. D. W. King laboured under a severe cold, and consequently sang to great disadvantage. Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam was very warmly and deservedly encored in the only two songs which she had to sing, "Barge of the sunny Sea," a pleasing gondolier by her brother, Mr. E. Fitzwilliam, and the Irish ditty, "Erin, my country." Mr. Joseph Robinson accompanied all the songs, except those of Madame Bishop, when Mr. Bochsa took his seat at the pianoforte. The two overtures, "Fra Diavolo" and "Eduardo e Christino" were cleverly led by Mr. Aldridge, and well played by the band.—*Liverpool Express.*

LIVERPOOL.—Last night Madame Anna Bishop performed at the Theatre Royal in Balfe's opera of *The Maid of Artois*, one of the earliest of that composer's efforts, and including in it the "The light of other days," with some additional songs, introduced on its revival at Drury Lane last season, and several alterations. She sang the music allotted to her with exquisite effect, and was very warmly applauded, carrying with her the entire sympathy of the audience, especially in the airs, "Oh, what a charm," "Oh, beautiful night," and in the finalé, a very brilliant and difficult piece of music.—*Liverpool Express.*

SHREWSBURY.—(From a Correspondent.)—On Wednesday, Jan. 20, Madame Bishop displayed her supreme artistic singing, and the capabilities of her magnificent voice, in the Music Hall of the town. She was received with the greatest applause, and gave unmixed pleasure to a highly respectable audience. She was assisted by Mr. Corri, from Birmingham, who sang several songs. M. Bochsa accompanied on the pianoforte, and exhibited his skill in a fantasia on the harp. Mr. Hiles opened the concert by playing the "Zauberflöte" overture on the organ, and afterwards introduced a slow movement from one of Haydn's symphonies at the commencement of the second part.

DUBLIN.—The oratorio of *Sampson* was, during the lifetime of its immortal composer, made the medium through which a public charity annually received those funds that fed the hungry and assisted the destitute; and selections from his oratorio of *Joshua*, brought forward with a similar object last evening at the Ancient Concerts, served to realise a large sum for the relief of the present existing distress, executed as his fine work was with all the varied resources of the society. The attendance on this occasion, when good offices to others became associated with great personal pleasure, proved both fashionable and

crowded, and the whole of the arrangements were most effective. His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant and the Ladies Ponsonby arrived at half-past eight, and were attended by the stewards to the front of the gallery, where seats were set apart for their accommodation; and the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, the Lord Mayor, the Hon. and Ven. the Dean of St. Patrick's, had also places set apart for them in the gallery. The music of *Joshua* was given with a precision and just appreciation of the composer's meaning that would have reflected deserved reputation on any society, the orchestra being complete and admirably in hand, while the choruses—forcible but not crude, earnest but not coarse—poured forth a rich volume of sound. The opening chorus, "Ye sons of Israel," was an illustration of this remark, and more especially the exquisitely constructed one with solo, "To long Posterity," in which the hushed motion of the waters, as they stood for a time upraised before rolling back in trembling masses, at a word, was conveyed with excellent truth, to which the bold rush of harmony that succeeded told with increased beauty by reason of the contrast. The solos were sung by Miss Byrne, Miss Searle, and the Messrs. Robinson, Smith, Geary, and an amateur, Mr. Stanford. This gentleman gave the air "Shall I in Mamre's fertile plain" with such purity of style, and admirable richness of voice, that it at once called for an encore, in which the Lord Lieutenant and the Ladies Ponsonby joined. Miss Byrne, in the air of Pergolesi, had to repeat the second part, and her round contralto tones, aided by her careful and steady manner of executing the music, well justified the compliment. The whole concert gave the utmost satisfaction, from the unity and general effect evidenced in every department, and Mr. Joseph Robinson conducted with his wonted skill and tact.—*Saunders' News Letters, Jan. 22.*

DUBLIN.—We understand the following circular has been forwarded to the Members of the Anacreontic Society.—(Committee-room, 112, Grafton-Street, 4th January, 1847.)—Sir—The committee being of opinion that, in the present state of unprecedented distress which so universally prevails all over this country they would best consult the feelings and wishes of the members of the Anacreontic Society, by proposing that the Society should suspend its meetings for the present season, whereby the members would be at liberty to apply to the relief of their poor suffering fellow-countrymen the sums which they have been in the habit of contributing to the funds of this society, a great part of which would be withdrawn from this country by foreign artists, whom it would be necessary to bring over for the society's public concerts. These views of the committee have been communicated to many of the members residing in Dublin, who have expressed their entire approval of the proposition; and I am now instructed to acquaint you that it has been resolved that the meeting of the Anacreontic Society do stand adjourned to the usual time for commencing their concerts in November next; a decision in the propriety of which the committee hope for your concurrence—I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient humble servant, "S. J. Pigott, Sec."

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE MESSRS. DISTIN, assisted by Miss Amelia Hill, gave a second concert on Monday, at the Lecture Hall, Greenwich. The room was attended by nearly seven hundred people. There were several encores during the evening, among which we may name two glees by Messrs. H. W. and T. Distin, a trumpet solo on the Sax-horn, several *morceaux* by the Distin Family on the Sax-Tubas, and Miss Hill, in Benedict's pretty song, "I am thine." On Thursday the Messrs. Distins performed at the Town Hall, Birmingham. They appear to-day at Leamington; February 1st, at Coventry. On February 3rd they are engaged at Cambridge, and on the following day they will appear at Oxford with Madame Bishop. On the 5th they are engaged at Greenwich; on the 8th at Hanley; on the 9th at Burslem; 10th at Longton; 11th Newcastle-under-Tyne; 12th Stoke; 15th Hackney; 18th Stoke Newington; 19th Horns, Kennington, &c. &c.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP, according to her engagement with Mr. Simpson, sang last Monday, the 18th instant, at Lichfield; on Tuesday she repeated at Birmingham, before a crowded house, the *Maid of Artois*, assisted by Mr. W. D. King, of Drury Lane. On Wednesday she sung at Shrewsbury; and on Thursday she performed at Birmingham, for the first time, the whole opera of *La Sonnambula*. Madame Anna Bishop's success in the beautiful

part of *Amina*, was, if possible, greater than in the *Maid of Artois*. After the first cavatina, "Dearest companions," the fair vocalist received three rounds of applause, and all through the opera the enthusiasm was general. The celebrated rondo finale was of course encored, and notwithstanding her immense exertions and fatigues of the week the *prima donna* of England warbled it in a delicious manner. On Friday she performed the *Maid*. Saturday, the 23rd, she made her first appearance before a Manchester audience since her return from abroad, at a grand concert in the Free Trade Hall. Madame Anna Bishop's reception baffles all description; the applause was so deafening, and so prolonged, that she remained several seconds without being able to sing, and it was easy to remark, from the emotion evinced by the great artist, that she felt much gratified by that hearty welcome. When silence was restored, she began her first song from *Ajo*, as arranged for her by poor Donizetti, who was so partial for the talent of our countrywoman, and the applause was incessant. It would be too long to detail the ovations, the vociferous cries for having all the songs repeated, the three cheers given to the songstress every time she came in the orchestra. Suffice it to say, that her triumph was complete, and that when she stepped into her carriage, after the concert, the members of the Manchester Choral Harmonic Institute, who had sung during the concert two glees very effectively, gave her a last tremendous cheer. Mr. Weston, the able conductor, acquitted himself of the task with great judgment and discernment. Messrs. W. D. King and Corrie were the other vocalists. Madame A. Bishop is to sing at Liverpool on Monday, the 25th.—*Morning Post*.

MR. FREDERICK WEBSTER, stage director of the Theatre Royal Haymarket, has been appointed Professor of Elocution to the Royal Academy of Music.

MADAME VESTRIS.—This popular actress has been fulfilling a farewell engagement for the last month at Liverpool, and on Friday evening she took leave of the people of that town in the following characteristic address:—"Ladies and Gentlemen—I appear before you to say farewell, and that in its most painful shape, a long and last farewell. My health, rather than my inclination, believe me, induces this apparent sudden step. Were I, indeed, as old as some good people have been pleased to fancy me, I ought to have retired years ago, not only from the mimic scene, but from the stage of life itself. The truth is that having been long before the public, and, owing to the kindness of that public, conspicuously so at an earlier age than is usual, not being, I believe I may venture to assert, quite superannuated. After this you will, perhaps, expect me to tell you what my age really is, but I claim the privilege of my sex, and leave that highly important question still open. It becomes one who has enjoyed, both as an actress and a manager, a share of public favour and applause, such as is accorded to few, to submit, without a murmur, to those afflictions which are the lot of many. Great as has been the favour I have obtained, it has been nowhere greater than in this flourishing, opulent, and liberal town; and I beg, therefore, to offer to its numerous representatives here present my humble and heartfelt thanks. How long I may yet perform in London is uncertain, but my health at present not permitting me to undergo the continual fatigues of travelling professionally, I have come to the determination of closing my country accounts altogether. Before I depart, however, allow me on retiring from business to recommend to your cordial support my junior partner. He has secured for himself my good will, and has, I trust, entitled himself to yours. It is he, therefore, who will in future undertake the

travelling department. Let me, then, express my earnest hope that the liberal patronage you have for so many years extended to myself, will be steadily continued to my husband. Ladies and Gentlemen, I most respectfully and most gratefully bid you farewell." Madame Vestris was born March 1, 1796. She was married in 1813, when only sixteen years old, to Armand Vestris, the principal dancer at the King's Theatre, where she made her *débüt* as *Proserpina*, in Winter's opera "Il Ratto di Proserpina," July 20, 1815; so that she has been nearly thirty-two years on the stage. Charles Mathews was born in 1802.

EXETER HALL.—*The Creation* was performed on Tuesday evening by the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society, for the second time this season. The vocalists were, Miss Birch, Mr. H. Phillips, and Mr. Lockey. The performance on the whole was superior to that of the previous week. The singers acquitted themselves with great effect. Miss Birch sang very finely; her delivery of "O, thou, for whom I am," was exceedingly impressive, and was altogether the best specimen of vocalisation we have heard from this lady for some time. Mr. Lockey was no less happy in the portion of the oratorio allotted him. He was encored in "In native worth," which he rendered with great feeling and expression. Mr. H. Phillips's singing the music of Raphael in the *Creation* is too well known to demand any comment here. The choruses were well sung throughout, and the oratorio was ably conducted by Mr. Surman. The band did its duty most efficiently, and the numerous obligato passages for the various instruments were excellently played. In the popular song, "On mighty pens," we were much pleased with the flute accompaniment of Mr. Card, one of the oldest and most experienced of our orchestral performers, who has won years of honourable fame at the Philharmonic, the Opera, and the great provincial festivals in the capacity of *primo flauto*. Never did this excellent artist play with more point and judgment than in the *Creation* on Tuesday night, and the fact was remarked by many connoisseurs of the instrument who happened to be present.

MR. ALLCROFT has announced his Grand Annual Miscellaneous Concert for Tuesday next. This concert generally constitutes one of the best musical entertainments of the early London season.

MR. WILLIAM DAWSON, pupil of Mons. Tolbecque, gave an evening concert, at the Manor Rooms, Stoke Newington, on Monday last, the 18th inst. The vocalists engaged were, Miss Ellen Lyon, Miss Cubitt, and Madame F. Lablache, Mr. Hobbs and Signor F. Lablache. Instrumentalists, Messrs. Richardson, Dawson, and Dumon. The concert commenced with Paer's effective Terzetto, "Si dira," admirably rendered by the Misses Ellen Lyon and Cubitt, and Signor F. Lablache. Miss Ellen Lyon, who possesses a rich and pure soprano voice, gave Donizetti's cavatina, *L'Amor Suo*, with brilliancy, and gained the applause she justly merited. The encores were numerous, amongst which were Miss Cubitt in "Homage to Charlie;" Madame F. Lablache in a pretty ballad of Finley's; and Madame and Signor F. Lablache in "Singa tanti complimenti." Mr. Dawson interpreted a solo of Mayseder's with skill. Mons. Dumon accompanied the vocal pieces with tact and ability, and the concert appeared to give universal satisfaction to a highly select audience.

M. PANOFKA.—In our review of the Opera prospectus last week, we omitted to mention the engagement of this highly esteemed musician, whose services have been secured by Mr. Lumley, in the capacity of general superintendent of the artistic interests of Her Majesty's Theatre. M. Panofka

unites to integrity and zeal the talents and general knowledge of the subject which eminently qualify him for the post—and we only echo the words of our esteemed friend, Stephen Heller, in applauding the discretion Mr. Lumley has evinced the engagement.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum*, which, since its performance has been discontinued at the festival for the benefit of the Sons of the Clergy at St. Paul's Cathedral, is rarely heard in London, will, with a selection, be performed at the next concert at Exeter Hall on the 18th February. Mendelssohn and Spohr are both expected during the present season, which promises to be unusually brilliant.

THE MADRIGAL SOCIETY.—The One Hundred and Sixth Anniversary of this Society was celebrated in the Freemasons' Hall, on the 21st instant. Lord Saltoun (who had travelled from Scotland expressly for the occasion) in the chair; supported by Lord Oxford, Lord H. Paget, Sir Andrew Barnard, and about a hundred amateurs and professors of music. The following compositions were sung after dinner, under the direction of Mr. Turle, organist of Westminster Abbey, by sixteen cantos, twelve altos, sixteen tenors, and twenty-eight basses; total, seventy-two.

"Non Nobis Domine,"	
"Bow thine ear,"	W. BYRD, 1590.
"Sweetheart arise,"	T. WALKER, 1600.
"Sweet Philomel,"	J. WARD, 1613.
"Now tune the viol," (encored)	G. CAIMO, 1560.
"When Chloris heard," (encored)	J. WILBYE, 1598.
"Sweet honey-sucking bees," (encored)	T. WILBYE, 1598.
"Besti fin qui le pene,"	L. MARENZIO, 1670.
"April is in my mistress' face,"	T. MORLEY, 1594.
"Dainty white pearl,"	A. RICCI, 1570.
"Hard by a chrystal fountain,"	G. CROCK, 1580.
"Who prostrate lie,"	T. BATESON, 1600.
Finale—"The Waits,"	J. SAVILLE, 1660.

The honorary secretary of the society, Thomas Oliphant, Esq. was absent, owing to a domestic affliction, but the noble chairman did not forget him; his health was drank, and his zeal and exertions on behalf of the society, were duly acknowledged. The health of the former president, Sir John Rogers, Bart., was given and heartily responded to. We scarcely need add that the reception of the gallant Lord Saltoun was quite enthusiastic.

LORD SALTOUN has consented to preside at the One Hundred and Ninth Anniversary of the Royal Society of Musicians, which will be celebrated on the 19th of April, on the usual extensive scale.

THE LATE MR. KEARNS.—It is in contemplation to get up a concert for the benefit of the widow and numerous family of this lamented artist, who have been left in very indigent circumstances. Sir George Smart has consented to act as chairman of a committee of professors, and Signor Costa will conduct the performance.

CASINO DE VENISE.—The proprietor of the establishment in Holborn, where the promenade concerts and balls are held, has become the principal manager of the entertainments. Grattan Cooke the conductor, and Blagrove and Putsy leaders of the concerts.

MR. TRAVERS, the tenor singer, who has made his *début* at Drury Lane Theatre, is a cousin of Miss Romer, and, it is stated, that he is to be married to a daughter of the *ci-devant* Miss Chester.

THE MELODISTS.—The social meetings of the Melodist Club where resumed on Thursday, when about forty persons dined at the Freemason's Tavern, B. R. Colebell, Esq., M.P., in the chair. Several glees were sung by Messrs. King, Horn,

Francis, Parry, H. Gear, Genge, Kench, E. Taylor, Machin, Atkins, &c. &c. Solos on the clarinet and concertina were excellently performed by Lazarus and R. Blagrove. A brilliant fantasia was played on the pianoforte by Mr. G. Kiallmark and the evening past off most harmoniously. The prize offered by W. Dixon, Esq. for a cheerful song, to be sung and accompanied by Mr. Hatton, will be awarded at the next meeting of the club on the 23rd of February.

VOCAL CONCERTS.—It is reported that these concerts will be resumed, but nothing has been finally settled yet. Miss Birch, it is said, will not continue as one of the directors.

CROSBY HALL.—The Fourth Concert of Sacred Music, under the direction of Miss Mounsey, took place on Wednesday evening. The principal singers engaged for the occasion were Messrs. Lockety and Machin, and the Misses Steele and Cubitt. Miss Mounsey, as usual, presided at the organ, and performed a solo between the parts. The programme comprised a selection from the works of Boyce, Preyer, Hasse, Galliard, Handel, Haydn, Kalliwoda, Pergolesi, Bach, Schicht, Vogla, Otto Nicolai, Mendelssohn, and Weber. The concert terminated at an early hour and the room was well filled. Press of matter hinders us from entering into further particulars.

MARIO.—This accomplished tenor is stated to be the son of General di Candia. Mario, who was born at Cagliari, in 1816, was educated amongst the king's pages, at the Royal Academy of Turin, and subsequently became an officer in the Piedmontese guard. From his early youth he was passionately fond of music. On his arrival in Paris, in 1836, the manager of the Academy Royale, whose curiosity was excited by the enconiums lavished in private circles on the young amateur, took an opportunity of hearing him sing, and immediately offered him an engagement, which Mario, after much hesitation, accepted. This greatly irritated his father, who spared neither entreaty nor commands to hinder his son from embracing the career of a public singer. Mario, however, persisted in his resolution, but so far yielded to the general's wish as to consent to let his Christian name alone appear in the bills.

MR. T. P. COOKE.—It is rumoured that this favorite actor, having recovered from a long and serious illness, is about to occupy the stage boards for a season before his final retirement. The respective managers of Drury Lane and the Princess's have made Mr. T. P. Cooke most liberal offers.

MADAME DULCKEN.—What does the musical critic of the *Chronicle* mean by the followings?—(*Morning Chronicle*, Jan 28)—"Pianists of every clime visit this country from season to season, but after a sojourn here of some years, Madame Dulcken is also heard with unalloyed gratification, a sure evidence of a poetical temperament and of unabated energies." [C. J. and "The Trunkmaker" might perhaps, by putting their heads together, explain the meaning.]

PRINCESS'S CONCERT ROOM.—An entertainment was given in the above room on Tuesday evening, by Mr. Wilson, in aid of the Scotch Poor in the Highlands. The room was exceedingly crowded, many of the Scotch in London having flocked to the concert room to support a favorite singer in his amiable endeavour to assist his countrymen. Mr. Wilson's reception was most flattering, and his vocal efforts throughout the evening obtained great applause. His "Allister M'Allister," was the most successful hit of the concert. Mr. Land presided at the piano as usual.

A CONCERT was given on Wednesday evening for the benefit of Mr. Le Jeune, at the Marylebone Institution, Edward's-street. Several songs and pieces were sung by the Misses Stuart, Friswell, and the Misses Eliza and Ellen Lyon. The

latter mentioned young ladies pleased much by their duet singing. Miss Stuart has a good voice, and sung "Love and Language," from *The Bondman*, very effectively. A duet for pianoforte and violoncello was effectively performed by Mr. Charles Le Jeune and a gentleman with whom we were unacquainted.—(*From a Correspondent.*)

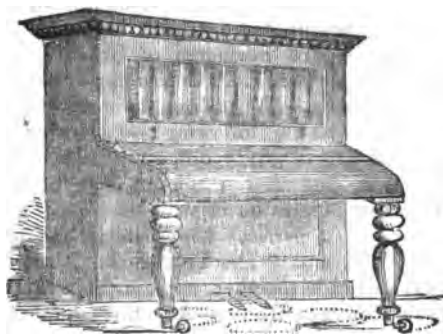
ANCIENT JERUSALEM.—This interesting model of the city on which profane and sacred history has accumulated more of interesting and serious association than on any spot of that ancient world which has bequeathed us so many a lesson of wisdom and of life, is now exhibiting in Piccadilly. As a wonderful work of patience and ingenuity it is well worthy the inspection of the curious; but its chief interest will, of course, depend upon the reverent feelings with which the Christian will naturally peruse, if we may be pardoned the expression, the localities of that blessed soil, hallowed by the footsteps of Him whose sufferings on the cross purchased Him redemption. Here we may follow step by step that touching drama, in which the pure and guiltless blood of the Man who was God sealed the inestimable gifts of man's salvation. Here is that temple in which, yet a child, His heavenly wisdom held grey-haired man in wonder. Here the streets in which He taught, and in which miracle after miracle appealed in vain to an unbelieving race. Here the Mount of Olives, where He wept over the coming fate of Jerusalem. Here the garden of the passion, and here the Via Dolorosa, and here Calvary. We know no public exhibition more fit to attract and more capable of meeting and fastening public attention. Its success is thoroughly deserved.

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Engagements for the Opera.

MAD^{LE}. JENNY LIND,
MAD^{LE}. DEL CARMEN MONTENEGRO, **MAD^{LE}. SANCHIOLI,**
Madlle. FAGIANI, AND Madlle. SOLARI, *The Contralti, Madlle. VIETTI, AND Madlle. DARIA NASCIO,*

MADAME CASTELLAN.
SIG. FRASCHINI, the great Tenor of Italy. And the favorite Tenor, **SIG. GARDONI,**
SIG. SUPERCHI, *Sig. BORELLA, Sig. CORELLI,* **SIG. F. LABLACHE,**
The celebrated Basso Cantante **HERR STAUDIGL,** *AND* **SIG. LABLACHE.**

In addition to the above, arrangements are pending with **SIG. COLETTI,** of the Italian Opera at Paris.
THAT GREAT COMPOSER, THE CHEVALIER MEYERBEER, has arranged to visit this Country to bring out the
CAMP DE SILESIE,

The principal Parts in the CAMP DE SILESIE, by
MAD^{LE}. JENNY LIND *AND* **SIG. FRASCHINI.**
THE CELEBRATED DR. FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY
 Will likewise visit England, and produce an Opera expressly composed for Her Majesty's Theatre, the Libretto, founded on
THE TEMPEST

OF SHAKESPEARE: WRITTEN BY M. SCRIBE.
MIRANDA *Madlle. JENNY LIND.* **FERDINAND** *Sig. GARDONI.* **PROSPERO** *Caliban* **Herr STAUDIGL.** *Sig. LABLACHE.*
 It is likewise announced with great satisfaction, that Signor VERDI, having recovered from his severe illness, has expressly composed for this Theatre, a new Opera, of which the plot is founded on the **ROBBERI of SCHILLER.**
 Rossini's Opera of **ROBERT BRUCE,** lately produced at the *Académie Royale,* has also been secured.

Messrs. CASTELLAN, SANCHIOLI, & MONTENEGRO: Signori GARDONI, SUPERCHI, & FRASCHINI, will appear before Easter.
MAD^{LE}. JENNY LIND, whose engagement commences in March, and extends until the end of the Season, will appear immediately after Easter.

In addition to the above, **SEVERAL OPERAS,** now to this Country, will be produced, and the *renowned* will be selected from the *Chef-d'œuvres* of **MOZART, CIMAROSA, ROSSINI, DONIZETTI, MERCADANTE, BELLINI, &c.**
 The strictest attention has been paid to all the details, so that an ensemble may be presented perfect in all its parts.
A NUMEROUS ORCHESTRA, of the most distinguished talent and power, has been selected from some of the best orchestras of Europe, combined with former meritorious Artists of the Establishment.
THE CHORUS has been chosen with the greatest care from Italy, Germany, and England, and will comprise upwards of **EIGHTY PERFORMERS.**

Arrangements for the Ballet:

MAD^{LE}. CARLOTTA CRISI,
MAD^{LE}. LUCILE GRAHN, *AND* **MAD^{LE}. CERITO.**

In addition to which, an Engagement has been made with
MAD^{LE}. CAROLINE ROSATI,
 (Of La Scala, at Milan; and other great Theatres of Italy;) who will make her First Appearance on the First Night of the Season in a **NEW BALLET,** expressly composed and arranged for her by **M. PAUL TAGLIONI.**

MAD^{LE}. WAUTHIER, **MADAME PETIT STEPHAN;**
MAD^{LE}. HONORE. **MAD^{LE}. ELISE MONTFORT,**
Messdmes. THEVENOT, JULIEN, L'AMOUREUX, EMILE, FANNY PASCALES, and BERTIN,

MAD^{LE}. CAROLINE BAUCOURT.
 In consequence of the enthusiastic manner in which this eminent Artiste was received last season, hopes are entertained that
MAD^{LE}. TAGLIONI
 May be induced to appear for a limited number of performances.

M. ST. LEON, M. D'OR, M. GOSSELIN, M. DI NATIA, Sig. VENAPRA, M. COURIET;
M. PAUL TAGLIONI *AND* **M. PERROT.**
 Composer of the Ballet Music, **SIG. PUGNI,** *Principal Artist, - MR. MARSHALL.*
MATTHEW DE BALLET—M. PAUL TAGLIONI, **M. CASATI, of La Scala; AND M. PERROT.**
Sous Maître de Ballet, - M. GOSSELIN. *Regisseur de la Danse, - M. PETIT.*

AN ORIGINAL GRAND BALLET will be produced, written expressly for Her Majesty's Theatre, by the celebrated Poet **HENRI HEINE,** on a subject selected from the Old **LEGENDS OF GERMANY;** and also **A Novel and Poetical Ballet,** for the subject of which the Establishment is indebted to the kindness of a noble and distinguished Poetess, entitled **EGERIA.**
THE CELEBRATED PAS DE QUATRE AND PAS DES DÉSSES
 Will be revived; and an entirely new *Divertissement,* introducing another **GRAND PAS;**

By **M. PERROT,** which, uniting all the peculiar attractions of the *Pas des Déeses,* and *Pas de Quatre,* will present a novel feature of striking originality, and will combine the talent of all: to be entitled

LA CONSTELLATION.

THE SUBSCRIPTION WILL CONSIST OF THE SAME NUMBER OF NIGHTS AS LAST SEASON.

THE THEATRE WILL OPEN IN THE MIDDLE OF FEBRUARY.

When will be produced, for the first time at Her Majesty's Theatre, **DONIZETTI's** admired Opera of **LA FAVORITA;**
 In which **SIG. GARDONI AND SIG. SUPERCHI** will make their first appearance in this Country; and an entirely **NEW BALLET,** by **M. PAUL TAGLIONI;** in which **MAD^{LE}. CAROLINE ROSATI** will appear.

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FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1847.

PRICE THREEPENCE
STAMPED, FOURPENCE

NOTICE.

 Our Subscribers are this week presented with four additional pages of matter gratis. Press of news will occasionally incline us to adopt this course, which we trust will be conformable to the pleasure of all our readers.

THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE management of this establishment has issued its prospectus, which just reached us in time to allow of our briefly commenting on its contents. We have already discussed the question of opposition involved in the origin of the Covent Garden speculation, often and lengthily enough to put our readers in possession of our views of the matter. The *status quo* of the two institutions understood, it remains for us to chronicle the promises of either for the coming season of rivalry. The programme of Her Majesty's Theatre was considered in No. 4 of *The Musical World*. Let us now see what the Royal Italian Opera has to offer as a counter-attraction to so magnificent a prospectus.

To begin, then, the epoch for opening the theatre is fixed for the first week in April—How this can be effected is as yet a riddle; but that it will be effected may be surmised from the fact that no less than one thousand workmen will be employed during the whole of next week. What has already been done is extraordinary enough, considering the short space of time that has elapsed since M. Jullien left the venerable edifice at the mercy of the wielders of saws and hammers. Even now the chaos of scaffolding and plastering is melting into an intelligible form, and the embryo amphitheatre is perceptible through the mist, like the phantom of a gigantic horse-shoe. So that we have little doubt that the overture will be played in the first week in April—let us hope not on April fool's-day.

Next to the period for commencing business, the prospectus announces the intention of the management to produce in the course of the season operas by Cimarosa, Mozart, Rossini, and Meyerbeer, varied by the lighter effusions of Bellini, Donizetti, Mercadante, and ——— no, his effusions are by no means light, the heavy abortions of Maestro Guiseppe Verdi, whose popularity is a severe satire on the musical taste of the day. The operas are to be produced "on a scale of the most *per e't ensemble*"—of course: what would be thought of a prospectus that said anything else?

And now for the artists engaged. To begin with the vocalists, in other words the *chevaux de Bataille* of the new establishment. *Prima Donne*:—Mad. Grisi, Mad. Persiani, Mad. Ronconi, Mdle. Steffanoni. Do our readers wish to know anything about the two first? We opine not; but if

they do we can only say that the world has long acknowledged them as unrivalled in their special styles. Of Mdle. Steffanoni we have to state that she comes with a great reputation from *La Scala*, at Milan, and that it will be her first appearance in this country. Of Mad. Ronconi we cannot speak in terms egregiously encomiastic; *du reste* she has been here before, but produced no effect that has stood recorded upon the face of history. Besides these, Mad. Antonietta Molliodori (also from *La Scala*), Mdle. Amalia Linari, and Mdle. Luigina Bellini—about whom, knowing nothing, we can say nothing—complete the list of *prime donne*, against which we have only one demurrer, viz: the absence of a name as great as any and greater than most of those enumerated, that of Mdme. Pauline Viardot Garcia, whom Germany acknowledges as the rival of the celebrated and much-talked-about Jenny Lind herself. Here we think the Covent Garden directors committed an oversight, and permitted Mr. Lumley—who as our readers know has secured Jenny Lind—to out-general them. But to the *contralti*, of which the list is meagre in quantity and doubtful in quality. These are confined to two:—Signora Alboni, from the *Scala* at Milan, and the Imperial Theatre at Vienna, and Mdle. Corbari. The first (who is the only *Signora* in the catalogue) has a sort of floating reputation that cozes from time to time out of the adēposity of Italian carnivals, whether deserved or not, we cannot pretend to determine. The last, the pretty and gentle Corbari, though not to be cited as "a great gun," has been frequently apostrophised eulogistically in these pages; and as frequently have we thrown the mantle of our influence over her tender form, to protect her from the rough blast of the *Chronicle* Boreas, who will now have to blow hot instead of cold, the poor victim of his hurricanos having gone over to the other side. This for him, however, will not be a difficult task—experience has endowed him with the power of turning about glibly, four or five times during one moon.

The *tenore* are strong, and will press hard the contending phalanx at Her Majesty's theatre. The principal is Signor Mario, on whom has fallen the mantle of Rubini, and who wields the sceptre of Donzelli, and wear and wield them both he must until some one more worthy shall come to snatch them from him; a fact which we trust we may live to see, as we have a strong desire to arrive at a green old age before we are gathered to our fathers. The second principal is Signor Salvi, who was much and justly lauded during a season's visit to this country, some three years ago, and of whose progress the critics of St. Petersburg are loud in eulogy. Then there is a Signor Tulli (from the *San Carlo*, in Naples), and a Signor Emmanuele Slano (do. do.), as to the merits of whom, one and the other, we are wholly in the dark.

The *bassi baritoni* again are strong, in proof of which we have but to cite the famous Tamburini, who needs no further

recommendation than his name brings with it, and who will restore Mozart's *Don Juan* once more to the London Opera boards; and to keep him company Giorgio Ronconi, who, though he did by no means render justice to himself when he performed at Her Majesty's Theatre, has, if we may credit the untied voice of Italy and France, won for himself since a fame that any artist might envy.

The *bassi profondi* are Signor Marini, (from the *Scala*, the *San Carlo*, and the Imperial Theatre at Vienna), Signor Angelo Alba (from Madrid), and Signor Polonini (from Vienna). All three are new to this country, and Marini is the only one of the three whose fame has reached us. He is reported to possess a magnificent voice, and extraordinary eulogiums have been lavished on his histrionic powers in the *opera seria*; but it is also incumbent on us to state that many who have heard him, complain of his occasionally uncertain intonation. Time will show, and then we shall be enabled to judge for ourselves of the truth or fallacy of what Rumour has been so busy in circulating.

But the *bassi* are not done yet; we have another department represented in the Covent-Garden list:—the *bassi comici*. The deputies for this *arrondissement* (to use the style of French parliamentary language) are Signor Pietro Ley (from the Theatre Royal in Madrid) of whom we never heard before, and Signor Agostino Rovere (from Naples, Milan, Vienna, and St. Petersburg), an artist of high celebrity in his *genre*. These, as well as the three *bassi profondi*, will make their first appearance in this country at the Royal Italian Opera.

The next personage of the *dramatis personæ* signalled in the prospectus is Signor Michael Costa, director of the music, composer, and conductor. The qualities of this gentleman for his post are incontestable. As a conductor of Italian operas he has not his superior, if indeed his equal, in Europe. Nature and education have marvellously fitted him for such a post; he has endowed them with quickness and facility, a sensitive temperament, and a wonderfully acute ear; with everything, in short, but that higher sort of intellectual capacity which the works of the great German masters demand of him at the concerts of the Philharmonic Society, and fail to find. An additional interest attaches to the name of Signor Costa in this particular prospectus, since he alone has been the cause of the opposition to Her Majesty's Theatre and the consequences thereof, which without him, it is hardly necessary to say, for those who have considered the subject, would have been morally and practically impossible.

The orchestra is another immense feature in the Royal Italian Opera prospectus. In the following list of eighty performers our readers will perceive the names of the great majority of the late orchestra of Her Majesty's Theatre, who have boldly preferred speculation under the standard of Signor Costa to certainty under that of Mr. Lumley. Whether they have acted rightly, justly, and wisely, or the opposites, our readers have had full time and opportunity to consider:—

THE ORCHESTRA.

First violins (fifteen):—Messrs. Sainton, H. Blagrove, Willy, A. Griesbach, Watkins, Case, Thirwall, E. Thomas, Mellon, Patey, Zerbini, Browne, Goffie, and Hill. Second violins (fourteen):—Messrs. Ellis, Newsham, W. Thomas, Payton, H. Westrop, H. Griesbach, J. Jay, Peny, Marshall, W. Blagrove, Betts, Kelly, Bout, and Wilking. Tenors (ten):—Messrs. Moralt, Hill, Alept, Lyon, Glanville, Thomson, Hann, Wealake, Trust, and R. Blagrove. Violoncellos (ten):—Messrs. Lindley, Lucas, Hatton, Lavenu, W. I. Phillips, Hancock, Hausmann, W. Loder, Goodban, and Guest. Double-Basses (nine):—Messrs. Anfossi, Howell, Casolani, Griffiths, Severn, Pratten, Campanile, Castell, and Wandrelan. Harp:—Mr. G. Perry. Flutes:—Messrs. Ribas and De Polly. Oboes:—Messrs. Barret and Nicholson. Clarinets:—Messrs. Lazarus and Boose. Bassoons:—Messrs. Baumann and Keating. Horns:—Messrs. Platt, Jarrett, C. Harper, and Rae. Trumpets:—Messrs. T. Harper and Handley. Trombones:—Messrs. Cioffi, Smithies, and Henley. Ophicleide:—M. Prospero. Drums:—Mr. Chipp. Triangle:—Mr. Leaman.

Base-Drum:—Mr. Horton. Military Band:—that of the Coldstream Guards under the direction of Mr. Godfrey.

To rival this orchestra will be a difficult task for Her Majesty's Theatre to effect. That Mr. Lumley will spare no exertion, however, we know to be the fact; how far he may succeed remains to be seen.

The chorus, the principal members of which are also seceders from Her Majesty's Theatre, the prospectus assures us will be "powerful and numerous." The chorus-master, Signor Bonconsiglio, (who will be able to offer good advice, if he belie not his name) and the prompter, Signor Monterasi, are both unknown to this country. We should have preferred seeing an English artist in the former department. It would have been sounder policy on the part of Signor Costa, and surely there are plenty of our musicians quite adequate to such a post. An organ has been constructed by Messrs. Flight and Son, especially for the theatre; and to the experienced hands Messrs. Grieve and Telbin will be entrusted the preparation of the scenery. In Mr. Marshall, however, Mr. Lumley has secured a formidable opponent in this particular department. Signor Maggioni is constituted poet and translator of the *libretti*, in contradistinction to whom Mr. Lumley has secured Signor Jannetti, whom we omitted to mention in our notice of the programme of Her Majesty's Theatre. Both are clever men and fully capable of the situation.

The *ballet* must be shortly dismissed. The announcement of the engagements is preceded by the following sentence, which should be printed in letters of gold:—"No *divertissement* will be suffered between the acts of an opera."

The engagements for the ballet consist of Mdle. Dumilatre, Mdle. Plunkett, Mdle. Fuoco, Mdle. Baderna, Mdle. Bertin (from Vienna), and Mdle. Neodot (from Madrid). The first three—Dumilatre, Plunkett, and Fuoco—are well known to our audiences, and are all but first-rate *d'anciens*; the fourth, Baderna, has just made a successful *début* at Drury Lane, elsewhere recorded in our pages; of the other two, Bertin and Neodot, we either know or can recollect nothing. The drawback to this list is the absence of any one name absolutely first-rate in ability. True, it is added, that engagements are pending with Mdle. Adrianopoli (of whom we never heard) and Mdle. Fanny Ellsler (one of the greatest dancers in the world); but these be but hopes, which may eventually die, and become despairs. The male dancers include the celebrated M. Petipa (from the *Académie Royale*), Mon. Gontie (from Madrid), of whom we know nothing; M. Ferdinando Croce (from Milan), who débuted successfully with Baderna; M. Delferrier (from the *Académie*), of whom we know nothing; and M. Auguste Mabilie (from do.), of whom we know no more. Besides these, a band of coryphees, whom we dismiss with the names:—Mdles. Auriol, De Melisse, Celeste Stephan, Delechaux, Duval, Levallois, Rita Pereda, Arnal, Anna Monroy, and the following favourite English ballerines:—Mdles. Genge, Hartley, Barnett, Kendall, Rose Cohen, Laura Maurice, Chester, Marsten, L. Paris, C. Paris, Maskell, Lee, Kirby, E. Clair, Brown, R. Wright, Clifford, Ward, &c. &c. *ad infinitum*. (N. B. We mention these young ladies individually; least by omitting one of their names we might offend an admirer.) The *maitres de ballets*, M. Albert (from Paris) and M. Blasius (from Milan), are both well known and deservedly reputed. The leader of the *ballet*, Mr. Alfred Mellon, is a meritorious English artist, who, for some years, was leader of band at the Adelphi theatre. Mr. O'Bryan, the *regisseur de la danse*, is an excellent artist, and what is as good, a first-rate man of business. Of the ballet-composer, M. Alessandro Curmi, we know nothing; but we suppose we must be

satisfied that he comes (*vide prospectus*) from the *San Carlo*. Again, we should have preferred to see an Englishman in this place. It would have been better policy on the part of Signor Costa, and there are plenty capable of the task. The "*première artiste costumière*," is Mr. E. Bailey, whose celebrity has not yet reached us. But Le Verrier's planet, Neptune, only reached us lately—so we live in hopes.

That the Theatre is being reconstructed under the direction of, and from designs by, Signor B. Albano, our readers well know. Of this engagement we do not approve, having little faith in any Italian quality but that of taste. "*The decorations are executed by Mr. Ponsonby, and the furniture is chiefly of British manufacture.*" This satisfies us well enough: we like anything native, even an oyster. The management states that it "has happily secured the artistic skill of Signori Ferri and Veradi, to embellish the ceiling and to prepare a new drop-scene." The management would, we think, have been still more happy in having secured the services of Mr. Stanfield or Mr. Roberts. At least that is our way of thinking; though we know nothing about Signori Ferri and Veradi, who, for aught we can cite to the contrary, may be remarkably clever personages.

No mention is made of Mr. Beale's office in the establishment; but we cannot refrain from saying that his engagement, as general manager, is one of the most judicious and lucky steps of the new company.

And now that the two operas have launched their programmes, let us watch, as impartial critics, which bears itself the most bravely. Both have our sincere good wishes.

SIVORI IN AMERICA.

(From the *New York Evening Mirror*, December 1, 1847.)

THE COURIER.—GAZETTE *versus* CAMILLO SIVORI.—The portentous brayings from the hide of the *Courier* have again been heard, and the quality of the voice is this time unmistakable. The lion's skin has become ridiculous; even its imposing appearance cannot give dignity or weight to the exquisite simpleton it covers. The malicious, we had almost said infamous, attacks upon Sivori in the *Courier* and *Gazette*—or rather in the *Gazette*, for the criticisms in the *Courier* are but *second-hand* spun out notices from the *Gazette*—these malicious articles, we say, bear abundant evidence of their having originated in the job printing room. That Sivori had his bills and tickets printed at the *Herald* printing office, is a sin never to be forgiven by the *Courier*, and the fair fame and honourable reputation of a stranger, is immolated to gratify a bitter spirit of revenge towards a third party. This course is ungenerous, unjust, and hardly consistent with the character of the gallant editor of the *Courier*. We will now examine this spun-out *Gazette* article, and show how utterly unworthy it is of credence or respect. We will show its malice, its errors, and its false quotations by inference. Its malice is evident in every way. First, it now blames Sivori for doing that which it imperatively demanded from him before, and by a curious sort of reasoning endeavours to prove that having a large number of excellent artists at one concert is worse than having none at all. 'This gathering together of all the artists in the city is very objectionable, and does not attain the end in view.' What was the end in view? The article in question says that the concert 'was got up with a lavishness of expense, which showed the earnest desire to please the public.' If the desire to please was the end to be attained, surely Sivori was successful, for more than fifteen hundred persons were present, and a more

delighted and enthusiastic auditory we have rarely seen. Its malice is evident in the aside thrusts and covert insinuations against Signor Rapetti, and the needless and ungenerous insult to Madame Ablamowicz, with which the article closes; it is also shown in the unnecessary delay in publishing the article and reserving it for that time when it would be calculated to do Sivori the greatest injury. Speaking of Sivori's performance of Spohr's eighth concert, after giving it faint praise it says, "We know three or four violin players of no very great attainment as executants, who would have read this concert in a much better spirit than M. Sivori." We dare the writer to name these "three or four violin players" who, not playing much, could read such music in better spirit than Sivori. He cannot do it; the assertion was only made in order to depreciate Sivori, but who will believe such silly twaddling, unsupported assertions? He then says:—

"But as if to mar what good he had achieved in his performance of it, he introduced a *cadenza* of interminable length and so absurdly impertinent to the composition, that had it possessed any excellence, which it did not, it would have been insufferable in that connection. It was perfectly executed, but were Sivori a great artist he could not have been tempted to introduce it on any consideration. It is this harlequinism, or, as the *Journal des Debats* expressed it, 'musical Quixotism which impels him to go in quest of adventures on the handle of his violin'; this feeling—again we quote the *Journal des Debats*—which makes him 'not satisfied with astonishing and moving, but rather fond of buffoonery,' and which prompts him to the 'greatest excesses,' it is this which prevents him from being, in our opinion, a great artist."

Spohr has written in this concerto a *cadenza* extending over many lines, the greater part of which was played by Signor Sivori, and the trifling variation which he made, was *founded upon the themes of the concerto*, and could not therefore be impertinent to the subject. The quotation which immediately follows from the *Journal des Debats*, is not used in that paper in reference to Sivori's performance of classical music, as the writer of the *Gazette* would, with Jesuistical cunning, wish the public to believe. We will give the quotation entire, for the benefit of the *Gazette* critic, and the public will see how the authority he has invoked, and which he wishes the public implicitly to believe, overthrows every pretension the *Gazette* and *Courier* critic has, either to knowledge or acumen:

"If it had not been known that Sivori was Paganini's pupil, it would easily have been suspected by the incredible boldness of his play, by that species of musical Quixotism which impels him to go in quest of adventures on the handle of his violin, by the majestic expression of his play, the velocity of his passages, the perfection with which he executes the *pizzicato* mingled with bow-striking, the trillo and all the double note passages. Nevertheless, it is impossible to accept Paganini's violin on the strength of an inventory. If Sivori possesses the qualities of his master, he also has his eccentricities and defects. He is not satisfied with astonishing and moving, he is rather fond of buffoonery; so that after executing the *Prayer of Moses* with admirable feeling, he passes on to the little after-piece, and plays you an interlude in which he makes flute, hautboy and bassoon converse together, and during which it is difficult to preserve one's gravity. Let this be said without detracting one iota from the extraordinary merit of this violinist. I must even confess that in the midst of the greatest excesses, his play is always full of elegance and delicacy. And then, it is not given to every artist, not even to the greatest, to joke in such a manner. That charming piece of buffoonery, the *Carnival of Venice*, has always obtained the honors of an encore. I do not at all feel inclined to be severer than the public. To be fair, I need only add that Sivori made a point to prove in his three concerts, that he was familiar with the most splendid of the productions of the great masters, and he played the *classical sonata*, the *duet* and *trio of Beethoven*, and the *capricious evolutions* of Paganini with equal success."

Of what value now are the criticisms (?) of this gentleman of the *Gazette* and *Courier*, when the authority he cites praises Sivori upon every point that he condemns him? One word more, and we will leave the 'private gentleman' to whatever satisfaction he can glean from the ridiculous position

in which he has placed himself. He says that 'if Signor Rapetti had had the magnificent instrument of the other, he would have claimed an equal admiration.' Signor Rapetti played upon a splendid *Amati* violin which Sivioli frequently uses in public himself! The remarks which follow, about three strings, low bridge and sounding post in a certain position, the private gentleman merely 'ventures,' he does not use them in the form of an accusation. How petty, malicious, and infamous, are such remarks, when they are only ventured in the hope of inflicting an injury.

MADAME BISHOP IN THE PROVINCES.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Liverpool, February 3.

MADAME BISHOP performed for the last time at the Theatre Royal, on Saturday, the 30th last, in the *Sonnambula*. Having previously heard Madame Bishop in London, both in *Loretta* and the *Maid of Artois*, I was led to expect great things from her in Bellini's delicious opera, as however fine her performances were in the above operas, I felt that they did not afford the artist full scope for her genius. I was by no means disappointed. Madame Bishop surpassed, rather than fulfilled my utmost expectations. Her Amina in the *Sonnambula* is a most exquisite representation, full of passion and pathos, and exhibiting to perfection the almost exhaustless resources of her superb vocalisation. Her first cavatina, "Dearest Companions," the "Come per me sereno" of the Italian version, was deliciously given. There was hardly a note which did not derive a meaning in her interpretation. She also gave the theme in E flat in the slow movement of the second finale, exquisitely. The theme comprises not more than eight bars, yet such was the effect she produced as to call forth immense applause. The rondo finale, you may well imagine, was the crowning rose of the evening's performance. Its effects may be simply told, by stating the fact that it was encored twice. It was the most finished specimen of vocalisation I have had the luck to hear for many a long day. Madame Bishop sang the finale in the Italian. I confess I did not perceive the propriety of this. Although the English words are difficult to pronounce, and sound harshly in the ears, the introduction of Italian words into a translated version was so discrepant as to excite an unfavourable surprise. The audience, however, seemed entirely to overlook the heterogeneity which fell somewhat sudden on our critical ears. Madame Bishop was recalled when the curtain descended, and was received with most deafening applauses. I was particularly struck with the grace and fascination of Madame Bishop's manner in Bellini's charming heroine. The part of Amina seems absolutely created for her, both in its vocal and histrionic requisitions; or it may be, that the artist, by her genius, so involves herself with the character as to make you feel both part and interpreter identical. This is the perfection of art; and it is this which all great singers aim at, but which so few attain.

There is one feature in Madame Bishop's performances, which, I think, is worthy of remark, and that is, she sings the music according to the original score. You must be aware that this is never the case with our English vocalists. These transpose the arias into all sorts of keys, in consequence of which too often the entire character of the music is sacrificed. Madame Bishop having a pure soprano voice, sings the music as Bellini wrote it. As we are on the subject of transposition, I must relate to you an extraordinary occurrence that took place on the night the *Sonnambula* was performed. Whilst Madame

Bishop was singing the rondo finale in B flat, the original key, the chorus, who strange to say, had no rehearsal with her, and thinking they should sing it as they had been previously accustomed, absolutely sang their parts a third below, in F, and created the most discrepant noises you ever heard. Think of that, good master Editor! The manner in which the operas were produced for Madame Bishop was disgraceful in the extreme. If anything could have marred the success of the great artist, this flagrant direktion of the management would have done so. Think of a manager, in the present state of musical matters, engaging a first rate *prima donna*, without making the least preparation to perform the operas in which she was to appear! Imagine no artist of the slightest consequence engaged to support her; (until Mr. D. W. King was engaged in her last performances, a mere novice was given her to sustain the principal parts, and Mr. King from hoarseness failed to produce any effect); imagine a band numbering no more than from twelve to fourteen attempting to give effect to modern operas and to accompanying elaborate vocal displays! And think of the effect of operas performed at night after one solitary and inefficient rehearsal on the day of the performance! I am told, indeed, that although the scores had been transmitted weeks since, the parts were only given out to be copied forty-eight hours previous to the performance! The members of the Birmingham and Liverpool bands, it is true, are excellent musicians, but the mistakes and procrastination of the manager left them entirely at fault. What is the result of such misdirection? The public, after paying the due tribute of respect and admiration to the admirable *prima donna*, finding all the managerial arrangements miserably inefficient, lose all interest, after the first night or two in a performance that otherwise would have been continually attractive. And in this manner the greatest artist, the most transcendent talent may be easily sacrificed.

(Extract from a Letter.)

"SIR,—Madame Bishop commenced an engagement here for six nights on Monday last, and has been playing during the week in the "*Maid of Artois*" and "*Sonnambula*." Her execution of the part of Isolore was beautiful in the extreme, and received deserved and enthusiastic applause, particularly in the desert scene, the music of which she gave with intense pathos. On Friday evening she appeared as Amina in *Sonnambula*, assisted by Miss Fitzwilliam, as Lisa, Mr. King (Elvino), and Mr. Corri Rodolpho. It is almost impossible to describe the beauty with which she gave the opening recitative and air, "Dearest Companions," it was exquisite, as also the duet with Elvino, "Take now this Ring;" but in the finale to the second act, her lower notes were found wanting. Her crowning triumph, however, was the finale, "Do not mingle," which she gave in Italian: it created a complete furor, and received a double encore. Mr. King appeared to be labouring under a severe cold, which marred the effect of the air, "Still so gently;" but on the following evening he sang extremely well, and received much deserved applause. Miss Fitzwilliam gave an excellent version of her part as Lisa, and particularly distinguished herself in the cavatina, "Sounds so joyful." We don't remember ever seeing the part so ably sustained. Mr. Corri, as Rodolpho, sang the music allotted to him very neatly, particularly the air, "As I view these Scenes." His voice has rather a harsh tendency, but he always sings in tune. The choruses were extremely unsteady, so much so, that they called forth severe marks of disapprobation.

Yours obediently,

Liverpool, Jan. 30.

A SUBSCRIBER."

On Wednesday last, Madame Bishop sang at a concert at Cambridge, with brilliant success. The room was crowded to suffocation, and the charming vocalist was received and applauded with the utmost enthusiasm. Her ballad "The banks of Guadalquivir," and the pretty romance of "La

Bayadere," were encored with acclamations. The concert was given by Mr. G. Nicholls, an excellent flautist, and one of the first performers in Cambridge. All the arrangements were very creditable to his taste and management. The Distin's family and John Parry, added to the attractions of the concert, and were received with the honors that they never fail to obtain. The Town-Hall has not for many years boasted so brilliant and fashionable an assemblage at a musical performance. Mad. Bishop turned out a trump-card for the enterprising concert giver.

ANECDOTE OF FANNY ELLSLER.

In *les Mysteres du Grand-Opera*, we read the following anecdote. One evening, Burat de Gurgy, author of *le Diable Boiteux* entered Fanny Ellsler's *loge*, which was guarded as usual on the outside by two tall footmen, and entirely devoid of ornament within, not being even carpeted.

"My dear M. Burat," said Fanny, "I am in a terrible rage. I have my *pas* to dance, and the *corps de ballet* have stolen my chalk."

"What, you think so?"

"No doubt of it. I have asked everybody for some, Nathalie Fitzjames, Noblet, and her sister, and they say they have none. It is a conspiracy, you see, to hinder me from dancing. So now, M. Burat, you will get me some chalk, will you not?"

"But my dear lady, I don't know where to go for it."

"Make haste," replied the *danseuse*. "I will pay whatever you like for it. You have a quarter of an hour before the curtain rises. I shall expect you."

"It was then eleven o'clock, and all the shops were shut: M. Burat de Gurgy was highly embarrassed what to do.

"However, at last he returned, bringing twenty little bits of chalk, but looking anything rather than cheerful.

"Ah!" cried Fanny Ellsler, "what do I owe for it?"

"Ten *petits verres*," was the answer. "I have been obliged to go to ten *cafes*, to steal the chalk from the billiard tables."

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE fourteenth annual meeting of the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society, for receiving a report from the committee on the proceedings of the past year, the election of officers, &c. took place at Exeter Hall, on Tuesday. There was not a very full attendance of members. The report showed an aggregate increase of forty-five members and subscribers over the number of last year; that the number of concerts given during the year 1846, was eighteen, being eight more than the average of the last seven years; that at such concerts several of the pieces performed were *entirely* new to the public, several oratorios by Handel, Beethoven, and Spohr, had not been heard since 1842, and that several of the principal singers had not previously appeared at the society's performances. On the concert account, there was a deficiency of above £500, the expenses being £3534 2s. 1d., and the receipts only £3025 9s. 0d., leaving a balance of £508 13s. 1d. chargeable on the general funds of the society. It appeared that the principal deficiencies arose from those concerts at which *new* works had been performed. The property of the society invested in stock, on interest, in the library, and in musical instruments, &c., was stated at £2,000. Some interesting statistical details were given, from which it appeared that the society since its existence, had afforded to the public the opportunity of hearing Handel's "Messiah" forty-one times;—"Israel in Egypt" seventeen times;—"Judas Maccabeus" twelve times;—"Samson" six times;—"Solomon" seven times;—"Joshua" five times;—"Saul" four times;—

"Jephthah" four times;—"Athaliah" once;—"Dettingen Te Deum" once;—"Jubilate" once;—"Zadoc the Priest" twice; Haydn's "Creation" twenty-four times;—"Masses" six times; Mozart's "Masses" three times; Beethoven's "Mount of Olives" three times;—"Mass in C" twice; Spohr's "Last Judgment" four times; Purcell's "Jubilate" once; Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" eight times;—"Lobgesang" eight times;—"As the Hart Pants" (psalm) once;—and "When Israel" (psalm) once. During the last ten years, the number of concerts have been one hundred and sixty. The number of persons who had attended them was 306,670. The receipts for such concerts were upwards of £37,000, of which sum, £20,000 had been distributed amongst the musical profession. The report, in conclusion, announced the intention of the committee to produce several novelties during the present season: viz., Handel's "Belshazzar;" Mendelssohn's "Elijah," and some of Spohr's late compositions; also, that the two last talented composers had been engaged to conduct some of the society's performances.

Mr. Reseigh, in proposing the adoption of the report, congratulated the society on their achievements in the cause of music during the last fourteen years. That congratulation, was a little allayed by their present financial position as regarded the last year's operations, there being a deficiency of above £500. He, however, could not suggest any remedy, but thought their best course would be, to leave the consideration of the subject, whether any reduction of expenditure could be made to the committee, who kindly devoted so much of their time to the society's affairs, and who, he was sure, would give it their anxious consideration. He therefore proposed, that the report and accounts should be adopted. The motion having been seconded, was unanimously carried, after some observations from Mr. James Taylor, who suggested that a larger number of members should be admitted, no increase having taken place since 1842; that several alterations were desirable in the orchestra, which would much improve the general character of the performances, especially as regarded the *alto singers* and *second violins*; and that the pecuniary assistance afforded by the society, to enable the musical studies of talented young persons to be prosecuted, in cases where they themselves were not able to do so, should be extended. Considerable discussion ensued on a motion made by Mr. Cohen, to the effect of urging the committee to take measures to improve the style of the performances. He pointed out to the meeting the severe criticisms which had been made on the glaring defects of execution which were observable in many of their most frequently performed oratorios, and was persuaded that but little progress had been made for several years, and that in many points there had been retrogression. He thought that the particular attention of the committee should be drawn to the causes alleged by many critical writers, with a view to their remedy, and was certain that by a proper weeding, and separation of the bad elements from the good, punctual attendance at rehearsal, and increased vigilance on the part of their conductor, leader, and organist, the society would yet achieve the proud position of the first association of the kind in the world. Several members urged the necessity of some particular regulations on the subject of rehearsals, and eventually the motion was withdrawn, and a resolution adopted approbatory of a regulation of the committee, circulated to the members at the beginning of the season of 1846, to secure that desirable object, and urging that it might be rigidly enforced.

The usual votes of thanks to the president, the officers, committee, assistants, stewards, and leaders of the chorus having been passed, the meeting broke up.

THE RIVAL OPERAS.

(From *The Spectator*.)

To judge from the bother made by some of the newspapers, one would suppose that London were shaken to its centre by the war of the rival Italian Operas. Mole-hills are magnified into mountains, and matters of green-room gossip are discussed with the pertinacity, if not the dignity, of national quarrels. The *Morning Chronicle*, especially, has been conspicuous in this fussy warfare, and has laboured as hard to make out its own views of the questions concerned in the engagements of Jenny Lind as it ever did in supporting the diplomacy of Lord Palmerston. The affair, though scarcely so important as that of the measures for the relief of the Irish, has yet an interest of its own; and therefore we shall endeavour to tell our readers in a few words how it stands. We mentioned last week the interim programme issued by Mr. Lumley, in which he announces the engagement of Mademoiselle Lind from Easter to the end of the season. The *Chronicle* withheld all belief from this announcement, as being contained in a manuscript, and therefore not an official document. It was then published in the newspapers: and still the *Chronicle* refused to believe it, simply because it was a falsehood. Mr. Bunn, it seems, has Jenny Lind under an engagement to him, from which he refuses to release her; and the *Chronicle*, last Monday, began an elaborate article by expressing its "great gratification that the great obstacle to the appearance of Jenny Lind in this country had been removed, there being now no reasonable doubt as to her *débüt* being made at *Drury Lane Theatre* in due course, the lessee having in the handsomest manner consented to her singing either in Italian or German, at her option." And the great gratification of the Whig journal is founded on a letter from Mr. Bunn to Mademoiselle Lind (which it quotes), dated two days before, and making this proposal. Now, in talking thus, our good friend is either stultifying himself or trying to stultify his readers. Could any rational being believe for a moment that Mr. Bunn was in earnest in making such a proposal, or had the least idea of its being accepted? The manager of an English theatre, with an English company, offering to engage a *prima donna* to sing either in Italian or German, at her option!—we should like to see Mr. Bunn's visage on opening a letter from the lady, intimating her acceptance of the option; her choice of Italian as her language, and of *Norma* for her *débüt*; and her intention of being in London, to begin the rehearsals, on some day in March or April! Does Mr. Bunn mean to have an Italian or German company ready for her arrival; or is he thinking of the infant days of our opera stage, when a Signor Valentini poured out his raptures in choice Italian, and Mrs. Tofts responded to them in downright English? Does he purpose that the passionate scenes between *Norma* and *Pollio* shall be thus enacted by Jenny Lind and Mr. Harrison? But the thing is too ridiculous—Mr. Bunn never dreams of such a dilemma. He knows that "the Swedish nightingale" is coming to Mr. Lumley; and that all he can do is to make the most of her breach of engagement with him, either by going to law or accepting a handsome douceur. The *Chronicle* has also thought fit to deny the truth of Mr. Lumley's announcement that Mendelssohn will visit England and produce an opera, the libretto written by Scribe, on the subject of the *Tempest*; and it quotes a letter from a Mr. Buxton (a music-publisher in the City), who volunteers a "flat contradiction" of the statement, coolly pronouncing it a "fabrication." This witness proves too much—more than he can possibly know. To his mere negative assertion we should venture to prefer the previous affirmative assertion of the lessee of the Italian

Opera, even though this assertion were not (as it *is*) confirmed by letters in town from Mendelssohn himself.

BEETHOVEN QUARTETT SOCIETY.

THE management of this admirable musical institution has devolved on Mr. Scipion Rousselot in consequence of a late event with which our readers are sufficiently familiar. It was the wish of the late lamented director of these two concerts, that this gentleman should undertake the entire conduct of the Beethoven Quartett Society; and agreeable to that intent, Mr. Rousselot was appointed sole manager at the latter period of the past season. Mr. Rousselot has this year taken the whole responsibility of the arrangements on himself. He has issued his printed prospectus, in which we find, that eight performances, as usual, are to take place, and that the meetings will be held as heretofore, in Harley Street. Mr. Rousselot holds out to the subscribers of Beethoven Quartett Society every advantage which its means are capable of procuring. He engages himself to provide for each performance the best talent in Europe, as soon as he is secured against pecuniary loss by subscriptions, and pledges himself that he has not the remotest intention of making the society a source of pecuniary profits. We most cordially believe this. Mr. Rousselot is a real musician in heart as well as head, and would be the last man to degrade the nobility of fine arts, by turning it into a matter of speculation. We wish well to the society, and are delighted that so trustworthy a musician, and so indefatigable a labourer as Mr. Scipion Rousselot is placed at its head.

CONCERTS.

MR. DANDO'S QUARTET CONCERTS.—The first of these took place on Monday evening, January 25, in the Throne room, Crosby Hall. The following was the programme:—

PART I.—Quartet in F major, (No. 26) for two violins, viola, and violoncello, *Haydn*, Messrs. Dando, Gattie, W. Thomas, and Lucas. Aria, Miss Dolby, "Non credo instabile," (Flavio) *Handel*. Quartet in G minor, No. 3, (Op. 27) for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello, *Mozart*, Messrs. Sterndale Bennett, Dando, W. Thomas, and Lucas.

PART II.—Quartet in C major, No. 1 of Op. 145, (dedicated to Mr. Charles Aders) for flute, violin, viola, and violoncello, *F. Ries*, Messrs. Clinton, Dando, W. Thomas, and Lucas, (first time of public performance in this country). Song, Miss Dolby, "Auf dem Wasser," (M.S.) *Mendelssohn*, and "The Shepherd's Winter Song," *Czapek*. Quintet in C minor, Op. 104. (Re-written from No. 3 of Op. 1,) for two violins, two violas, and violoncello, *Beethoven*, Messrs. Dando, Gattie, W. Thomas, Hill, and Lucas.—Conductor, Mr. Sterndale Bennett.

The concert began at seven o'clock, an hour before we anticipated, the consequence of which was our losing Haydn's quartet, Miss Dolby's first song, and the *Allegro* in Mozart's quartet. The two movements of the last mentioned which we did hear, however, compensated for the loss. Mr. Sterndale Bennett, who in this kind of music has but few rivals, played beautifully. It is a rare treat to listen to so conscientious and admirable a pianist interpreting the undying melody of Mozart—much in the same manner, by the way, if we may reckon from analogy, that the composer would have interpreted it himself. The quartet of Ries is less pretentious than many works of that over-estimated musician, and the more agreeable on that account. There is not an original idea in it from one end to the other, but it is well written, the subjects are flowing and simple, and the charm of facility characterizes it throughout. It was exceedingly well played. Mr. Clinton supported the flute part with great cleverness, and the tones of his instrument blended with those of its stringed co-operators more completely and effectively than we

could have anticipated. In fact we never missed the presence of a first violin, so efficient was its tubed substitute in the hands of Mr. Clinton. Of Miss Dolby's two songs, that of Mendelssohn bore the bell, being encored warmly. True, Miss Dolby sang it charmingly, exquisitely indeed—and true it is a charming, nay an exquisite song—and, moreover, (as the *Times* informs us) it was written by the composer expressly for the singer, and by his own hand copied into her album—and to conclude, the accompaniment, which is lovely, was played by Mr. Sterndale Bennett—so that all these charms combined bore hard upon the song of Mr. Czapek (J. L. Hatton) which immediately followed, and which, notwithstanding, is exceedingly quaint, pretty, and musician-like. But “Auf dem wasser” made us feel as it were the influence of the warm summer sunshine, while “The Shepherd's Winter Song” brought with it associations of the bleak wintry wind, and Miss Dolby is incontestably more summery than wintry—at least if we may judge by her smile. The quintet of Beethoven, Op. 104, being an arrangement of his early trio, attributed to his own hand on grounds by no means satisfactory (on the bare authority of a music publisher), we did not wait to hear it, not caring greatly for re-arrangements and remodellings. Mr. Dando's playing, in such of the pieces as we heard, was eminently artist-like, finished and elegant; few indeed can excel him in the quartet-style. Messrs. Gattie, Hill, W. Thomas, and Lucas, were as they generally are, all that could be desired; all the most exacting connoisseurs of their special instruments could demand. On the whole this programme was not quite so interesting a one as we are used to expect from Mr. Dando—but, doubtless, the second concert will make up by more than usual excellence for the small deficiencies of its predecessor. The room was tolerably well filled by staunch amateurs of the right sort, who never fail to gather round Mr. Dando at his annual meetings.

MADAME DULCKEN'S SOIREES.—The first of these for the present season occurred on Wednesday evening, Jan. 27, at Madame Dulcken's residence, in Harley-street. The programme was as below:—

FIRST PART.—Quintet (A minor), Op. 34, two violins, tenor, violoncello, and contra-basso, Messrs. Willy, Goffrie, Hill, Lucas, and Howell, *Ons ow.* Aria, “Ah! si per voi,” Mr. Manvers (Otello), *Rossini.* Quatuor, pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello, Madame Dulcken, Messrs. Willy, Hill, and Lucas *Mendelssohn.* Grand Aria, “Si lo sento,” Miss Rainforth (Faust), *Spohr.* Grand Sonata (in F), pianoforte and Violin, Madame Dulcken and Mons. Sainton, *Beethoven.*

SECOND PART.—Grand Concerto (Posthumous), pianoforte and orchestra, Madame Dulcken, Messrs. Willy, Goffrie, Jay, Hill, Westrop, Hill, Wealake, Lucas, Goodban, Howell, Severn, Wells, Grattan Cooke, Nicholson, Lazarus, Baddely, Keating, Hardy, Jarrett, T. Harper, Goodwin, &c., &c., *Hummel.* German Song, “Kommt herbey,” Miss Rainforth (first time of performance), *Molique.* Ballad, “’Tis sad thus to fall,” Mr. Manvers (Gipsy's Warning). *Benedict.* Gigue, for pianoforte (in F sharp minor), Madame Dulcken, *Handel.* Pièce pour le Clavecin (in A), Madame Dulcken, *Scarlatti.* Duet, “Torn'a mi a dir,” Miss Rainforth and Mr. Manvers (Don Pasquale) *Donizetti.*—Conductor, M. Benedict.

The fashionable amateurs and well-known professionals, who ordinarily flock to these elegant meetings, assembled in considerable numbers on the present occasion. The quintet of Onslow, a marvellously clever and a marvellously uninspired composition, was most correctly and spiritedly executed. We have seldom heard Mr. Willy play more ably, and Mr. Goffrie played up to him admirably. We need hardly say how well they were aided by Messrs. Hill, Lucas, and Howell. Suffice it, that Onslow's quintet interested us in spite of its monotony and dryness. The air from *Otello* is hardly suited to Mr. Manvers; and we have heard Miss Rainforth many times to more advantage in the fine *aria* of Spohr, ordinarily one of

her happiest efforts. Mendelssohn's quartet—one of his earliest works—is full of beauties; but we feel the lengthiness which the papers have remarked in its notices of these concert, especially in the first movement, which was taken much too slow at the commencement. In other respects the whole quartet was capitally played; and in the *scherzo* and *finale*, the best parts of the quartet, Madame Dulcken's brilliant execution was heard to brilliant advantage. Beethoven's captivating sonata was the purest gem of the evening, both as to the merits of the music and the excellence of its interpretation. Mons. Sainton is always at home in Beethoven, and surpassed himself on this occasion: in Madame Dulcken he found a coadjutor nothing backward in joining with him zeal for zeal and grace for grace, at the shrine of the mighty master. The concerto of Hummel is an ingenious and *spirituel* work, and was excellently played, albeit an orchestra is scarcely at home in a drawing-room. Why did Madame Dulcken omit part of the first *tutti*? It put the composition out of joint, and saved how much time?—about a *minute*! Molique's elegant little song, *Kommt herbey*,* was delivered by Miss Rainforth with that expressive simplicity of style which best interprets its meaning. The melodious ballad, from Benedict's *Gipsy's Warning*, was also very unaffectedly rendered by Mr. Manvers. Of Handel's *Gigue*, in F sharp minor, we have spoken in our review of Messrs. Cramer's recently published edition of the *Suites de Pièces*. It is unnecessary to say that in Madame Dulcken's hands it lost none of its charm. But why did not the fair pianist accompany it by the superb fugue which belongs to the same *suite*, instead of the *pièce* of Scarlatti, which has little but its brilliancy to recommend it? We did not wait for the concluding duet. On the whole, the programme was too heavy and too long; but where are we to look for perfection? The second *soirée* is announced for Wednesday next.

MR. P. EZEKIEL'S CONCERT.—On Tuesday the large room in Crosby Hall was crowded to excess on the above occasion. Mr. Ezekiel is a pianist of ability, and the artists he had engaged to help out the attractions of his concert included some of our most popular and deserving. The vocalists were, Misses Dolby and Thornton, Messrs. G. Genge, Leffler, and John Parry. Mr. T. Reynolds, a young performer on the harp was the additional instrumentalist, and Mr. Maurice Davies the accompanist of the evening. Mr. Ezekiel performed the pianoforte part of Weber's *Concert-stück*, without any accompaniment, a feat of no ordinary courage, since in addition to the intrinsic difficulties of this brilliant composition, the performers had to contend with the recollections of those amateurs, who being acquainted with the score, were naturally on the constant look out for orchestral effects, which they constantly missed. Nevertheless, Mr. Ezekiel acquitted himself musically, cutting away such of the passages as were hostile to his progress, and by lopping and abbreviating, rendering the offspring of Weber's fiery genius more amenable to the appreciation of the major part of the audience. So much pleased were his hearers with Mr. Ezekiel's playing, that they encored him unanimously, and in retort he performed a *pot pourri* on one of the popular airs of Henry Russell's *repertoire*, which took mightily. Mr. Ezekiel's second solo had a similar effect on the assembly, naturally disposed in his favour, and he was applauded “to the echo.” Mr. T. Reynolds's, in two harp solos, the one whereof hight “Ar hyd y nos,” the other “Per Oslef, or Sweet Melody,” also brought together frequently and noisily,

the Crosbyan palms of hands. Among the vocal pieces were several encores—one of Miss Dolby in "Ah quel Giorno," which she refused to take, another for the same charming vocalist in Linley's ballad "Constance," to which she responded by another ballad of the same prolific tunist, half a note lower, singing both quietly and expressively, and accompanying herself in both with rare taste. Another encore was awarded to Miss Thornton, a very unaffected singer, with a sweet and gentle soprano of moderate compass, in the elegant ballad, "It is not form it is not face," from *The Bondman*, of Maestro Balfe. The two encores which remain unrecorded were for the most composed and courteous of side-splitters, John Parry, who in the fairy romance yelect "The White Cat," embellished the humour of his strain with some marvellous exhibitions of grotesque pianism, and in "The London Season," seasoned the jibes, and jeers, and saws, and instances, of the never-to-be-sufficiently apostrophized Albert Smith, with quips and quirks and sparkling jollity teeming spontaneously from his own invention. To the first encore he responded by his "Matrimony," a lyric homily, in which much wisdom lurks under a motley covering, and to the second by something equally pungent and well-flavored. To hear John Parry play the piano makes one say, "If John Parry had not been John Parry he would have been Sigismund Thalberg, but being John Parry he does not want to be any other he that plays or sings." And this involves a positive and sober truth. An apology was made for Mr. Leffler, who, to the great disappointment of his many admirers, was afflicted with a severe hoarseness, and only sang one of the pieces set down for him, Edward Loder's quaint romount, "Philip the Falconer." Mr. Genge was greatly applauded in three songs, especially in the last, "Sally in our Alley," a ballad which has been popular for some time. Mr. Maurice Davies accomplished the duties of accompanist during the evening, and acquitted himself with zeal and indefatigability. In Barnett's "Song of the Ve-maid," which was sung by Miss Thornton in a style worthy of the music, and in Balfe's "It is not form, it is not face," his acquirements were satisfactorily tested; but in Miss Dolby's Italian song, Mr. Davies being too anxious, was less effective and correct than in anything else during the evening

THE AFFINITIES.

from the German of Göthe.

(Continued from page 67.)

PART I.—CHAPTER XVIII.

It will be easily imagined that Mittler, that strangely active man with whom we are already acquainted, had no sooner heard of the misfortune that had befallen the friends, than he felt inclined, without asking, to show his friendship and readiness to assist. However, he thought it advisable first to wait awhile; for he knew but too well, that in moral dilemmas it is more difficult to aid educated than uneducated persons, he therefore left them a long time to themselves; but at last he could hold out no longer and hastened to seek Edward, being already upon his traces.

His way took him into a pleasant valley, where the water of an ever-flowing brook, now meandered, now rushed through a green piece of meadow-land planted with trees. Along the gentle declivities extended fertile fields and well-conditioned orchards. The villages were not too close to each other; the whole had a peaceful character and if the separate parts were not fitted for painting, at any rate they seemed well suited for the purposes of living.

A well-ordered farm, with a clean, modest-looking house attached to it, at last met his view. He guessed that this was Edward's private abode, and he was not mistaken.

Of this solitary man we can say, that in his present state of quiet, he entirely gave himself up to his passion, imagining many

plans, fostering many hopes. He would not deny that he wished to see Ottilia here—to bring her here—to allure her here,—nay what was there lawful or unlawful which he did not venture to think? Then his imagination wandered through all sorts of possibilities. If he could not possess her—legally possess her—he would give her possession of the property. Here should she live for herself quietly and independently; she should be happy; and if a self-tormenting imagination carried him still farther, happy with another.

Thus did his days float away in a ceaseless wavering between hope and fear, between tears and cheerfulness, between projects, preparations, and despair. The sight of Mittler did not astonish him; he had long expected his arrival, and even looked upon him as rather welcome. If he considered him sent by Charlotte, he had prepared himself with all sorts of excuses and delays, as well as with more decided proposals. But if he hoped again to hear something of Ottilia, Mittler was as dear to him as a messenger from heaven.

Edward was therefore feverish and out of humour when he learned that Mittler did not come from them, but of his own accord; his heart closed up, and at first it was impossible to open the conversation. But Mittler knew well enough that a heart occupied with love feels a pressing necessity to utter its feelings, to pour them out in presence of a friend; and hence on this occasion, after some desultory observations, he allowed himself to quit his usual part, and play the confidant instead of the mediator.

When, in a friendly manner, he had blamed Edward on account of his solitary life, the latter replied,—"O, I know not how I could pass my time more agreeably! I am always occupied with her—always in her presence. I have the inestimable advantage of being able to fancy how Ottilia is, whither she goes, where she stands, where she reposes. I see her before me doing as she was wont—making and undertaking, and always doing that which is most pleasant to me. But it cannot remain thus; how can I be happy when at a distance from her? My fancy labours to devise what Ottilia should do to approach me. I write to myself sweet confidential letters in her name; I answer her, and keep the papers together. I have promised not to advance a step farther, and I will keep my promise. But what restrains her that she does not turn to me? Has Charlotte been cruel enough to extort from her a promise, an oath, that she will not write to me, that she will give no account of herself? It is natural—it is probable—and yet I find it a thing unheard of, and not to be endured. If she loves me, as I believe, nay, as I know she does, why does she not venture to fly, and throw herself into my arms? She should—I often think she could do that. When anything is stirring in the ante-room, I look towards the door; I think—I hope that she will come. Aye, and as the possible is impossible, I fancy that the impossible must become possible. At night, when I wake up, and the lamp casts an uncertain light through the chamber, then should her form, her spirit, some indication of her, float before me, approach me, touch me, if only for a moment, to give me a sort of assurance that she was thinking of me—that she was mine.

"One single joy remains for me. When I was near her I dreamed of her; but now I am at a distance from her we are together in my dreams; and strange to say, it was not till I became acquainted with other amiable persons in the neighbourhood that her image appeared, as if to say: 'Look about you,—you will find none more beautiful, none more dear than I am.' And thus her form is blended with every one of my dreams. All that has passed between us is mingled together. Now we are signing a contract; and then her hand and mine, her name and mine extinguish each other, are entwined with each other. Nor are these delightful sports of fancy entirely free from pain. Often she does something which is contrary to the high idea I have of her, and then I first feel how much I love her, as my pain is beyond all description. Often she teases and torments me in a manner, which is anything but hers; but then her form changes; her beautiful, round, heavenly face, lengthens itself, and I find it is another. But still I am tormented—unsatisfied—distracted!

"Do not smile, dear Mittler; or, if you will, do smile! Oh, I am not ashamed of this attachment; of this—if you please to call it so—foolish, mad passion. No! I have never loved till now,—now I first learn what love means. All before in my life was a

mere prelude—a pretence—a killing of time, till I know her—loved her—wholly and passionately loved her. It has been said of me, not just to my face, but often behind my back, that I am a bungler in most things. May be so; but I had not found that in which I could show myself as a master. I should like to see him who could excel me in the talent of loving. It is indeed a sad, painful, tearful art; but I find it so natural to me, so peculiarly my own, that I shall hardly ever be able to abandon it.”

In this warm, animated declaration, Edward found some relief; but every single feature of his strange position was brought plainly before his eyes; and overcome by the painful contest he burst into tears, which flowed more freely, because the confession had softened his heart.

Mittler, who could so much the less abandon his hasty temperament and his immovable understanding, since he saw how far he was driven from the purpose of his journey, by the painful outbreak of Edward's passion, openly and in unmeasured terms expressed his disapproval. Edward, he said, should display more fortitude, should reflect what he owed to manly dignity; should not forget that it was the highest honour for humanity, to exercise self-command in misfortune; to bear pain with dignity and indifference; and that this was the way to be prized, esteemed, and held up as a model.

To Edward, excited as he was, and penetrated with the most agonising feelings, these words necessarily appeared hollow and worthless.

“The happy man, who finds all things pleasant,” continued Edward “may talk as he pleases; but he would be ashamed if he saw how insupportable he was to the sufferer. This unyielding, comfortable person, requires an infinite patience, but will not admit an infinite pain. There are cases—yes there are—when consolation is despicable, and despair is a duty. A noble Greek, who knows how to delineate lovers, by no means scruples to let them weep, under the infliction of pain. He even says as a proverb: ‘Men abounding in tears are good.’ Let every one leave me whose heart is dry—whose eyes are dry. I curse the happy to whom the unhappy man is only to serve as a spectacle. In the most frightful state of mental and bodily anguish he is to demean himself nobly, that he may gain their approbation—like a gladiator die with dignity before their eyes that he may gain more applause at his departure. Dear Mittler, I thank you for your visit, but you would do me a great favour by taking a turn in the garden or about the spot. We shall meet again. I will endeavour to be more collected, and more like you.”

Mittler wished rather to resume than to break off the conversation, which he could not so easily renew. Edward also found it quite suitable to continue a dialogue which moreover tended to some point.

“It is true,” said Edward, “thinking this and that, and talking this and that does no good; but nevertheless our discourse has first made me decidedly feel what I should resolve, nay, what I have resolved already. I see before me my present and future life, and have only to choose between wretchedness and enjoyment. My good friend, do bring about a separation which is so necessary, nay which has actually taken place. Get me Charlotte's consent, which, for reasons which I will not explain, may, I think, be obtained. Go, my dear friend, remove all uneasiness, make us all happy.”

Mittler made no answer. Edward continued: “My fate and Otilia's are not to be separated, and we will not be destroyed. Look at this glass! Our initials are cut upon it. A man in the act of rejoicing flung it into the air, meaning that no one afterwards should drink from it, and that it should be dashed to pieces against the rocky soil. Nevertheless it was caught. I have bought it back at a high price, and now I daily drink from it, daily to convince myself, that all the relations decreed by Fate are indissoluble.”

“Alas! Alas!” cried Mittler, “what patience I must have with my friends! how I am met by superstition, which I detest as the worst thing that can enter the mind of a man. We play with predictions, forebodings and dreams, and thus give an importance to mere every-day life. But when life itself becomes important, and all is moving and roaring around us, then those spectres only render the storm more fearful.”

“In this uncertainty of life,” cried Edward, “when we are

wavering between hope and uneasiness, do leave the heart, which wants some consolation, a polar-star to which it may look, if it cannot steer by it.”

“I would put up with it,” returned Mittler, “if any consistency were to be hoped, but I have always found that no one pays regard to the warning signs, but that the attention is exclusively directed to those which promise and flatter, and that for those exclusively there is a lively faith.”

As Mittler found he was now completely drawn into the dark regions, where the longer he remained the more uncomfortable he felt, he more readily yielded to the urgent desire of Edward, who begged him to go to Charlotte. For how could he answer Edward at the present moment? All that, in his own opinion, was left for him to do, was to gain time, and see how matters stood with the ladies.

He hastened to Charlotte, whom, as usual, he found cheerful and collected. She readily told him all that had occurred, since from Edward's discourse he had only learned the result. On his own side he began cautiously, but could not make up his mind even to touch on the word separation. How astonished, therefore, and according to his own views how pleased he was, when Charlotte, at the end of so much that was unpleasant, said: “I must believe, I must hope, that all will come right again, that Edward will return. How can it be otherwise, when I assure you, I am likely to become a mother?”

“Do I understand aright?” interrupted Mittler.

“Perfectly,” replied Charlotte.

“Blessed, a thousand times blessed be this news!” exclaimed he, clapping his hands, “I know the weight of this argument upon a man's mind. How many marriages have I known hastened, secured, restored by this! However, with respect to myself, I have every reason to be annoyed, for a case of this kind will afford no flattery to my self love. My activity can earn no gratitude from you. I seem like a friend of mine, a physician, who was very successful with all the cures he effected *gratis* for the poor, but who could seldom heal a rich man, who would have paid him handsomely. Fortunately here the matter helps itself, as all my endeavours and my persuasions would have been fruitless.”

Charlotte now desired him to take the news to Edward, and also a letter from her. He was at the same time to see what was to be done, and how things could be set right. He would not consent. “Everything is already done!” he exclaimed; “for yourself, any messenger is as good as I am. I must take my steps where I shall be more necessary. I shall only come back to congratulate you, I shall come to the christening.”

Charlotte on this occasion, as on many others, was displeased with Mittler. His hasty temperament produced much good, but his precipitancy also caused many failures. No one was more dependent on opinions formed in a moment than he.

Charlotte's messenger came to Edward, who was half-frightened to see him. The letter might be as decisive for “yes” as for “no.” He scarcely ventured to open it, and he was perfectly amazed when he had read it, being petrified by the following passage with which it concluded:—

“Remember that night in which you visited your wife like an adventurous lover, drew her irresistibly to yourself, and clasped her in your arms as a mistress—as a bride. Let us recognise in this strange event a dispensation of Heaven which has created for us a new tie in the very moment when the happiness of our life threatens to disappear.”

It would be hard to describe what took place in Edward's mind from this moment. Under the strong pressure, his old habits and tastes revived. Hunting and war are always a relief to a nobleman under such circumstances. Edward longed for external danger that he might have a counterbalance to the internal. He longed for destruction, because his existence threatened to become insupportable, nay it was to him a consolation to think that he should be no more, and that thus he would secure the happiness of his beloved friends. No one set any obstacle to his design, for he kept it a secret. He made his will with all the proper formalities, and it was for him a sweet sensation, that he could bequeath the estate to Otilia. Provision was also made for Charlotte, for the unborn infant, for the Captain, and for the servants. The war which had again broken out favoured his intention. A more military medi-

crity had annoyed him in early youth, and had made him quit the service. Now he had the glorious sensation of serving under a general, of whom he could say: "under his command death is probable, and victory is certain."

Ottilia after she was made acquainted with Charlotte's secret, was as much struck as Edward—nay, more so—and retired completely into herself. She could not hope, and dare not wish. The diary from which we intend to make some extracts will afford us a glance into her mind.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

(To be continued.)

••• To prevent misunderstanding, it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

SONNET.

NO. XX.

THE SPARTAN.

'Tis sweet to know that still thou dost possess
That joyous soul which long ago was thine.
And that no deed, no madness, love of mine,
Has made thy little cup of pleasure less.
I love to hear thee laugh, that I may guess
Thou hast lost all occasion to repine:
Each laugh, thou dearest, is for me a sign
That nought from me has marr'd thy happiness.
But in thy joy forget not there is one
Who burns with mad consuming love for thee—
A love that tortures more, because unspoken,
One who, when all delight in love is gone,
Bears, worst of all, that Spartan agony:
The placid count'nance when the heart is broken.

N. D.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

A new musical Society for the performance of classical compositions has just been established, under the highest patronage, including the names of his Royal Highness Prince Albert, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Leinster, the Earl of Westmoreland, the Earl of Falmouth, the Marquis of Kildare, the Earl of Lorton, the Earl of Liverpool, and other influential noblemen. The prospectus has been issued, and the list of the orchestra published, which principally comprises the names of amateurs. Mr. Balfe is appointed conductor. The chief object of the society, as stated in the prospectus, is the formation of a full orchestra, composed of the members, assisted by professors—to meet weekly during the months of February, March and April, for the performance of the great works of the masters. The performances will be confined strictly to the subscribers, with the exception of one grand concert to which the public will be admitted. We shall discuss this society more at length in our next number. The first meeting of the Amateur Musical Society took place last evening in Store Street, at the music-hall.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

DRURY LANE—On Thursday night a *baller* of action, an exportation from Milan, was produced, under the title of *The Pretty Sicilian*, for the *début* of Mdlle. Marietta Baderna, a young dancer from *La Scala*. The materials of the plot are very slight, involving the faithlessness of Rosalia, a young maiden, who forsakes a lover in humble life for the superior attractions of a wealthy count. The whole is represented in three *tableaux*:—The outside of the count's *château*, a pavilion in the same, and a terrace and gardens connected with the same. Though slender in incidental interest, this superstructure is made the medium of a very agreeable suc-

cession of choregraphic displays, in which the talents of Mdlles. Dubignon, Benart, Adele, Louise, and Mrs. W. H. Payne, Mr. Howell, Mons. Croce, Mons. Paul, and Mdlle. Marietta Baderna. The last-mentioned being the heroine of the evening, demands our first attention. In the first place let us apostrophise her person: Mdlle. Baderna is *petite* in stature; but then she is only seventeen and doubtless will grow taller. She is exceedingly pretty, her features are expressive, and her whole physiognomy beams with a quiet light like that of the moon, and her hair being arranged *à la Chinoise*, enhances the quaint beauty of her looks. Her figure is compact and *tres prononcé* for her years, her extreme youth permitting a *decolleté* guise that would otherwise be *outré* *formes*. A certain air of chaste voluptuousness breathes from her form like the warm air of the South. Next we must consider Mdlle. Baderna as an artist. As yet she is not perfect, but she has every promise of becoming eventually first-rate. She has sure and neat, if not astonishing, execution, she pirouettes well, though too often; points well, and not too often; uses her arms with classical grace, displays an *abandon* and *degagé* manner that is perfectly charming, and dances with invariable artistic feeling, avoiding clap-trap and false show, posing firmly and achieving her movements, even the most velocious, *terre à terre*, as the French have it, without tottering or hesitation. Mdlle. Baderna was loudly, constantly, and deservedly applauded in her introductory *pas*, which was quaint and original; in the *grand pas seul*, in which she evinced the most graceful characteristics of her style, and the *pas de deux* with M. Croce, which was full of excellent *poses*, and replete with well considered and perfectly executed mechanical feats. Her success was decided, and she was recalled at the end of her *pas de deux* with M. Croce, and after the fall of the curtain. The best of the incidental dances was a *pas de quatre*, in which M. Paul executed a variation with great agility and neatness, and Mdlle. Dubignon, a very pretty and *spirituelle danseuse*, scarcely enough estimated by our public, danced with exceeding grace and agreeable *abandon*. Mdlle. Dubignon, some time ago, debuted with success at the *Académie Royale* in Paris, and has since made rapid progress. Few *danseuses* have more strength of limb, and few are endowed with a more agreeable personal exterior. She is moreover a zealous artist, and is nightly becoming a greater favorite with the public. Eventually we have great hopes of Mdlle. Dubignon. The ballet of *The Pretty Sicilian* was composed by, and produced under the superintendence of M. Blasis, a *maître d'école de danse* at the *Scala* in Milan. M. Blasis was a popular dancer at Her Majesty's Theatre in the time of Brocard and D'Egville. The music of the *ballet*, which has little to recommend it, is from the pen of M. Blasis *père*. M. Senna and M. Bozetti; Messrs. Grieve and Telbin furnished the scenery. The ballet succeeded entirely, and will do very well until something more interesting, and on a larger scale, can be prepared for the pretty and intelligent Marietta Baderna. Mr. Travers continues to improve in public favor. He has performed twice in *The Favorite* since our last. Mr. Wallace's opera is in full rehearsal, and will be produced forthwith.

HAYMARKET.—The new comedy, which has for some time been announced in the bills, was produced at this theatre on Thursday evening. It is, as we have stated in a former number, from the pen of Dion Bourcicault. Mr. Bourcicault has, for some years, represented the head of a class of comic writers of a peculiar school. Without attaching much importance to the development of character or to the construction of plot, the school to which Mr. Bourcicault belongs has endeavoured to produce all its effects by satirizing, in brilliant

sallies, the follies of the day—by exposing the vices of the times—by attempting to amalgamate the piquancy and point of the Congreve and Farquhar school with the sentimentality of the Holcrofts and Mortons of the succeeding age, and by effecting strong contrasts in character, which excite surprise from their novelty, rather than delight from their nature. The *School for Scheming* is a comedy written with great power, and is absolutely profuse in wit and sparkling sallies. It lashes the fashionable follies and reigning vices in language brilliant and caustic. It displays an intimate acquaintance with the frivolities of the higher classes. It is replete with pearls of poetry and imagination. It has, however, faults which deface all these beauties. Its exuberance of epigram is rather fatal than otherwise to its interest and its success. The mind has hardly time to repose on the pleasure derived from the surprise of some salient stroke before it feels called upon to receive some newer and more happy hit. The author appears to have husbanded the resources of his teeming mind with little tact. He has in most cases depended solely on his powers of composition, and has permitted his characters to make no progress towards the advancement of the plot. A still greater mistake Mr. Bourcicault has committed by introducing into his comedy serious characters which have neither vitality nor meaning. We can hardly conceive how a practical writer, like Dion Bourcicault, and one so conversant with all the necessary effects of dramatic representation, could err in this respect. The raciness of the dialogue frequently redeemed the comedy from flagging. The plot of the *School for Scheming* is by no means ill-constructed, and is, divested of its superfluities, sufficiently interesting. An old *roué*, the Hon. Claude Plantaganet. (Mr. W. Farren) broken down in fortunes, determines to retrieve his lost wealth by the marriage of his daughter. His daughter Helen, (Miss Fortescue), loves Craven Acton, (Mr. Howe), whose parentage is questionable, his father being formerly groom to Plantaganet, though his mother was a lady of rank. The serious portion of the comedy depends on Helen being forced by her father to refuse Acton in consequence of his humble birth, and she, through worldly views, inclining to accede to a more lordly connection, which involves both herself and lover in several interesting situations. The father of Acton, who appears throughout the comedy as a money lender, under the cognomen of X. Y., (Mr. Webster), being rejected by his wife a short period after their nuptials, and spurned by her family, has watched unknown over his son's career from infancy, and has contrived to deprive him of the maternal inheritance which devolved to him, by lending him large sums at exorbitant interest, in order to save him from the rapacity of the fashionable gamblers with whom he associates. Plantaganet, to escape from his pressing creditors, expedites a marriage with Mrs. Fox French, (Mrs. Glover), whom he understands has a fortune of ten thousand pounds, and the lady rushes into the connubial snare, believing the old lover to be a man of substance. The old proverb of the "biter bit" is here happily illustrated. Helen, who has accepted the offer of Lord Ripley's hand, is rejected by that nobleman for an earlier attachment, and is punished for her perfidy to Acton by being subsequently rejected by various wealthy suitors, whom her father endeavours to inveigle into a marriage with her. In the end, Acton, through the intervention of his father, who declares himself, is made happy by being reconciled to Helen, and the repentant lady acknowledges the injustice of her treatment, and the lovers are married. The best character in the Comedy is that of Mac Dunnum of Dunnum (Mr. Buckstone), a railway capitalist, who acquires

a sudden fortune, and is as suddenly precipitated into poverty. This character is really inimitable, and his happy allusions and sly hits at speculations elicited immense applause. It is altogether the best part we have witnessed in a comedy for a long time, and displays Mr. Bourcicault's peculiar powers of characterising to excellent advantage. The *School for Scheming* was but unequally performed. Mr. W. Farren was nearly inaudible throughout the performance; nor did he seem fully to understand the nature of the old *roué*. Miss Fortescue had a varied and difficult part to perform. Mr. Buckstone, as the scheming capitalist, was more humorous than true, and Mrs. Glover made the most of a very small part. Mr. Webster played the old usurer with much power, and produced a great effect in his serious scenes. Of the rest of the performers we have nothing particular to say. In our next number we shall return to the *School for Scheming*, which we deem entirely worthy of a second notice, confident, that by a judicious use of the pruning knife, the comedy will become one of the most successful works ever produced at the Haymarket. Mr. Webster came forward after the performance, and announced the Comedy for repetition every night. Mr. Bourcicault also appeared, in obedience to a call all but unanimous.

The admired comedy of *London Assurance* was performed for the last time this season on Tuesday evening, before an unusually crowded audience. There was on the occasion a novelty in the cast, Mr. Lester, of whom we have had occasion to speak frequently in terms of praise, played the part of Dazzle in lieu of Mr. Hudson, the usual representative of that character. We are happy to find our good opinion of Mr. Lester's talent still further enhanced by his performance in *London Assurance*; his easy manners with his gentlemanly and handsome appearance are well suited to the part of Dazzle. We shall be glad to see this rising young actor more frequently before the public, by whom, we may remark, *en passant*, he is always received with favour. To numerous correspondents who wish to know whether Lester is an assumed name, we take this opportunity of answering in the affirmative. Mr. Lester's real name is Wallack; he is a grandson of the famous Jack Johnson (Irish Johnson), whose daughter married James Wallack, the well-known talented actor and public favourite.

FRENCH PLAYS.—"Mr. Mitchell," says a clever writer in the *Morning Chronicle*, "is the veritable champion of the *entente cordiale*. Whatever may be the relations of the Court of St. James's with our friends over the water, those of the Theatre of St. James's are always amicable. Foreign secretaries may scowl blackly at each other—diplomatic scolding matches may be carried on as vigorously as ever were domestic ones—yet amid all the rumpus—amid the shower of antagonistic "notes," angry leaders, mutual recriminations, and downright out-and-out abuse, it is pleasant to feel that there is at least the neutral ground of dramatic art, where Englishmen and Frenchmen may shake hands; that there is the *foyer* of the theatre still sacred from political jars—a pleasant-no-man's land and everybody's land, where we can all laugh, cry, and gossip together, without the smallest hindrance from the Montpensier marriage, and in utter oblivion of the pie-crust-like provisions of the treaty of Utrecht. Free trade is becoming the word all the world over. Time was, in London, when the patriotic nationality of John Bull displayed itself in chivalrously pelting from the stage a few unhappy French artists who dared to confront the glare of English footlights; and the probability is that at the epoch in question a batch of British performers would have fared little better before an audience of the bourgeoisie of Paris.

Matters are rather different now-a-days. Instead of looking on the French as our natural enemies of war, we are beginning to recognise in them our natural rivals in art. We have arrived at the comfortable assurance that each has much to learn from the other. We interchange models. We test and compare schools and styles of art. Shakspere's words are spoken in a Paris theatre—Molière is listened to by an English audience; we lend our Macreadys and our Faucits—we borrow our neighbours' Lemâitres and their Rachels; and we are each the gainers by the transaction. Not but that as yet, however, the dramatic exchange has been very considerably in our favour. The Parisians have had an opportunity of seeing merely our leading tragic performers. They have sent us a sample of every species of dramatic talent—from interpreters of the stately old tragedy, to the joyous exponents of the rollicking, jolite vaudeville. Tragedy, comedy, melodrama, farce—we have them all in their turns. The pretty playhouse in King-Street is now the *Theatre Français*, its boards paced by Perlet and Brohan. Anon it changes to the *Porte St. Martin*—Frederick and Clarisse its animating spirits. In regular and pleasing succession we shall sit in the *Gaité*, the *Ambigu*, the *Variétés*, the *Palais Royale*, that "delicious little den of wickedness"—and all without stirring from our English homes. Here is the pleasant result of this opening of our dramatic ports—an opening for which assuredly we have to thank Mr. Mitchell—our theatric Cobden."

We have had little novelty this week; the *Dame de St. Tropes* and *Don Cesar de Bazan*, have been the principal attractions on Monday and Wednesday. Of these we have already spoken largely, and have but to add, that their success, mainly dependant on M. Frederick Lemâitre's acting, still continues great and draws good houses. There is the same intensity of feeling, and the same volatile humour which distinguish him from all other living actors. Indeed, to the union of the two we must attribute his popularity, greater perhaps in France than in England, where the humour and allusions are not always well understood. Seeing the same piece over again, is no repetition with M. Frederick Lemâitre, his readings are always different, and his bye-play incidental to the impulse of the moment. Why have we not had *Ruy Blas*, by Victor Hugo? We have been promised it, but it has been withdrawn from the list. Has the censor anything to do with this? Does a play, which has met with such great and deserved success in Paris, in which the actor has full scope to display his wonderful powers, cause umbrage to the despot of theatricals? We have heard a rumour to this effect, but cannot bring ourselves to believe it; we cannot suppose that England is more fettered in this respect than France. We cannot imagine why, in this country where the press is so independent, the subject has not been taken up and grappled with already. We should also like to see the original *Robert Macaire* in full; the *Tour de Nesle*, and others of the repertoire of Mr. Lemâitre, which have been prohibited here.

Last night *Le Docteur Noir*, was produced with brilliant success, and Lemaitre and Clarisse achieved a new triumph.

REVIEWS ON LITERATURE.

The "*Fine Arts' Journal*"—No. 13, Vol. I.

THE speculators in this publication must have more money than wit, presuming they pay the piper. We gave our readers a taste of the first number, but now that we have read up to the twelfth, we begin to suspect that we have all along mistaken the object of the work. We at first regarded it as serious, and while smiling at the folly, commended the zeal

of the contributors. But as number after number came, each duller than the last, conviction of our error gradually stole upon us. The *Fine Arts' Journal* is intended as a kind of art-*Punch*—in other words, a slow *Punch*. The contributors are W. C. M., the Trunkmaker, C. J., the Editor, K., and an anonymous gentleman. They are remarkably pleasant fellows, and much credit is due to them for the success with which they cultivate the *esoteric* style. Their irony is Socratic, inasmuch that it is not seen, and the points of their jokes are carefully hidden. The prime motive of exertion is a crusade against the daily press, which, says the Trunkmaker, is "*seculent with fungii*." These "*fungii*" he resolved to pull up by the roots, and calling together C. J. and the others, they proceeded at once to upset the *Connoisseur*, and set up the *Fine Arts' Journal*. Preliminaries arranged, it was proposed to adopt the *esoteric* manner of writing, "for," argued the Trunkmaker, "this will allow of an independent expression of opinion, without fear of giving offence, and, as the wooden horse was admitted into the gates of Troy, nobody suspecting that it was filled with armed soldiers, so shall we be admitted into the dwellings of Her Majesty's subjects, where once safely housed, we shall cast off our covering of imbecility, and brandishing the weapon of truth, exterminate the *fungii*." The sentiment of the Trunkmaker was unanimously approved, the *esoteric* manner of writing unanimously agreed upon, and the meeting unanimously dispersed. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ*—hence this apparent foolishness. We should never have discovered it, had not our youth been nourished in the mystical schools. The first glance at the first paper of the Trunkmaker was enough to put us on our guard. "This fellow," said we, "is a mystic, and writes after the manner of Jamblichus. Let us leave him alone, and time will show what is in him; his articles will be better understood unread." And the more we read the more we were convinced of this truth; which, though it applies more entirely to the Trunkmaker, applies more or less to all the contributors. We shall therefore read no more for the present of the *Fine Arts' Journal*, and doubt not that the world will come to the same determination. When the *esoteric* style shall have been dropped, perhaps we may take it up again.



"The Lady's Newspaper," Nos. 1, 2, 3.

WE notice this new journal simply on account of an article on music, which among other remarkable passages contains the following:—

"Mr. Balfe has composed no less than seventeen successful operas; and that too, in three different languages! What a glorious answer this is to the anti-English wise-heads, who, but a few years since, when the Irish agitation of the subject of founding a "Grand National Opera" was broached, sneeringly observed—"Well, but suppose you had a National Opera, where could you find a single English composer?" Since that day, no less than thirty-three operas have been produced by native composers—seventeen by Balfe, four by Barnett, three by Loder, two by Rooke, THREE by Rodwell, one by Lavenu, ONE by Macfarren, one by Forbes, and one by Vincent Wallace. It is pleasing to record that during the past year not one musical failure has occurred. We have now only to mention that on Saturday, the 19th of December, was brought out at the Princess's Theatre an original musical romance, which is still performing, called *The Seven Maids of Munich*; or, *the Ghost's Tower*. This romance, being written and composed by G. Herbert Rodwell, we will say nothing about it, for

"On their own merits
Modest men are dumb."

Can our readers believe that the above was written by Mr. G. Herbert Rodwell? Can any one imagine that Mr. G. H. Rodwell was really in his senses, or was not fabricating a good joke when he sat down to pen such a statement as confounds all truth, all criticism, and all modesty? Mr. Rodwell

rites himself down in the category of composers, as the author of three operas. Where are these operas? What are they called? Where were they performed? Does he mean to entitle *Paul Clifford* an opera, or *Jack Sheppard* an opera, or the *Seven Maids of Munich* an opera, or *Teddy the Tiler* an opera? Macfarren, he says, has written *one* opera. Which of Macfarren's two operas, *Don Quixote*, or *The Devil's Opera*, does Mr. Rodwell condescend to place in the same list with his operas, *Paul Clifford*, or *Teddy Tiler*? Poor *Devil's Opera*, or poor *Don Quixote*, one or other of you must make way for your superiors, *Jack Sheppard* or the *Seven Maids of Munich*! Macfarren has written *one* opera, and Mr. G. H. Rodwell has written three. The statement comes from Mr. Rodwell, and as far as he himself is concerned, we are bound to believe, that Mr. Rodwell believes he has written three operas. We cannot find fault with Mr. Rodwell for labouring under mental alienation, nor would we undertake to correct his opinions of his own compositions, unless we were liberally remunerated, but for the sake of art, we would attempt to show Mr. Rodwell, that Mr. Macfarren has absolutely written two operas, ay, real operas, with choruses, finales, concerted pieces, musical dialogue, trialogue, dances, ballet music, and overtures. We would strive to explain in what consists our notion of an opera. We would tell Mr. Rodwell that a drama with incidental ballads and stray sing-song choruses and hotch-potch finales no more constitutes an opera than mere blank verse and big words constitute a tragedy. We would tell him—no, we are convinced Mr. Rodwell's modesty (mark the close of his paragraph in our quotation) has already told him as much as the composer of three operas ought to listen to. Mr. Rodwell concludes his modest article with a modest puff, in which we learn the day and date of performance of "The Seven Maids of Munich." The world is benefitted by the information. It would confer a like boon on the public if Mr. Rodwell would, in his next musical essay, set forth the full particulars of the first appearance of the opera, *Teddy the Tiler*. Mr. Rodwell concluded his article with a *modest* quotation. We shall beg leave to follow his example:—

"O, wad the Pow'r some giftie gie us,
To see oursels as others see us,
It wad frae mony a blunder free us
And foolish notion."

and so we take our leave of the modest critic of the *Lady's Newspaper*.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE. MR. MANVERS.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—I find in the report of the last Manchester Choral Society, which took place on the 21st ult, a critique of Mr. Manvers' song, "Wait her angels." He is there recommended not to make use of the word *shee-ies* (very properly so, too, if he ever did so); but I think you will find that the word in question (in the singular number), although spelt *shy*, is pronounced *shee*, denoting that the vowels *e* and *i*, when properly uttered, are to be distinctly marked; and by so doing, a word of nominally *one* syllable is made virtually *two*, the stress being made upon the latter. Perhaps, however, your correspondent would advise Mr. Manvers to put the cart before the horse, thus—*shee-ies*, thereby pronouncing the word as it is literally spelt, *shy's*. If so, I would respectfully suggest that he had better keep his literary talents to himself, and not throw them away in lessons to well-informed and educated men. It happens that Mr. Manvers is as well instructed in the English language as perhaps any member of the profession to which he belongs, having for some years studied at one of the first classic schools in Oxford, viz.—New College, it being the intention of his friends to educate him for the Church; but, like many others, preferring the profession of music, he abandoned his former pursuits. We have had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Manvers often,

but never heard him misrelate any word of the English language, or make a burlesque of a sacred song. With many apologies for troubling you with this letter, I beg to subscribe myself, your obedient servant,
Oxford, January 25, 1847. A CONSTANT READER.

THE EXETER HALL ORATORIO AND MR. H. PHILLIPS.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—On Tuesday last I attended the performance of the Creation, at Exeter Hall, and I respectfully entreat a small portion of your columns for a few remarks arising out of that performance. Every one I apprehend will allow that the Sacred Harmonic Society has done more to raise the taste of the public for sacred music than any Society which has existed in England; but it has done more than simply elevate the *taste*, it has also materially increased the *knowledge* of the public; it has caused the works of our great masters to be appreciated and enjoyed in many a family circle, which, but for the efforts of this Society, would scarcely have been aware of their existence. It is much to be regretted that the gentleman, whose name stands at the head of this letter, should forget this fact: it is a pity he will not recollect that persons who go to Exeter Hall when the Creation is performed, go with the hope and expectation of enjoying Haydn's music as it was written by Haydn, and that, as a natural consequence, the meretricious embellishments which, doubtless, Mr. Phillips thinks exceedingly ornamental, are anything but pleasing to the taste of the majority of his audience: he should remember that to many hundreds of those who congregate at Exeter Hall, the music of the Creation is as familiar as "household words;" that these persons sit with the score in their heads, not to criticise, but to enjoy a great intellectual treat from that chaste and classical rendering of the various well-known passages, which they have a right to expect from the eminent artistes engaged by the Society, among whom Mr. Phillips, from his acknowledged position as the first English singer of the day, stands pre-eminent. It would be well if he would take a lesson in this respect from Miss Birch; throughout the whole of her most exquisite and arduous performance, the most critical ear and the most carefully observant eye, could scarcely detect a single departure from the score, while, on the contrary, Mr. Phillips, from first to last (except in "Graceful Consort," which was given most truly, and, therefore, most beautifully,) indulged in a series of flourishes and alterations, which may do very well for a theatre, where not one person in fifty knows a note of the music, except from memory, but are altogether unsuited to Exeter Hall. And now, sir, mark the consequence! Not one song of Mr. Phillips was *encored*, while to Miss Birch and Mr. Lockett that compliment was enthusiastically accorded. I leave Mr. Phillips to draw the inference, if these remarks should meet his eye, begging him to believe that I write in no unfriendly spirit, but with a due appreciation of his abilities. Yours truly,—P. M.

LABLACHE.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

DEAR SIR,—Could you, or any of your readers, inform me the age of the great Lablache?—Yours truly, "A SUBSCRIBER."

THE RIVAL OPERAS.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—Permit a humble country professor to tender you his best thanks, for your very impartial and interesting account of the battle between the two rival houses; and pray, sir, continue to give your readers a "full, true, and particular" record of their doings, until both are open. For five hundred centuries hence it will be read with avidity by our *ancestors*, as Mr. Ramsbottom had it. We, in the provinces, cannot see all the London papers, therefore, what is published in them, *pro* and *con*, given, as you hitherto have done, will, I do assure you, be a most important favour conferred on all your country readers. And I may venture to say, that to have a succinct account of all the proceedings relative to the old house, as well as in the new, cannot fail of proving highly interesting to your London readers. The question respecting the *Swedish Nightingale*, becomes more and more inexplicable; and many are the wagers which are laid respecting the issue of the contest.

Yours, respectfully,

A FLOODING TEACHER.

Birmingham, Feb. 3rd, 1847.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

THE DIAPASON.

SIR,—I avail myself of the permission, under notice of Correspondents in your last number, to resume the question of the origin of the term *Diapason*, as understood or used by Organ builders. It is unnecessary to recapitulate the whole of my former letter, it was merely preliminary to an hypothesis of my own, as to the meaning of the term, and which I intended submitting to you in a future communication. Dom Bedos remarks that "the word *Organ*, so long equivocal, having signified *all* instruments of music, as also the joining together of many persons in singing. It is difficult to discover the meaning

of many passages to be found in some authors respecting it. On the other hand, those who have written upon it appear to have known little or nothing of the subject, and have consequently put forth absurd errors. It is an art, upon which the *least* and truly the *worst* has been written." The work quoted contains more than 800 folio pages, and, as may be seen by reference to my letter in a former number of yours, he tells us no more about *Diapason*, than that Organ builders called an octave (or the scale of its pipes) *Diapason*. He has followed this up by describing the scales of the various stops under the head of *Diapason* thus, "*Diapason des Jeux D'Anche*," "*Diapason des Jeux à Bâncle*," &c. I have given "an Old Subscriber" the best book authority for the term; but I gather from his second letter that he will still say "I have not understood or not answered his question." The old monk does not appear to have troubled himself further in the definition of the term *Diapason* than I have recited; but in the preface of his work I find that the first Pneumatic organ had only *one octave* of pipes, and those only of the Diatonic scale, therefore the word *Diapason* would be the proper term for "that organ or *Octave of Pipes*." Now, if it be conceded (as I submit it should) that they were of the same *pitch* as the stop now called *Diapason* (8 foot) from which all extension of number and compass arose, I think the Organ builder has rightly named the 8-foot stop "*Diapason*," and, together with your Old Subscriber) needs no further search for its etymology. Bedos mentions an ancient organ which required *seventy vigorous men* to put its bellows in motion. Good times those for employment of the many. Now, alas! I am obliged to break a pole with a *double motion*, at as much risk of dislocating my shoulders, as if unemployed on a fire-engine. Steam, I suppose, will come in at last and annihilate the occupation of

AN OLD BELLOW-BLOWER.

January 29th, 1847.

From the German of F. Geibel.

Oh! how deep the wanderer's wonder—flying from more northern day,
Who to the long-craved for south, turns his joyous pilgrim way;
When from Gothard's mighty rock, all silent in eternal ice
Descending, through the morning dawn, he sees Italian beauty rise.

Lightly separate the clouds, and so warm the air, and soft,
Like kisses, from the depths below, it heaves the scattering mist aloft.
Yet a step,—wide and blooming laughs the valley at his feet,
And garden groves and silver-waters, morning warmth and sunshine greet.

Roses blossom on each hill, round the elm-tree clings the vine,
And the carved and polished marble through the cypress shadows shine.
Here the laurel-wooded rock, and there the broad and purple sky,
Smiling on the crystal fountains like a mother's loving eye;

And there the many-clad and many-coloured folk, on dale and hill,
Swart youths and gorgeous women, as their roses beautiful.
On the rock the vineyard dance, in the cottage the guitar,
Gay song alike by shore and strand, joy and music, near and far.

Should we not deem a spendthrift God had emptied on so fair a land,
Joys most full and brimming beaker, with an almost drunken hand?
Is she not the richest branch on old Europe's mighty tree,
As with the green leaf with golden fruitage laden wealthily?

But how bitter the deceit. As an adder lurks below
The flower; underneath the smile, throbs and lurks the inner woe;
That woe which cannot calm its tears for the elder virtue dead,
For the ancient freedom perished, and the heroism fled.

Oh! Italy! Art's dearest mother! woman with the royal brow!
Princess and ruler of the past! sick and wretched art thou now!
The hectic beauty of thy cheek, so like a rose's purple bloom,
Heaves in thy pulse with feverish heat, and tells us of the tomb.

Bloom and flower seem only scattered o'er thy wan and suffering head,
Like the funeral garlands woven by the pious, for the dead.
And thine Ætna and Vesuvius vomit forth their mighty fire,
Like the ready torches placed by a World-Queen's funeral pyre.

But, No! Hope never dies, and Woe lasts not ever, although long.
Knowest thou not Penelope, her grief, and the Homeric song?
Beyond all, like thee, beautiful; beyond all, like thee in her grief,
Strangers riot in her palace in the absence of its chief.

Twenty years the purple wool span she weeping on the throne;
Twenty years with sighs and tears, reared the queen the princely son;
Twenty years she held her faith to sorrow and to husband fast,
Watching, hoping, sending, sighing, and Odysseus came at last.

Woe to wooer and to lover when the wrathful step drew near,
And the mighty bow twang smote sharp and swift upon the ear;
With the hot blood of the crime were the wall and pavement red,
When vengeance spread in Ithaca its banquet of the dead.

Listen Italy, and cheer thee, well thou knowest the ancient song,
So within thy palace gates do the stranger suitors throng,
So thy children grow to manhood, while the mother's bitter tear
Is falling. Hope—the hour will come—thy Odisseus too is near.

CHARLES ROSENBERG.

PROVINCIAL.

LIVERPOOL.—A grand vocal and instrumental concert at the Theatre Royal, Williamson-square, was given by Miss Whitnall, on Monday evening. Though under the patronage of the Mayor, who was present, the attendance was not as great as we expected to find it, especially as Madame Anna Bishop was to be one of the performers. Miss Whitnall was suffering from a cold, and appeared contrary to the advice of her medical attendant. She, however, received the unanimous applause of the audience. Madame Bishop was very favourably received, and sung in a style which proved worthy of the high encomiums passed upon her. Her voice is powerful, and of flute-like character, known by the term "*sforzato*." Her higher notes are beautifully intonated, but her lower tones are not equally good. Donizetti's recitative "*Al tempio ei move*," and the cavatina "*Ah! quando in regio talamo*," were given with effect, as were the recitative "*Eccomi*" and cavatina "*Come rapida*." (Meyerbeer). "On the banks of the Guadalquivir," was delightfully given.

Madame Bishop drew good houses at the Theatre Royal, in the character of Isolide, in the *Maid of Artois*, and proved herself one deserving of the lavish praise given to her by the metropolitan journals.

LIVERPOOL.—The Members of the Philharmonic Institution held their Annual Meeting on the evening of Tuesday week, in the board-room of the Collegiate Institution, for the purpose of hearing the state of affairs and electing officers for the year ensuing. The inspection of matters pecuniary was satisfactory. It was stated that the New Music Hall capable of containing more than 2000 persons, would be shortly completed.

LIVERPOOL.—Madame Vestris and Mr. Charles Mathews have been playing at the Theatre Royal, in several of their favourite pieces, and have given high satisfaction to all who have witnessed their personations. They have been very ably supported by Miss Emmeline Montague, a charming actress, whose return to the theatre we are glad to welcome.

LIVERPOOL.—At the Concert-Hall on Wednesday, Signor Sapio satisfied an attentive and discriminating audience with his first concert. In addition to Signor Sapio himself, the vocalist who appeared were Miss Anne Romer, Mr. Alfred Sapio, Mr. Sinclair, and Mr. Joseph Robinson. Miss Whitnall was announced in the programme, but owing to illness, was unable to attend. Messrs. E. Smith and H. V. Lewis lent their valuable services as conductors. The weather was unpropitious, but we were agreeably surprised to find the Concert-hall at least half filled. Signor Sapio was in excellent voice. Mr. Sinclair sang with an animation truly surprising, and carried captive the feelings of every listener. His merrier songs were rapturously encored. Mr. Alfred Sapio, as yet but a *debutante*, gained many admirers, but his voice appears wanting in power. He is, however, an *artiste* of skill, and must ultimately win the approbation of the musical world. The star of the evening was Miss Anne Romer, and the interest in her songs was heightened by the fact that the present would be, for a lapse of time, her last appearance in Liverpool. Nothing could be more enthusiastic than her reception; each song was followed by a hearty encore.—*Liverpool Mail*.

LIVERPOOL.—On Wednesday last a lecture on the nature and cultivation of the human voice, illustrated by original and select songs, with pianoforte accompaniments, was delivered at the Blackburn Mechanics' Institution, by Richard Crowe, Esq., of the Collegiate Institution, a numerous and respectable audience was present. The lecturer appeared to have fully answered the contemplated purpose, and to have gratified the listeners. Mr. Crowe gave a philosophical description of the construction of the organs of the human voice; and explained how musical and other sounds were produced thereby. He then pointed out the qualifications necessary to constitute a good singer; and how they should each be cultivated, observing that the first and most essential point to be attained was a good *quality* of voice. The necessity for a distinct articulation the lecturer exemplified by singing a song in the Italian manner, which obtained among amateurs some years since, and by which the vowels only been heard, not a word of the song could be understood. The points touched upon in the lecture, and the styles necessary to give effect to compositions, Mr. Crowe illustrated by singing, amongst other songs, &c.:—"The Fisherman," "The Pilot," "Old King Time" (an original composition) "Shall I wastye in Despair," "Mad Tom," "If I had a thousand a year" (Dibdin), "The Gipsy King" &c., all of which were loudly applauded, and some of them encored.—*Blackburn Standard*.

The Casino de Naples at the Liver Theatre, is running a career of success. The experiment of introducing in Liverpool a musical and terpsichorean entertainment, "a la Parisian Soirees Musicales et Dan-santes," appears likely to prove successful, from the spirited manner in which it is conducted.

LIVERPOOL.—The Misses Cushman have appeared lately at the Adelphi Theatre Royal, in "Romeo and Juliet," on Tuesday in the "Lady of Lyons."

on Wednesday in "Twelfth Night," and on Thursday in "Guy Mannerling," with great success. Miss Susan Cushman's representation of Christine, in the "Youthful Queen," is highly spoken of. In "Twelfth Night" the fair sisters performed the parts of Viola and Olivia with much spirit and accuracy.

MANCHESTER.—On Monday, January 25, Mr. R. Andrews gave a Juvenile Concert, comprising a selection of songs, duets, and solos, upon various instruments, by his young and gifted family. The room was well attended. The programme consisted of a selection from Mr. R. Andrews' new musical work, entitled "Songs of the Hearth." The accompaniment on the piano-forte was given by Mr. R. Andrews with nice effect. Master Edward Andrews, a youth not ten years of age, performed a solo on the violin in such a manner as to take the audience quite by surprise: an *encore* was the result, the same success attending his second solo, "The Carnival of Venice." Of Master R. Hoffman Andrews's playing we have frequently had much pleasure in speaking in its praise. His solo on the Concertina, accompanied by Mr. Henry Walker on the piano-forte, was a treat. Miss Elizabeth Andrews was warmly encored in "When the bee sucks," as also her sister, in Horn's "Fair Music," the obligato accompaniment of Master R. Hoffman Andrews being excellent. The concert terminated with "God save the Queen," and "Rule Britannia," with variations on the piano-forte, executed by the young artist.—*Manchester Times*.

MANCHESTER.—The First Meeting of the Salford Glee Club was held in the large room of the Queen's Arms, in Chapel Street. The concert was excellently varied, and the different pieces generally well executed.

BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. J. A. Baker's grand Concert for the relief of the Aged and Infirm Poor, took place at the Town Hall on Thursday evening. The Concert commenced with the favourite Overture from "Fra Diavolo," spiritedly played by the Military Band, under the direction of Mr. D. Rieks; the Band also performed other pieces during the evening. Miss Dolby contributed greatly to the pleasure of the evening by her artistic delivery of the song from Persiani's *Inez de Castro*, which was delightfully rendered, and loudly applauded; a manuscript ballad by Mr. J. A. Baker, entitled "The Widow's Lullaby," which was rapturously encored; Linley's pretty ballad, "Primrose's deck the banks;" Miss Mason's Scotch song, "Come, off to the Moors;" two of Mendelssohn's lovely duets, with Miss Lockey, given effectively; and a *buff* duet with Mr. J. L. Hatton, "La Polka," an amusing composition, rendered with humour and spirit. Miss Lockey made a successful *début*. Her voice is good, and her style pleasing. Mr. Lockey was in excellent voice, and sustained his deserved reputation as an accomplished *artiste* and an established favourite. He sang Weber's serenade, "When the orb of day," Nelson's ballad, "Merrily goes the mill," most effectively. The re-appearance of Mr. J. L. Hatton was a great feature. He sang several of his numerous *buff* songs, and was encored in each; one especially, "The little fat grey man," excited roars of laughter. The exquisite performances of those talented gentlemen, Mr. Distin and his four sons, were listened to with marked attention, and several of them encored. The introduction of their new instruments, the "Sax Tubas," was a great treat, and Mr. Distin's execution of the difficult solo, "The Soldier tired" was marvellous. Mr. H. Distin's solo, "All is lost," was perfection itself. Mr. J. A. Baker accompanied most of the vocal pieces and the instrumental solos upon the piano-forte.—*Birmingham Gazette*.

LINCOLN.—A concert was given by Mr. and Mrs. Turner, in the County Assembly-rooms; it was not numerously attended. Mr. and Mrs. Turner, were assisted by Masters Thomas and Travis, Mr. Knowles, Mr. Brooke, and Mr. Martin, all of the cathedral choir. Mrs. Turner has improved since we heard her last; and was much admired in her solo part in "Daughter of Error," and also in the trio "Zitti Zitti," from Rossini's *Il Barbiere*. Mr. Turner's song "Laugh my Girls," was encored. Mr. Knowles sang as well as ever. The citizens of Lincoln are indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Turner for favouring them with an opportunity of hearing some music.—*Lincolnshire Chronicle*.

SHREWSBURY.—The Shropshire Hunt Ball of the season took place at the Lion Rooms, and was attended by a most brilliant assemblage. The festivity commenced about half-past ten o'clock, by Sir Richard Jenkins and Lady Charlotte Montgomery opening the ball with a country dance. A succession of waltzes, quadrilles, gallopes, polkas, &c. followed to the strains of a splendid band, provided by Mr. Goodall, till about one o'clock, when supper was announced, and the company adjourned to the lower room, to enjoy an elegant treat, supplied by Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, under the superintendence of Mr. W. Griffiths. After the company had partaken of this entertainment, they returned to the ball room, and kept up the dance to an advanced hour. The visitors comprised all the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood.

CANTERBURY.—(From our own Correspondent).—The concert of the Catch Club on Wednesday, the 27th, went off with great spirit; the

performers seeming anxious that the audience (which was very numerous) should feel gratified with the contents of the programme, which was composed entirely of music from the pen of our valued countryman, Sir H. Bishop. The songs of "Bid me di-course" by Miss Goldsmith, and the "Echo" by Mrs. Dowton, were well received—the last receiving a deserving *encore*. The overtures, under the leadership of Mr. H. Palmer, were executed with decision, and the vocal pieces generally were well performed. Before the last overture a good speech was delivered by Mr. T. S. Dowton (manager of the theatre), in which he enlarged upon the writings of Sir H. Bishop, and concluded with proposing "Prosperity to Sir Henry," which was responded to with three times three.

CANTERBURY.—A concert of a very pleasing kind was given on Wednesday, 27th ult., at the Canterbury Catch Club. The entire selection of music was taken from Sir Henry Bishop's works; and the entertainment, in consequence, passed under his name, being called, "An Evening with Bishop." Overtures, Glees, songs, duets, even Quadrilles, à la Bishop, were commingled in the entertainments of the evening. The Concert was well attended.

CHILTERNHAM.—Mr. Wilson has been giving his entertainment here with his usual success. Jullien has also been reaping new laurels, and pocketing lots of "tin."

FOLKESTONE.—Upwards of seventy members and friends of the Catch Club met on Tuesday January 26, at the King's Arms, and were much entertained with the singing of Messrs. Godden, Hayward, Armstrong, May, Roberts, &c. &c. The songs, "Rosy Wine," and "Dear little Shamrock of Ireland," were pleasantly sung, as also the duet by Messrs. Hayward and Armstrong, and the glee of "Life's a Bumper," by Messrs. Godden, Bates, and Roberts. The instrumental music was good, and the overtures, gallopes, and quadrilles well selected and well performed. The chair was well sustained by Mr. Jenkins, and the most perfect order prevailed during the evening. We understand the members increase each week, and the continued exertions of the committee in providing at each meeting fresh talent, will prove it the most attractive resort of the admirers of good singing and music.—*Maidstone Gazette*.

MAIDSTONE.—Morning and evening concerts were given by the Sevenoaks Choral Society, under the kind patronage of the Marquis and Marchioness Camden, at Pawley's Royal Hotel, on Tuesday, January 26, the arrangements of which were excellent, Mr. Humphreys having the management. In addition to the company of the noble patron and patroness, the Right Hon. the Earl and Countess Amherst, Lord Viscount Holmesdale, C. R. C. Petley, Esq. and lady, Rev. Mr. Blackhall, &c. &c. were present. The selection in part I. was from the Messiah. Taken as a whole, this was, perhaps, one of the best concerts given by the society, and was well supported. The noble patron, in addition to the tickets he had taken, made the society a very handsome donation.—*Ibid*.

MAIDSTONE.—Mr. W. B. Tolpitt (Professor of Music), gave a vocal and instrumental concert at the Harleian Literary Institution, which was very numerously and respectfully attended. The principal vocal solo performers were Mrs. Sturges and Mr. Godden. The orchestra consisted chiefly of the Ashford Musical Society. The glees were excellent. A solo on the violin was played with taste by Mr. Morfill, and a solo on the corneopon by Mr. Browning, jun., much applauded. The musical department, led by Mr. Matson, gave great satisfaction. Upon the whole the concert was well got up, and reflected much credit in the taste of Mr. W. B. Tolpitt, who deserves the support of the inhabitants and the public.—*Ibid*.

LYMINGTON, JAN. 16.—We have great pleasure in recording the entire success of the first public concert given by the Lymington Harmonic society, at the Assembly Rooms, Angel Hotel, on Friday, the 8th inst. on which occasion nearly 400 persons were present. The Messrs. Klitz, whose reputation as musicians is too well known to need comment from us, in the kindest manner offered their services to the society on that occasion. Among the best performance were Auber's celebrated Overture to "Masaniello," arranged as a septett, which was executed in masterly style by Messrs. Klitz (the six brothers) assisted by Mr. Edwards, of Portsmouth, with the flute. Mr. Phillip Klitz played a fantasia, impromptu, on the piano-forte, on subjects suggested by the company, which was brilliantly executed. Mr. Charles Klitz sang "All is lost" (from "La Sonnambula") with great pathos. Mr. James Klitz (from Northampton) sang with great feeling "The Maniac," which produced an electric effect on the audience. He was equally successful in the "Ship on Fire," and in both cases was deservedly encored. Mr. Robert Klitz's "Last Man" was a master-piece. He subsequently sang "I'm Afloat," in excellent style, and was warmly applauded.—*Hampshire Advertiser*.

WOODBOND.—A Concert took place in the Rooms, George-lane, on the evening of Thursday week, which attracted a very crowded audience. The Misses Bassano and Messent, and Mr. Kitchner, were the vocalists; and Messrs. Carte, Lindley, and F. W. Bates, were the instrumental performers. Mr. Hobbs was also engaged, but could not appear, in conse-

quence of indisposition. Miss Bassano gave a song of Verdi's with great effect, and sang "Kathleen Mavourneen" with expression and pathos. Miss Messent was no less happy in a song of Donizetti's, and a Scotch ballad. Miss Bassano and Miss Messent gave a duet of Bellini's, and obtained considerable applause. Other portions of the concert afforded high gratification. Mr. F. W. Bates performed a fantasia of his own composition in a most admirable manner, and received several bursts of applause. Mr. Carte was no less successful in his flute solo. He played on his new Boehm flute a favourite Northumbrian air, arranged with variations by himself, and absolutely astonished the Woodfordian folks. Mr. Carte is indeed a very splendid performer on his instrument. The entertainment afforded universal gratification. Mr. F. W. Bates proved himself a most excellent conductor.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

MILAN, JAN. 26. (*Extract from a Letter.*)—At the Scala we have had nothing very attractive in the way of opera. The only two operas yet given have been *Attila*, and the *Prova d'un Opera Seria*, neither of which has pleased very much. In the ballet we have had Fanny Elssler and the inimitable Perrot. The theatre is so crowded whenever they appear that it is with difficulty we can get a seat. At Genoa, Mr. Jones, the basso, whom I have before mentioned to you, has created a *furor* in *Attila*; which is the more flattering to him, as the music generally does not please: he is nightly called before the curtain many times; and, in consequence of the great success he has met with, has been offered many lucrative engagements: which of them he will accept is not at present decided, he intending to visit England in the spring for a few months, and then returning to Italy. We have been to Pavia, to witness the *debut* of Mr. Leati, an Englishman. He made his first appearance as Don Carlo in *Ernani*, with the greatest possible success. He has a magnificent baritone voice, and acquitted himself so well that the students, who attended the theatre *en masse*, rose from their seats and cheered him repeatedly. Is not this a great triumph for us "poor English," who, generally speaking, are not thought of too highly by the Italians as singers? I begin to think the time is not far off when we shall be estimated by them as we deserve.

CASSEL, DEC. 23.—The twenty-fifth anniversary of the nomination of Spohr, as music director of the Royal Theatre at Cassel, was celebrated with much solemnity. An extraordinary performance took place at the theatre, when selections from his operas *Zemira e Azor*, *Jessonda*, *Faust*, and *Pietro von Abano*, were given. At the conclusion Spohr was conducted, with great ceremony, by the performers, on to the stage, which represented a landscape consisting of the house at Seesen where the poet was born. Spohr being seated, the *prima donna* (Madame Brunbaun) placed a crown of laurels on his head. The same evening his highness the co-regent appointed Spohr director-general of the court-music, and also conferred the title of Aulic Councillor on him. The King of Prussia has since forwarded him the order of the Red Eagle, third class.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER, JAN. 30. (*From our own Correspondent.*)—Dear Editor,—You must not expect anything particularly interesting in musical matters, at this season, from this agreeable place. In the theatres, dramas are represented, with occasionally an operetta by Auber, Dalleyrac, Gretry, &c., which do not require great strength of company. As a tolerable *personale* can only support itself during summer, there is no inducement at present to frequent the theatre. Occasionally we have, however, musical *soirées*, among which those of Mademoiselle Blahetka assume the first rank, as we are certain to listen to some works of the best German school. On Friday I had the gratification to hear a new composition by Spohr, a grand quintette, (the second in D) for piano, two violins, tenor, and violoncello. Mademoiselle Blahetka executed it in a style for which she is so eminently known. I think this quintette will become even a greater favourite than Spohr's first quintette, inas-

much as the melodies cannot fail to please generally. The first *mouvement* seems to me to have been written some years anterior to the *scherzo*, for we did not discover in it a leaning to the modern taste by which the next *mouvement* is distinguished. The *scherzo* was encored. The following *adagio* is one of the most charming specimens of writing I know of. The great master, "Germania's pride," has interwoven the piano with the other parts in such a delicious manner, as must ensure this quintette the most solid reputation. The sparkling *finale* winds up the whole in a most spirited manner. Mons. Perrot executed the difficult violin part throughout in a most masterly style. Mademoiselle Blahetka has promised us the second magnificent trio by Spohr, (piano, violin, and violoncello) at her next *soirée*. We had the pleasure to hear one of her own compositions on this occasion—the 2nd Quartette, Op. 44, (piano, violin, tenor, and violoncello, *concertante*) of which I gave you an account last year. Mademoiselle Blahetka, as a pupil of Beethoven, displays her deep studies of this musical Hercules, not disdaining, however, to interlard her works with dashes of brilliant passages, whilst her melodies are always characteristic and pleasing. The *soirée* wound up with Herz's First Concerto. A young lady, a pupil of Mademoiselle Blahetka played one of Chopin's delicious Notturnas. The impression was that the instructress well knows how to impart to others her interpretation of the works of the first masters of the age. I hope soon to be enabled to give you another account of some of the Terpsichorean Temple music, for we are in the midst of the carnival, and gaiety and dance are the order of the day.—Yours sincerely, A. Z.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—It is said that it is the intention of Mr. Lumley to devote an early night, after the opening of her Majesty's Theatre, for the benefit of the distressed Irish and Scotch. This will be a step politic and liberal at once.

MR. T. GERMAN REED, with the aid of some influential Scotch friends, intends giving a grand concert at the Hanover Square Rooms on the 25th inst., the proceeds to be appropriated to the relief of the starving Highlanders. Most of the leading vocalists of the day have liberally promised to give their gratuitous services.

ETHIOPIAN SERENADERS.—On Tuesday night we paid a visit to the St. James's Theatre, and were much pleased with the entertainments afforded. We have frequently wondered at the continual attraction of these entertainments, which lasted all last season and bid fair to go through this, yet we certainly were ourselves delighted with what we heard and saw, and shared in the general pleasure felt around us. We do not think that the novelty of the thing can have aught to do with its success, for that must have worn off by this time; we must therefore refer it to the excellent choice of airs, and the perfect, although simple, execution of them. There were several new songs, well selected from the most popular melodies and glees. Amongst the number we may mention "The Old Jaw Bone," and "I wish I was in Ole Varginny," in the comic line; and "Mary Blane," "My Skiff is on the shore," and "Chloe's to be my wife," in the sentimental. The Railroad Overture was also played with success; and Mr. Pell, on the bone, received great applause. There were several encores, and the whole performance gave evident satisfaction to a house crowded in every part. The Ethiopian Serenaders have certainly been a lucky hit for the enterprising lessee of the St James's Theatre.

M. G. STEVENIERS, a violinist of great repute in Belgium, has arrived in London to take a prominent station in the band of Her Majesty's Theatre, having been engaged by M. Panofka, Mr. Lumley's artistic agent. M. Pluys, another Belgian violinist of emience, has also arrived, having been secured, by M. Panofka for a similar position.

THEATRICALS AT HAMMERSMITH.—A performance, the

most interesting of the kind, which we have for a long time witnessed, took place at the Hammersmith Theatre on Monday evening. By the kind permission of Mr. Maddox, of the Princess's, Mr. Loder's opera of *Giselle* was performed, the principal parts being undertaken by children under ten years of age. The entire cast is worthy of recording. The Duke, Master E. Joseph: Godfrey, Master E. Goldshede: Fridolin, Miss Goldshede: Albert, Miss Esther Van Millingen; Peter, Miss Fanny Millingen: Max, Master E. Millingen: Gretchen, Miss E. Joseph: Bertha, Miss M. Goldshede: Mary, Miss E. Joseph: Giselle, Miss Maria Van Millingen: Myrtha, Miss E. Joseph. The *Giselle* of Miss Maria Van Millingen was really excellent. She sang the whole of the original music, and received considerable applause throughout the performance. She obtained a rapturous encore in the duet "He loves me, loves me not," with her sister, Miss Esther Van Millingen. The Fridolin of Miss Goldshede was acted capitally, and the parts of Mary and Myrtha well represented by the Misses Joseph. The dresses and scenery were excellent, and the theatre presented a gay appearance, the elite of the neighbourhood being present. The performance was under the joint management of Miss Van Millingen, and Miss Elizabeth Van Millingen.

Mr. W. R. BEXFIELD, Batchelor of Music, and Organist of Lincoln Cathedral, has published Six Songs of very great merit, the particulars of which our readers will find by referring to our advertisement sheet. Mr. Bexfield is a practical Professor, has laboured hard in his calling, and has won laurels as a composer.

THE new comedy of *The School for Scheming* and *The Invisible Prince* will be performed this evening, by the express desire of the Conde de Montemolin, at the Haymarket Theatre, on which occasion, he will honour the Theatre with his presence.

Mr. LINDSAY SLOPER has announced three concerts of Classical Pianoforte Music, to take place shortly at the rooms in Harley Street.

Mr. ALLCROFT has issued the programme of his Annual Grand Concert for Tuesday evening, to be held at the Lyceum Theatre, in which he has announced an array of talent, vocal and instrumental, of great force. The orchestra, on an enlarged scale, is provided, and every attention is paid to set before the visitors a highly intellectual treat.

THE PURCELL CLUB celebrated its eleventh anniversary on Saturday, at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, Professor Taylor (the president) in the chair. A chorus, "With drooping Wings ye Muses come," was sung in tribute to the memory of Mr. Hawkins, the late treasurer. Mr. Turle, organist of Westminster Abbey, and the young gentlemen of the choir, were in attendance. The memory of Purcell was drunk with due honors. This famous musician was born in 1658, and died in 1695. The *Post* styles him "England's greatest musician."

GRESHAM LECTURES.—The first of these was given by Professor Taylor, on Friday, the 29th ult. The theme was the German school of music. Gluck's Italian operas, and his visit to England, were discussed.

Mr. G. BUDD, secretary of the Watson Madrigal Society, has been appointed honorary librarian to the Philharmonic Society, in the place of the late Mr. Calkin.

MADAME BISHOP has been drawing excellent houses at Liverpool, in Balfe's *Maid of Artois*.—From the *M. Post*.

SIGNOR ANELLI, a highly-talented and much-respected professor of music in Cheltenham, has announced two concerts to be held in the Assembly Rooms, in aid of the distressed Scotch and Irish. The Concerts will be conducted by Mr. Frederic Anelli, son of the professor, a very promising artist

and pianist. The scheme of the two Concerts is already published. It exhibits an excellent selection of music, and presents an admirable array of executive forces. It is to be hoped that so benevolent a project will meet with all the encouragement it merits. Signor Anelli, in any case, deserves the best thanks of all classes for his amiable exertions, and his liberal offers. He has set a good example to musical artists.

CHORAL HARMONISTS.—This society intends giving Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Nacht* at their next meeting on the 15th instant. Much credit is due to the society for their efforts to give our city friends such opportunities of hearing the finest classical music.

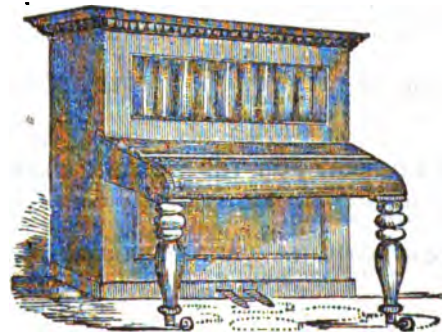
MR. H. IRELAND, violin player, and a member of the Royal Society of Musicians, died very suddenly last week, leaving a widow and family to lament his loss. In former years Mr. Ireland used to lead the band at Mr. Bolton's theatre, at Rochester and other places in that locality. The vocal concerts will commence on the 5th of April, and will be given on the alternate Mondays, with the Philharmonic concerts, until June.

HORNS TAVERN.—The first of a series of concerts of classical instrumental music, took place in Doctor's Commons, on Tuesday evening last, at which, in consequence of a prior engagement, we could not attend, and can therefore but offer our readers a mere statement of the performances and the names of the interpreters. The concert comprised a Quartett of Mozart, (No. 4, in E flat, major); Quintett of Onslow, (No. 11, in B flat, major); Quartett of Haydn, (No. 81 in G major); and Quartett of Beethoven, (No. 3, in D major). The instrumentalists were, Messrs. H. Blagrove, Webb, Weslake, C. Severn and Hancock. We shall notice at length the next performance of these concerts, as we deem them from their importance entitled to every consideration.

MR. PAUL BEDFORD, we are happy to state, is in a fair way of recovery.

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The usual commission to Solicitors and Agents.

H. D. DAVENPORT, Secretary.

Mr. LINDSAY SLOPER

Begs to announce that he will give

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CLASSICAL PIANO-FORTE MUSIC,

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and Wednesday, March 17, to commence at half past eight o'clock. Subscription
Tickets One Guinea each, and tickets for a single Soiree Half-a-Guinea each, may
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Beg to announce to their Friends and the Public, that their

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WILL TAKE PLACE AT THE

LONDON TAVERN,

MONDAY EVENING, February 8th, 1847.

Vocal Performers—Miss Rainforth, Madame F. Lablache, Mrs. A. Newton;
Mr. W. Harrison, Signor F. Lablache, Mr. N. J. Sporio and Mr. John Farry.
Instrumental—Miss E. Ward; Messrs. F. Chatterton, E. Blagrove, J. Ward,
J. Case, and G. Case. Conductors, Mr. C. Severn and Mr. Howard Glover.
Tickets 2s.; Reserved Seats 6s.; to be had of Mrs. Newton, 45, Lower Belgrave
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THE POETRY BY SCHILLER, THE ENGLISH WORDS BY DESU
MUSIC BY HENRY WYLDE, Associate of the Royal Academy.

Also, by the same Author, (first Sonata dedicated to C. POTTER,)

"RHAPSODY,"

BOOK OF GERMAN SONGS.

In the Press—"Caprice," for the Piano-forte.



The following Outline of the Arrangements for the Season 1847, is respectfully submitted to the Nobility, Patrons of the Opera, and to the Public. It is presented with the confident hope, that the successful exertions made to secure, under circumstances of peculiar difficulty, a Company still more worthy of the first Theatre in Europe, and of its distinguished Patrons, will ensure the continuation of their support.

Engagements for the Opera.

MAD^{LE}. JENNY LIND,

MAD^{LE}. DEL CARMEN MONTENEGRO,

MAD^{LE}. SANCHIOLI,

Madlle. FAGIANI AND Madame SOLARI,

The Contralti, Madlle. VIETTI AND Madlle. DARIA NASCIO,

AND

MADAME CASTELLAN.

SIG. FRASCHINI, *(the great Tenor of Italy)*

And the favorite Tenor, **SIG. GARDONI,**

SIG. SUPERCHI.

*Sig. BORELLA, Sig. CORELLI,
Sig. BOUCHE, (of La Scala,—his first appearance)*

SIG. F. LABLACHE,

(The celebrated Basso Cantante)

HERR STAUDIGL, AND SIG. LABLACHE.

In addition to the above, arrangements are pending with Sig. COLETTI, of the Italian Opera at Paris.

THAT GREAT COMPOSER, **THE CHEVALIER MEYERBEER,** has arranged to visit this Country to bring out the

CAMP DE SILESIE,

The principal Parts in the CAMP DE SILESIE, by

MAD^{LE}. JENNY LIND

AND

SIG. FRASCHINI.

THE CELEBRATED DR. FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY

Will likewise visit England, and produce an Opera expressly composed for Her Majesty's Theatre, the Libretto, founded on

THE TEMPEST

OF SHAKESPEARE: WRITTEN BY M. SCRIBE.

*Miranda,
Ferdinand,*

*Madlle. JENNY LIND.
Sig. GARDONI.*

*Caliban,
Prospero,*

*Herr STAUDIGL.
Sig. LABLACHE.*

It is likewise announced with great satisfaction, that Signor VERDI, having recovered from his severe illness, has expressly composed for this Theatre, a new Opera, of which the plot is founded on the **ROBBER'S OF SCHILLER.**

Rossini's Opera of **ROBERT BRUCE,** lately produced at the *Académie Royale*, has also been secured.

Messrs. CASTELLAN, SANCHIOLI, & MONTENEGRO: Signori **GARDONI, SUPERCHI, & FRASCHINI,** will appear before Easter.

MAD^{LE}. JENNY LIND, whose engagement commences in March, and extends until the end of the Season, will appear immediately after Easter.

Director of the Music and Conductor, **M. BALFE.**

In addition to the above, SEVERAL OPERAS, new to this Country, will be produced, and the *renowned* will be selected from the *Chef-d'œuvres* of **MOZART, Cimarosa, ROSSINI, DONIZETTI, MERCADANTE, BELLINI, &c.**

The strictest attention has been paid to all the details, so that an ensemble may be presented perfect in all its parts.

A NUMEROUS ORCHESTRA, of the most distinguished talent and power, has been selected from some of the best orchestras of Europe, combined with former meritorious Artists of the Establishment.

THE CHORUS has been chosen with the greatest care from Italy, Germany, and England, and will comprise upwards of EIGHTY PERFORMERS.

Arrangements for the Ballet:

MAD^{LE}. CARLOTTA GRISI,

MAD^{LE}. LUCILE GRAHN,

AND

MAD^{LE}. CERITO.

In addition to which, an Engagement has been made with

MAD^{LE}. CAROLINE ROSATI,

(Of La Scala, at Milan; and other great Theatres of Italy;) who will make her First Appearance on the First Night of the Season in a NEW BALLET, expressly composed and arranged for her by **M. PAUL TAGLIONI.**

MAD^{LE}. WAUTHIER,

MADAME PETIT STEPHAN,

MAD^{LE}. HONORE.

MAD^{LE}. ELISE MONTFORT,

Messrs. THEVENOT,

JULIEN,

L'AMOUREUX,

EMILIE,

FANNY PASCALES,

AND BERTIN.

MAD^{LE}. CAROLINE BAUCOURT.

In consequence of the enthusiastic manner in which this eminent Artiste was received last season, hopes are entertained that

MAD^{LE}. TAGLIONI

May be induced to appear for a limited number of performances.

M. ST. LEON, M. D'OR, M. GOSSELIN,

M. DI MATTIA, Sig. VENAFRA, M. GOURIET.

M. PAUL TAGLIONI

AND **M. PERROT.**

Composer of the Ballet Music, - **SIG. PUGNI,**

Principal Artist, - **MR. MARSHALL.**

MAITRES DE BALLET,—M. PAUL TAGLIONI,

M. CASATI, (of La Scala)

AND **M. PERROT.**

SOUS MAITRE DE BALLET, M. GOSSELIN.

REGISSEUR DE LA DANSE, M. PETIT.

AN ORIGINAL GRAND BALLET will be produced, written expressly for Her Majesty's Theatre, by the celebrated Poet

HENRI HEINE, on a subject selected from the Old **LEGENDS OF GERMANY:** and also

A Novel and Poetical Ballet, for the subject of which the Establishment is indebted to the kindness of a noble and distinguished Poetess, entitled **EGERIA.**

THE CELEBRATED **PAS DE QUATRE** AND **PAS DES DEESSES**

Will be revived; and an entirely new *Divertissement*, introducing another **GRAND PAS,**

By **M. PERROT,** which, uniting all the peculiar attractions of the *Pas des Déeses*, and *Pas de Quatre*, will present a novel feature of striking originality, and will combine the talent of all: to be entitled

LA CONSTELLATION.

THE SUBSCRIPTION WILL CONSIST OF THE SAME NUMBER OF NIGHTS AS LAST SEASON.

For the first time will be produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, **DONIZETTI's** admired Opera of **LA FAVORITA,**

In which **SIG. GARDONI** AND **SIG. SUPERCHI** will make their first appearance in this Country; and an

Entirely NEW BALLET, by **M. PAUL TAGLIONI;** in which **MAD^{LE}. CAROLINE ROSATI** will appear.

Printed and Published, for the Proprietors, at the "Nassau Steam Press," by **WILLIAM SPENCER JOHNSON,** 60, St. Martin's Lane, in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, in the County of Middlesex; where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed post paid. To be had of **G. PARKES,** Dean Street, Soho; Strange, Paternoster Row; Wiseheart, Dublin; and all Booksellers.—Saturday, February 6th, 1847.

The Musical World.

(PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT NOON.)

A RECORD OF THE THEATRES, MUSIC, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS,
FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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No. 7.—VOL. XXII.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1847.

PRICE THREEPENCE
STAMPED, FOURPENCE

A CHAT WITH RUMOUR.

THOUGH the recognised organs of the "Rival Operas" have been unusually silent since our last, Rumour has wagged its thousand tongues with vigour. Let us catch some of the reports which issue from its mouth, lest they fly out of date and be lost, as the arrow in the dark. Our good friends in the provinces will be obliged to us, though the men of London may smile at our credulity. We are as ancient gossips, implicitly confiding in the words of Rumour until fact drowns it in its thunder; and so must be forgiven for much that we shall set down. What we advance may be true in whole or in part, or false in whole or in part. But it cannot be both true and false, and must therefore be one or the other—since true is that which is not false, and false is that which is not true; each word having the negative and affirmative elements combined in its nature, and each having the prerogative of self-creation, co-existent with that of annihilation in its opposite. Forgive us, reader, for this trunk-makerian apostrophe, and there's an end on't.

The other day Rumour called upon us and found us in our study, endeavouring with much labour to make out the meaning of an article by C. J., who, in seeking to explain his theory of vocalism successfully exposed his ignorance of anatomy, and confounded the terms *sfogato* and *sfocato* with great ingenuity, guessing from a misprint in the *Musical World* that they must be neither more nor less than the same thing. The first thing Rumour told us almost took our breath away. It was this:—That Mr. Lumley, lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre, in the Haymarket, had brought an action against the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper for the articles published therein, which stated certain prominent points in his programme to be fabrications. Hereupon ensued the following conversation, which our secretary, without consulting us, took down in short-hand (brachygraphically), and as it is now Friday night, and the printer waits for copy, we seize it with avidity and make it serve in place of a leader.

Dialogue.

RUMOUR.—MR. D. R.—EDITOR.

MR. D. R. On what grounds can Mr. Lumley bring his action?

Editor. On the surest possible. In pronouncing his prospectus to be in part a fabrication, the *Morning Chronicle* clearly insinuates that Mr. Lumley is endeavouring to obtain money under false pretences. It is by the attractions offered in his programme that Mr. Lumley hopes to influence subscribers and to let his stalls and boxes to the booksellers and to the public for the season. If the promises held out therein are not kept Mr. Lumley is in no better position than that of a picture-dealer who sells a picture in a frame to a customer, and when he has got the money bargained for, sends home the frame without the picture. The subscribers who take boxes by persuasion of the prospectus, and are not supplied with their Jenny Lind, their Mendelssohn, and their Meyerbeer, &c., are precisely in the position of the cheated purchaser. The case is perfectly clear, and Mr. Lumley is quite justified in bringing his action. I have

not the least doubt he will gain heavy damages, which will make the *Morning Chronicle* more careful for the future.

Rumour. It is said that the principal proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle* has signified his intention of defending the action, and his approval of the article that has appeared in his paper.

MR. D. R. What a triumph for the writer! Every one will subscribe to the piece of plate which the press is going to offer him as a testimonial.

Editor. What piece of plate, and what press?

MR. D. R. Why did you not read the paragraph which I copied from a country paper into the *Musical World*? It stated that sundry members of the press had set about getting up some kind of testimonial to the writer of the *Chronicle*, as an acknowledgment of the independent course he had pursued in respect to the Italian Opera!

Editor. O, yes, I remember now. I added a note signifying that this was a new reading of the word "independent," since the *Chronicle's* independence was all on one side.

MR. D. R. Well, but you have the *Post* to balance it!

Editor. That may be, but I don't believe one word about the testimonial. The only subscriber to it would be the critic of the *Athenaeum*.

Rumour. I hear that Fanny Ellsler has signed with Covent Garden.

Editor. That is true—I have it from the best authority—she will be here in May.

Rumour. And that the Queen has taken a box for the season.

MR. D. R. Equally true. I have it from the best authority. Moreover, there are already five omnibuses established. After all it is a splendid company, and Fanny Ellsler, with Fuoro, Dumilatre, Plunkett, Badema, and Petipa, will leave the ballet very little inferior to that of Her Majesty's Theatre.

Editor. Carlotta Grisi and Perrot are worth the whole of them together—to say nothing of Heine, the poet, who is to write a ballet expressly for Mr. Lumley.

MR. D. R. Credit *Judeus*!

Editor. Why you are as bad as the *Chronicle*. I suppose you will subscribe to the testimonial?

MR. D. R. I might do worse.

Rumour. I hear that Mr. Lumley's confidential adviser and intimate friend B— has gone to Vienna, to make sure of Jenny Lind.

MR. D. R. Yes, and Mr. Bunn is going, or gone, to Paris, to catch her on the way.

Rumour. That is true, and moreover, if he can persuade her to go to Covent Garden, he will be repaid for his trouble by an engagement as acting or stage-manager at the Royal Italian Opera.

Editor. You astonish me! I don't, I can't believe one word of all this.*

MR. D. R. Is Jenny Lind such a phoenix as our friend Rumour will have it?

Editor. When I was at Cologne last summer, I heard her in the opera of *Norma*, and if that be one of her great characters, I must confess I think she is vastly overrated. Eighteen months cannot have made so wonderful a difference as to have transmogrified her into the greatest dramatic singer of any age or country, which fame proclaims her now. Still *Norma*, on the other hand, may not be one of her grand characters; and indeed I have heard that her forte is not in the opera seria but in domestic opera, like *La Sonnambula*, or comic opera like *Il Barbiere*. That she must be very great in some parts can be scarcely questioned, or how otherwise can the admiration of such musicians as Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer be accounted for?

MR. D. R. Her youth and beauty have doubtless a large account in the adoration of young Germany.

* Mr. Bunn is not in Paris, but in London, actively engaged in superintending the rehearsals of Vincent Wallace's new opera.—E.D.

Editor. Her beauty is not striking. She is young and well-looking, but there is no extraordinary intelligence in her countenance. The young Germans, nevertheless, are mad about her. They worship her as the *viierge*—and indeed her spotless private character has no little to do with the sum-total of her attractions for the most thoughtful and romantic people on the globe.

Mr. D. R. At all events her advent to London is a topic of uncommon interest, and everybody is impatient for the *dénouement* of the controversy on her account, which the *Post* and *Chronicle* have taken upon themselves to carry on in the name of Mr. Lumley and his adversaries.

Editor. A topic of even greater interest is the promised opera of Mendelssohn, in which Jenny Lind is to play. It is rather singular, by the way, that the *Chronicle*, in alluding to Mendelssohn's engagement to conduct *Elijah* at Exeter Hall, in Thursday's paper, says nothing confirmatory of the article in which he states, (bringing forward a letter from Mr. Buxton to strengthen his argument,) that the promised opera of the great German composer was all a fabrication. It is the more singular, since he advertises the receipt, on Mr. Buxton's part, of another letter from Leipzig, dated the 3rd inst. Surely had the letter contained anything that established the statement that appeared in the *Chronicle* Mr. Buxton would have communicated it to the writer, whom he had already authorized to print the letter of the 25th ult., which contained matter of so grave and decided a nature.

Rumour. I hear that the zealous writer in the *Chronicle* is preparing, by permission of the authorities, a lengthy philippic, which will bring matters before the public that will more than disagreeably compromise many persons.

Mr. D. R. That will be a smasher for the *Morning Post*.

Editor. I shall believe it when I read it; not before.

Here the conversation dropped. Rumour took his leave; and Mr. D. R. continued his perusal of Bourcicault's new play, which the snarler in the *Examiner* has treated so scurvily, and for which we shall furnish him tit-for-tat.

The programme of the Royal Italian Opera, which we reviewed last week, has been handled in two of the daily papers only, the *Chronicle* and *Herald*. The former gives scarcely more than a transcript of the principal points in the programme; the latter is more warm, and inveighs considerably on its excellence and attractiveness. Very little has appeared of any interest in any of the papers. The only thing we can find worth quoting is the following from *Galignani's Messenger*, which was transferred to the columns of the *Times*:—

"JENNY LIND.—Jenny Lind is expected in Paris in about three weeks, and strong temptations are held out to induce her to sing a few nights before she proceeds to Her Majesty's Theatre. We learn, on indisputable authority from Germany, that the friends of Mlle. Jenny Lind, in consequence of the claim advanced by Mr. Bunn on the services of that lady, have required the opinion of the Attorney-General of England upon the engagement which she was led to sign with Mr. Bunn, to learn how far such an agreement, made for the summer of 1845, is binding in 1847. The opinion of the Attorney-General was, in consequence, taken, and has been forwarded. It is quite fatal to the claims of Mr. Bunn, as it lays down that the engagement could only be a question of damages, and that those damages in case of trial would be merely nominal; and, finally, that from the wording of the document, there is a strong doubt as to whether it is a contract at all or not. This legal opinion, given by the first law officer of the Crown, will doubtless bring the matter at once to a termination."

This account of our Attorney-General's opinion, coming from across the channel, is not entitled to much consideration; and the *Times*, in citing it, adds no comment of its own. Meanwhile *Punch* has hoisted the standard for Mr. Lumley, and has published some excellent doggerel under the title of "The Poet Bunn to Jenny Lind," and the indefatigable Albert Smith has been guilty of a similar misdemeanour in his "Everybody's Column," which is read by everybody who can manage to wade through a column of the *Illustrated London News*. To conclude, we shall continue on guard, and cry "Qui vive" to whatever passes between this number and the next. The future is big with events portentous and significative.

P.S. A letter has been received from Mendelssohn, which in all probability will be printed in to-day's *Morning Post*. The letter states that Mr. Buxton's letter to the *Chronicle* was written without authority from Mendelssohn!

CARLOTTA GRISI.

IF Mr. Lumley's prospectus contained nothing else than the promise of Carlotta's re-establishment as queen of her own domain on the boards of Her Majesty's Theatre, it would be entitled to our respect. To every lover of the beautiful, as exemplified in grace of movement, the name of Carlotta Grisi must be a talisman to conjure up a thousand delightful reminiscences. Our readers know that the charming artist has availed herself of a month's *congé* from the direction of the *Académie Royale*, to pay a visit to Rome, and transport the inhabitants of the ancient city with the evolutions of her twinkling feet, and the fascinations of her graceful pantomime. But cruel fate, jealous no doubt of a despotism more entire, and far more pleasant to endure than his own, determined to throw every obstacle in Carlotta's way, and so to spoil, if possible, her triumph among the Romans. First, he annoyed our lovely choregraph on her way to Marseilles, giving her a tedious journey, and causing her to arrive one hour too late, whereby she was bound to a week's sojourn among the Marseillaises. At length the steamboat made its appearance, but fate again interposed his envious hand. Instead of sailing direct for Civita Vecchia, the rebellious boat would stop at Genoa, and then at Leghorn on the way, and at each of these places Carlotta was compelled to make a sojourn. Ultimately she found herself in the city of the Cæsars. The *impresario*, one Jacovacci, was in an instant at her side. Wringing his hands, and weeping bitterly, he exclaimed to the captivating procrastinator, "Oh, Signora, you have ruined me! you are nine days after your time, and unless you give me 20,000 francs I am a lost man. I have a large family to provide for, and unless you give me 2000 francs I shall blow out my brains." In vain Carlotta remonstrated, in vain she stated the cause of her delay; the next day she was summoned to appear before the Cardinal-Governor. But a cardinal, or any other mortal (unless a father of a family on the brink of ruin), could no more resist the charms of Carlotta than ice the melting influence of the sun; and as ice before the sun melted the Cardinal-Governor before Carlotta. Spell-bound by her beauty—enchanted by the silvery tones of her voice—raptured by her graceful and unaffected deportment, he forgot the *impresario*, and decided in favour of Carlotta. The tears of the plaintiff were as nothing to the graces of so lovely a defendant. "The case is inevitable," said the Cardinal. "Mademoiselle Carlotta Grisi, were she thrice as agile, could not be expected to make a leap from Marseilles to Civita Vecchia. And in respect to damages, our fair visitor will accord us a few extra representations, and then the debt will be on our side." The verdict was enthusiastically received by all present, and the *impresario* and Carlotta were equally content. Rome was in a veritable commotion, and strangers had travelled from all parts to witness the performances of the delicious choregraph. Not a place was to be obtained at the theatre for love or money within a few days after her arrival; for at Rome, as elsewhere, all the world must see Carlotta dance.

EXETER HALL.

THE Second Historical Concert, in aid of the Hullah Testimonial Fund, was held on Monday. The object of these concerts is to obtain a sum of money sufficient to enable the projector to erect a music-hall of large dimensions, adequate to musical performances on the grandest scale, and worthy, in its architectural beauty, in its fitness and completeness, of the first metropolis in the world. The splendid music-hall at Birmingham most probably suggested the idea

of the new building to Mr. Hullah, though, no doubt, the absence of a *locale* in the metropolis at all answerable to the great purposes of modern musical performances, urged him on in his projection. There is no greater actuality staring us in the face than the want of an adequate music-hall in London. The object of Mr. Hullah is therefore warranted by necessity. Mr. Hullah has been the first to introduce the Wilhem system of music into this country. For this alone he merits the gratitude of the whole of the musical world. The system of teaching vocalization in classes was never so much needed as at the present day, when oratorios, and such like compositions, requiring singing in masses, are becoming a principal portion of the popular musical creed. Mr. Hullah has proved, beyond a chance of disputation, that the Wilhem system of class teaching is of the most vital importance in educating singers for the very highest department of the vocal art, namely, the being able to render the choruses of the great masters in their meaning and integrity. The choruses of Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn, Spohr, and Mendelssohn, are at once the mightiest efforts of the composers, and the most difficult to interpret by the singers. When we remember the time, pains, and money that have been expended on the singers, to whom the solos in oratorios, &c., have to be entrusted, and then consider that until the present day the choruses were left to chance singers, upon whom perhaps neither time, pains, nor money were expended at all, or expended in such small measure as amounted to nothing, we shall not wonder at the deficiency of our great musical performances, nor be astonished at the public voice that called aloud for a reformation. Mr. Hullah has heard the public voice, and has responded thereto, and he is at this moment in the high way of popularity, as being about to render to the musical community one of the most important benefits it can receive. Mr. Hullah's classes have been established for some years, and the correctness and steadiness with which his pupils interpret the most intricate music upon all occasions, has been acknowledged by all who have heard them.

The programme of this concert, like that of the first was divided into two parts.—Part I. devoted to sacred compositions, and part II. to secular. The contents of part I. were, "Oh God of truth," hymn by Rogers—"Prepare ye the way," anthem by Michael Wise—"I was in the spirit," anthem by Dr. John Bow,—"The aspiration," song by Purcell—"I will arise," anthem by Robert Creighton.—and "Behold I bring you good tidings," verse-anthem by Purcell. With the exception of the last mentioned, this selection was most unfortunate. It was reasonable to expect that a selection of the compositions of English musicians, who flourished between the restoration and the close of the seventeenth century, would be more musically interesting than a selection from the composers of a century before. But either the selection was bad, or the writers of the epoch in question, are duller than those who preceded them—which latter, with the single exception of Purcell, we take to be the case. The anthem of this great reformer of the diatonic school, is one of the most remarkable of his sacred works, and exhibits some of the most extraordinary progressions in chromatic harmony that can be found in any writer of his time, or since. The expression of the word "Glory be to God on high," is magnificent, and a stunning proof of Purcell's genius. The second part of the programme placed the secular composers in as unfavourable a light as the first did the sacred. It consisted of "Dulce domum," a part song by John Reading, a piece of impertinent swaddle—"I pass all my hours in a shady old grove," a melancholy song by Pelham Humphreys, to some sentimental

verses by Charles II.—"Ne'er trouble thyself about times or their turnings," a silly and vulgar glee by Matthew Lock—the first act of Purcell's early opera, *Dido and Eneas*, the weakest portion of one of his weakest compositions—"Thy genius, lo!" a song by Purcell to words by Nat Lee—"Hark my Damilear," a duet of small merit by the same composer,—"*It is not that I love you less*," a sweet and plaintive ballad by Dr. Blow—"At the close of the evening" a stupid catch by Purcell—and the well known song and chorus from *King Arthur* by the same, a trifle which is not without a certain boldness of character, but which has been magnified by rabid Purcellites into an importance, ridiculously out of character with its pretensions. Altogether this selection was tedious, dry, and uninteresting. You might as well go to our Wades, Rodwells, and what not, for a programme, and it would be nearly as dull, and quite as interesting.

We speak with more pleasure of the execution. The choruses, under Mr. May's direction were really admirable, and deserved the encores they obtained for more than one indifferent composition. Mr. Oliver May presided at the organ and pianoforte with his usual musician-like ability—and Mr. Willy, at the head of his compact and efficient little orchestra, did ample service in perfecting the ensemble. The principal vocalists were Misses Rainforth and Dolby, Messrs. Lockey, Machin, and W. Seguin. They all exerted themselves with zeal and ability, but Miss Dolby's exquisite interpretation of Dr. Blow's quaint ballad—"It is not that I love thee less," bore away the bell against all competition, and brought down an encore, which followed the delivery of the last note as a clap of thunder echoes the lightning's flash. We have seldom heard applause more vociferous, more unanimous, or better merited.

MEMOIR OF PALESTRINA.

(Concluded from No. V.)

DURING the time of Palestrina's stay in the service of the church of San. Giovanni di Lateran, he presented nothing to the public; but some of his works had largely circulated and expanded his reputation. In 1569 he dedicated the second book of his masses to Philip the Second, King of Spain, and in the following year the same prince received again the dedication of the third book. Palestrina attached himself likewise to the Cardinal Hippolyte D'Este, to whom he dedicated a book of motets. From this time the publication of his works followed each other with rapidity, and the editions were multiplied. The death of Animuccia, towards the end of the month of March, 1571, caused Palestrina to be appointed to the Chapel of St. Peter of the Vatican, in the early part of the ensuing month of April, although the advantages derived from this place were less than that of Chapel Master of San. Maria Maggiore, and the moderate income of the greatest musician of Italy was thus diminished in one half. The death of Animuccia left also vacant the directorship of the music of the *oratorio*. This was offered to Palestrina by St. Philip de Neris, founder of this congregation, his friend and confessor. Palestrina wrote for the service of the *oratorio* anthems, psalms, and spiritual canticles. Finally, he undertook the management of the school for counterpoint, established by Mario Nanini; and, in a short time after, Pope Gregory the Thirteenth charged him with the revision of all the songs in the *graduel*, and the book of Roman anthems—an immense labour, which he never had time to achieve, although assisted by his pupil Guidetti. After his death, they found but the *graduel de Tempore* completed. Hygin, Palestrina's son, finished this collection, and sold it as

the work of his father; but the Tribunal of the Santa Rota dissolved the contract, and the manuscript was lost. On the 21st of July, 1580, Palestrina lost his wife, whom he tenderly loved: this afflicted him with the most lively sorrow, which was little assuaged by his nomination of master of the concerts to Prince Giacomo Buoncompagno, (not the nephew of Pope Gregory the Thirteenth) as M. Baini would assert, but a son, which that Pope had before he entered into holy orders. Destined to behold a great number of sovereign pontiffs succeed to the apostolic chair, Palestrina sought in each of them a protection against the necessities which continually besieged him. It is thus that he dedicated to Pope Sixtus the Fifth the first book of his Lamentations. In the epistle which he has placed at the head of the collection, he gives an afflicting picture of his situation. "Most Holy Father," he says, "study and care never coalesce; above all, when the latter proceeds from misery. With competence (to demand more is to fail in moderation and temperance) one can easily delude himself from other anxieties, and he who is not content, under like circumstances, can accuse nobody but himself. But he who hath experienced it alone can tell how difficult it is to labour to maintain honourably himself and his family, and how much this obligation distracts the mind from the study of the sciences and the liberal arts. I have always proved this sad experience, and now more than ever. Nevertheless I return thanks to the Divine goodness which hath permitted me, spite of my most grievous embarrassment, to prosecute unbroken the studies of my music (wherein I have also found a useful diversion), in the career I have outrun and whose term approaches. I have published a large number of my compositions; and I have many others whose printing is only retarded by my poverty: for it is a considerable expense, particularly on account of the characters of the notes, letters necessary for the use of the church, &c., &c., &c."

It is a sad spectacle this, of an old man, elevated so high in men's minds by his immortal works, and nevertheless betrayed at the last moment to the horrors of necessity; yet nothing could so well have made manifest his genius as this long struggle with adversity, which would not suffer him to be listless, but continually urged him onward to newer efforts. After so many labours, whose results had been so glorious, and so feebly recompensed, Giovanni Pierluigi di Palestrina perceived his end approaching. In his last moments he summoned his son Hygin to him,—his sole remaining son,—and delivered the following words, which so faithfully depict the veritable artist:—"My son, I leave you a considerable number of unpublished works; thanks to the Abbé de Baume, to Cardinal Aldobrandini, and to the Grand Duke of Tuscany. I leave you also a sum sufficient to have them printed; I recommend to you that be done as soon as possible, for the glory of the All-powerful, and for the celebration of His worship in the holy temples." The malady which afflicted him soon after assumed a graver character, and on the 2nd of February, 1594, he expired. All the musicians at that time in the Roman capital assisted at his funeral; he was buried in the church of the Vatican, and the following inscription was graven on his tomb:—

IOANNES—PETRUS—ALOYSCIUS—PRÆNESTINUS
MUSICÆ PRINCEPS.

The eulogium of this great artist may be comprised in a few words. He was the creator of the sole kind of church music conformable to its object. In this style he arrived at the last degree of perfection; and his works have remained for two centuries and a half the purest models for imitation. In the class of madrigals he has exhibited neither less grace, less

genius, nor less perfection in its details, and no one has carried to greater length than he, the art of seizing the general character of the poetry in his productions. Like all men, endowed with superior abilities, he has modified his manner in the course of his long and glorious career; nevertheless one may dispute the exactitude of the divisions of the ten different styles which M. Baini has asserted at the end of his book; for some of the distinctions he establishes result, less from any alteration in the mode of thinking and conceiving in the artist himself, than in the propriety of the species of each work. Thus if it be true that Palestrina, after the publication of the first book of his masses, swept away the dust from the schools in which he himself had grounded his education, and if, as M. Baini says, the adversities of his life had thrown a melancholy shade over his conceptions, and inspired his thoughts with that noble and touching character of which his *Improprieis* was the precursor, it is equally certain that we cannot imagine in their particular styles a contexture more solemn than in his *Magnificat*, a method more soft and facile than in his Litanies, or an expression more elegant and spiritual than in his madrigals. In all his productions the man of genius displays itself in the originality of style, and discovers forms and accents the most analogous to this originality, but does not change for that of manner, as is shown when he passes suddenly from the system of the ancient school to that of the masses of his second book, and above all to that of Pope Marcellus's mass. We cannot agree with M. Baini, that this mass constitutes a particular style; it is only the most beautiful production of Palestrina in that style. The entire of Palestrina's works may be summed up as follows, first: fifteen books of *Masses*; secondly—seven books of *Motets*; thirdly—three books of the *Lamentations of Jeremiah*; fourthly—the *Litanies*; sixthly—the *Spiritual Canticles*; and lastly, three books of *Madrigals*. M. the Abbé Baini prepared a complete edition of his works in parts, which it would be most desirable to see published.

SOMETHING ABOUT NOTHING.

THE reigning topic of interest still continues to be the two Italian Operas. Nothing, however, has occurred since our last which warrants us in devoting an article apart to the subject. The *Post* and *Chronicle* have suspended for awhile the thunder of their artillery, contenting themselves with small side-shots dealt at intervals. Meanwhile, the *Chronicle* Boreas has given himself up entirely to the study of Lindlay Murray, and from time to time presents his readers with specimens of the progress he has made. To make our words good, we present the following paragraph from his article on *Norma* at the Princess's:—

"With the lovely voice nature has gifted her with, and by following up carefully her studies, Miss Anne Rover, as her strength increases with years, has the prospect of taking a high position."

This will be a consolation to the young singer, provided she can make it out. The following, from the same article, is also worthy of notice:—

"In the duos between Norma and Adalgisa, the two ladies might have advantageously changed their parts, for the voices did not blend;" which involves a curious discovery: viz. that a *soprano* and a *mezzo soprano*, whose voices will not harmonise, have only to sing each other's parts to produce the effect intended.

But the excellent *Post* is not idle the while. He also pursues his studies. His vein, however, is more æsthetic, as the following (from an article on Madame Dulcken) will show:—

"During these three apprenticeships of taste, our native talent has

strode in seven-league-boots on the march of intellect. Messrs. Sterndale Bennett, W. H. Holmes, Lindsay Sloper, and others, have proved to the world that, when properly cultivated, and above all, when worthily encouraged, *musical organisation* is not only exotic but indigenous in *this seagirt isle* of fogs, and fashion, and foreigners."

First to be admired in the above extract is the metaphor of "native talent striding in seven-league-boots on a march." Second, the fact that "musical organisation when worthily encouraged can be *exotic* in an isle." Third, the three F's, and the problem of a "seagirt isle of foreigners," involved in the last dozen words of the paragraph. Lastly, the mysticism (worthy of Jacob Boehmer or the Trunkmaker) which envelopes the entire passage as in a haze. The passage, in short, is delicious; the man who sings "through his nose, and ears, and pupils," the "cursed" tenor of Rossini, (Fraschini), and the "egregious Pillet," are nothing to it. It is worthy of a place in one of C. J's windy effusions, that blow away public attention from *The Fine Arts Journal*. Can it be, that The Trunkmaker has got upon the *Post* and wields the pen of Jenkins? More unlikely things have happened, as the officer in the Strand, opposite Somerset House, and the clock which performs the double duty of telling the hour and the name of the paper to the passer-by, can testify. We shall have a peep into the *Athenæum* next week, and see what advance the testy Aristarchus of Wellington Street has been making in the study of Lindlémurrayism.

MUSICAL CRITICS AND CRITICISM.

From the "Liverpool Mail."

Appealing to feelings, and acting more or less upon all according to organization, the sway of music is allowed to be universal. Unfortunately few, if indeed any, are satisfied with the pleasurable emotions displayed in the science, even of the most artistic description. Music apparently possessing a peculiar power over its hearers, that of destroying any little diffidence the listeners may feel in the expression of opinions as to the excellence of compositions or executants—although ninety-nine are probably ignorant of the art, and the hundredth is incapable of analyzing that which he has heard—few would hesitate boldly to pass judgment upon effort in art far beyond their knowledge, and, as it frequently happens, the more stupid the ignorance, the more decided the fiat of the censor. Of the few at all competent to promulgate opinions upon musical effects, two-thirds, at least, are warped in judgement by the tendency of their studies to one particular point, or the bias of their taste inclining them to favour one style of music to the exclusion of all others. To the admirer of the graceful ballad a concerted piece is an infliction, and the *critic* who has been told the latter is the more difficult class of composition, sternly repudiates the enjoyment the trifle has really afforded him, and passes sentence on its innocent simplicity the higher to exalt his more favoured and weighty protégé. The devotee, enthusiastic in his attachment to instrumental music, votes vocalisation a bore and the champion of the song hurls back defiance and contempt upon all artificial organs of sound in use, forgotten, or to be invented. The amateur who has acquired a moderate command of the violin or violoncello, venerates the names of Spohr and Romberg, and, at the mention of a symphony by Beethoven, indulges in shakes of the seat of knowledge that would do honour to a Bursar. This is, at all events, an assumed veneration of recognised genius and high artistic excellence; but the lack of proper knowledge is in general, as lamentable as in the case of the knight of the ballad or the champion of the vocal concerted piece. These remarks upon the ignorance and prejudice of musical commentators are prefatory to a few observations on the knowledge requisite to form a competent musical critic. To judge minutely of excellence in any branch of art requires both study and experience; yet how few of our censors in affairs musical possess either of these qualifications! Instrumentalists, whose ideas are carried away in a vortex of execution, a whirlwind of demisemiquavers, frequently cannot appreciate true excellence in a vocalist. The singer, in his capacity a finished artist, is, in turn, by want of knowledge, unable

properly to estimate the mechanical skill of the instrumental performer. The true critic should be able to estimate the clearness and flexibility of the voice, articulation of words, taste in embellishment, neatness in execution, and judicious expression; he should possess, moreover, a fine and cultivated ear to detect imperfection of intonation. The perfections of instrumental performance can be accurately appreciated only by such as are themselves performers either upon the instrument used, or one in some degree analogous to it. Difficulties insurmountable on one instrument, may upon another be executed with perfect facility. Brilliant execution, may indeed, be appreciated by the many, but the amount of difficulty mastered in the performance will be estimated by few. It follows, then, that few are really competent judges of instrumental excellence. A finished performer will aim at all the perfections of the vocalist, save, of course, the articulation of words. The absence of this all-powerful mean of expression renders the acquirement of a sentimental style of delivery one of tenfold difficulty. Tone, where its production depends upon the performer, must be regarded, when really good, as a chief excellence. It is now too frequently sacrificed to obtain facility of execution; but the impracticability of uniting the two by no means follows. If one qualification must be weakened, it is better to please the enlightened than to astonish the uninitiated. One of the principal excellencies in a vocalist, or instrumentalist, and one but little understood, is *correct phrasing*, which imparts a charm felt by all, but which few are able to define. To criticise composition a knowledge of the science is *absolutely* necessary; yet, how many send forth their opinions through the medium of the press on the writing of an opera, an oratorio, or a symphony, without the most remote idea of a solitary rule by which the art is governed, or of the manner in which instrumental effects, by skilful combinations, are produced. In no art would such a continuous display of consummate ignorance and assumption be tolerated. The rigorous precepts of counterpoint, occasionally infringed, when composing in a free style, might as well to such persons be the guides for the erection of the pyramids: movement of parts, parallel, contrary, or oblique, commands for the evolutions of militia field days. Harmony, modulation, ingenious contrivance, novel instrumentation, unity of design in connected composition, all are unappreciated, and the labour of months flippantly disposed of in a few remarks incorrect in their conclusions, and mystified, it may be, with a few technical expressions invariably misapplied. It is a bane of the science and its followers that it must labour against the freely expressed condemnation or (worse) the exaggerated praise of every ignoramus. In other arts the opinions of its professors are listened to with something approaching respect, but in music the gentleman who can perform Drouet's variations on "God save the Queen,"—an air of De Beriot on the violin, or give an embellished edition of the hundredth psalm on the organ—stands boldly forth, competent, in his own opinion, to overpower in argument a host. The low state of musical literature is greatly to be regretted; in fact, the art progresses, but exists without one. The increase of musical taste, however, demands a correspondent improvement in review, and it only requires exertion in proper quarters to render it respectable, instead of ridiculous, and serviceable, in place of being detrimental, to the progress of the art.

S. M. K.

M. STEVENIERS.

We extract from one or two journals remarks on the performance of M. Steveniers, a violinist, who, if we believe the accounts we read, promises to become one of the bright stars of the constellation, whose chief luminaries are already exhibited to us, in De Beriot, Ernst, Vieuxtemps, Sivori, Molique, &c. *The Belgique Musicale*, alluding to his performance at a concert in Antwerp, thus speaks of Mone. Steveniers:—"M. Steveniers is one of the most distinguished violinists of the age. At present he is not sufficiently known; but most assuredly he will, some future day, shine bright among the brightest of his compeers. Since the days of Paganini we have not heard *singing* on the violin so purely, so correctly, and so delicately rendered, as we heard from M. Steveniers at this concert. He performed a *concertino* of his own composition, upon notes from the *Sirène*, and the *arpegges* of Vieuxtemps. The first of these *morceaux* is a faithful translation of all that is lovely and gracious in this charming opera. The *arpegges* are *morceaux* of

surpassing difficulty. M. Steveniers interpreted both the one and the other with an art, a taste, and an accuracy that could not be exceeded. The applauses and the bravos of the listeners testified their enthusiastic admiration for the violinist." In a Dutch newspaper we have the following notice:—"M. Steveniers is unwearied in his professional travels. On the 12th of December he performed in a concert at *Felix Meritis*, (no pun, we believe), and obtained well-merited applause for the elegance and brilliancy of his performance. A few days afterwards, he was playing at Rotterdam, at Dondrecht, where he was heard in a charming *Fantaisie*, entitled *Le Souvenir*, an *elegie* of his own composition, and a solo, *La Sirène*, also composed by him, which produced a great effect. At Haerlem his success was equally assured, and he obtained the admiration of the public, as well as the praises of all the artists who heard him. M. Steveniers performed shortly after at Amsterdam, in the Theatre Italien, where the favour he received was at least tantamount to any that was previously bestowed upon him." Another journal informs us that M. Steveniers is at Berlin, where he performed at a concert, in the presence of their Majesties the King and Queen, who thereupon were so delighted with the young violinist as to engage him for the first concert at Court. Verily, all these praises and compliments incline us much to hear M. Steveniers, that we ourselves may do homage to his talents. We have little doubt we shall ere long have to record his first performance before a British public.

MUSIC IN DUBLIN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE grand festival for the relief of the poor of this city (the performance of which has created the most intense interest among professors and amateurs) took place on Friday evening, the 5th instant, in the round room of the Rotunda, before an audience densely crowded, and comprising the principal rank, beauty, and fashion of the metropolis. There could not have been less than sixteen hundred persons present, and hundreds were dismissed, who could not obtain admission, owing to the crowded state of the room. *Israel in Egypt*, the choral masterpiece of the immortal Handel, was the oratorio selected by the committee of management; and a more judicious choice could not have been made, inasmuch as they had at their command an orchestra consisting of upwards of 250 performers, composed exclusively of the principal professors and amateurs of this city. At half past eight o'clock precisely, (the hour named for commencing) his excellency the Earl of Beesborough, with the Ladies Ponsonby, and *suite*, entered the room, when, after having played "God save the Queen," the orchestra commenced the overture.

The following is condensed from an excellent critique of the performance, which appeared in *Saunders' News Letter* of the following day:—

"His Excellency, as the Patron, and the Rev. the Provost, as Vice-President, with the distinguished body of directors, occupied reserved seats most remote from, and opposite to, the orchestra. The President, the Duke of Leinster, was prevented from being present by the death of a noble relative; but his Grace, in a pecuniary way, largely patronised the charitable undertaking. Most of the vocal and instrumental professors gave their valuable assistance on this occasion gratuitously, and those who did accept of terms made a large reduction. Mr. Telford, of Stephen's-green, built the organ, and gave the use of it as his contribution to the cause. The performing members of the following eight societies united in the preparations for this concert:—

The Hibernian Catch Club.—President, The Right Hon. the Lord Chief Justice; vice-president, The Chief Remembrancer, A. Lyle, Esq.; secretary, Robert Jager, Esq.

The Anacreontic Society.—President, His Grace the Duke of Leinster; secretary, S. J. Figott, Esq. Modern lyre, in silver, on azure tablet.

The Philharmonic Society.—Secretary and conductor, Henry Russell, Esq. A lyre and wreath of shamrocks, in silver, on dark green velvet.

The University Choral Society.—Patron, His Grace the Lord Primate, vice-chancellor of the University; president, The Reverend the Provost; secretary, Lancelot Studdert, Esq.; conductor, Robert P. Stewart, Esq. The Arms of Trinity College, in gold on azure velvet.

The Orpheus Society.—Secretary, J. T. Willis, Esq.; conductor, Thomas Yeakley, Esq. An open lyre in silver, pendent from an azure ribbon.

The Amateur Harmonic Society.—Secretary, Charles Ball, Esq.; conductor, John W. Glover, Esq. A modern lyre in gold, on scarlet velvet.

The Amateur Melopoeic Society.—Secretary, John M'Curdy, Esq.; conductor, William Murphy, jun., Esq. A modern lyre and olive-branch wreath, surmounted by the rising sun in gold, on ruby velvet.

The Dublin Madrigal Society.—President, The Right Honourable the Lord Chancellor; secretary, C. W. Calfthurs, Esq.; conductor, Gustavus

L. Geary, Esq. An ancient lyre and wreath of laurel in silver, on azure velvet.

Several individual members and associates of the following societies kindly came forward to assist in the performance:—

The Society of Antient Concerts.—President, His Grace the Lord Primate; vice-president, The Right Hon. the Lord Chief Justice. A harp in gold, on dark green velvet.

The Ladies' Choral Society.—Conductor, Joseph Lidal, Esq. The Irish harp, with shamrocks in gold, geranium-coloured ribbon.

The Philharmonic Brass Band.—Secretary, William Shaw, Esq.; leader, Thomas W. Wilkinson, Esq. Two trumpets, saltier-wise, in silver, pendent from a white ribbon.

The stewards bore white wands, and wore rosettes of white ribbon. The festival opened with the overture from Handel's oratorio, 'Esther.' The execution, under the conductorship of Mr. Robert P. Stewart, and the leadership of Mr. Richard Levey, were admirable."

Israel in Egypt was performed entirely from Mr. Sarman's edition, but without Mr. Perry's additional accompaniments, whereby musical Dublin read musical London a lesson, which should be learned by rote at Exeter Hall. The vocalists, who exerted themselves most efficiently, were Mr. Gustavus L. Geary and Mr. Rooke, (tenors) Mr. James Hill, (alto) Messrs. William and Joseph Robinson, (basses) Mr. Thomas Blanchard, Misses Searle and De la Vega. The band and the chorus were in excellent training. Mr. Stewart conducted; Mr. Levey led the first part, and Mr. James Barton the second. The following is the sum up of *Saunders' News Letter* :—

"In conclusion, we may observe that for many years we have not seen a concert which was so well attended. A very great number of persons who were willing to pay for admission were unavoidably refused, as the number of tickets exceeded the accommodation that could be afforded to them. We know not whether most to praise the philanthropy which actuated so many distinguished personages to leave their homes in this inclement season, (if, indeed, such a musical banquet could be considered even by them a sacrifice or an inconvenience) or the benevolence which prompted so many holding high rank in private society, and as connected with amateur societies, to join in the business of the evening, which necessarily required many rehearsals and individual preparation. The stewards, who were, we believe, composed of members of the different societies, contributed in every possible way to the comfort and accommodation of the audience. The oratorio was concluded at a seasonable hour."

The audience paid the most undivided attention and maintained the strictest silence during the entire performance; and it is the unanimous opinion of critics here that it was the most successful performance in this city since the festival of 1831. In order to accommodate those persons who were disappointed in obtaining admission to the first performance, the committee have determined on having a second on Friday next. Indeed, the unprecedented success which attended their efforts induces me to cherish a hope that Dublin ere long will not be without its annual festival. May that day not be far distant.

C. B.

9th February, 1847.

P. S.—Madame Bishop has since appeared at the Theatre Royal, and at once established herself as an immense favourite with the good folks of our city who had the luck to hear her. Madame Bishop's voice is a soprano of the very purest quality. Her tones are flute-like and silvery and are so brilliant that one might fancy they *sparkled*. She made her first appearance in *Balfe's Maid of Artois*, on Tuesday evening, and her performance altogether justifies the highest encomiums of the London journals. The part of Isoline is a very arduous one, but Madame Bishop surmounted every difficulty, and seemed to court obstacles for no other reason than to show with what ease she could overleap them. She is really a magnificent artist and a most enchanting singer. Her embellishments are novel and exceedingly graceful, and executed with such celerity and certainty as no one can imagine who has not heard her. The *Freeman's Journal*, of Wednesday, gives a very good notice of Madame Bishop's performance, with most of which I cordially agree. The following remarks, especially, struck me as being just:—"Her notes come with thrilling power on the ear—her compass is very great—indeed she appeared to have some difficulty in restraining her powers within the limits of our theatre—she has a fine clear intonation, and this quality appeared to perfection in the recitative, where she particularly shone. We do not wonder that in Drury Lane, where her voice had its full range, she caused such *furor*." I agree fully with the observations. Next week I shall send you further news about Madame Bishop, trusting you will find room for my postscriptum, which was penned at the eleventh hour.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

THE first performance of the above Society, took place on the evening of Friday, the 4th inst., at the Musical Hall, Store-street. The performances consisted of Rossini's overture to *L. Italiana in Algieri*; Beethoven's symphony in C., No. 1; a selection from the opera of *Don Giovanni*, arranged for the orchestra, by Signor Negri; a symphony of Haydn's in G; and Weber's overture to *Preciosa*. Nearly eighty performers, principally amateurs, were the interpreters. The Hon. George Cadogan undertook the part of one of the bassoons, and Lord Arundel played the trumpet. The Duke of Leinster, who was announced as one of the contra-bassi, was absent from indisposition. Among the professionals present we noticed H. Blagrove, W. Blagrove, H. Hill, and Kreutzer, violins; Hill, tenor; Hatton, violoncello; C. Severn, double-bass; Nicholson and Horton, bassoons; Boose and Baddely, clarionets; C. Harper and Rae, horns; T. Harper, trumpet; Healey, trombone; and Goodwin and Seymour, drums. It does not come within our province to criticise closely amateur performances even though there be a good sprinkling of professors among the executants. We may however state, that the concert reflected the greatest credit on the Society, and gave universal satisfaction to a numerous and fashionable assembly. It would have been impossible for any band to have gone through their performances indifferently, under the guidance of such a conductor as Mr. Balfe. A prospectus has been issued in which the following Friday evenings are set aside for rehearsals, when members of the orchestra only are admissible; viz., the 12th and 26th inst.; March 12th and 26th. The concerts in the subscription, will be held on the Fridays following; February the 19th; March 5th and 19th; April 9th, 16th, and 30th; May 7th, 14th, 21st and 28th.

CONCERTS.

MR. ALLCROFTS' MONSTER ANNUAL CONCERT took place on Tuesday evening in the Lyceum theatre, and was in every respect indeed a monster concert. There was a monster bill which contained a monster programme, in which no less than fifty (a monster number) *morceaux* were announced to be sung or played by artists of monster reputation. Then there was a monster orchestra, which performed monster overtures of monster composers, and to conclude, there was a monster audience, who enjoyed themselves with monster delight. In fact, every thing was *monstrous*, not *monstrous*. The vocal department consisted of the following:—Mesdames Albertazzi and F. Lablache; the Misses Bassano, E. Birch, A. Williams, M. Williams, Steele, Reynell, Hill, Sabilla Novello, and M. B. Hawes; the Messrs. Allen, Harrison, H. Phillips, Henry Russell, Guibilei, Sinclair, F. Lablache, Brizzi, and John Parry. The instrumentalists numbered, Madame Dulcken (piano), Mr. Benedict, (piano), Mr. Chatterton, (harp), Mr. R. Blagrove, (concertina), Master Thirlwall, (violin), Mr. Gratton Cooke, (oboe), and Mr. T. Harper, (cornet-a-piston). In addition to the above the Lantun Ethiopian Serenaders, were engaged and appeared between the parts. The concert was divided into three parts, each part containing sixteen *morceaux*, or thereabouts; so that it may be imagined that although the entertainments commenced at seven, they could not have been terminated before the night was far advanced. The concert was further elongated by the numerous encores, with which the enraptured auditors of the Lyceum witnessed the performance. Almost every thing was encored. Indeed in some instances the encores were persisted in before singer or performer had finished, and he, or she, had to commence the *morceaux de novo*. The house was crowded to suffocation. Signor Negri and Mr. Lavenu conducted by turns.

THE GREENWICH AND BLACKHEATH AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY gave the second of their annual series of concerts, in the Railway Station Room, at Greenwich, which was exceedingly well attended. The vocalists were, the Misses Williams,

and Mr. John Parry. Mr. Distin and his four Sons, performed several *morceaux* on the sax-tubas. Haydn's grand symphony in C, an overture by Romberg, and Winter's overture to *Zaira*, were well rendered by a small, but efficient band, under the direction of Mr. Dando. The following distinguished amateurs assisted in the orchestra:—the Hon. Major Legge (violoncello,) Mr. Brookelbank, (violin,) Mr. Wanoshockt, (contra-basso,) and the Messrs. Finch, (violas,) Mr. Edward Blackshaw, presiding at the (piano-forte.)

MRS. ALEXANDER NEWTON, AND MR. GEORGE CASE gave their annual concert at the London Tavern, on Monday evening last. We have much pleasure in recording the success which attended these clever artists. Mrs. A. Newton sung Meyerbeer's difficult cavatina, "Robert toi que j'aime;" a Scotch ballad, "Bonnie Prince Charlie;" and the Polacca, from *Puritani*. She was warmly applauded in the first piece, and encored in the Polacca, a compliment she well merited. Mr. George Case played a Fantasia, of his own composition, on the concertina; likewise performed a solo on the violin, by De Beriot, in which he displayed a beautiful tone, and brilliant execution. The vocal and instrumental artists who assisted on this occasion were, Madame F. Lablache, Miss E. Ware, Miss Rainforth, Signor F. Lablache, Mr. W. Harrison, Mr. N. T. Sporie, Mr. John Parry, Messrs. J. Ward, R. Blagrove, and J. Case. Mr. Howard Glover presided at the piano-forte. The room was crowded.

MR. DANDO'S Second Quartet Concert was held at Crosby-hall, in the Throne Room, on Monday evening. The room was tolerably well filled, in spite of the weather, the scheme of the concert presenting a fund of legitimate attraction. The following is the programme:—

PART I.—Quartet in G Minor, No. 2, (Op. 4.) for two violins, viola, and violoncello, Spohr. Messrs. Dando, Gattie, W. Thomas, and Lucas. Cantata, Miss Messent, "The Song of the Quail," Beethoven. Quartet in A Major (No. 5) for two violins, viola, and violoncello, Beethoven. Messrs. Dando, Gattie, W. Thomas, and Lucas.

PART II.—Trio in B Flat Major, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Mozart. Messrs. Benedict, Dando, and Lucas. Song, Miss Messent, "Scenes of my youth," (The Gipsy's Warning) Benedict. Quartet in E Flat Major, (Op. 12) for two violins, viola, and violoncello, Mendelssohn. Messrs. Dando, Gattie, W. Thomas, and Lucas.—Conductor. Mr. Benedict.

The Quartet of Spohr is quiet and unpretending, unlike his late productions of that class, but indicating all that might be expected from his more mature age. It is very simple in construction, and comprises little more difficulties for the violin than some of Mozart's Quartets, although somewhat inclining to the "Solo." Spohr, when he wrote it, was evidently thinking of Mozart. The slow movement, a *cantabile* principally for violin and violoncello, was much fancied. The Quartet altogether went satisfactorily.* Miss Messent gave Beethoven's song with great sweetness. This young lady is much improved of late, both in voice and style. Her singing on this occasion was a finished performance. She was deliciously accompanied on the piano by Benedict. The Quartet of Beethoven, which followed, is one of the most attractive compositions of the great master, and was splendidly performed, Mr. Dando's violin playing being remarkable for the brilliancy and purity of its tone, and its thorough interpretation of the meaning of the composer. He was loudly applauded in one of the variations of the slow movement. Messrs. Gattie, W. Thomas, and Lucas, supported their classical reputation throughout the concert. An apology was made by Mr. Dando for Mr. Benedict, on the score of indisposition, nevertheless that excellent musician performed his part in Mozart's *trio* most delightfully, such as might be

* It has been published by Messrs. Duff and Hodgson as a pianoforte duet.

expected from the favorite pupil of Weber. The *larghetto* was played with great effect by the three executants. The graceful and plaintive song from *The Gipsy's Warning*, was rendered with exceeding taste by Miss Messent, and was much applauded. The Quartet of Mendelssohn was decidedly the great feature of the evening. The performers appeared to be summoned to their chiefest task, and laboured *à merveille* in its accomplishment. We have rarely heard more exquisite music more exquisitely executed. The whole Quartet (one of its composer's very early works) produced an immense effect. The *canzonetta*, as a matter of course, was encored with enthusiasm. Thus a brilliant concert terminated with brilliant effect, the entire audience remaining captivated to the last note. Mr. Dando deserves the highest credit for his taste and judgment in the selection of the programme. The next concert will be held on Monday, the 22nd inst.

MADAME DULCKEN'S SECOND SOIREE.—The very inclement weather had little power in influencing the fashionable visitors who usually attend the classical meetings of Madame Dulcken, whose saloons, although not crowded, were brilliantly attended on Wednesday evening, to listen to the programme of vocal and instrumental music, which follows:—

FIRST PART.—Quintett, No. 11, in B flat major, two violins, viola, violoncello, and contra-basso, Messrs. Blagrove, Ruckner, Hill, Lucas, and Howell, *Onslow*. Aria, "Madamina, il catalogo è questo," Signor Fred. Lablache (Don Giovanni), *Mozart*. Quintuor, E flat minor, pianoforte, violin, viola, violoncello, and contra-basso. Madame Dulcken, Messrs. Blagrove, Hill, Lucas, and Howell, *Hummel*. Aria, "Adelaide," Signor Marras, *Beethoven*. Duet, the Misses Williams, *Mendelssohn*. Grand Sonata, pianoforte and violin, Madame Dulcken and Mons. Sainton, *Beethoven*.

SECOND PART.—Capriccio, pianoforte, with accompaniments, Madame Dulcken, Messrs. Blagrove, Ruckner, Jay, Webb, Hill, Lucas, Goodban, Howell, &c., *Mendelssohn*. Aria, "Notte tremenda," Madame F. Lablache, *Morlacchi*. Trio, "Night's lingering shades," the Misses Williams, (Zelmira), *Spohr*. Rondo Brillante, pianoforte, "La Gaieté," *Weber*. Tarantella, pianoforte, *Chopin*.—Madame Dulcken. Duet, Signori Marras and F. Lablache, (Guillaume Tell), *Rossini*.—Conductor, Mr. Charles Horsley.

Onslow's Quintett, a composition evincing much of the usual cleverness, and more of the usual dryness of the author, was nevertheless performed with spirit and accuracy, and apparently pleased the majority of the audience. Signor Lablache sang the "Madamina" in a style that more than once reminded us of his incomparable sire. Hummel's quintetto, albeit the first movement is a laboured treatment of an uninteresting theme, is on the whole one of his most capital works; the Scherzo is full of fancy, and the finale is splendidly written. Madame Dulcken rendered the pianoforte part in a style that must have satisfied the most fastidious Hummelite present, and was efficiently backed by the quartett of stringed instruments. Neither Signor Marras nor the Misses Williams made their appearance while we were present, in consequence of which Madame F. Lablache sung the air of "Morlacchi" immediately after the quintett. This intelligent vocalist did not render herself justice by the selection of so dull and tedious a composition, which no singer could make effective. It is unnecessary to say anything in favour of Beethoven's sonata "The Kreutzer," or its interpretation by such artists as Madame Dulcken and M. Sainton. The applause as usual was warm and unanimous. The *Capriccio* of Mendelssohn is incorrectly so styled; it is the well known Rondo brilliant in B minor, one of his most effective works. Madame Dulcken performed the pianoforte part very brilliantly, but the want of an orchestra was severely felt; a quartett of stringed instruments being a poor substitute for the original. Weber's sparkling *rondo*, and the popular *tarantella* in A flat of Chopin, were excellently suited to Madame Dulcken's style of playing. The rest of the concert we did not hear. Mr. Charles Horsley conducted the vocal *morceaux* in a musician-like manner.

HENRY PHILLIPS.—This popular singer sustained a con-

cert, single-handed, at the Horns, Kennington, on Thursday evening, with great success. In spite of weather the attraction had filled the concert-room and never had artist less to complain of as regards coldness on the part of his audience. At least one half of the programme was encored, and when in answer to the rapturous demand for a repetition of his celebrated "Laughing song" he gave "Dandy Jem of Carolina," with an imitation of the banjo on the pianoforte, the applause was boundless. "Widow Machree" also came in for one of the prizes of the evening; it was re-demanded with an unanimity of which none but those who are acquainted with Kennington audiences can form any but a faint idea. It is with pleasure that we record the suburban triumph of this great and deservedly popular artist, and feel certain that it will be by no means the last we shall have to register as taking place at Kennington, for never was singer, single-handed, better received or more warmly shown by an audience with how much pleasure they filled his concert-room, than Henry Phillips, on this occasion.

THE AFFINITIES.

from the German of Goethe.

Continued from page 86.

PART II.—CHAPTER I.

In common life we often meet that, which, in an epic poem, we are accustomed to commend as an artifice of the poet's, namely, the circumstance, that when the principal figures are removed, concealed, or abandon themselves to inactivity, their place is supplied by a second or third person, hitherto scarcely observed, who while he puts forth his whole activity, appears to us worthy of attention, of sympathy, and even of praise and blame.

Thus immediately after the departure of the captain and Edward the importance of the architect daily increased. On him alone depended the arrangement and execution of the many undertakings, and he showed himself accurate, intelligent, and active, while he assisted the ladies in various ways, and entertained them in quiet wearisome moments. His outward appearance was such as to inspire confidence, and awaken regard; he was a youth, in the most thorough sense of the word, well-made, slender, perhaps a little too tall, modest without being embarrassed, confident without being obtrusive. He readily undertook any work requiring care and trouble, and as he could reckon with great facility, none of the affairs of the house were kept secret from him, and his beneficial influence was everywhere diffused. He generally had the office of receiving strangers and he would either ward off an unexpected visit, or at any rate so prepare the ladies, as to prevent them from suffering any inconvenience.

Among other matters, much trouble was given him by a young lawyer, who, being sent by a nobleman in the neighbourhood, brought under discussion a matter, which though of no special importance, intimately concerned Charlotte. It is necessary to note this circumstance, because it gave an impulse to several things, which would otherwise have remained perfectly quiet.

We remember the alteration in the church-yard undertaken by Charlotte. All the monuments were removed from their sites, and had been placed in the wall, by the sole of the church. The space left was made even, with the exception of a broad path which led to the church, and farther on, to a gate on the opposite side; all the ground was sown with different sorts of clover, the verdure and blossom of which had a most beautiful effect. The new graves were to be arranged in a certain order, beginning from the end of the ground, but the place was again to be levelled, and to be sown in a similar manner. No one could deny that, when the people went to the church on Sundays and holidays, this arrangement produced a cheerful and imposing appearance. Even the clergyman, who, being advanced in years and inured to old customs, had not been particularly satisfied with the plan, now felt great delight, when sitting at his back-door, under the old linden trees, like Philemon with his Baucis, he saw before him a beautiful variegated carpet of verdure, instead of a number of uneven graves.

Besides this same carpet was serviceable to his household establishment, as Charlotte had secured the use of the piece of ground to the parsonage.

Nevertheless, many members of the congregation had already complained that the indication of the spot where their forefathers reposed had been removed, and that thus their memory had, as it were, been obliterated. The monuments now so well preserved showed, indeed, *who* was buried, but not *where* the body lay, and, as many maintained, the "*where*" was the important point.

This was the opinion of a neighbouring family, who had many years before reserved for themselves and theirs a certain spot in the general place of burial, and in consideration thereof, had made a little bequest to the church. Now, the young lawyer had been sent to recal this bequest, and to show that no more payments would be made, the conditions having been broken for the interest of one party, and without any regard to representations or remonstrances. Charlotte, who had caused the alterations, wished herself to speak with the young man, who warmly, though not inconsiderately laid down the arguments of himself and his client, and thus gave the party at the castle plenty to think about.

"You see," he said after a short introduction, in which he contrived to justify his intrusiveness, "you see that the highest and the lowest are alike concerned in marking the spot where their relatives are buried. The poorest peasant who buries a child, finds a sort of consolation in placing a slight wooden cross upon the grave, and decorating it with a garland, that the memorial may at least last as long as the pain, even if such a monument, as well as the grief itself, is finally destroyed by time. Persons in easy circumstances substitute iron for wood, and adopt many modes of securing and protecting the crosses, thus obtaining a durability for many years. But as even these iron crosses finally sink and become invisible, people of property have no more expedient method than that of setting up a stone, which promises to last for many generations, and which can be renovated and repaired by posterity. Nevertheless it is not the stone which is the attraction, but that which is laid beneath it—which is confided to the earth. The question is not so much concerning the memorial, as concerning the person himself—is not so much a question of memory as of something present. I feel that I can much more heartily embrace a dead person who is dear to me in the grave-mound than in the mere monument. The thing in itself is but little, but around it, as around a boundary-stone, should be gathered husbands, wives, relations, friends, even after their own decease, and the living should have the right of removing strangers and enemies from the side of the beloved one who is at rest.

"Hence I contend that my client is fully justified in recalling the gift; nay, he even acts handsomely in confining himself to this, for the members of the family are injured in a manner for which nothing can compensate. They must give up the sweet though painful feeling of bringing an offering to the dead whom they love—as well as the consoling hope that they may one day repose with them."

"The affair is not important enough," replied Charlotte, "to incur the trouble of a lawsuit. I so little repent of what I have done, that I will make good the loss which the church has incurred. And I must honestly confess that your arguments have not convinced me. The pure feeling of a final universal equality, at least after death, seems to me more consoling than this obstinate, rigid continuance of our personalities, contingencies, and worldly relations. What is your opinion?" she said to the architect.

"I would," he answered, "rather not engage in such a controversy, nor give the casting vote. Let me modestly confine myself to that which more immediately concerns my art and my own way of thinking. Since we are no longer so happy as to press to our bosom the remains of a beloved person inclosed in an urn—since we are no longer rich or cheerful enough to preserve them entire in large decorated sarcophagi—nay, since we do not now even find a place in the churches for ourselves and those who belong to us, but are taken into the open air, we have all just cause, my lady, to approve the mode which you have introduced. If the members of a congregation are placed together in rows, they certainly repose by and among those who belong to them; and as the earth must, after all, receive us, I find nothing more natural or more orderly than that the mounds which have only risen accidentally, and which are gradually sinking, should be levelled without delay, and thus the

covering, being borne by all, should be made lighter for every one."

"Then is all to pass away without any memorial, without anything that appeals to the memory?" objected Ottilia.

"By no means" continued the architect. "It is not the memorial, but only the particular spot that is to be abandoned. The architect and the sculptor find it greatly to their interest, that man should look for a duration of existence from their art and from their hand, and for this very reason, I wish that well devised and well-executed monuments may be not scattered about singly and at random, but set up in a place that will ensure durability. Since even the pious and persons of rank have resigned the privilege of reposing personally within the church, let us at least have there, or in elegant halls about the cemeteries, monumental signs and inscriptions. A thousand forms might be devised for them, and they might be decorated according to a thousand fashions."

"If artists are so rich" observed Charlotte. "answer me this: How is it that we never get out of the shape of a small obelisk, a truncated column, or a funeral urn? Instead of the thousand inventions of which you vaunt, I have only seen a thousand repetitions."

"That is the case I admit," returned the architect, "but not always. Besides a special affair may be made of the feeling and suitable application. In this case, it is particularly difficult to give a cheerful aspect to a solemn place, so as not to be gloomy, even when the matter itself is joyless. I have made a large collection of sketches for all descriptions of monuments, and will show them when occasions serve, but the finest monument is, after all, the likeness of the man himself. This, more than anything else, gives a notion of what he is; it is the best text for a few or many notes, only it ought to be made in the person's best time, which is usually missed. No one thinks of preserving living forms, and even if this is done, it is done in an insufficient manner. A cast is quickly taken from a dead body. The mask is set upon a block, and this, forsooth, is called a bust. How seldom is it in the power of the artist to give it complete animation!"

"Without knowing it or intending it," remarked Charlotte, "you have given the conversation a turn quite in my favour. The likeness of a man is perfectly independent; wherever it stands, it stands on its own account, and we do not require that it should mark the actual place of interment. But shall I make to you a strange confession? I have a certain aversion from likenesses themselves, for they always seem to be making me a silent reproach; they point to something remote, something that has departed, and remind me how difficult it is to pay due honour to the present. If we bear in mind how many persons we have seen and known, and then acknowledge how little we have been to them, and they to us, what are our feelings! We meet the witty without being amused, the learned without increasing our learning, the traveller without acquiring information, and the affectionate without giving them pleasure. And, alas! this is not merely the case with passing acquaintance. Societies and families behave in the same manner to their dearest members, cities to their most worthy citizens, subjects to their most excellent princes, and nations to their most estimable men. I once heard the question asked, why we so unscrupulously speak well of the dead, but only speak well of the living with a certain degree of caution? The answer was, because we have nothing to fear from the former, while the latter may somewhere cross our path. So impure is our regard for the memory of others. It is generally a more selfish sport, even if it should be a matter of sacred earnest to preserve in full operation all relations with the survivors."

(To be continued.)

. To avoid misunderstanding, it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.—The new comedy, *The School for Scheming*, has undergone a considerable cutting since the first night of its performance, and is much improved in consequence. The second act, which, greatly to the weariness of the spectator, occupied nearly fifty minutes, is now all the better for the pruning it has received, and compasses little more than half that time. Throughout the entire comedy we have noticed

with pleasure this judicious lopping. Portions of the dialogue that hung heavy on the first night have been removed, and modifications have been resorted to, which tend to make the play more dramatic and interesting. The points, and sparkles, and epigrams, and repartees, appear now in a better light; and from the concision the comedy has undergone, tread quicker on each others heels, and heighten the mirth of the audience. We have not the least doubt that *The School for Scheming* will have a long run and continue to draw large houses. The opinion we formed of the drama on its first representation has not been altered by seeing it a second time in an improved state. If any thing we are rather inclined to think more favourably of *The School for Scheming*, than on our first witnessing it. The theatre is crowded every night, and the comedy is received with roars of laughter. We shall give an accurate analysis of *The School for Scheming* when the book is sent us for review. In the meanwhile we offer Mr. Webster our heartiest thanks for producing this season a second English comedy, and for his perseverance in upholding the legitimate drama. We trust the public will not be backward in supporting so spirited and enterprising a manager. Mr. Webster has effected more in the cause of the British stage, and has done more for our native writers than any single manager within our recollection. Such a theatrical administration demands the gratitude and support of the public at large. *The Invisible Prince* is performed every night, and has not lost an iota of its attractions.

PRINCESS'S.—On Tuesday evening Bellini's opera seria, *Norma*, was produced at this theatre for the double purpose of exhibiting Miss Bassano in a new character, and introducing a young *debutante* to a London theatrical audience, in the person of Miss Anne Romer. The latter young lady has acquired no small degree of popularity in the provinces by her concert singing. At Manchester, Liverpool, and other places, she has made herself a great favourite with the public; and all the journals, without an exception, have spoken highly in her praise. Miss Anne Romer, who, by the way is a sister of Mr. Travers, made her first appearance on the stage on Tuesday evening in *Adalgisa*. She is evidently new to the boards, and her inexperience as an actress, of necessity, considerably marred her *debut*. Her face is exceedingly expressive, and full of intelligence; her form slight, and, to our thinking, as yet too juvenile for principal parts in opera; her voice, a soprano, fresh and of a charming quality, while her intonation appears to us very correct. Miss Anne Romer's *debut*, on the whole, may be pronounced highly successful. She was received with immense applause, and was cheered repeatedly throughout her performance. Miss Bassano's *Norma* is vastly superior to her *Anna Bolena*. Whether it be that the music of Bellini is more submissive to her voice, than that of Donizetti, or that she has made rapid strides in her art lately, we cannot say, but Miss Bassano's performance on Tuesday evening was really admirable, and of a higher order than we were led to expect from what we had seen of her previously. The latter part of her *Norma*, especially, exhibited fine artistic powers combined with great energy. Her energy also was better regulated than when we first noticed her in *Anna Bolena* and did not, except on rare occasions, deviate into exaggeration. Miss Bassano has undoubtedly felt and considered the good advice that was proffered her by the journals, and she profited largely thereby. We are much pleased at this. It shows the lady is open to advice, when conscientiously given, and that she receives the notification of her faults, with no other feeling than a strong desire to amend them. With such talents, and such determination, Miss Bassano will assuredly become

one of the greatest ornaments of our operatic stage. The opera of *Norma* was well got up, considering the available means of the establishment, and was excellently sung throughout. Mr. Leffler was impressive as the high priest, Oroveso, and sung the music allotted to him with effect. Mr. Allen's *Pollio* was an excellent performance, though the music did not seem to befit the capabilities of his voice, as well as the music of Percy. He gave the first cavatina, "O Adalgisa joyfully," very beautifully. The opera was listened to throughout with great delight. Mr. Maddox has done a great deal to bring about a taste for music, among certain sections of the public, by producing operas, which would never be produced elsewhere, by providing the best singers he could obtain to interpret that music, and by engaging at the head of his operatic establishment one of England's best musicians. Thus far Mr. Maddox has earned the gratitude of all musical classes, but he still has left undone much that ought to be done. It is impossible to give the requisite effect to operas without an efficient orchestra, and this certainly the Princess's theatre cannot boast of. We have not much fault to find with the band individually, but it lacks numerical force, and in such operas as *Giselle*, *Anna Bolena*, and *Norma*, appears lamentably deficient. We assure the enterprising manager of this theatre that we speak to him with a view solely to his advancement, convinced that if he were to step a little beyond his present line of operations, he would soon find the benefit that would accrue therefrom. There is another point upon which we would venture to offer counsel to the management of the Princess's, and that is, to eschew altogether the production of foreign operas, which are in every respect unsuited to our native singers, and bring them into invidious comparisons with other artists. The artists themselves may be led away with a notion that they are intended to fill up the place of a Malibran, or rival a Crispien; but even if they had well-grounded hopes to do one or the other, they had better make their greatness evident by original endeavours, than dream to do so by the hopeless attempt to supersede old and established favourites. The production of Loder's opera, *Giselle*, convinces us that our native singers should confine themselves to native music, and not wander into the mazes of the Italian school, alike unsuited to their style, their taste, and their physical means. We trust that ere long we shall have to congratulate Mr. Maddox on the production of such another opera as the *Giselle* of Edward Loder. We hear of good things likely to take place at the Princess's. Macready is engaged for a limited number of nights. Mademoiselle Nau will appear soon after Easter; and a new opera, by an established native composer, is in progress.

FRENCH PLAYS.—Since our last we have had the *Docteur Noir*, a melodrama of interminable length (seven acts)—a sufficiency of dullness, and an occasional good scene, giving full scope to the great powers of M. Frederick Lemaitre, and showing Mademoiselle Clarisse in a much more favourable light than any part she has hitherto undertaken. Plays in France are in general the production of a joint stock company, and to this we must attribute the feebleness of some of the parts as compared to the vigour displayed in others. We frankly confess our distaste for the so-called French drama. If we have occasionally to quarrel with the tameness of the pure classical school—and we must not be supposed to include Racine, Corneille, and Voltaire in our condemnation; we are merely alluding to the modern authors, their imitators at an immense distance, such as, for instance, the authors of *Jeanne d'Arc*, of five or six *Virginies* to our certain know-

edge, and others—we are horror-struck with the monstrous creations of the modern school, followers of M. Victor Hugo, but whom they in no wise imitate, except in their exaggeration of his beauties, which they manage to transform into monstrous absurdities. With this frank confession we may be excused for having at times been led into a severity on the actor not merited to a certain degree, and which should more properly have fallen on the work of which he is merely the interpreter. The task of the critic, under these circumstances, is unusually arduous; for however well a passion may be rendered by the actor, he dare not give him his full meed of praise, if it be expressed in language which shocks his judgment and understanding. We are not prepared to affirm that the *Docteur Noir* deserves the condemnation we have just passed on the generality of pieces of this class; it is infinitely superior to the *Dame de Saint Tropez*. Its principal fault is its great length, but we are inclined to applaud it, inasmuch as it displays great honesty of purpose; it is a manly appeal against the prejudice of races, it is a fervent intercession for a much injured and unjustly proscribed portion of our fellow creatures, it is a severe and just castigation on colonial manners and customs. There is also some tact in the conception of the characters; the old marchioness is a good specimen of the old school who considered the blacks as people of a different *espèce*, the Chevalier de Sainte-Luce represents the young courtier of the reign of Louis XVIth to the life, and Barbantine is a fair specimen of the rich colonist before the revolution—proud and ignorant, conceited and arrogant, ostentatious and avaricious. A full detail of the plot would lead us to a review of each individual character, and indeed to a mere translation of the piece; we shall endeavour to give our readers an insight into it without annoying them with too minute particulars. The first act takes place at the Island of Bourbon, the period a few years before the first French revolution, at the house of Madame la Marquise de la Reynerie (Madame Grassau), widow of the late governor, who has living with her an only daughter Pauline (Mademoiselle Clarisse), and a niece Aurélie (Mademoiselle Khin); there is a grand *fête* at the government house, to which the principal personages of the island have been invited, men of colour rigorously excepted of course, but Aurélie, who does not share her aunt's prejudices, has taken upon herself to invite Fabien, *Le docteur noir*, whom she esteems without ever having seen him, but who is the subject of universal admiration from his skill in treating an epidemical disease which has exercised violent ravages in the island. On being informed of this invitation, the Marquise is violently wroth, and desires Barbantine (M. Cartigny) to expel him from the house without ceremony, should he dare to make his appearance. He does come, but is kindly received by Pauline and Aurélie, who furnish him with an excuse for withdrawing without insult. Barbantine indeed attempts to execute the office he has undertaken, but his arrogance falls before the doctor's coolness, and the latter departs in peace. The ball now takes place, and Pauline is invited to dance, by her cousin, the Chevalier de Sainte-Luce, banished from France for having killed a husband who had the audacity to discourage his attentions to his wife; but the disease has already extended its ravages to the highest parts of the island, and Pauline is the first attacked by it. She is immediately abandoned by all, except her mother and cousin, who implore the assistance of the flying attendants and slaves. When hope seems lost, Fabien appears led in by Lia (Mademoiselle Vallée) a young Mulatto-girl in Pauline's service. At first his services are haughtily refused by the Marquise; but the doctor disarms her prejudices by exclaim-

ing: "Madame, let me cure her first, you can then expel me if you will." This was admirably given by Mr. Lemaitre, and drew down a burst of applause as the curtain slowly descended on the first act. The second act opens on the doctor's habitation, he is absent; and we learn from an old negro whom he has saved from the effects of the plague, and to whom he has given his liberty, that Fabien is quite an altered man; he has allowed a passion for Pauline to take possession of his heart; he is unfortunate, and passes his days wandering among the mountains, except when exercising the duties of his profession, especially to the poor, whom he attends in preference to all others. Barbantine, the Chevalier de Sainte-Luce, and Aurélie come to pay the doctor a visit, but not finding him at home, leave the house and are succeeded by Pauline, who has also come to thank him for his attention during her illness; the doctor arrives and she explains the motive of her visit, his heart is touched at her kindness and condescension, but is overwhelmed with bitterness when she offers him a purse.—"I thought you had been generous," he exclaims, in the fulness of his grief; but his joy returns when she explains that she merely considers the money as a charity deposited in his hands to relieve the wants of his poor clients. Pauline's visit has another object, it is to consult the doctor on the health of Lia, her faithful attendant. Lia is brought forward and in an eloquent scene, in which Mademoiselle Vallée displayed much feeling, he declares her malady incurable, for the poor girl loves a white man (Roger) the intendant of the Marquise. Pauline, however, resolves to effect the cure, and, in the course of the ensuing conversation, leads the doctor to suppose that she has perceived his passion, and returns it; she then departs on her mission of love and charity. Pauline is scarcely gone, when the old negro enters exclaiming that a man is attacked by a serpent; Fabien seizes a hatchet and rushes out; he returns leading the Chevalier, from whom he learns that he is about to be married to Pauline. The Chevalier leaves with a guide, and Fabien seizes his gun to fire on him, but a cross which he always wears, the last gift of his mother, inspires him with more generous sentiments. The third act takes place by the sea-side; the doctor and Pauline are together; Fabien has resolved to die, but not alone, and has allured Pauline to this place, from which escape is impossible when the tide is coming in. He now confesses his love, reproaches her with her pride and perfidy, and tells her the fate which awaits her; in vain she supplicates him to have mercy, to spare her life—he is inflexible; the sea ascends higher and higher—escape is now impossible. At this supreme moment Pauline confesses her love for the negro, and falls senseless into his arms. There was much good acting in this scene, rather exaggerated, perhaps, at times, by Mademoiselle Clarisse, but very affecting on the whole. In the fourth act, Pauline, miraculously saved by smugglers, resolves to marry Fabien; she communicates to him her determination; he refuses at first, but is eventually brought over to her purpose. They are united; but the union has scarcely been blessed by the priest, when she learns from her cousin that her mother has been saved from shipwreck, and wishes her to join her in France. Her anguish is extreme, but she obeys; and starts, accompanied by Fabien, whom she cannot muster courage to acknowledge as her husband, Lia, (her cousin) and the Chevalier de Sainte-Luce. The fifth act is the best of the piece; at a grand assembly of her friends and relations, the Marquise announces the marriage of Pauline with the Chevalier. The latter has some suspicion of her attachment for Fabien; and, in order to test it, resolves to accumulate every outrage upon him. At his request, the doctor, who inhabits the same house, is sent

for and expelled. The Chevalier treats him with the utmost indignity, tramples him under foot, and, through his suggestion, the Marquise resolves to send him back to Bourbon. The Doctor breaks his sword in his rage; but Pauline cannot bear the ignominious treatment of her husband any longer—she breaks through all restraint, and declares her marriage to her mother. In this scene Mademoiselle Clarisse was truly great; her acting was natural, and told wonderfully—it was sublime. The old Marquise is horrified at the very idea of such degradation, and receives with transport the doctor's declaration that the secret shall remain buried between them, and that he will leave Paris for ever. Both Mademoiselle Clarisse and M. Lemaitre were called at the fall of the curtain to receive the congratulations of the audience, an honour which they certainly well deserved. The sixth act rises on the Bastille:—the chevalier is immured within its walls, for having insulted Barnave, a member of the States-General; but, underground, in the damp, gloomy vaults, we find Fabien, who has been confined there by a *lettre de cachet* at the request of the Marquise. Years had passed away and no tidings had reached him from without, when one day he recognized André at work on the ramparts, he raised his voice and was luckily heard. The young André, whose mother he had formerly saved, manages to throw a stone into his cell, to which a paper is attached; from this he learns that efforts will be made for his deliverance, and that a death has taken place at the Hotel de la Reynerie, but just as he is about to read the name the jailer enters and takes away his lamp by the governor's order. Fabien's despair is now greater than before; he fancies it is Pauline who is dead. But the revolution advances with rapid strides, the Bastille is taken and he is free, and learns that it is the Marquise and not Pauline who is dead. This sudden revulsion entirely overwhelms his feeble reason, weakened by solitary confinement, and he becomes mad. The seventh act passes in Brittany during the reign of Terror. Pauline has just escaped from prison, but her hiding-place has been denounced by André, who believes her the instrument of Fabien's captivity. Fabien is still mad; he recognises no one; not even his wife, who has confided her secret to the Chevalier and her cousin. By degrees, however, his reason returns, when the infuriated mob threatens to tear his wife to pieces, and finally he recovers it entirely, after having received a bullet fired at his wife by some one in the crowd. He, however, still has strength enough to declare the truth, and then dies. This act was also well managed, and created much enthusiasm. The two principal actors again bowed their thanks to the audience at the end of the piece. We must not omit to mention that the *mise en scène* was excellent, and the decorations in excellent keeping. *Le Docteur Noir* has been played thrice. Lemaitre will next appear in *Les Mystères de Paris*. J. DE C—E.

SONNET.

NO. XXI.

Look not as though some sorrow fill'd thy heart,
 Checking those smiles that once were wont to play
 Round thy sweet lips, so innocently gay,
 That thy pure soul was in a glance confess'd.
 Each look of sadness seems to me address'd,
 And in its quiet mournfulness to say
 'Twas I who chas'd thy happiness away,
 'Twas I who caus'd thee sorrow and unrest.
 Reproach me not, I suffer more than thou;
 Grief comes not o'er me as a gentle sadness,
 Killing each joy with soft but chilly breath;
 It fiercely rends my heart, it burns my brow,
 That I could shout aloud for very madness,
 Or rush for refuge to the arms of death.

N. D.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

MILAN.—The popular pianist, Emile Prudent, has been playing at the Philharmonic Society at Milan.

VIENNA.—Monsieur Lavigne, the celebrated oboist, has given a concert, at which he was well patronised—Madame Schuman late (Clara Weick,) has given several concerts at Vienna with great success. She intends giving concerts at Brun, Prague, Dresden, Leipzig, and Berlin. It is reported she intends visiting London during the approaching season. Jenny Lind has not yet sung in Meyerbeer's opera, *The Camp of Silesia*, the rehearsals of which are numerous, and the stage appointments, they say are being prepared with great splendour—Dohler, the pianist, is at Moscow, we understand he will visit Paris during the present season. M. Blaas, the celebrated clarionet player, has given concerts with success, and has departed *en route* for Cracow and Warsaw, with his wife—Balfé's popular opera, the *Bohemian Girl*, has met with great success, and will be immediately produced in Munich, Brunswick, Limberg, Hamburg, and several German Towns.

REVIEWS ON MUSIC.

"*The Wild Free Wind*," the *Indian Maiden's Song*; sung by Miss MARY KEELEY; the words by SHIRLEY BROOKS; and the music by ALEXANDER LEE. LEONI LEE AND CORHEAD.

Mr. Alexander Lee's ballad has already received its meed of popularity, by being frequently encored at the Lyceum, as it was warbled, very neatly, by Miss Mary Keeley, in Shirley Brooks' favourite burletta, *The Wigwam*. The song is written in the composer's best style, and is deserving the popularity it has already received. The poetry is neat and pointed. The frontispiece is accompanied by a lithograph, purporting to be a likeness of Miss Mary Keeley, as she appeared singing Mr. Alexander Lee's song in *Coro*, in *The Wigwam*. Were the song no better than the likeness, we could hardly have awarded it so much praise as we have done.

"*Constancy; or, they say that other eyes are bright*." Ballad; the poetry by DELTA; the music, dedicated to Miss WILSON, by T. M. MUDIE.—CHAMBER, BEALE, and Co., LONDON. WOOD and Co., EDINBURGH.

This is a model of what a ballad should be. Nothing could be more perfect. The melody is simple and vocal, and at the same time highly expressive. The accompaniment displays the art of a thorough musician while it never outrages propriety by affected and unnecessary elaboration. The words are good and develop without effort a sentiment which is agreeably natural and poetical. The key of the song is A flat; the melody comes within the range of ordinary voices, and the accompaniment, with all its elegance and completeness, is compassable by pianists of the most moderate capabilities. Musicians will admire this ballad as the leisure-thought of an accomplished musician, and the laity will find an irresistible charm in its fluent melody and genuine feeling. We recommend it strongly to Miss Dolby, in whose healthy and unaffected style we trace precisely the means of interpreting it with entire effect.

"*The Polka Waltzes*;" by G. H. LAKE. J. SCATES, Frith-street.

The Polka Waltzes of Mr. Lake should have been termed the "Polka Waltz," as the subject is merely varied, and runs to the end without interruption. The theme is taken from the most popular of all Strauss's Polkas, and is transferred into 3-4 time, without any violation of the primitive tune.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

EXETER HALL—HAYDNS ORATORIO—MR. H. PHILLIPS.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

35, Hart Street, Bloomsbury, 8th February, 1847.

SIR,—In your journal of last Saturday, I read an article with some surprise, and I must say with much regret, on the subject of my singing the second night of the *Creation* at Exeter Hall. I say with regret, because in a journal like yours, it is a pity to see a letter inserted which is one string of falsehoods from the commencement to the end; written either in extreme ignorance or malice. It is well known, perhaps almost proverbial, that I do, and have ever used less ornament, in any style of singing than other English vocalists; this fact more particularly attaches to my share of *Sacred Music*. Indeed, sir, when you remember, that

from the age of seven to the present time I have never once ceased toiling to gain a knowledge of all the sacred writers, from Henry Purcell to Spohr; and, further, that my early education was received in the then most rigid school of the concerts of ancient music, and under the constant correction of such men as *Knyvelt, Vaughan, Bellamy, Greatorex, &c., &c., &c.*, is it likely that I, of all others; and in fact, the only one now in exercise of his profession who has been so educated as to forget himself in one of Haydn's finest works, and thus offend the two susceptible ears of my learned friend who has so exposed himself. I think it scarcely requires comment, for the fact is this, and had my cowardly assailant possessed a score, and been able to read it, he would have discovered that, instead of my using unnecessary ornaments, I did not even sing the embellishments invariably printed in the scores of the *Creation*; again, the fellow tells a falsehood, when he says Miss Birch was encored, for on the night to which he alludes, she was not. Now, had this learned doit taken an early dinner that day? I suspect so—from the effects of which he could not have recovered; at all events, it evidently emanates from a fool or a knave, and as the act of a man who would scarcely hesitate to do, or write anything; and if the fellow has the courage of a *Hen Partridge*, let him show his thick head from behind his fictitious initials, and at once boldly announce himself, as I declare. I am, your most obedient servant,

HENRY PHILLIPS.

REISSIGER'S NEW OPERA.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—Will you be so kind as to inform me, if the music of, "*Der Schiffbruch der Medusa*"—"The Shipwreck of the Medusa," a new opera from Reissiger, Kapellemeister at Dresden, is to be obtained in London, and where.—Yours obediently,

"A SUBSCRIBER."

MADAME SCHWIESO.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—In perusing your interesting work, I observed a communication from a subscriber in search of my address. Have the goodness to inform him or her, that any communications will find me at No. 14, Little Portland Street, Oxford Street.—Your most obedient servant,

HARRIET SCHWIESO.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE will open for the season on Tuesday next, with Donizetti's opera, *La Favorita*, in which Signori Gardoni and Superchi will make their first appearance in this country; and a new ballet by M. Paul Taglioni, entitled, *Coralia*; or, *The Inconstant Knight*; the music by Signor Pugnani, in which Madlle. Carolina Rosati will make her debut.

THE CATCH CLUB, established in 1762, will commence its harmonious meetings, at the Thatched House Tavern, March 5th.

THE MEMBERS OF THE WESTERN MADRIGAL SOCIETY meet every other Saturday, to practise, under the direction of Mr. Turle.—Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. George Budd.

MISS SUSAN CUSHMAN.—It is stated that this fair lady, the sister of the Miss Cushman, was married a few days ago, to Mr. Muspratt, one of the sons of Mr. James Muspratt, of Seaforth Hall. She is, with her sister, fulfilling some country engagements, previous to her retirement from the stage.—*Liverpool Albion*.—[The *Times* has contradicted this authority.—Ed.]

LABLACHE THE GREAT was born at Naples, December 6th 1794. His mother was a native of the Emerald Isle—at least she was of an Irish family; and his father was a merchant at Marseilles, which city he left in 1791, and settled at Naples.

HERB BUDDEUS, the pianist, who was here about three seasons ago, is at St. Petersburg, where he has had the honour of playing at Court several times. He intends to pay London a visit in the spring.

MR. JOHN PARRY is engaged to sing at Liverpool, Manchester, Preston, Halifax, &c., &c., which will occupy about a fortnight.

MISS HELEN FAUCIT and Mr. Paumier have been performing a round of characters with signal success at Glasgow. The journals of the city are extravagantly eulogistic of the charming actress, but not more than jumps with our own

opinions. Mr. Panmier has also been spoken of for his excellent performance of the leading characters he has represented with Miss Helen Faucit. His Claude Melnotte, according to all accounts, was a most admirable piece of acting. In tenderness and pathetic passages this gentleman appears to have few equals. He is a tremendous favorite with the Glasgow folk. When shall we again behold Miss Helen Faucit on the London boards? Shame on all metropolitan managers who would leave their theatres deprived of so much grace and elegance!

MR. J. L. HATTON gave his vocal entertainment at Manchester, on Saturday last, with great success; and he performed at Streatham, on Monday, to a numerous audience.

MISS ANNE ROMER, who made a successful debut on Tuesday evening at the Princess's Theatre, is a sister of Mr. Travers, of Drury Lane, and cousin to Miss Romer.

MELODISTS.—The prize offered by W. Dixon, Esq., for a cheerful song, to be sung and accompanied by Mr. J. L. Hatton, will be awarded at the meeting of the Melodists' Club, on Tuesday, the 23rd instant.

THE GLEE CLUB, which was established in 1787, will hold its third meeting, this day, at the Crown and Anchor tavern, Sir Felix Booth, Bart., president.

MR. HORTON.—This clever oboist is engaged by Mr. Lumley as principal oboe in the band of Her Majesty's Theatre, we understand, at very liberal terms. Hence we presume that M. Lavigne, the Belgian oboist, is not coming after all. Mr. Horton's engagement will be beneficial to the establishment; he is a talented and improving artist, and one of the best professors of the oboe in this country.

MR. KEARNS.—The benefit for the widow and orphans of this lamented musician is appointed to be held on the 17th of March. The principal members of the Philharmonic Society, of which Mr. Kearns was an associate for many years, have volunteered their services. The following gentlemen and musical professors have consented to act as a committee of management: viz., Messrs. J. L. Hatton, Harper, J. F. Loder, R. Ollivier, W. L. Phillips, with Sir George Smart, as chairman; Mr. Thomas Chappell as treasurer; and G. A. Macfarren as secretary. Signor Costa has proffered his services as conductor, and Mr. Martin has given the gratuitous use of his rooms. The concert will be on a very grand scale. The orchestra will be full and complete, and the first vocalists in the metropolis have consented to devote their energies to this charitable endeavour to procure the mite of pity and sympathy for the widow and the orphan. We trust that there will be no lack of patronage on the present occasion. Every musician and every amateur in London should present or send his donation. The public will assuredly be doubly enticed to attend, first by their own charitable feelings, and again by the splendid treat, which, we have no doubt, will be held out to them in the programme.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum*, his anthem, "The king shall rejoice," Mozart's Twelfth Service, the Ancient Hymn, "Alla Trinita Beata," and other pieces, are to be performed on Thursday evening next.

MR. PERCEVAL is, we are told, engaged as second *contrabasso* by Mr. Lumley; M. L'Anglois is to be the first. Mr. Perceval has been for sometime first *contrabasso* in the Drury Lane band, and is an excellent player. His father was an eminent violoncellist.

MENDELSSOHN.—"We are enabled," says the *Morning Chronicle*, to "confirm the announcement respecting Mendelssohn. Mr. Buxton, his publisher, having received a letter from that distinguished composer, dated Leipzig, the 2nd inst., promising to send the rest of *Elijah*, which, up to that date,

was not completed, and naturally engrossed all his attention. Mendelssohn expresses his satisfaction at the arrangements made by Mr. Buxton for Exeter-hall."

MR. HENRY PHILLIPS'S ENTERTAINMENT.—The *Athenæum* comments very severely upon the monological concerts given by our favourite English vocalist. "We cannot," remarks our cotemporary, alluding to Mr. H. Phillips's vocal entertainment, at Sussex Hall, "look temperately on, and see music thus degraded by those who should know better. The consciousness that a great public for the best works is rapidly encroaching, (Query—the consciousness, the public, or the works?) makes it disgraceful when the artist who might lead chooses to *mislead* it,—places himself behind the Harlequin, the street ballad-singer, the *anybody* who would "go any lengths rather than go home with his tin-tray empty." Of a verity there is more truth and plausibility than grammar in the writer's remarks; but, natthless, we cannot attach the same quantum of blame to Mr. H. Phillips for pursuing a career that, harmless in itself, brings him popularity and wealth. The system of giving these monologue concerts originated with the depression of English opera, and was only prosecuted when singers were driven from the stage, and were compelled to display their abilities on another arena. It is certain that Mr. H. Phillips was at the head of our native vocalists on the stage, but he did not always receive parts adapted to his means and abilities; his services were frequently set aside for those of inferior artists, and he did not always obtain remuneration tantamount to the talent that gained him so high a reputation with the public. When an artist, by giving concerts, which solely depend upon his own efforts, can gain quadruple the amount he would receive from his weekly salary at the theatre, there is surely some apology for his following this worldly wisdom. If there be any blame attachable, it is to be applied to the public who supports such entertainments, not to the artist who gives them. For our parts we can see nothing reprehensible in the course Mr. H. Phillips is pursuing. We regret exceedingly that, in the present dearth of singers, so superior an artist as Mr. H. Phillips should be absent from the stage.

THE ROUND, CATCH, AND CANON CLUB, founded by the late Mr. Hawkins, will shortly resume its very pleasant meetings.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Do. Do. for an Evening	1	11	6
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Clifton, Bristol, Dec. 18, 1846.

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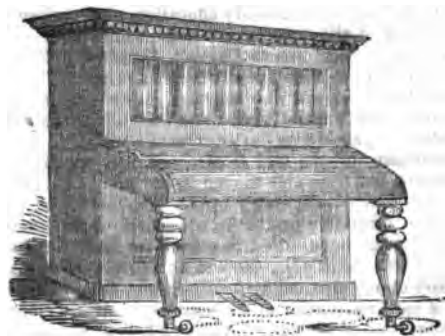
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The Proprietors have just received the following Testimonial, amongst many others, from MADAME ANNA BISHOP:—

"DEAR SIR,—I am happy to say that all I have heard respecting the efficacy of DR. STOLBERG'S celebrated LOZENGE is perfectly true, as yesterday, feeling myself very fatigued (singing nightly at the Theatre), I took several of the Lozenges, and my voice was very clear, and my throat quite free from relaxation. I am, Dear Sir, Yours truly, ANNA BISHOP."

"18th November 1846.—Jermyn Street."

Barclay and Sons, Farringdon-street; Sutton and Co., Bow Churchyard; W. Edwards and Newbery and Sons, St. Paul's Churchyard; Sanger, and Dietrichsen and Hannay, Oxford-street; and retail by all respectable Chymists in the Kingdom.

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No. 8.—VOL. XXII.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1847.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MR. LUMLEY commenced his campaign for 1847, on Tuesday evening, somewhat earlier in the field than has recently been his wont. The reason is very obvious:—Her Majesty's Theatre gets nearly two months start of its formidable opponent, the Royal Italian Opera; ample time to establish itself firmly upon the soil, and to acquire a large amount of public prestige in its favour. In our remembrance of Opera no season has opened more worthily; and when the difficulties under which Mr. Lumley has been placed are taken into consideration, the result is highly creditable to his sagacity as a manager and to his spirit as a speculator. It is evident that no money has been spared, and that the director's determination to provide sumptuously for his patrons has been carried out by efficient, zealous, and active officers. Before we enter upon a detailed account of the chances of Tuesday evening let us consider those new in the general appearance of things which call for notice. We must begin, then, with rendering homage to it is so supereminently due, that to overlook it, or even to underrate it, or still further to speak of it without enthusiasm, would be nothing less than monstrous injustice. Mr. Balfé, our countryman, whose engagement as director of the orchestra has been so testily rated in certain quarters, has taken up, as we shall endeavour to show, a trump card for the establishment—aye, the ace of trumps. It was only last autumn that Mr. Lumley was made thoroughly aware of the difficulties under which he was placed by the secession of more than five-sixths of his band and chorus. The importance of these adjuncts of the Opera establishment, the perfection to which they had been drilled by long experience of Signor Costa's most able surveillance, and the seeming impossibility of replacing them by anything approaching to a worthy substitute, scarcely admitted of a question. Singers and dancers could be obtained for more or less money, but an orchestra composed of the flower of the instrumental talent of the resident profession, and furthermore quintupled in value by many years' training in the establishment, under a conductor of remarkable talent, as much respected for the independence and liberality of his private character, as for the knowledge and ability which in his peculiar walk enabled him to set competition at defiance—an orchestra, in most respects admirable, and in many respects incomparable, it was not unreasonable to suppose could hardly be replaced without years of toil and the most singular good luck. It is all very well to blink the question, but it is not the less a solemn truth, that Signor Costa and his orchestra were the soul of Her Majesty's Theatre. We say this with the less hesitation, since we cannot be accused of overrating the worth of the late conductor. With all these facts before us, we cannot but own the surprise and gratification with which we heard the overture to *La*

Favorita, and the majority of the choral pieces, executed on Tuesday night by the artists whom Mr. Balfé's judgment and activity had enabled him to get together on so short a notice and so trying an occasion. Two months ago not one engagement had been made; so that in two months Mr. Balfé not only contrived to hear and pronounce a verdict on every individual of the collective force, but to practice them in concert so as to produce an effective and striking ensemble. Taking chorus and band together it is easy to calculate, from our experience of such matters, that Mr. Balfé must have given audience to at least five hundred persons. Besides which, to our knowledge, many of the foreigners who came to him with great names, he was compelled, conscientiously, either to dismiss or displace, and to find substitutes and leaders from English artists. Thus M. Elie, who was to have been the first flute, though, we believe, acknowledged a good soloist, was found quite out of his element in an orchestra, and an English professor, Mr. Clinton, was engaged for that post. M. Elie came also with the reputation of a first-rate piccolo player; nevertheless the piccolo, on Tuesday night, was snatched, at the last moment, from one of the Casino bands of the metropolis. A certain M. Bahr was engaged as first horn, and arrived with an enormous continental repute; but what was the result? In trying the capabilities of the orchestra, the conductor found it necessary to remove M. Bahr, by degrees, from the seat of *coro primo* to that of *coro ultimo*, and on Tuesday Mr. Catchpole, an English artist from one of our theatre-orchestras, played the first horn, and M. Bahr the fourth. The *Morning Chronicle*, in noticing the absence of M. Elie from the ranks, also signals that of M. Lavigne the oboist. In answer to which it is only necessary to state, that M. Lavigne, for reasons of his own with which we have nothing to do, has not made his appearance yet in London. In his absence, Mr. Horton, an English artist, and nearly, if not quite, as good an orchestral performer, occupied the post of first oboe on Tuesday night, and accomplished its duties most ably. The first bassoon, M. Templini, is equal to any bassoon in the world. The ease with which he takes the high notes is astonishing, and he only wants an increased volume of tone (which he cannot, with his talent, fail of acquiring) to become another Baumann. M. L'Anglois, the *primo contrabasso*, and Signor Piatti, the *primo violoncello*, stand in no need of our praise; they are acknowledged first-rates. Then, among the violins, we have such excellent players as M. Pluys, from Brussels, Mr. Collins, Mr. Sidney Smith, Mr. Day, and many other established English players. The trombones and trumpets are highly efficient, though perhaps a little too loud. The tenors are good, but there are scarcely enough of them. The violoncellos and basses are excellent, but exhibit the same deficiency. The strength of the band is thus divided:—*violins* 28, *tenors* 8, *violoncellos* 8, *double basses* 8, and the usual complement of

wind instruments and "kitchen furniture." (We speak from our own survey on Tuesday night, not from any printed authority.) In *La Favorita*, Donizetti has written four trumpet parts, and four trumpets were there for the occasion; besides a harp, absolutely essential in French operas. Altogether the band numbers about 80, more or less. Its general effect is striking, but of course it wants the refinement which will come with constant practice. At all events, if we except that of the Royal Italian Opera, no such band exists in this country, and its present comparative inferiority to its rival is rather the consequence of inexperience than of inefficient materials for ultimate perfection. The choral forces are thus divided:—*soprani*, 33; *tenori*, 27; *bassi*, 20; in all 80. The *soprani* and *tenori* are very good—but the *bassi* are superb. In regard to this department of his company, we strongly suspect Mr. Lumley will have the advantage of his opponents. Now, we put it to any reasonable person, whether what Mr. Balfe, alone and unaided, has contrived to bring forward, in such a remarkable condition of excellence, in these most important departments, does not entitle him to unlimited credit. Mr. Lumley has, indeed, been most fortunate in securing the co-operation of a director at once so able, so zealous, and so untiring.

The house was filled to overflowing on Tuesday night, an event that was pretty nearly certain to occur, the circumstances of the moment considered. Mr. Balfe made his appearance in the orchestra a few minutes after eight, and his presence was acknowledged by a rapturous burst of applause. The execution of the overture to *La Favorita*, a brilliant, if not a profound composition, at once demonstrated the quality of the orchestra. The *crescendos* were admirably managed, the *fortissimos* terrific, and the general performance splendid and effective. The overture was loudly encored, the *Allegro Mosso*, in C minor, repeated, and the question of the orchestra at once thoroughly established. Mr. Lumley had vanquished one great difficulty, and the audience were eager in acknowledging it. *La Favorita* is, perhaps, the masterpiece of Donizetti, and is certainly one of the most elaborate and difficult of his operas. It is one among many proofs which the composer has given to the world of a magnificent talent that in too many of his works has been unworthily compromised. This opera was first produced at the *Academie Royale* in Paris, on the 2nd December, 1840. It was written for the *Renaissance*, but that theatre being closed it was transferred to the other. The story of the drama may be best told in the words of a paper which was distributed in the boxes of Her Majesty's Theatre, on Tuesday night, a useful and elegant pamphlet, serving the double purpose of a bill of the evening's entertainments and a compendium of appropriate chit-chat on musical matters in general:—

"The scene passes in the kingdom of Castile, in 1340. Leonora de Guzman, celebrated for her wit and beauty, is loved by Alfonso XI., King of Castile, of whom she becomes the favourite. The ascendancy which she acquires over the monarch becomes so great, that he resolves, in order to espouse her, to repudiate the Queen, his wife. The Pope interferes, and menaces the King with excommunication if he persist in his project. In the meantime the Moors threaten the kingdom of Castile. Alfonso XI. hastens to meet and give them battle; the result is a decisive victory, owing chiefly to Fernando, a youthful captain of his army. Fernando, formerly a novice in the convent of Santiago de Compostella, has seen and loved Leonora, of whose name and rank he is ignorant. Carried away by his passion, he has quitted the convent, obtained, by the favour of Leonora, a brevet of captain, and by his valour the triumph of the King's arms. Overwhelmed already by the favours of his sovereign, he asks of him the hand of the noble object of his affection; and the King, who has discovered the love of Leonora for Fernando, determines on the sacrifice of his own sentiments, and gives his consent to the marriage. The favourite informs her lover, by letter, of her relation with Alfonso. Unfortunately her confidant, Inez,

is unable to take her confidence, being imprisoned by order of the King, and the marriage is accomplished. After the ceremony, Fernando perceives that the eyes of all are turned away from him, or exhibit marks of evident contempt. He imperiously demands the cause; and is informed that he has wedded the mistress of the King. Fernando, indignant, utters imprecations on his bride, throws his knightly sword at Alfonso's feet, abdicates his recently-acquired titles, and, heart-broken, returns to the convent to take his vows. Leonora, in despair at the irremediable misfortune she has brought upon her lover, determines, before she dies, to see him once more and obtain his pardon. Habited as a novice, she penetrates the convent, is recognised by Fernando, whose love returns at her sight, and who proposes that they fly together far from Castile. It is too late: Leonora expires at her lover's feet—but pardoned and happy."

A finer subject for an *opera seria* would be difficult to name, and Donizetti, in his musical treatment of it, raises himself so far above his former self, that musicians fail to recognise the elegant Neapolitan trifler save in the pretty fluency of certain of the *cabalettas*, and the occasional sacrifices of strict taste at the shrine of vocal display. We have neither time nor space to analyse the music as it merits. A brief abstract of the different pieces must suffice, until a better occasion serves our turn.

The opera is in four acts, and at the *Academie Royale* occupies the whole night in performance, an example which it would have been advisable for Her Majesty's Theatre to follow, since the second act comprises an entire *ballet*, which renders another *ballet* during the evening superfluous. As it happened, Donizetti's music was mutilated, and the audience kept in the theatre till nearly two o'clock, a consummation devoutly to be undesired. The overture to *La Favorita* chiefly deserves noting as one of the very few complete orchestral pieces with which Donizetti has favoured us. In other respects it is an ordinary French prelude, noisy and brilliant, but somewhat vapid. It served, however, to show off Mr. Balfe's orchestra to good advantage, on Tuesday night. The first act begins with a choral movement for men's voices, in C, well written, and in dramatic keeping with the ecclesiastical character; it is sung by the monks of the monastery of St. James, proceeding to their orisons in the chapel. The sequences and suspensions in this chorus are natural and easy, and indicate Donizetti's knowledge of harmony to be greater than the world has given him credit for. After some recitatives, Fernando, the young novice, reveals his love for a lady whom he has seen while at his devotions, to Balthazar, his friend and Superior of the Monastery. This lady is Leonora, the Favourite. The tenor air which Donizetti has written here, in A major, "Une ange, une femme," is equally simple and expressive. The first couplet is plainly accompanied, the second is set off by new phrases for the wind instruments. Then follows a duet for tenor and bass, in which Balthazar reproaches Fernando, while the young novice endeavours to excuse his passion for the fair unknown. This duet is an exceedingly fine composition, expressive and dramatic—the instrumentation is superb—the bassoons and violoncellos are employed with great skill and characteristic effect. A *cantabile* phrase for the tenor, in D flat, is in itself beautiful, and contrasts well with the grave tone of what precedes it. This *cantabile* occurs twice and the second time gives way to a brilliant *coda*. An air and chorus for female voices in F, "Rayons dorés," for Inez, the favorite's waiting-maid, and the attendants, is deliciously fresh and soothing, charming as much by its unpretension as by its grace. Another air and chorus, for the same persons, in D, "Doux zephyrs," is equally pleasing, though of an opposite character, the style being sparkling and joyous instead of melancholy. Some recitative for Inez and Fernando gives way to a duet for Leonora

and the latter, in C, which involves two agreeable *motifs*, one in A minor, passionate and tender, the other in the original key of the duet. A martial air, in A, for Fernando, is bold and animated, demanding a large degree of energy on the part of the singer; with this ends the first Act. The air was omitted by Signor Gardoni on Tuesday night, which was to be regretted, since it is one of the most effective pieces in the opera, and displays Donizetti's knowledge of the orchestra to great advantage; moreover, without it, the curtain drops on an anti-climax.

Act II opens with a noisy instrumental fragment, introductory to the appearance on the scene of Alphonso XI, King of Castile. Some accompanied recitative leads to a *larghetto* in A minor for the King, followed by a *moderato* in F. The first is beautiful, the second spirited but not strikingly new. The instrumentation throughout is admirable, and the whole is an effective display for a bass voice. A duet for Leonora and the King, beginning in E, and ending in A, contains a pleasing *larghetto* in six-eight, for the latter, and concludes with a slow *cabaletta*, in thirds and sixths, which has no other characteristic than triviality. Next comes a *ballet*, consisting of four pieces:—an introduction, *Vivace* in B flat—a *pas de trois*, in various movements and keys—a *pas de six* of equal variety—and a *pas d'ensemble* in D, minor or major, throughout. This dance-music cannot be compared to that in *Guillaume Tell*, or *La Muette*, or even *Robert*, for fancy and melody; but it is good enough in its way, sparkling and natural, brilliantly arranged for the orchestra, and absolutely necessary to the design and completeness of the opera. It was therefore to be lamented that the authorities of Her Majesty's Theatre should consent to so great a liberty being taken with Donizetti's score as was involved in its omission on Tuesday night. The *Chronicle* is right in complaining of the loss of the *décorations*, though we have sought in vain throughout the score (for the loan of which we are indebted to our kind friend, Mr. C. R. Wessel) for the dances in the first act, equally regretted by the *Chronicle*. The *finale* to the 2nd act is long and fragmentary; but it is highly dramatic, full of contrast, and abounds in masterly points of musicianship, developing with great felicity one of the most striking situations of the drama—the refusal of the King to abandon Leonora, and the anathema of the Pope pronounced by the monk Balthazar.

The third act is a master-piece in its peculiar school. It contains a trio in D, for Leonora, Fernando, and Alphonso, in which the plaintive and exquisite melody for the bass "Pour tant amour," that has captivated the ear of all France, and will doubtless produce the same effect in England, plays the most important part—a song for Leonora, beginning with a passionate and beautiful recitative in A minor, leading to a *cantabile* in C, "O mon Fernand," which is almost as popular as the melody to which we have just alluded; and a *cabaletta* in E major, which albeit it has much energy, and flows easily, is the least interesting portion of the song, which sins more on the score of irregular tonality than on any other—a pretty and effective chorus of nobles, in A, ingeniously mingled with recitatives and solos—and the magnificent *finale*, the grand point of the opera, which contains among other fine things, the unison chorus in F, for male voices, which brought out Mr. Balfe's chorus on Tuesday, with astounding effect. The situations comprised in this *finale* are wonderfully dramatic and exciting—the heroism of Fernando, and the disgrace of the favorite, intermingled with the various incidents arising from the passions and observations of the spectators, all artfully combined by the dramatists M. M. Scribe, Royer, and

Vaez. A peculiarity in this finale, wherein it appears that Donizetti has either not studied or has disregarded the models left by Mozart and other great masters,

"Those death-like children of the hidden cloud,"

is the utter contempt he displays for relative tonality. The finale begins in D minor, passes through a great variety of keys, and finally settles in C major, in which key it concludes. Among the modern Italians, Rossini is the only one, we believe, who adheres upon principle to the natural laws of tonality. Donizetti sins like the rest of them.

In the fourth act Donizetti has embodied the gravity of the ecclesiastical style in his music without overloading it with extra-elaboration. The chorus of monks in E, Balthazar's solo in G, and another short choral movement in C which follows, are solemn and impressive, though studiously simple. Fernando's well known cavatina, "Ange si pur," in C, is a melody that appeals at once to universal appreciation, and once heard can never be forgotten; nothing can be more simple and unpretending, while nothing can be more tender, and although it is perfectly original, it is so natural that it comes upon the ear like the recollection of a melody heard in childhood. The recitatives and choral fragments which follow are scarcely less unaffected and beautiful. The effect of the monks' hymn, in A flat, sung from behind the scenes, with the accompaniment of an organ, is grave and in good keeping with the situation. The recitative for Leonora and Fernando, which opens with a passionate instrumental introduction in C minor, is very fine. The duet for Leonora and Fernando is also a beautiful composition, though its tonal construction is singularly incoherent. For example, the opening *Allegro* for Fernando begins in A minor; it has an episode in C, which leads to an accompanied recitative in E flat; a *larghetto* for Leonora in A flat minor then occurs, which gives way to a *cabaletta* in A flat; some more recitative in C minor brings us back once more to A minor, and leads to a second *cabaletta* in C, which, as the duet attains the climax, is interrupted by a cadence into A flat, the renewal of the monks' chorus already alluded to. In spite of this apparent rambling, however, the duet is full of musical beauties, and abounds in fine dramatic points. The opera concludes with an *Allegro Agitato* in B flat minor, a short movement of great energy and intensity, illustrating very beautifully the sad catastrophe of the drama—the death of Leonora, after Fernando has forgiven her, and avowed the unchanged love he bears her.

This hurried sketch (intended exclusively for our musical readers) can give but a faint notion of the merits of *La Favorita*, which, if not absolutely a work of genius, approaches as nearly the mark as high talent and consummate experience can accomplish. That Donizetti has both these can hardly be questioned, and the splendid manner in which he has here exhibited them declares him beyond a doubt one of the first musicians of the present epoch, and the Italian who nearest approaches in excellence the gifted "Swan of Pesaro."

But it is time to speak of the style in which the opera was given at Her Majesty's Theatre on Tuesday night, and of the debutantes, about whom so much expectation had been raised. We have said enough of the band and chorus to make our opinion of their capabilities known. We may add that the chorus in F, for male voices, in the finale to the second act, was so finely sung that the audience unanimously called for its repetition. The debutantes were all successful. Signor Gardoni (Fernando), the tenor from the French *Académie*, achieved a complete triumph. His voice is a legitimate tenor of rare quality, round and beautiful in the middle tones, clear

and "silvery" in the high ones. Over this voice the singer has acquired a complete control, which ensures that invariable correctness of intonation that yields to no other charm in vocalism. His execution is chaste and unerring, and his style, though full of energy and passionate expression, is wholly divested of affectation and exuberance. In short, Signor Gardoni is an artist, in the best sense of the word, and a vocalist of the very highest pretensions. His reception was enthusiastic. His air in the first act, "Une femme, une ange," at once proclaimed his excellence to the audience, and won their unanimous suffrages—it was boisterously encored. A similar compliment was paid to the cavatina of the fourth act, "Ange si pur," and the energy and dramatic force displayed in the finale to the third (for he not only sings, but acts admirably) gained unbounded applause for the young singer. Signor Gardoni's success is indisputable, and he is likely to prove a most valuable acquisition to Mr. Lumley, whose discretion and judgment were never better exercised than in his engagement. Mr. Lumley will not, we suspect, have reason to repent his moiety of the *dédit* of 50,000 francs incurred by the engagement of this new tenor, the signal for whose popularity in this country was given on Tuesday night in a manner that could not be mistaken.

Signor Superchi (Alphonso XI.), the new barytone, for whom Verdi did (according to the *Post*), and did not (according to the *Chronicle*) compose his opera of *Ernani* (a matter of mighty import truly!) is also an acquisition for Mr. Lumley. With the slight tendency to flat intonation which would seem to be inseparable from barytones, he has an agreeable and capable voice, a chaste and uninflated style, and an easy deportment, which gives an air of natural propriety to all he does. Signor Superchi was encored in his duet (with Leonora) in the second act, and much applauded in the romance, "Pourtant amour," of the trio in the third act. Signor Superchi is not a Tamburini, but he is worth a dozen Fornasaris. Again we must be eulogistic in favour of Signor Bouché (Balthazar) the third debutante, who has a bass voice that charms alike by flexibility and sympathetic quality of tone. Without being great, Signor Bouché is a right good singer, and though not a striking, a sensible actor, and one who makes his presence in the concerted music invaluable. He was well received and frequently applauded through the opera, losing no point where his powers as a vocalist could be manifested without undue obtrusion. Thus far for three of the debutants. Madlle. Nascio, the fourth, who undertook the subordinate part of Inez, lacked power to give expression to the pretty and natural music that Donizetti has written for the character. The part of Leonora (the favorite) was supported by Madlle. Sanchioli, one of those new importations who, last season, were made unduly prominent by the management of Her Majesty's Theatre. We own that our recollections of Madlle. Sanchioli left us little disposed in her favor, but we were agreeably disappointed. It is one thing to scream through a ridiculously unvocal *partition* of Verdi, and quite another to *sing* through a thoroughly vocal part like that of the Favorite. Verdi is ruining all the voices in Italy, and it is a fact to which we can bear testimony, that Miss Hayes, one of the most popular and gifted dramatic singers that the Italian stage possesses, makes a clause in all her engagements, that she shall not be asked to sing in any of Verdi's operas. Donizetti on the other hand is a thorough master of the capabilities of voices, and even in his most elaborate *bravuras* consults them with effect, and writes vocally. Moreover the part of Leonora was written for a *mezzo-soprano*, Mad. Stoltz,

and the voice of Madlle. Sanchioli is an indisputable *mezzo-soprano*. The consequence is that she sings the music with ease, and those who heard her on Tuesday night could scarcely believe they were listening to the *prima donna* whom they recollected last season labouring with evident agony through an incoherent rhapsody of passages, totally unsuited to her voice, or indeed to that of any earthly singer. The hyena-tribe of vocalists might perhaps do justice to Signor Verdi's effusions, but they are suited to nothing human. It must be mentioned also that Madame Sanchioli has greatly improved in style. Her acting no less than her singing, is thrice more natural and easy than it was. On the whole, indeed, she sustained the part of Leonora, if not greatly, at least sensibly effectively, and artistically. The audience was not slow in recognizing Madame Sanchioli's great improvement, and applauded her liberally and frequently. If she thus continue to progress, there is no knowing to what a height she may ultimately attain in her art. On the whole, we have seldom heard an opera more satisfactorily represented in all its parts, than *La Favorita* on Tuesday night. If this be the result of competition, Mr. Lumley's best friends will not be sorry that the existence of a rival establishment should have been the cause of weakening his energies. After the third and fourth acts of the opera, Signor Gardoni and the other principal singers were recalled; and at the conclusion, the young tenor reappeared, accompanied by Madlle. Sanchioli, at the unanimous desire of the audience. Mr. Lumley was then called for, and, subsequently, Mr. Balfe, both walking successively across the stage amidst loud and general applause. The Italian version of *La Favorita*, by Signor Jannetti, Mr. Lumley's Poet-Laureat, is excellent; but the English version of that version is filled with glaring errors and mistranslations, from one end to the other.

The *Ballet* must be dismissed in as few words as possible. Mr. Lumley, ever active in this department, for which his theatre has long been famous, has provided us several new dancers, and a new entertainment to exhibit their attractions. The title is, *Coralia, or the inconstant Knight*. The story is founded on the beautiful and popular German romance of *Undine*, by La Motte Fouque; and condensing the opera version, may be thus narrated:—

"Sir Hildebrand of Ringolletten the devoted admirer of the Duke's daughter, Bertha, is required by her to dare the adventures of the Enchanted Forest, and is for this purpose presented by the lady with an enchanted scarf, whose magic powers are to serve him in his enterprise. In the hut of a fisherman he sees Coralia, the niece of Fraisondin, the spirit of the waters. He saves the girl, by means of the magic scarf, from death, risked by her heedlessness and after avowing his love for her espouses her forgetful of his faith to Bertha. His return to the coast is followed by the appearance of the fisherman and his wife to claim the daughter of the duke as their own, lost at the time they first found the infant niece of the water spirit. Indignant at the want of feeling with which Bertha treats her parents, the duke determines on abandoning her, and Coralia in pity offers her a residence in the castle of Sir Hildebrand, which Bertha accepts, but here the ancient love revives and Sir Hildebrand forgets his passion for Coralia. Fraisondin, who visits the castle from the bubbling waters of a fountain in its precincts, inspires Coralia with jealousy and confirmed in this idea by the sight of the magic scarf, with which she maintains the passion of the knight, she tears off her wedding-ring and plunges in the fountain, while the avenging Fraisondin drags Sir Hildebrand to destruction."

Madlle. Carolina Rosati arrived with a preliminary flourish of trumpets from the *Morning Post* and other papers. Contrary to custom she justified most that had been predicated in her favour. She has an expressive face, and a slight and graceful figure. Her execution is extremely natural, and easy, and perhaps, for this reason, seldom or never surprises. Her action and miming, however, are not original, the charming and incomparable Carlotta Grisi being her evident type—and

who that attempts to soar in *her* element can hope to triumph?—"who can imitate that which is inimitable?" (as Byron said of Scott in a foot-note—thinking quite the opposite all the while.) Nevertheless, Mdle. Rosati has great and incontestible merits, and was often and deservedly visited by marks of undeniable approval from the audience. But the triumph of the evening was the *Pas de Rosières*, danced by a very young debutante (who exhibited no signs whatever of debutantish nervousness), Mdle. Marie Taglioni, daughter, we are told, of M. Paul Taglioni, the inventor of the present *ballet*, and by consequence niece to the great Taglioni herself. Whether Marie Taglioni will ever be Marie Taglioni—i. e. worthy of her name—remains to be seen. She is as pretty and quaint in personal appearance as can well be, and her Chinese *coiffure* adds to the piquant originality of her countenance. Then her figure, *tres prononcé* for her years (some seventeen, they say) is exquisitely moulded, after a model that Titian would have exulted over. Her feet, like little mice, run here and there, with a quickness almost imperceptible, as the deceptive twinkling of those far-off suns, which astronomers have dubbed "fixed stars." Then her legs (dare we name them!) are, as it were, chiselled from the sloping limbs of one of Raphael's (not Canova's) "Graces." Altogether there is something so young, so singular, so fresh, so pretty, and so generally attractive about little Marie Taglioni that no wonder everything she did was applauded to the very echo. Still, prejudice apart, she already exhibits unusual talent, and moves about with grace; her limbs are as pliant as they are well moulded, and there is an originality of *coulour* in much that she effects. There is, so to speak, a sinuousness in her motions that makes it appear as though she were not an osseous biped. In some of her attitudes we remarked a tendency to voluptuousness that in one so young excites admiration and delight, but would hardly be so graceful and so innocent in adult woman-hood. The other dancers—M. Louis D'Or (a novelty from Paris), Madame Petit Stephan (whom all of us know and admire), Mdle. Honoré (an excellent *coryphée*), Mdle. Carolina Baucourt (another handsome and flexible importation of whom more anon), and MM. Gosselin, Venafré, and Gouret (veterans highly esteemed in their walk, or rather "step"), exerted themselves efficiently, and gained their full meed of approval. The ballet is magnificently got up in all its appointments, and the scenery is highly creditable to the talented Mr. Marshall and his assistants. Some of the scenic contrivances are astonishing, when the resources of the theatre in this particular are taken into consideration. The performances concluded about a quarter to two o'clock.

So much for the opening of Her Majesty's Theatre on Tuesday, Feb. 16th, 1847. That Mr. Lumley has fought manfully against adverse circumstances cannot be denied. The wonder is, after what has happened, that he has gathered confidence and force enough to fight at all. Now that he is in the field, however, in advance of his powerful adversary, he must stand to it like a hero. There are many who would rejoice at the downfall of his establishment; but we are none of these, whatever he may think, and whatever they may tell him, who are not our well-wishers, nor his most prudent, however they may be his most zealous adherents. Mr. Lumley has begun the season nobly, and has bravely defied adversity. Let him proceed in this fashion, and he will find among his warmest backers, all those who respect truth and detest puffing.

PROVINCIAL INFORMATION.

Our contemporaries in the provinces are eager to give their readers as much musical news as possible, and, sooner than

not be prepared with a budget, they coin it from their own brains. Take the following example from *The Liverpool Chronicle*, the writer of which would appear to know more than all the London papers put together, and what is stranger, more of some people's affairs than they know themselves:—Observe what is stated of Mr. Bunn, in relation to the Jenny Lind business, and of Mr. Balfe, *quoad* the dispute between the Drury Lane lessee and himself, on the first night of *The Bondman*.

"There is still some reason for supposing that Mrs. Butler and Macready, by their united efforts in one establishment, before the season is over, will rejoice the hearts of the lovers of the "legitimate," by presenting our standing plays in the metropolis. Whether at Drury Lane, or not, it might be premature at present to state; one thing I can vouch for, the opera and ballet at that gigantic theatre have for some nights past ceased to draw, and that though Mr. Bunn, the lessee's name, does not appear in the newly issued programme of the Royal Italian Opera at Covent Garden, he is assuredly engaged at that establishment, and steps across to assume the direction sometime before the commencement of the season, protracted till after Easter. This engagement will oblige Mr. Bunn, active as he is, to withdraw either in part or altogether from Old Drury; nearly all the chief dancers and coryphées at Drury Lane have been engaged at the two rival Italian houses; this puts an end to the ballet at the Lane, instead of which spectacle is to be introduced should the theatre continue open, if not, why then we may have Butler and Macready. Bunn, I have it from good authority, is most anxious to keep his promise with the public in respect of Jenny Lind, the Swedish nightingale; he has refused, within the last few days, no less a sum than £3,000, offered by the lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre, to give up all claim to Jenny. Bunn still refuses, but I have reason to believe, were he allowed to present the fair and accomplished Swede on the boards of Drury Lane for but one night—and that the first, he would accept the above sum; then she might warble where she liked. Balfe and Bunn have sometime since made up their differences, the former, I believe, acknowledging that he was in the wrong; he found fault with Harrison's dress in his new opera of the *Bondman*, imagining that it had come from the pegs of the *Rue de Fripperie*, which it certainly did not, whatever might be said of some of the others. However, the parties have come to an understanding. Monday night was a melancholy one; the theatre was devoted to a benefit for the Irish and Scotch, the weather was inclement, and the company scant."

The Mrs. Butler and Macready speculation is, as the *Chronicle* would say, mere moonshine, and the rest of the information is about as authentic. But our contemporary will observe, "A newspaper must have news or it unfulfils its mission;" and this, we presume must serve for an apology, in the absence of a better.

MADAME BISHOP IN THE PROVINCES.

(From our own Correspondent.)

DUBLIN, MONDAY, FEB. 15.

I INTENDED to have written before this, but the last week has been a very busy one indeed with us. Only imagine a *levée*, drawing-room, and ball at the castle; a concert *monstré* for the benefit of the poor; amateur theatricals; and last, though not least, Madame Bishop at the Theatre Royal—all in one week. But do not believe, because I have paid my *devoirs* at the vice-regal court, danced a quadrille or polka at the ball, or undertook to exhibit my histrionic powers at the performance of the amateur actors, that I have therefore neglected musical affairs, or have forgotten my promise to you concerning Madame Bishop, about whom, I am well convinced, the great mass of your readers are particularly interested. Well, then, passing over the concert *monstré* on Friday, the 12th (which was nothing else than a repetition of the one given the previous week, and was as thinly attended as the first was crowded), I will introduce you at once to Madame Bishop's performances at the Theatre Royal, Hawkins-street. I have already told you in general terms of the immense success she obtained in the *Maid of Artois* on her debut; but I think it will be agreeable to the spirit of criticism, and but doing justice to the charming artist, to name a few particulars of the performance. The reception the audience gave to Madame Bishop was most enthusiastic. After the opening recitative—one of the very highest efforts of vocalisation I ever heard—the singer was compelled to pause for several seconds in acknowledgement of the acclamations from all parts of the house. Throughout the whole opera she was listened to with the most breathless attention.

Every motion of the artist was watched, every note was felt, and the audience from the first scene were bound in the spell of the enchantress. You yourself, who have been frequently in our fair city, and have witnessed the impulsiveness of our theatrical assemblies, can understand the *furor* of an Irish auditory when swayed by genius. The desert scene is by far the best portion of the opera both as a vehicle for the singer and actor; and in this grand scene Madame Bishop shone truly pre-eminent. Nothing could be more exquisitely expressive than her pathos, and nothing more unpretending. It was the deepest passion seemingly evolved without an effort. The *rondo finale*, one of the most difficult *morceaux* we have heard, was splendidly given, and rapturously encored. It was an amazing display of vocal facility and brilliancy. Madame Bishop was tumultuously called for at the end, and I do not think, that even with the recollection of continental applause ringing in her ears, she will soon forget the warm greeting she obtained from poor Paddy. It is really the opinion of those conversant with theatrical matters, that Madame Bishop has been the most tremendous hit at the theatre for many years. On Thursday and Friday *La Sonnambula* was played. Madame Bishop's Amina, on the whole, is a better performance than her Isolide. It is more complete, more touching, if less grand; and the music of Bellini is better fitted to her voice than that of Balfe, which was written for a powerful contralto, not for a brilliant soprano. I need not acquaint you that poor Malibran's voice, notwithstanding its enormous compass, was in reality a contralto. To specify Madame Bishop's best *morceaux* in the opera of *Sonnambula* would be to name every portion she sang. From the opening recitative, and aria "Dearest Companion," to the brilliant finale, all was perfect. On Saturday *The Maid of Artois* was repeated by particular desire of His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant. The house was crowded with all the fashionable residents in the metropolis, and presented an unusually splendid appearance; the whole of the vice-regal party seemed highly delighted with Madame Bishop's performances. Next week, Madame Bishop is announced to appear in an English version of Donizetti's celebrated opera, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, and also in *Anna Bolena*. His Royal Highness, Prince George of Cambridge, patronizes the Theatre on Saturday next, and has commanded the performance of the *Maid of Artois*. Monday the 29th inst., is fixed for the *prima donna's* benefit. Two circumstances in the engagement of Madame Bishop at our Theatre, are sufficiently to be regretted. The first is, that so great an artist should come amongst us at such a deplorable time—deplorable both as regards the state of the country and the inclemency of the season. The second circumstance which is a cause of regret, is, that this great artist should be so inefficiently supported. Surely some blame, as regards want of foresight, must attach to Madame Bishop in this instance. Could she not find in all London some deserving artist who could take part with her in opera, and support her as she ought to be supported; or was she so ill-judging as to fancy second, or third-rate tenors, and basses were to be found belonging to theatres out of the metropolis; or that the managers of provincial Theatres could supply them? Whosoever the fault lies, the evil consequence has fallen on Madame Bishop; for great as her success has been, and splendid the triumphs that awaited her, her performances have lost much of their importance by the incomplete manner in which they were represented. When Grisi, or Castellan, comes to Dublin, does one or the other come unattended by an efficient support? Will the one perform without Mario, or the other without Lablache? No, they are too good judges, and are well aware that the greatest talent, single-handed, has up-hill work of it. It is a matter of the utmost surprise to me that Madame Bishop has not brought her own party with her. It is astonishing how, with little or nothing to assist her performance, she can produce the immense effect she does; and by her sole powers, histrionic and lyric, keep the audience interested for three or four hours. Next Tuesday, the first philharmonic concert takes place. The charming duet singers the Misses Williams, are engaged, as is also your celebrated London pianist, Mad. Dulcken. I was not little amazed at a *puff positive*—I can call it nothing less—which has appeared here in all our papers, respecting a new Cadenza received direct from Dr. Mendelssohn, expressly written for Madame Dulcken, and which is to be introduced by her in his second concerto on Tuesday next. I have heard of a steam-boat going to a certain place direct, and of hampers of wine sent direct; but a travelling, or transmitted Cadenza I have never had the luck to hear of before. I forgot to mention in my theatrical notice that our spirited manager, Mr. Calcraft, brought out the operas, as regards the *mise en scene*, scenery, dresses, &c., with exceeding care. The procession was splendidly managed. You shall have more news next week. Yours ever,

C. R.

[Our correspondent seems not to understand entirely the meaning of the word *Cadenza*, as applied in the announcement of Madame Dulcken's forthcoming performance at the Dublin Philharmonic; nor does he seem to read aright the paragraph in the journal which gave the statement. The part of the paragraph alluded to is as follows:—

"We understand Mad. Dulcken has just received, direct from Germany,

a new Cadenza, full of new and beautiful passages, for Dr. Mendelssohn's second concert, written expressly for her by the author, and which will be performed for the first time in public at the concert of this society on Tuesday next."

A *cadenza* in a concerto is a very different thing from a *cadenza* in a vocal *morceau*. It is a brilliant development of some motive of the concerto, and is written so as to employ the executive power of the pianist to the greatest advantage. From the intimacy existing between Madame Dulcken and Dr. Mendelssohn, we have no doubt that the *cadenza* was written expressly by the great composer for the fair pianist.—Ed. M. W.]

THE AFFINITY.

from the German of Gothe.

Continued from page 104.

PART II.—CHAPTER II.

Moved by this occurrence, and by the conversation to which it had given rise, they went the next day to the place of burial, for the decoration and enlivening of which the architect had already made many a felicitous proposal. He was also to extend his cares to the church, a building which had attracted his attention from the first.

This church had stood for many centuries. It was a specimen of the German art and manner, built in due proportion, and decorated in a becoming style. One could easily discern that the builder of a neighbouring convent had, with judgment and love of the work, displayed his talent in this little building also, which always had a pleasing and solemn effect on the beholder, although the new disposition of the interior, in accordance with the Protestant form of worship, had deprived the edifice of somewhat of its majesty and repose.

The architect found no difficulty in obtaining from Charlotte a moderate sum, with which he intended to improve both the outside and inside of the church, and bring it more into harmony with the cemetery. He was himself an adept in manual labour, and some of the workmen, who had been employed on the summer-house, were readily retained until this pious work was finished also.

While they were occupied in examining the building with all its appurtenances, there appeared, to the great astonishment and delight of the architect, a little inner-chapel, which had almost passed unnoticed, and the style of which was still more ingenious and light than that of the church, while the ornaments were more pleasing and elaborate. It contained, moreover, several carved and painted relics of that older form of worship, which knew so well how to mark the different festivals with curious pictures and utensils, every one of them in a manner peculiar to itself.

The architect was obliged to include this chapel in his plan, with the special purpose of making this limited space a monument of former times, and the taste which prevailed in them. He had already thought of adorning the empty spaces in the vaults according to his own fancy, pleased with the opportunity of showing his talent as a painter; but, for the present, he kept his intention a secret from the other inmates of the house.

In the first place, according to his promise, he showed the ladies his different copies and sketches of ancient monuments, vessels, and other things of a similar kind, and the conversation being directed to the simple grave-hillocks of the northern people, he brought forward his collection of the various weapons and implements which had been found in them. He had all these things very cleanly and portably arranged in drawers and compartments, upon boards covered with cloth, so that old and solemn as they were, they derived something of smartness from his method of keeping them, and might be looked on just as pleasantly as the box of a dealer in fashions. Now he had once begun the work of exhibiting them, as the solitude needed some diversion, he made a practice of bringing out a portion of his treasures every evening. They were chiefly of German origin, consisting of bracteates, solid arms, seals, and other things of the sort. All of them directed the imagination to an earlier period, and as the architect illustrated his entertainment with the earliest attempts at printing and wood-cutting, and the oldest copper-plates, while the church every day, in accordance with his design, approached both in colour and ornament to the character of antiquity, the whole party had frequently to ask themselves whether they really were

living in modern times—whether it was not a dream that they were thus tarrying among other manners, habits, and modes of life and conviction.

In this respect, a large portfolio, which the architect at last produced, had an excellent effect. It contained, for the most part, mere sketches, but as these had been actually traced upon the originals, they perfectly retained their antique character, which gave the greatest delight to the spectators. From all the different forms peered forth the purest state of existence, and they were forced to acknowledge that all were good, if not in the noblest style. A cheerful disposition, a willing acknowledgment of something to be revered above us, a quiet resignation in love and hope were expressed in every face and gesture. The old man with his bald head, the boy with his flowing locks, the cheerful youth, the earnest man, the transfigured saint, the soaring angel, all seemed happy in innocent contentment and pious expectation. The commonest event had in it a touch of heavenly life, and an act of worship seemed suitable to their very nature.

To such a region most of them looked as to a golden age that had passed—a lost paradise. Perhaps Ottilia alone felt herself among congenial beings.

Who could have resisted, when the architect offered to paint the spaces between the arches of the chapel, after these figures, and thus to leave a memorial in a place where he had spent so happy a time. He stated his views on this subject with some degree of melancholy, for he could see from the very nature of affairs, that his sojourn in so perfect a society could not last for ever; nay, that perhaps it would be brought to a speedy termination.

Altogether these days were not rich in events, but they afforded abundant occasions for serious conversation. We, therefore take the opportunity of communicating some of the remarks which Ottilia noted down in her diary, to which we can find no better introduction than a simile which was forced upon us, as we contemplated her charming leaves.

We have heard of a peculiar arrangement in the English navy. All the ropes of the royal fleet, from the strongest to the slightest, are so spun, that a red thread goes through the whole, which cannot be taken out without undoing the entire rope, and which allows it to be seen, even in the smallest pieces, that they belong to the crown.

Thus through Ottilia's diary, there is a thread of inclination and attachment which at once unites and marks the whole. Hence these remarks, reflections, extracted aphorisms, and whatever there is of the sort, have quite a peculiar importance, when considered with respect to the writer. Every single passage selected and communicated by us will sufficiently testify this fact.

EXTRACTS FROM OTTILIA'S DIARY.

To rest hereafter by those whom we love is the pleasantest anticipation which man can form, if he looks beyond the present life. "To be collected to one's own"—that is such a feeling expression!

There are several kinds of monuments and testimonials to bring nearer to us that which is remote or has departed; but none are so important as the portrait. The portrait of a beloved person, even when unlike, has a charm about it, just as it is oftentimes pleasing to dispute with a friend. We feel in a pleasant manner that we are two, and yet cannot be severed.

We often behave to an individual actually present as if he were a portrait. He need not speak to us, look at us, or trouble himself about us. We see him, we feel our relation to him, a relation which, perhaps, may grow closer, without anything being done by him,—without his ever feeling that he is to us no more than a portrait.

We are never satisfied with the portraits of those we know. On this account I have always pitied portrait-painters. We very seldom exact from people an impossibility, and yet we do it in this very case. They have to include in their picture the person's relation to others, his inclination and disinclination. They are not only to show their own conception of a man, but the way in which every one else may conceive him. I am not surprised that artists of this class gradually become obdurate, indifferent, and obstinate. This would be of little importance, if we were not in consequence deprived of the likenesses of many persons who are dear to us.

The architect's collection of weapons and old implements, which, together with the body, were covered with lofty mounds of earth and pieces of rock, show how useless are all the precautions of man, to preserve his personality after death. Such contradictory beings are we! The architect confesses that he himself opened such graves of our forefathers, and then proceeds to busy himself with monuments for posterity.

But after all, why should we be so now? Is everything that we do, done for nothing? Do we not put on in the morning, what we again take off in the evening? Do we not travel, for the sake of returning? And why should we not wish to slumber by our own, even if only for a century?

If we see the many sunken tomb-stones, trodden down by the church-goers, as well as the churches themselves that have themselves fallen down on the graves, the life after death appears to us as a sort of second life, which begins with the portrait, or super-scription, and which lasts longer than the proper living life. But even this second life becomes, sooner or later, extinct. Time will not be deprived of its rights with either monuments or men.

(To be continued.)

. To prevent misunderstanding, it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

SONNET.

NO. XXII.

I HAVE read many tales of deepest woe,
Of agonies that snapp'd the heart in twain—
Of griefs that gnaw'd away the madden'd brain,—
And I, perchance, have heav'd a sigh or so.
I've read too of a hell where wretches go,
Through halls, with glitt'ring treasures heap'd in vain,
Because their heart is writhing with the pain
Of flames infernal, in the breast that glow.
But little dream'd I that on me would fall
This with'ring curse, that plainly shows to me
How sadly true those wondrous legends are.
Now I know all—the scorching heart—all—all
The grasp that will not let its victim go—
The darkness—leave me not, my only star.

N. D.

CONCERTS.

MR. GEORGE MARSHALL.—This professor gave his first practical lecture on the art of singing to an attentive audience, on Monday, at the Music-Hall, Store-street. The syllabus of the lecture was divided into the following heads:—

1. The Human Voice superior to every instrument of mechanical invention—2. The necessity of cultivation, to produce both tone and expression—3. Nationality of Instruction, and its good effects in Germany—4. Elementary observations—5. Disadvantages under which the English singing-master has to labour—6. Importance of studying where the breath should be taken in singing, and a singular mistake illustrated by the neglect of it.

The lecture, which was sensible and instructive, was rendered musically interesting by a diversity of apt illustrations. In speaking of *respiration*, Mr. Marshall gave an instance of its proper use in Knapton's ballad "There be none of Beauty's daughters." This is an insipid and worthless composition,* but it served the lecturer's purpose exceedingly well. A much more agreeable illustration was that of *expression*, most fitly illustrated by Sterndale Bennett's exquisitely pathetic canonet "To Chloe in sickness," (from his "Six Songs," published by Coventry and Hollier.) The points of ornament (its abuse) and of pronunciation (its importance) were illustrated by two very poor compositions, J. P. Knight's "Go, forget me," and Miss Davis's "Ruth." Poor as they are, however, they served Mr. Marshall's turn, and helped to render his meaning clear. Much more pleasing were some illustrations from the compositions of Haydn, Mendelssohn, and Macfarren. Altogether

* The same words have been beautifully set by two composers, a German and an Englishman—Mendelssohn and T. M. Mudie.

the lecture was both interesting and instructive, and its design and execution were highly creditable to Mr. Marshall. The audience were evidently pleased, and the entertainment concluded at an early hour.

BEAUMONT INSTITUTION.—The Sixth Concert of the season was given at this place on Tuesday the 9th instant. The vocal performers were Madame Albertazzi, Mrs. A. Newton, Miss Lockey, and the Messrs. H. Phillips and Lockey. The instrumentalists comprised Mr. Thirlwall, (violin), Mr. Chitty, (organ), and Mr. Maurice Davies, (piano). Madame Albertazzi gave a *scena* of Verdi's, the finale to *Cenerentola*, took part in a duet of Mozart's with Mr. H. Phillips, and sang the favourite Irish ballad, "Terence's Farewell." The fair vocalist was more at home in the Italian than the Irish music. We have heard the ballad, "Terence's Farewell," so exquisitely rendered by another fair singer* on many occasions, that we could not but feel a sensible difference, as it was given by Madame Albertazzi. Ballad singing is a far greater art than many are led to imagine, and requires a delicate appreciation and great vocal capabilities, while the bravura, the cavatina, and such like *morceaux* of the Italian school, demand, for the most part, brilliancy of execution and vigour of expression. Madame Albertazzi was far more successful in the cavatina from *Cenerentola* than in the Irish ballad, and sang it with great effect. Mrs. A. Newton added considerably to the attraction of the evening. She gave Bishop's "Lo! here the gentle lark" in a manner that exhibited the facility and power of her voice, and sang two ballads which elicited great applause. This lady appears in high favour with the audience of Beaumont Square. Miss Lockey introduced a song of Miss Cowell's, another of Benedict's and one of Moore's Melodies, all excellently rendered. Mr. Lockey and Mr. H. Phillips varied the entertainments with vocal performances of different characters. The former gentleman gave a very pretty serenade of Hatton's, "The Silver Moon is keeping Watch," deliciously. We hope to see Mr. Lockey ere long transferred from the concert-room to the stage. He would become, we are assured, with a little practice, an inestimable addition to our present operatic corps. Mr. H. Phillips's descriptive transatlantic *scena*, "The Prairie on Fire," was loudly applauded. In addition to the pieces we have named, there were sundry songs, duets, &c., which call for no particular notice. Mr. Thirlwall's violin performance received its due meed of approval at the hands of the auditors. A "Grand Duo Brillante," of Benedict and De Beriot, for violin and piano, was executed with spirit by him and Mr. Maurice Davies, the latter-named gentleman really surprising us by his improvement in style and execution. The performances concluded with the overture to *Tancredi* on the organ, very well executed by Mr. Chitty, though little adapted for that instrument. Mr. Maurice Davies conducted all the vocal pieces and performed his task most effectively. The hall was very well filled.

MR. LINDSAY SLOPER'S First Classical Soirée took place at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street, on Thursday evening, and was fully and fashionably attended. This concert deserves the most especial notice from us, both as regards the materials of the programme and the mode in which the entertainment was conducted. There is nothing more absurd than the manner in which concert-givers spin out their schemes, fancying that those who pay cannot have too much for their money, and that they convey pleasure to their audiences in

the direct ratio of the length of the programme. There is no greater fallacy existing. A brief entertainment which consists of the best selection of music, will invariably afford more gratification than a long, drawling concert, however it may be diversified with excellencies. This more particularly applies to the class of entertainments to which the Soirée, given at the Beethoven Rooms on Thursday night, belongs. Mr. Lindsay Sloper has set an example to all who provide entertainments for the public, which we have no doubt will be speedily followed. His Concert commenced at half-past eight, and was over at a quarter-past ten. There was no division of the entertainment into parts, but all progressed to the end without a break. The consequence was that every individual remained to the end, and no one felt the least fatigue or ennui, the invariable results of those Alexandrine music evenings which are as much in vogue, and every bit as tedious, as long Thursdays at the Opera. With respect to the programme of Mr. Sloper's concert, which we annex, our readers will perceive that a more admirable selection it was impossible to make:—

Fantasia for two performers on one pianoforte, Messrs. Benedict and Lindsay Sloper; *W. A. Mozart*. Selection from the Suites de Pièces, *Handel*, pianoforte, Mr. Lindsay Sloper. Sicilienne, "Ogni pena," *Pergolesi*, Miss Dolby. Sonata, (Op. 29, No. 2), *L. van Beethoven*, pianoforte, Mr. Lindsay Sloper. Song, "The Fairy's Reproach," *Lindsay Sloper*, Miss Dolby, (words by Sir Bulwer Lytton). Prelude in A flat major, from Op. 25, and Study in F minor, *Mendelssohn*, pianoforte, Mr. Lindsay Sloper. Trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, (Op. 70, No. 2), *L. van Beethoven*, Messrs. Willy, Rousselot, and Lindsay Sloper.

The fantasia of Mozart was very finely performed, the fugued *allegro* of the first and last movements affording each artist an admirable vehicle for the exhibition of his powers. The selection from the *Suites des Pièces* was very happy, especially the *allemande*, and *adagio and fugue*, the execution of which, by Mr. Lindsay Sloper, was received with earnest applause. Indeed we have rarely heard a more brilliant performance than the very difficult, and, at the same time, very exquisite fugue of the great master, interpreted by this gentleman. The "Sicilienne" of old Pergolesi is very quaint and beautiful. It was charmingly sung by Miss Dolby. The sonata of Beethoven, it is needless to say, is one of the grandest efforts of the master. It was the great feature of the entertainment, whether we look to the composition or the performance. Mr. Lindsay Sloper seemed to feel every note of the great author in its intense meaning, and produced a great effect by his very fine interpretation of this sublime work. Mr. Sloper's song, an expressive and spirited composition, was so well given by Miss Dolby, as to be entitled to a unanimous encore. Mendelssohn's fine prelude (from his Six Preludes and Fugues, published by Addison and Hodson) and his Study (from the "Etudes de Perfectionnement," published by Chappell) exhibited in another mode the excellence of Mr. Sloper's playing. The magnificent trio of Beethoven, extremely well played, concluded one of the very best entertainments of the kind which we ever attended.

CHORAL HARMONISTS.—We attended the fourth meeting of the present season of the Choral Harmonists, at the London Tavern, on Monday night. In the first part we heard a composition which we seldom have an opportunity of hearing performed anywhere complete, namely, the Litany in B flat, by Mozart. The chorus, "Pignus Futuræ," which occurs in it, is well known by all amateurs, but the remaining portion of the composition, equally grand and effective, is seldom, we might be justified in saying, *never* produced by our choral societies. Besides this, we had the "Dixit Dominus," of Romberg. The performance of these

* Miss Dolby.

two works is sufficient to justify us in pronouncing this society one of the foremost in the good cause; but in undertaking to present to our city friends the "Walpurgis Nacht" of Mendelssohn, we are willing to accord them the highest amount of praise. As if not satisfied with giving us these we had, further, Mozart's delicious buffo song from the *Seraglio*, so well sung by Mr. Machin, as to command an encore—Mendelssohn's song, "Auf dem Wasser," sung charmingly by Miss Dolby, for whom it was written by the composer—the "Song of the Savoyard," by the same, equally well sung, by Miss Dolby; and a Benedictus for a tenor voice, composed by Miss Masson, sung by a young lady from the Academy. With the addition of Boyce's old-fashioned air from his *Solomon*, "Softly rise," remarkable only for the chaste manner in which it was sung by Mr. Lockey, and Wilbye's madrigal, "Sweet honey sucking bees," we have named every piece in the programme. Were we disposed to be critical on this occasion we should like to have heard about twenty more violins in Mendelssohn's overture, and a little more light and shade observable throughout the composition. It is, however, but doing Mr. Westrop justice to add that endeavours were manifest in the singing of the chorus to produce such effects as were intended by the composer, and interpreted by the talented conductor. The band, led by Mr. Dando, performed its task on the whole well. Miss Lockey, Miss Dolby, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Machin, were the principal singers. Miss Lockey sang the portion allotted to her with her usual good taste. Miss Dolby, a favourite everywhere, seems to be entirely among her own friends at these concerts, and whether feeling so she exerts herself with her usual kind disposition to enhance their pleasure we know not, but we certainly think that we never hear her sing better than when at the London Tavern. In conclusion, we say "Go on and prosper." A few such societies as the Choral Harmonists scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land would do much towards the development of the "materiel," which we have always advocated exists in England, but which from various causes lies hidden.—*From a Correspondent.*

EXETER HALL.—The performance of the Sacred Harmonic Society on Thursday was miscellaneous. In the first part there was Handel's overture to Esther; his Coronation Anthem, "The king shall rejoice," composed for the coronation of George the Second, in 1727; Mozart's celebrated Service, No. 12; and the Hymn, "Alia Trinita Beata." The second part consisted of Handel's "Dettingen Te Deum." Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Dolby, Mr. Manvers, and Mr. Phillips elicited an encore by the chaste manner in which they sang the hymn, "Alia Trinita Beata," one of the "Laudi Spirituali," a collection of ancient Italian melodies, dating as far back as the twelfth century. Dr. Burney considers these hymns to be the most ancient melodies extant. Mozart's splendid Service was the most complete and excellent performance of the evening. The soloists and choir were equally to be commended, and the band did its duty efficiently. The horn parts in the "Benedictus," were beautifully played. The "Dettingen Te Deum" occupied the whole of the second part, but its performance was less satisfactory than that of Mozart's Service. Mr. Genge, who sung the alto part throughout, acquitted himself with much talent. The other vocalists were excellent. Mr. Phillips sang his air capably, and the trumpet *obbligato* of Mr. T. Harper was deserving of the applause it elicited. The Hall was well attended. The next concert is announced for the 4th of March, when will be performed a selection of anthems and cathedral music, including compositions by Gibbons, Purcell, Wise, Blow, Creighton, Croft, Weldon, Greene, Robinson, Boyce, Kent, &c., ranging from 1610 to 1795, concluding with Mendelssohn's "Te Deum," composed last year. Handel's Oratorio, "Belshazzar," will be performed, or the first time, by the Society, on Friday, March 19.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

DRURY LANE.—A very crowded audience assembled at this theatre on Monday, to hear Mr. W. V. Wallace's new opera, *Matilda of Hungary*, which had been announced for that night several days previously in the bills. The greatest excitement prevailed respecting the second operatic composition of the talented author of the successful *Maritana*, and the theatre in consequence was filled long before the time fixed for the commencement of the performance, which was stated to be a quarter to seven. The hour arrived, and the band were in the orchestra, and the audience were on the tenter, or tender-hooks of expectation, and the *entrée* of the conductor, in the person of the composer, was breathlessly awaited, and the whole house was mute with suspense. But five minutes elapsed, and five minutes more, and it was eight, and still no appearance of the opera being about to commence. The foot-lights were still down. Eight o'clock passed, and five minutes past eight, and ten minutes past eight, and then the multitude seemed to be all at the same time moved as with one fear.

"At length one whispered his companion, who whispered another."

And so the fear was sent round from ear to ear, and out they spoke at last for Bunn and Wallace. After some minutes of general groans, hisses, yells, oh's, and mingled applauses, Mr. Bunn stalked dolefully on the stage, followed by Mr. Wallace, who crawled lugubriously behind, both evidently in a moral fix. They were received with great applause, sprinkled with a small drizzling shower of sibillations. Mr. Bunn having waited some time till there was a lull in the storm, thus addressed the audience—"Ladies and gentlemen, in the whole course of my professional administration, I never stood before you on so distressing an occasion as I do at the present moment. Seven minutes before the usual time for the raising of the curtain this paper was put into my hand, the certificate of a medical gentleman, intimating the utter impossibility of Miss Romer appearing before you this evening from sudden indisposition. (Great sensation.) In such an afflicting state of things what can I do? I throw myself completely on your kindness. I cannot think for one moment of sacrificing the magnificent work of my highly talented friend (pointing to Mr. Wallace) by mutilation; and I can assure you, ladies and gentlemen, that more care and expense have been lavished upon the production of this opera, than were ever before laid out on any entertainment at Drury Lane. In such a state of things what am I to do? Ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to you, trusting to the liberality you have always shown me, and confiding in my own humble endeavours, exerted on all occasions to merit your best favours, I demand of you what I am to do?" The audience having uttered no response to the manager's interrogatory, he continued. "All that we can do, shall be done. To such as are not willing to remain for the performance we shall provide, their money shall be returned, or tickets given them for the next representation of Mr. Wallace's opera. Ladies and gentlemen, *I will be just, if you will be generous.*" This pithy sentence was received with great cheers, and Mr. Bunn again demanded of the audience what they would require? An immediate call was made for the overture, to which Mr. Bunn replied, that the overture would be given with pleasure; and allowing Mr. Wallace to jump from the stage into the orchestra, Mr. Bunn made his bow and disappeared. The overture was listened to with the greatest attention, and was tremendously applauded, barely escaping an encore, and Mr. Wallace left his post. What was to come next was the natural question that arose to every lip. After some delay, the uproar was about to recommence, when Mr. Harley made his appearance, amid a tempest of conflict-

ing displays of feeling. It was long ere he could be heard. At last he said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I am requested by Mr. Bunn to express his sincere gratitude for the kind manner in which you have received"—the rest of the sentence was drowned in shouts of laughter, groans, and inarticulate murmurs of disapprobation. Mr. Harley stood for several minutes exposed to the hail-storm, confronting it like a sturdy oak. At last he found an opportunity to acquaint the audience that the *Bondman* would be given, and that Miss Messent would undertake Miss Romer's part, adding, that any lady or gentleman who was dissatisfied with the proposed entertainment, by leaving an address at the door, would receive a ticket for the first performance of the new opera. Mr. Harley then withdrew, whereupon ensued such an uproar as we have not witnessed since the great Tamburini row at the Opera. The first act and part of the second act of the *Bondman* were performed without a note being heard. Meanwhile, the house began to thin, and the malcontents having expended a vast deal of breath to no purpose, quietly gave in, and the remainder of the *Bondman* was listened to with great attention. Of the performance we can only notice the very efficient substitute Miss Messent made for Miss Romer. In some respects she sang capitally, and had she been as well up in the third act, as she seemed to be in the other two, we should have felt no loss from the absence of the *prima donna assoluta*. Miss Messent received great applause, and the audience displayed the best possible taste in extending its indulgence to her in the latter portion of the opera, in which she was evidently not prepared. She was called for at the end, and obtained the unanimous approbation of the house. The opera was followed by the new ballet, *The Pretty Sicilian*, in which the fascinating *danseuse*, Mademoiselle Baderna, exhibited her very superior artistic powers, and won the greatest applause. This charming *artiste* bids fair before long to win the highest laurels in her profession. She is yet very young, but nature has done every thing for her, and she requires time only to perfect her in the highest branches of her art. We fervently hope that no accident will prevent the production of Mr. Wallace's opera on Monday next, for which evening it is announced in the bills and advertisements.

FRENCH PLAYS.—On Monday, we saw Mademoiselle Clarisse in a part to which she does so much justice, which she renders so interesting, and in which her talent is seen to such advantage, that we were quite taken by surprise, and now frankly acknowledge that we had much underrated her talents. We had conceded to her great praise for the energy, tenderness, and feeling, which she has thrown into the parts allotted her; but a light broke upon us on seeing her outburst, in the fifth act of the *Docteur Noir*, in favour of her injured husband, that she was a great tragic actress at the same time; and we were further confirmed in this opinion on Monday night. Not that Mademoiselle Clarisse could embody the grand conceptions of Racine or Corneille, where the heroine represents a type of the highest poetical order: her emotions are those of a somewhat inferior rank, of those that appeal to the heart, but not the less sublime on that account. We would not have her struggling against the immutable decrees of fate like Antigone or Herulone, or divided between two of the deepest emotions which the soul is susceptible of conceiving, a brother's and a lover's love, like Camille in *Les Horaces*; but the sacred feelings of maternal attachment are rendered by her in a manner, if not ideal, at least so natural in their unrefined simplicity, the unity of character is so well preserved throughout, the maternal love of the uneducated simple woman is so energetically portrayed, that we feel the conviction forced home upon us that she is the greatest actress of the present day in this branch of the drama. The piece by Messieurs. Dennery and Mallan is well imagined and carefully written, the sentiments conveyed are strictly moral, and the language is not redundant of that magniloquent bombast which distinguishes most of the productions of the Porte St. Martin. All the feelings called into action are natural and true, and these are made subservient to the proposed end without infringing on the most prudent delicacy. A mother's love for her child—this is the whole of the story; her marriage, her struggles against poverty, her devotion to her offspring, her toils by day and by night, her indignation against her husband's bad conduct, not on her own account, no! she could suffer neglect and hunger and privations of all sorts, but her child! her every idea, every thought is concentrated in him, her child must not suffer, he must be nurtured and cared for, he must live; she is patient and enduring for herself,

but when her child is in jeopardy she boldly stands forth and dares her husband face to face, she rises against the richest and most powerful of the land; she is not to be put down by the most fiendish villain or bought over by the most alluring promises of wealth, no, no, her child is herself, a thousand times more than herself; how much she has suffered for it, alas! none can tell; how every torture, every anguish undergone on account of her child has increased her love for it; she knows, but does not stay to enumerate or describe how each successive torment, as it in succession falls upon her, lacerates her soul, increases her maternal sorrows, and proves to demonstration that she cannot be more miserable, and how happy she was or should have been before the last stroke fell upon her devoted head. How grateful she ought to have been in the midst of all her misery! she had him near her, was not that sufficient? How poignant her grief on parting with him to deposit him at the asylum of the Rue d'Enfer, the hospital for *enfants trouvés*. Yet how consoling to know he was alive and properly cared for! How violent her anguish when she finds he has been stolen! yet she hopes to find him again; but when she does find him and is accused of madness, then her soul can bear no further torture, for she is led to doubt that her child ever existed, the paroxysm is at its height. These are the details. Such is Marie Jeanne, *la femme du peuple*. If this be not a grand conception we frankly own we are at a loss to conceive what is. If this be not written according to the best models in dramatic literature, we never saw a play that was; and Mademoiselle Clarisse has done her part ample justice in its most minute details; she has created a type, a character, and this is the peculiar attribute of genius. We shall now enter upon what may be called the machinery of the piece. Two marriages have taken place—the one between Sophie and the Count de Bussières, a marriage arranged by the friends and parents where money and rank play the principal part, where the real cement which alone can make such unions desirable and binding—love—is totally wanting, in short, it is a marriage *de convenance* as the French term it, a sort of absolute axiom, a rule of inverse proportion where the parties are united because they have none of the ingredients to render each other happy. The other marriage is one of inclination, the stock of trade of both being nothing to begin with and no hope of anything in perspective. Marie Jeanne loves her husband and the latter respects and loves his wife; but he is of that easy nature alike applicable to good or evil at the will of the agent. He is unfortunately swayed by a friend, a bon enfant, as he is commonly termed, who practices him away from his work, and makes a spendthrift and a drunkard of him. The consequence is ruin to his wife and the most hopeless poverty at home, whilst all his earnings are spent with his joyous companions at the public-house. Poor Marie Jeanne toils to support her child, night and day, and has hoarded up a sum of thirty francs to pay the nurse, the doctor having expressed his decided opinion that the life of her child is dependant on its being properly nourished. In an unlucky hour the husband finds her treasure and appropriates it to himself. The despair is great on discovering the robber, and she is obliged, as a last resource, to carry her child to the Foundling Hospital. The Countess de Bussières in the meanwhile, now a widow, has also a child out to nurse, but it dies; and Appiani, her doctor, is endeavouring to supply its place by another child, in order to win the mother's affection, and thus make her believe he has saved it from the very jaws of death. By chance he overhears the reproaches of Marie Jeanne to her husband before the Foundling Hospital, and having noted down the description of the signs which she gives him by which he may recognise his son, he enters the hospital and obtains possession of the infant, which he substitutes as the young Count de Bussières. Marie Jeanne has been recommended to the Countess as a good needle-woman, and after the discovery of the loss of her child whom she had gone to reclaim under promise of the Countess's protection, returns to the hotel, and having succeeded, in spite of the doctor, in seeing the infant count, she discovers it is her own son. She immediately claims him, and then it is the doctor pronounces her mad. She is instantly conveyed to a private mad-house by the directions of Appiani, who endeavours to corrupt the doctor; but the latter is too clear-sighted to be imposed upon, and after an effective interview between Marie Jeanne and her husband, in which she becomes convinced that she is not mad, the doctor of the mad-house sets her free. The next act takes place at the country house of the Countess, at Antrail, where she is about to marry Appiani out of gratitude to him for having saved the life of her infant son; but the *dénouement* of course is marred by his rival, Théobald de Bussières, who is an old lover of the Countess's, even before her marriage; and an hour before the ceremony takes place, when he is congratulating himself on the success of his plans, Marie Jeanne arrives, and is surprised by him in the nursery contemplating her lost child. He threatens to murder her if she does not retire, but she is firm; and just as he is about to execute his purpose, Bertrand her husband arrives, accompanied by Théobald and Rény, the old companion of Bertrand, and who had been commissioned by Appiani to procure him a child, and whose secrecy he had bought by a promise of six thousand francs on the day of his marriage, but who had betrayed him on a promise of ten thousand from the other party. All the personages are now assembled, and justice is meted out to all. Marie Jeanne obtains her infant, the husband and wife are fully reconciled, the Countess weeps for her son, and Théobald has hope that his suit will at last be successful; Appiani is handed over to the tender mercies of the *gens-d'armes*. We may here mention the principal scenes in which Madlle Clarisse was so eminently successful. When she discovers the loss of the money she had saved for her infant son, and when she deposits him on the turning machine of the *enfants trouvés*, her grief was heart-rending, full of wailing lamentations and anguish; she faints away when the infant disappears, and her husband awakened from his intoxicating sleep, stumbles over her; he raises her from the ground; but when she discovers that it is he, the author of all her misfortunes, she

carries him in the bitterness of her grief; here the acting was at times sublimely pathetic and grand; in vain he pleads for mercy, she is obdurate, for she has lost her child. Then again her gratitude, speechless but deep-felt, when the Countess orders her to reclaim her infant, was most affecting; her ravings at his loss, her joy at finding him again, her horror at being accused of madness, were well conceived, and produced a deep sensation. Her reconciliation with her husband was a good, natural piece of acting as well as her last scene where she says to the Countess, "*Je vous eusse donné ma vie, Madame; mais mon fils, c'était impossible.*" In short we have rarely seen a better piece, and certainly no living actress could have played the principal part so well. Messrs. Langeval and Duméry also played the parts of Bertrand and Remy in the most satisfactory manner. The evening's entertainments terminated by *L'Auberge des Adrets*, in which Mr. Frederick Lemaitre was as unctuous as ever. We must not forget to mention that Mlle. Clarisse was called for and most enthusiastically applauded and cheered at the end of the fourth act and also after the piece. The house was crowded in every part, and was the best we have seen this year. On Thursday the *Mysteres de Paris* was given, but we must defer our notice until next week.

J. DE C.—E.

REVIEWS ON MUSIC.

"*The Uxbridge Polka*," composed by G. H. LAKE. ADDISON AND HODSON.

This is a nice Polka, and though not particularly original, is well written, and the tune is well preserved in the changes. It is in the key of F, and presents no difficulties whatsoever to the pianist. The Uxbridge Polka will find many admirers among the *danceuses* of the saloons, fashionable and semi-fashionable, &c., &c.

PROVINCIAL.

MANCHESTER.—The sixth meeting for the season of the Gentleman's Glee Club was held in the Club-room of the Albion Hotel on the evening of Thursday week. The vocalists were, Mrs. Sunderland (soprano), Mrs. Winterbottom (contralto), and the Messrs. Wainwright, Bellhouse (chairman of the society), Barlow, Isherwood, J. Isherwood, and J. J. Jones. The glees sung on this occasion were, Bishop's "Blow, gentle gales," and "When winds breathe soft," and Callcott's "With sighs, sweet rose." The solo and chorus from *Galatea*, "Heart, the seat of soft delight," and "Galatea, dry thy tears," were also given. The finale from Balfe's *Enchantress* concluded a concert that gave universal satisfaction.

PORTSMOUTH.—Mr. H. A. Lambeth gave a concert on Thursday evening, which was patronised by the Hon. Lady Pakenham. Mr. Lambeth is a pianist of great talent; he succeeds equally well in the compositions of the great masters as in the light effusions of the present day. The Misses Williams and Mr. John Parry sang a variety of songs, and were repeatedly encored. Solos, &c., were performed by Messrs. Lucas and Case on the violoncello, violin, and concertina. The concert afforded the highest gratification.

DORCHESTER.—The Philharmonic Society gave their third concert of the present season on Wednesday evening, the 13th inst. A sinfonia of Haydn's, overtures by Rossini and Auber, and a grand fantasia by Mrs. Bonifas and Mr. Smith, comprised the instrumental portion. Songs, glees, &c., were sung by Messrs. Harper, Smith, Patch, Keats, Dawe, Warren, and Miss Patton. The room was crowded, and the concert gave the highest satisfaction.

LEICESTER.—Mr. H. Russell gave one of a series of concerts last week, which, we are happy to say, was well attended. The audience was delighted with his admirable nigger anecdotes and imitations.—The celebrated Scotch vocalist, Mr. Wilson, gave "a night w' Burns," at our theatre, on Tuesday evening. The programme embraced some of the finest productions of the celebrated poet. We are happy to say the concert was well attended.

CHELSEA.—(From a Correspondent.)—Miss LE GRICE, pupil of M. Cianchettini, gave a concert on Friday evening last, at the Assembly Rooms, which was very fashionably attended. This young lady made a very successful *début* last December, at M. Cianchettini's concert, in Thalberg's *Dei due Stellati Saglio* fantasia. Since that she has been in London, and performed once at the Royal Academy of Music, where she was honoured with the approbation of Sir Henry Bishop, Mr. Cipriani Potter, and some other distinguished professors, whose opinions may be trusted. The fair *bénéficiaire* was assisted on the present occasion by Mrs. Croft and Miss Taylor, as vocalists; the celebrated young harpist, Mr. T. G. Taylor, who performed two of his best compositions; and her master, M. Cianchettini, who officiated as conductor. Miss Le Grice was uncommonly well received in all her performances, which were—List's famous *Hexameron*, J. B. Cramer's elegant *Andante* and *Bravura* variations in c. (op. 61), Beethoven's celebrated Op. 53, and Cianchettini's Op. 48—but especially in Beethoven's. Her execution is remarkably brilliant, and her expression very refined and truly classical. If she has any glaring fault, it is that of too much excitement at times—a noble

fault, it must be admitted, and of which she will get the better sooner or later. She is only seventeen; therefore she has plenty of time before her, if she will make the best use of it. Mr. and Mrs. Croft were as successful as ever, and so was Miss Taylor in Rossini's *Elena*, oh! to and Beethoven's matchless *Adelaide*, which will always be a standing favourite. Indeed this concert gave universal satisfaction.

DUBLIN.—Thursday and Friday last Madame Anna Bishop performed at the Theatre Royal, with immense effect, the part of Amina, in *La Sonnambula*; and if we were delighted in listening to her admirable singing in the *Maid of Artois*, we were astonished at the impressive manner and purity of style with which she interpreted Bellini's beautiful opera. She is, in truth, a great artist, and nothing could be more perfect than her wonderful vocalisation in her first cavatina, "Dearest Companions." Her last scene was also very fine, and Madame Anna Bishop surpassed herself in the favorite *rondo finale*, which was demanded by the enraptured audience three times. After the fall of the curtain cries for "La Bishop" being loud and long, the fair vocalist made her appearance, and with winning and lady-like demeanour, evinced her appreciation of the good taste and kindness of the audience. Saturday, by the wish of his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant and family, the opera of *The Maid of Artois* was repeated with great effect; on that occasion the house was crowded, and besides the noble party above mentioned there was a great number of our nobility. On to night will be produced the comic opera of the *Love Spell*; the English version of *Donizetti's L'Elisir D'Amore*, the part of Adina by Madame Bishop.—*The Pilot*.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

PHILADELPHIA.—(From the *Daily Sun*, Jan. 1.)—Sivori gave his Farewell Concert on Wednesday evening last, to one of the most discriminating, tasteful, crowded, and fashionable audiences, that have yet greeted with enthusiastic applause the magic of his lyre; and the rapture they evinced was but a just response to the power of the performer, to draw from the violin those melting, touching and wonderful melodies, for which he is so deservedly celebrated. Strains of music such as issue from this gifted artist—the rich gush of melody, that warbles like a bird, or sighs like the moaning winds through groves of citron—at one time sweeping with the power of the full orchestra—and at another, swelling into the clouds, there to mingle with gentler tones that die away into distant echoes, mellowed by the delicious modulations of sentiment and fancy—must be heard to be appreciated, and once heard, must always be enjoyed—for the memory of their sweetness lives in the soul, with the burning brightness of the light of happier days. It was in this spirit, that Sivori executed 'The *Grand Concerto*'—and that transcendently sweet 'Adagio and Rondo,' composed by Paganini. The duet with Noronha, was admirably executed by that artist, who only requires to be more known, to take a high rank in his divine profession. But the masterpiece 'the *Carnival of Venice*'—bore off the palm—at once so difficult of execution—so full of contrast and character—portraying every passion—every humour—every motion of joy—every burst of merriment—gay and lugubrious—now laughing with Punch—now joking with Judy—so droll—yet so sentimental and finished—this piece was performed by Sivori in a style only to be excelled by his great master Paganini; and he alone of all the masters of the violin, could take precedence of Sivori, for the masterly command of his bow—and the perfect lightning-like velocity of his fingering, at once so delicate, scientific, and touching, are only exceeded by those flashes of fancy, which he dashes off as impromptu variations, exciting equal surprise and delight, amidst repeated showers of applause. Never did an audience appear more transported with pleasure. Miss Northall executed her songs with her usual skill and science—full of feeling and sweetness. Her 'Ave Maria,' was a delicious banquet of melody in the hands of the Priestess of Song. Even now, we hear its mellifluous melody. Signor De Begnis was not the least of the admired performers, who made this Concert one of the most sumptuous musical banquets of the season. He extorted rapturous ap-

plause by his masterly execution of the '*Mad Musician*.' His rich vein of humour, and his highly cultivated taste, throw a lustre over his performances that flash vivacity into every bosom. He is, in fact, the life and soul of a classical concert; and always tends to produce that great result of such pleasing exhibitions, the diffusion of a musical taste, and the increase of the votaries who imbibe enjoyment at this innocent fountain.—[We have given the above without altering or omitting a word. It is a capital specimen of Yankee criticism. Were the writer to come and settle in England, the *Morning Post* would engage him incontinent, at anything per line he pleased.—Ed.]

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "*Douglas Jerrold's Journal*."

"THE MUSINGS OF A MUSICIAN."

SIR,—You do me the honour to appeal to me as to whether the opinions you entertain on certain points of my Essay, on "*the construction of Fugue*" agree with my own. In answer to the call, permit me, first to observe, that I believe you wrote your review of my work in the spirit of sincerity; although, unfortunately, the main truth, or intention of the essay has escaped you, notwithstanding that it was stated at the very commencement of my preface in these terms:—"Fugues may be written in almost any school, style, and species of composition, and if anything truly original remains to be done in this intricate branch of music, it must be effected by the *construction*, and the *figures* employed in the counter-point of the figures." For this reason I constructed fugues in styles and methods that have never been contemplated: for example, open fugue; fugues without modulation, (*i. e.* without change of key), in the major and minor modes; fugues, *Al Recitativo*; *Tempo di Marcia*; and strict double counterpoint. Myes say, then is written expressly to show what *may* be done in counterpoint and fugue—not what *has* been done. You observe "Mr. Flowers is evidently a *fugue* writer at heart, and would prefer a subject that will *work*, to a melody that will please." The subject I selected for my illustrations is a bad one to work: this a good contrapuntist would instantly have remarked. Again, unless melodies be worthy of a fugue writer, he could not be "*a fugue writer at heart*," except a fugue writer at heart, means a fugue writer *without a heart*. I perceive you agree with me that our chords are unsatisfactorily named; but you do not admire those I have adopted. Being anxious to avoid unnecessary censure in the bringing out of a system of harmony unknown in this country, I simply translated from the German, the names Abbé Vogler, (the originator of this system), gave to the chords; and I believe, better or more definite ones could not be invented, because, as I observe in my essay, they "describe the real nature of the intervals of which the chords are composed." As an instance, I will take the double diminished triad, so called because it consists of a diminished third, and a diminished fifth. All the chords (as I could easily show), are equally, logically, and systematically named by A. Vogler. In referring to the "*fixed rules of dissonances*," you complain of this "*simple matter*," being hidden under a mass of confused terms. Simple as this matter appears to you, no theorist has made it plain to others; and the best musicians (as I proved in my essay) have been confused for want of a system and efficient terminology to explain all the different treatments to which a dissonance may be subjected. Would this have been made a "*simple matter*" if the terms I gave were nothing better than "*confusion*"? May not the fact of your having found it simple matter (which before was *confused* matter), show that the terms themselves brought this matter conspicuously before you? Lastly, you question the utility of knowing under a system, all the *inversions* of a given melody: had you quoted from my essay, none of your readers, I think, could have coincided with you. I will, therefore, quote from it: "*Inverting melodies is a new and excellent study, and one which teaches how to *invent* and *invert* melodies.*" If you hold, Mr. Critic, that melodies cannot be taught on any principles, (and yet there are works written *expressly* on the subject of melody), then your opposition to my views may, at least, be considered sincere; but I should regret to know that "*Douglas Jerrold's Journal*" is capable of maintaining and diffusing such a confused and injurious notion upon a matter so simple. Hoping you will excuse the length which your appeal has occasioned, I beg to subscribe myself, Sir, your obedient servant, FRENCH FLOWERS.

N.B.—I forward this to the Editor of the "*Musical World*," not because I am discontented with the article in "*Douglas Jerrold's Journal*," but to explain what I considered unnecessary in my essay, thinking such matters were too self-evident and too well understood to require explanation. It is true that I observed the highest praise awarded to Mr. Hamilton's little catechism on music just *above* the article on my essay; but for the

musings of a musician, I could not do better than recommend him to read extracts from Godfrey Weber's preface to his theory of musical composition, which is just published in London; these extracts would enlarge his views, and teach him that *high praise* is bestowed on minor works by those who most patronise them.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—This evening *La Favorita* and the ballet of *Coralie* will be repeated, and on Thursday evening next, a grand performance will be given, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the Irish and Scotch Charities.

MR. T. SEVERN.—We understand that this talented musician is busily engaged in the composition of a new Serenata, on the same construction as his *Spirit of the Shell*, which has lately engaged so much attention. The subject is taken from the German Legend of *Fridolin*, and report speaks highly of the work so far as it has progressed.

A KENTISH BULL.—A Kentish print, in apostrophising the vocal excellences of a Miss Gordon, says:—"Miss Gordon, although a mere child, possesses a musical taste and vocal capacity which are well worth *going to hear*." We appeal to C. J. and the Trunkmaker for an explanation; in putting their noddles together they may contrive to sift the meaning from the verbose chaff in which it is embedded.

MENDELSSOHN'S ITALIAN OPERA.—(*Morning Post*, Feb. 19.)—We have seen a private letter from Mendelssohn, which abundantly displays the bungling officiousness volunteered so groundlessly on the subject of his composition of the new opera, of which Scribe transmitted to him the *scenario* on the 1st of Jan. The great *Maestro* expresses the highest admiration of the subject, and of the manner in which Scribe has adapted Shakspeare's immortal poem for the lyrical stage. [This is something less than saying nothing at all. Oh, *Post*! *Post*! you are in a fix.—Ed.]

PIATTI.—We should have noticed the arrival of this eminent violoncellist, who has been earning new laurels in Italy, of which we have received an account, which we shall print in our next number.

AMATEUR SOCIETY.—The second performance took place last night: we must notice it in our next.

MR. GENGÉ will give his fifth annual Concert at Crosby Hall, on Tuesday evening, March 2.

MACREADY AS A MANAGER.—Mr. Macready's management practically solved the long and hotly discussed question whether a theatre can be conducted without offence to decorum or stimuli to licentiousness? The Puritan divines and their successors, by whom the stage has been denounced, have always assumed the negative, and made it the foundation of their fiercest invectives. They have often grossly exaggerated, and sometimes, in their censures, only betrayed the pruriency of their own imaginations. Still, to a certain extent, there was truth in what they urged. A *saloon*, with all that had become associated with the name, was deemed essential to the prosperity of a large theatre. Privileges were bestowed to secure the presence of those whose absence was required by all friends of decorum. The most reputable as well as the most disreputable of managers had believed themselves under the necessity of making this gross addition to the attraction of a theatre. The attraction, as it doubtless was to some classes, had become a strong repulsion to better classes. The evil was at once corrected by the Covent Garden management; and afterwards, though under much vexatious oppression, at Drury Lane. The record of the example remains to deprive of every fragment of excuse the managers who, now or hereafter, may sustain or restore the former and most vicious system.—*W. J. Fox, in the People's Journal.*

MADAME BISHOP will return to London in the second week of April, and remain for the season, having by that time completed all her provincial engagements.

MR. KEARNS.—Several influential members of the musical profession are earnestly interesting themselves to get up a concert for the benefit of the widow and nine orphans of the late Mr. Kearns. This lamented professor, though held in high esteem by his brother musicians, and standing in the very first rank of that department of the art of which his talents were an ornament, was, from the nature of those talents, and from the particular direction of his professional and private pursuits, little known to the general public. His excellence consisted in a peculiar knowledge of the orchestra, and an almost singular capacity for, and success in, the difficult art of instrumentation. Mr. Kearns first distinguished himself in this respect by the additional accompaniments he wrote to Purcell's *King Arthur*, which was revived about twenty years ago, under the management of Mr. Arnold, at the old English Opera House. At the Westminster Festival, in 1834, he added wind instrument parts to several of Handel's and Purcell's choruses, which were played with great effect; and since that time he has always been employed by the Philharmonic directors to arrange for the orchestra any pieces that have been given at their concerts of which the original scores were not to be obtained. Mr. Kearns, besides his many important engagements as a writer, filled for many years an important post in the Philharmonic and other orchestras. His death has left his large family in circumstances of great distress, and the efforts that are now making to relieve them are highly honorable to the feelings of those engaged in them. A committee has been formed, comprising most of the heads of the profession, for carrying out the business of the concert, which will take in about a month from the present time. Many offers of assistance have been received from the most eminent artists now in London, and we hope in the course of a few days to see an announcement of such names as will constitute a worthy tribute of respect to their brother musician, and an irresistible attraction to the public.—*Morning Post*.

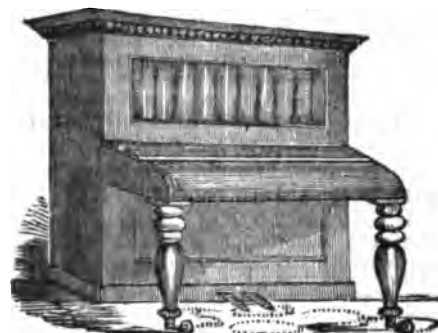
HAMMERSMITH.—On Monday evening a second representation of Loder's opera, *Giselle*, by the juvenile portion of the family of Mr. Van Millingen, took place at that gentleman's residence in St. Peter's-square. We gave a notice of the first performance of the opera at the theatre, which pleased us considerably, but the representation on Monday was an improvement in every respect. The parts of *Giselle* and *Albert* were capitally undertaken by the young demoiselles, Maria and Hester Van Millingen; but the *Fridolin* of the *petite* Fanny Van Millingen was positively extraordinary. This charming and talented child is only *four years and a half old*, and surprises all who hear and see her. Let our readers fancy a baby like this giving effect to *Leffler's* part in Loder's opera, ay, and singing his two songs, "Sure such a Beadle," and "My pretty sprites," in such a manner as to make the house ring with acclamations. Such precocity of talent is really wonderful. The audience, during the performance, seemed to be divided between shouts of applause and shouts of laughter. The opera was, on the whole, creditably done, and Mr. Van Millingen deserves the highest praise for the assiduity and patience he has expended in the education of his young family. The whole of the performers, with two exceptions, were under eight years of age. After the opera, little Fanny sang "Why don't the men propose, mamma?" with such spirit and *naïveté*, as to call for repeated rounds of applause, and the entertainment concluded to the delight and gratification of all assembled.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISS E. WARD.—In a notice of the concert of Messrs. A. Newton and G. Case, our reporter wrote the name of this promising artist as Miss E. Warde. It should be as above, without the final e. We have been requested to note this erratum, which we do with pleasure.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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"DEAR SIR,—I am happy to say that all I have heard respecting the efficacy of DR. STOLBERG'S celebrated LOZENGE is perfectly true, as yesterday, feeling myself very fatigued (singing nightly at the Theatre), I took several of the Lozenges, and my voice was very clear, and my throat quite free from relaxation. I am, Dear Sir, Yours truly, ANNA BISHOP."

"18th November 1846.—Jermyn Street."

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No. 9.—VOL. XXII.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1847.

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NOTICE.

Our Subscribers are presented this week with **FOUR ADDITIONAL PAGES**, and a **ROMANCE**, composed expressly for this Journal, by **H. F. FITZWILLIAM**.

MATILDA OF HUNGARY.

EIGHTEEN months ago the name of William Vincent Wallace was unknown to England. After many years wandering in strange and remote regions, he returned to his native country, about two years ago. For some months after his return he remained in comparative obscurity, being only recognised by a small knot of amateurs and artists, as a clever pianist and an elegant composer for the pianoforte. Chance, however, threw in his way the *libretto* of an opera, founded on the French melo-drama, *Don Cesar de Bazan*. He composed the music, which by a good piece of luck he had the opportunity of playing to Mr. Beale. That active and intelligent representative of the great firm of Cramer and Co., with his usual quick appreciation, immediately found out the stuff that was in Wallace, and purchased the score of his MS. opera without a moment's hesitation. Shortly after it was laid before Mr. Bunn. Mr. Bunn was not a likely manager to allow so good a thing to slip through his hands, and the new work was accepted.

In November, 1845, (if we be wrong we shall be obliged to any reader who will correct us) *Maritana* was produced, and the next day, or rather, the next day but one, (the epoch of representation being a Saturday) Wallace's name was spread far and wide. The success of *Maritana* was immense, and had it been produced in that style of splendour and completeness for which Old Drury was celebrated under Mr. Bunn's lessanship, it would assuredly have made the fortune of the establishment. Brought out as it was, however, (somewhat shabbily, we must own) and allied to a book filled with the most monstrous absurdities, it ran upwards of fifty nights, and drew many a hundred to the treasury. In a short space the melodies became so popular that you could not go up a street without hearing them on an *orgue de Barbarie*, or round a square without hearing them on a trombone, or down a court without hearing them on a hurdy-gurdy, or into a theatre without hearing them *intercallés* in the overture to the pantomime, or into a drawing-room without hearing them fall from the lips of some silken syren, as water from the rock which Moses smote of old. Thus did Wallace share the honors of Weber, Rossini, Auber, Bellini, Donizetti, Balfe, *et hoc genus omne*, whose tunes are the solace of the multitude that whistles them "for want of thought" (Dryden).

It was no easy task to sustain a popularity so brilliant and so rapidly acquired. The announcement of a new opera from Wallace's pen was the signal for a world of fire-side conjectures. Saith one, "I am sure it wont be so good as

Maritana." Saith another, "It will perhaps be more German, but there won't be so much melody." Saith a third, "There were so many beautiful airs in *Maritana* that he must have written himself out." Saith the last, "Rather is he as a spider that spinneth, and again spinneth, when the hand of the passer-by hath destroyed his web." The last was right—for of Wallace, in respect of melody, it cannot be said, as was not said, but might have been said, of Aquinas's *Corpus* (instead of the book of Livius, of which it was unjustly said) by a wag in an epigram:—

"Quem mea vix totum bibliotheca capit."

The tune does not fill the whole of Wallace's score, as the volume the library of the epigrammatist, leaving room for nothing else. On the contrary, abundantly as it is manifested, there is, to back it, a garniture of musicianship, exemplified in the tastefulness of its harmonies, the construction of the concerted pieces, and the disposition and variety of the orchestral effects. Wallace produces tunes with ease; but he not the less knows how to treat them. We stood, therefore, in no fear of his having tendered us his whole wealth in one handful, and *Matilda of Hungary* has justified the faith that was in us. And now that we have finished our poem let us to the argument.

Mr. Bunn has dived for his new poem into the depths of Bohemian history, and has brought up in his mouth George Podiebrad. George Podiebrad is very like Ladislaus I. in the face, figure, voice, manner, and so forth. But Ladislaus I. has been lost in a battle against the Paynims; and so as he has been lost nobody has been able to find him. The likeness is therefore no inconvenience either to the king or the serf—for George Podiebrad is a serf. But it is, on the other hand, exceedingly convenient to one Magnus, styled Count Magnus, prime-minister of the kingdom, and keeper of the conscience and the diadem of Matilda of Hungary (why of Hungary we are not sufficiently learned in history to say), widow of the lost King Ladislaus, who has never been found. It is convenient in thus much:—that he (Magnus) covets the vacant place on the throne of Bohemia, by the side of the surviving Queen, without whose good will he cannot have his desire; whereupon he pretends love to her person, so to cover his ambition, and makes an offer of his hand, so to encompass his designs upon the throne; but the Queen will none of him, and repulses him with contumely; whereupon he (Magnus) is much abashed; but, as luck will have it, he has bestowed upon Mathias, an innkeeper on the point of committing suicide, one hundred pieces of gold, whereby he buys him up body and soul, to do his bidding at any time or place, no matter what it may involve. Now it happens that George Podiebrad is on terms of intimacy with Mathias, the innkeeper who got a hundred pieces of gold to

by the multiplicity of its polytypographic puffs positive. There was never a more daring piece of humbug practised upon the credulity of confiding publics than the hot-house celebrity of "young Verdi," who has been swallowed by the mouth of Europe as a spice of exquisite flavour, though he is nothing more than a tasteless compound of the leavings of tenth-rate Italian composers. But Europe has swallowed him long enough to find him indigestible, and it is now the moment to take an emetic and vomit him up again. That Mendelssohn's *Tempest* may be the emetic which shall restore health to the body, and taste to the palate, of musical Europe, we devoutly pray. Mr. Lumley, as a wise physician, has prescribed the dose for his patients (become impatient by the long duration of their malady), and they will take his medicine with joy, trusting unconditionally in the cure to come.

But once more let us resume the thread of our discourse, which a consideration of "young Verdi's" qualities had well nigh snapped in twain; once more let us return to the *debut* of Signor Coletti, the baritone. Well, then, Signor Coletti, the baritone, is, in his way, first-rate; and his reception by the public on Saturday night has added another laurel to Mr. Lumley's brow, and has given the public increased confidence in all the promises set forth in his so fiercely-catechised prospectus. Never was an opera season so auspiciously commenced. Two great novelties, in the persons of two great artistes—Gardoni, the tenor, and Coletti, the baritone; two very admirable second-rates—Superchi, the baritone, and Bouché, the bass; two new *dansesuses*, both perfect in their way—the graceful Carolina Rosati, and the youthful and fascinating Marie Taglioni; a grand orchestra, and a grand chorus, fished up from the depths of nowhere by the magical net of Balfe; a grand opera, in four acts, represented in all its departments as never before was an opera represented in this country; and to conclude, a new and splendid ballet, placed upon the stage with every possible effect of scenery and machinery, and supported by the talents of the first-rate dancers already named, and a magnificent array of supernumeraries, the females as light as air and as pretty as houris, the males as active and nimble as squirrels; and all this presented to the public during the first fortnight of the season, an epoch usually so dreary and destitute of interest! Of a verity, Mr. Lumley is a Charles XII. in his *metier*, for never did the besetted and besotted Swedish hero, even when in his small tower amongst the Turks, fight more stoutly against a powerful adversary, or hold up his head more gallantly in the fray. Bravissimo, Mr. Lumley! Go on as you have begun, and you will not be in want of the sycophantic agency of the *Post*, the *Curtain*, and the *Opera-glass*. You have zealous, impartial, independent, and unbiassed supporters in the *Times*, the *Herald*, the *Observer*, and the *Musical World*. What! can the *Chronicle* and *Athenæum* measure arms with these? We suppose nay—they will scarcely be so venturesome. No, they war only against servile and parasitical foes—they will not stain their swords in the blood of honest men, stanch truth-speakers, and unbought critics, whose sole order of merit is the ribbon of *integrity* worn in their button-holes.

But once more to return to Coletti, who would seem to stand in danger of being swamped in the bog of controversy. We are in the habit of telling Mr. Lumley what we think without flinching, leaving him to draw his own conclusions and it is therefore the more pleasurable for us to be able to say to him, "May thy shadow never be less; thou hast done well and nobly!" And this we can now say—not for the first

time during the long-to-be-remembered season of 1847—season of triumph in adversity!

The cast of *Nino*, on Saturday night, was in one respect an improvement, and in another the opposite to an improvement, on that of last year. Coletti, instead of Fornasari, the Ninus to whom the English public have been accustomed, is as gold-dust to the offals dropped by the saw in the exertion of its vocation. Coletti has, perhaps, the most splendid barytone voice we ever listened to. He does not sing "through his eyes, nose, and pupils," which would seem to be required for the satisfaction of our sagacious friend, the *Post*, but he sings just from that precise aperture of his person which is expected of a vocalist not gifted with supernatural characteristics—viz: his mouth. Moreover, he is not a "cursed barytone," since the cutting irony of Rossini has not vented itself at his expense, as at that of poor Fraschini, the "*tenore della maledizione*," whom the "egregious Pillet" proposed, and the illustrious Meyerbeer declined, as the *primo tenore* in the *Prophete*, at the *Academie Royale de Musique*, in Paris. Coletti's style is energetic and manly, and the tones of his powerful and magnificent voice fill the entire area of Her Majesty's Theatre. His voice is musical in a degree equal to its power. The faults we have to lay to his charge—for which of us is without them?—are a want of colour in his expression, a monotony in the form of his cadences, and a method of reaching the high notes, which belongs to a bad school of singing. For example, instead of attacking them with decision, he frequently *slides up to them*, which produces a drawling and inharmonious effect. Eradicate these vices, and Coletti would have no superior as a barytone. His unusual faultlessness of intonation gives him a great advantage over Ronconi, one of the rivals whom the *Chronicle* needlessly throws at his head, and the power of his lungs would enable him to drown the mellow barytone of Tamburini. But on the other hand Ronconi, in the midst of his vacillating intonation, possesses a variety of style, and a passionate intensity of expression, which leave Coletti far behind him in the higher requisites of dramatic song; while Tamburini, as a flexible vocalist, and an actor of various powers, is equally his superior. Whoever has witnessed the Ninus of Ronconi, will side with us in the opinion we have expressed; it is twenty times more faulty, but it has evidences of absolute inspiration which declare the supremacy that a vocalist of genius exercises over one of no matter how perfect a talent. Ronconi's effects are as multiple as they are wonderful; and the blemishes of his method are forgotten in the grandeur of his conceptions. Yet with all this we must not underrate the artistic qualities which constitute so great a charm in Coletti's singing, and atone, in a great measure, for the occasional tameness and want of truth in his acting. He was enthusiastically welcomed on Saturday night, and zealously applauded throughout his performance. He was also encored and recalled by the audience several times.

The other change in the cast of *Nino* was sadly for the worse. In place of Mdle Corbari, who made such legitimate effort last year in the part of Fenena, we had a Mdle Fagiani, who both in voice and style is vastly her inferior. Moreover, her extreme nervousness on Saturday night, made her inferiority doubly painful. The air in the third act, though encored by the *claqueurs*, in opposition to everything like justice and common sense, was a most infantine performance, quite justifying the observation of the *Morning Chronicle*, to the effect that Her Majesty's Theatre is not a boarding-school for young singers to acquire the rudiments of their art.

Mdlle. Sanchioli's Abigail was another evidence of the pro-

grass she has made since last season. Her intonation was less uncertain, her execution less faulty, and her acting less extravagant, and more effective and natural in consequence. She was greatly applauded in the duet with Coletti, in the second act, and was recalled with him immediately after, and at the fall of the curtain.

M. Bouché's Orotaspe was excellent, and justified the opinions we have already advanced in his favour. He is a most useful and competent artist.

A Signor Borella was announced in the bills for the tenor part of Idaspe; but it appears that Mr. Balfe not approving of him at rehearsal, Signor Corelli took his place. On this gentleman's performance we have no particular remark to offer, nor on the Abdallah of Signor Dai Fiori. They were quite good enough for the music they had to execute; which says not much, but says all we can say in conscience.

The band must again be eulogised. Balfe, we repeat, has done wonders; and every night's performance manifests an increased command over the forces he has collected from all parts of the world—like the armies of the Goths and Visigoths of old. Attila, king of the Huns never managed a motley multitude with more rigid discipline and perfect order than Balfe his newly-gathered orchestra. The contemptible overture to *Nabuco*, a composition for which an academy boy would have got and deserved a sound reproof from his harmony-master, was so capitally played that we caught ourselves unconsciously applauding it, with a vehemence which, considering its abundant demerits, was preposterous. But our applause and that of the house was for Balfe and his followers, not for the rubbishing fragment, impertinently styled an overture by Signor Verdi. The chorus again won golden opinions, and the pretty ballad-tune in the third act, which the *Post* mistakes for a chorus, was so deliciously sung as to elicit a loud and general encore. We must not omit to notify the arrival of M. Lavigne, the first oboe, who assumed his part in the orchestra on Thursday week. His tardy arrival was the cause of much conjecture; but he is better late than never. M. Lavigne is an exquisite oboist, distinguished no less for the lovely quality of his tone than the wonderful perfection of his mechanism. He will be a great acquisition to the orchestra. Would only that Mr. Lumley could boast of a *primo clarinetto* of equal excellence.

Apropos of the *Post*, we may as well cite an "egregious" piece of criticism which appeared in its columns on Monday. The subject is the merits of "young Verdi:"—

"Whatever be the opinions published by CERTAIN CRITICS on the merits of Verdi as a composer, the fact is indisputable that his operas produce great enthusiasm, and have achieved an immense popularity in all the principal theatres of Europe. Indeed, if an opinion may be formed from the manner with which the *Nino* was last night received, no doubt can be entertained that a similar result will follow here. Unlike the modern composers of Italy, the operas of Verdi depend not so much upon individual effort, as upon collective force—the chorus forms an integral portion, and mainly administers to the dramatic and musical development. Hence, though the isolated *morceaux* may lack the champagne spirit of Rossini, the tenderness of Donizetti, and the passionate melody of Bellini, still is there ever boldness of design, continuity of thought, dramatic consistency, breadth of colour, and a massiveness in the concerted pieces, that stamp Verdi as a man of earnest mind and intensity of purpose; and the purpose is wrought out vigorously and effectively."

This is worth the frame we have put it in. The "certain critics," meaning ourselves, we are excused for clenching the expression in small Roman capitals. Would any one in his senses believe, without having read it, that a sane critic could so commit himself and the reputation of his paper, as to talk of "young Verdi" and Rossini in the same sentence? It is unjust enough towards poor Bellini and Donizetti, but towards a genius like Rossini it is nothing short of impious.

And now, in concluding for the present, a word for the ballet, which goes on and prospers. Mr. Lumley is justified in retaining *Coralia* in the bills, for its success is legitimate and well-merited. Carolina Rosati improves every night on acquaintance, and has warmed the audience into an enthusiasm which was unjustly denied her on the first night. She is an exquisite dancer and a consummate artist, in respect both of choregraphic and mimic requisites. Marie Taglioni has grown from a distant star, whose light had scarcely reached our world, into a luminary of the first magnitude, destined to shine unabashed in presence of Terpsichore's high priestesses. There are so many beautiful points in her single *pas* (*de la Rosière*?) that we could fill a page with recording them. Is she most fascinating when she twists her supple form as though it were fashioned of whalebone, graceful as the bended bow, armed with the arrows that her eyes shoot forth?—or when as a playful squirrel she turns on either side incontinent, as though in her gambolling uncertain which to take, leaning to the earth, meanwhile, that thirsts for the pressure of her youthful form?—or when she revolves, as a top, in uncountable gyrations, compassing the stage's length in her progress?—or when, elate with zeal, she bounds like an antelope across the scene, delighting the eyes of her spectators, that vainly essay to dwell upon her form? In all she does there is such a world of innocence, such a charming modesty, such a natural grace and ease, that her very appearance on the stage makes the eye ache with pleasure. She flies about as an unbodied joy, rapturous with the sense of being; *she is* and *she is* happy—her mission is to dance and to delight—and how thoroughly she fulfils it the pen fails to tell. We are greatly mistaken if, in time, Marie Taglioni do not carve out for her pretty self a niche in the temple of Terpsichore, by the side—not to speak it profanely—of the divine Carlotta Grisi! There is a future for her! There a thing to dream about!

To drop from the sky to the earth, we should ere this have paid a word of homage to the active talent of M. Paul Taglioni, and to the fancy and elegance he has displayed in the composition of his ballet of *Coralia*. Let this make amends for what was not intended as a slight. M. Louis D'Or, as yet, has made no great sensation, and "the beautiful Mdlle. Wauthier," still hides her light under a bushel.

Nino and *Coralia* were repeated on Tuesday. On Thursday there was no performance. To-night we are to have *Nino* and *Coralia* once more, and next Thursday a "long Thursday," the nature of which we have explained to our readers in an article last year. Madame Castellan has arrived, and Frascini is daily expected. We may, therefore, count speedily upon an important change in the operatic feature of the entertainments. The houses have been hitherto very crowded, and what is more, as far as we could judge, they have been paying-houses—the *ultima thule* of ambitious and successful management.

A SECOND CHAT WITH RUMOUR.

We present our readers with a fragment from another confabulation, which took place recently at the headquarters of the *Music World*. Rumour had brought with him a bundle

of chit-chat, which occasioned a vast number of conjectures and a whole library of comments, whereof the following involves the points of most importance:—

Titologue No. 2.

RUMOUR.—MR. D. R.—EDITOR.

Editor. Well, Mr. Rumour, you see that your surmises about Jenny Lind have turned out incorrect. Have you seen the *Times* of Monday? Hear this paragraph. (*Reads.*) "Jenny Lind is expected in Paris before the end of March, where she will, however, only remain a day or two, on her way to London. There is no truth in the report of her supposed intention to accept the engagement offered her in the French capital. The opera of her *début* at Her Majesty's Theatre will be either *Rosina*, in the *Barbiere*; or *Alice*, in *Robert le Diable*; which, in that case, will be produced under the eye of Meyerbeer himself."

Mr. D. R. That's all very well; but here is the *Chronicle* of Tuesday, with quite another story. After quoting the paragraph from the *Times*, the writer remarks (*reads*):—"We are in possession of a letter from Vienna, dated the 19th instant, being the latest news in town from that capital up to yesterday, and in the letter, which is from a person who knows Jenny Lind well, and is in every respect entitled to confidence, there is the following passage:—"Jenny Lind is determined not to go this season to London; she will stay here six weeks longer."

Editor. All this is very fine; but the *Morning Post* of to-day writes of Jenny Lind as follows, in spite of it:—(*Reads.*) "This charming nightingale of the north, who has just created such a sensation at Vienna in Meyerbeer's *Camp of Silesia*, is expected in three weeks at Paris, en route to London, where she will immediately make her *début* at her Majesty's Theatre." Knowing how matters stand, is it not very singular that Jenny Lind herself does not either write, or authorise some one to write for her, a statement of her real intentions. All this mystery, which may excite public curiosity for awhile, must be eventually injurious to the Swedish nightingale's reputation in this country; and moreover, it is exceedingly unjust and cruel to Mr. Lumley, who is, after all, the principal sufferer in the business, since it puts it in the power of his ill-wishers to dispute the veracity of his programme, and thereby injure his theatre by causing persons to withhold their subscriptions. And in this respect I think that Mendelssohn himself has acted imprudently, if not unfairly to Mr. Lumley. He ought long ago, (for, to my knowledge, he has received all the papers in which the matter has been discussed) to have written a letter, which the *Journal* of Her Majesty's Theatre might be able to publish as a guarantee of his good faith to his subscribers.

Mr. D. R. Mendelssohn is one of those men who have no relish in mixing themselves up in musical quarrels; and will not be forced before the public as instruments of party warfare.

Editor. Do you know Mendelssohn?

Mr. D. R. No.

Editor. Then you had best hold your tongue on the subject. What I said is perfectly true. Mr. Lumley is unfairly treated—the matter being allowed to remain in doubt by those who should, and could, set the public right with a few strokes of the pen.

Rumour. I hear that Mendelssohn has already done so.

Editor and Mr. D. R. (together) How?

Rumour. I am told, by some who profess to have seen it, that Mendelssohn has written a letter to Mr. Buxton, his intimate friend and confidential agent, authorizing him to give full publication to the fact that he neither is nor has been engaged in the composition of an opera for Her Majesty's Theatre, or for any other establishment whatever.

Mr. D. R. This would seem to jump with what the *Chronicle* publishes to-day in respect to Mendelssohn. I will read it to you. (*reads*) "*Mendelssohn's Oratorio of Elijah.*—We are enabled to announce that the great composer has fully completed his alterations in the oratorio of *Elijah*. Many important improvements have been made, and the book (by Mr. Bartholomew) has undergone some changes. Dr. Mendelssohn will arrive here on the 13th of April, and will conduct, at Exeter Hall, the Oratorio of *Elijah*, according to his engagement with the Sacred Harmonic Society, for whose concerts he alone visits England; and after three performances he will depart for Switzerland in May, where he purposes to pass the summer. This Oratorio has occupied the exclusive attention of Mendelssohn since the Birmingham Festival up to the last fortnight, and notwithstanding *Elijah* created a sensation beyond all precedent, and secured the unanimous suffrages of amateurs, artists, and critics, such is the caution of the gifted composer in giving to the world his grand inspirations, that he was resolved to perfect that in his own estimation which the world was disposed to call already perfection."

Rumour. I could tell you much more, but I am not yet at liberty to do so. Next Thursday, if you will be at home, I will call, and you shall know all I can gather about the subject, without reserve.

Editor. Agreed. Meanwhile I shall take leave to preserve my faith unshaken in the whole of Mr. Lumley's programme—the programme, the whole programme, and nothing but the programme.

Mr. D. R. Amen—so be it.

And thus the meeting broke up, without arriving at any conclusion on any point whatever, each party continuing firm in his own opinion, and Rumour being as vague as ever. Next week, however, we are most likely to be in a position to proclaim established facts.

SQUIB, No. 1.

THE TWO B'S AND THE NEW MUSICAL PAPER.

A VISION.

M. B. seated at his bureau in a reverie. M. B. soliloquizeth.

Yes; a new musical journal is wanted. The *Musical World* is an ignoramus, and but nine degrees removed from being what the French call *bête*! Besides, I know a good lay for it, and can get at the money. Moreover, I shall pay myself for being editor, and do nothing; whereby I may become musical autocrat, and smash my opponents, swearing that Verdi is a genius, and Wallace a bore—and my brother the best musical theorist in England.

Enter D. B.

D. B. Well, how are you, old boy?

M. B. I am delighted to see you, son of my heart. I am going to begin a new musical paper.

D. B. That's right. I'll write for it.

M. B. You must; you were cut out for a newspaper writer—smart, smashing, and unscrupulous! I should rather think we could make a good paper together.

D. B. (Aside) The old humbug! (*Aloud*) Of course we can. With your natural elegance of style, and a little salt from me, I should think it would do. But, eh! the —! how about the muso?

M. B. Why, you know I can manage an æsthetical column or two.

D. B. Come now, joking apart, you know less about the matter than I do; and the gag that will do for a morning paper, or the *Maestro*, won't do on a special journal which is to tilt with the *Musical World*. Eh, old boy?

M. B. Why—I must —

D. B. Devil a bit. I'll write the abuse; you will sit with your hands in your pockets, or swagger about the side scenes, or the concert room; but where is our novelist and conscientious man-of-all-work, who writes a good article, and lets us father it—the steel glove with which we can arm the hand for musical battle; in a word, our *gauntlet*?

M. B. Alas! such men are rare.

D. B. But have one we must.

M. B. Don't you think I am capable of — I mean with care. Not that sort of slipshod style I have hitherto —

D. B. No! 'twon't do.

M. B. (Aside) He's not to be humbugged. (*Aloud*) Well, truth must out. I have engaged —

D. B. That will do—he's the very man.

M. B. Then you will help me; that's settled.

D. B. It is. When does No. 1 come out?

M. B. I have not quite determined, but you can get me up a good smasher on all things in general, and the *Musical World* and its Editors in particular. I'll take care of the rest of the number.

D. B. Yes, you may be trusted to that extent. No one is more capable of looking well after No. 1 than yourself.

M. B. (Laughing sourly) Ha! ha! very good.

D. B. (Aside) I like to see him laugh on the wrong side of his mouth. (*Aloud*) I suppose I mustn't pitch into Her Majesty's Theatre.

M. B. Not for worlds!

D. B. That's a pity! for when my hand is once in I like to have a go at everything in turn:—Balfé and Beethoven, the *Times* and the *Athenæum*, Congreve and Shakspeare—the more wholesale abuse is, the better. One looks unprejudiced.

M. B. That's true ; but in the present case (*puts his finger to his nose*) You understand me ?

D. B. Oh, ah, very good—very good (*Strokes his chin*) I see—e-e-e. C. R.

(*Scene changes.*)

MADAME BISHOP IN THE PROVINCES.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

Dublin, March 1st.

THE last news I have to tell you is, that Mr. Aldridge, the African Roscius, who, according to the bills, writes himself descendant to the Royal Princes of Numidia, is performing all the celebrated sable parts at the theatre, Hawkin's Street. I am sorry to say he is playing to empty benches, for he is really a clever man, and is capital in comedy, which is perhaps not very high praise to bestow on a tragedian, but which, nevertheless, is veritable criticism, as you would have said, had you seen him in Mungo, in *The Padlock*. It was rather hard on poor Mr. Aldridge to bring him forward so soon upon Madame Bishop's great success. We are all now Bishop mad, and nothing will go down with us but *la Bishop*. The ladies are beginning to call certain articles of dress after her, cigars have been similarly christened, and I have learned that a celebrated coach-maker in Aungier-street has just invented a new vehicle to be called a *Bishop*. Well, now that I have played my prelude, I must open the performance. On Thursday Madame Bishop gave the second and third acts of *Anna Bolena*, the second act of *The Love-spell*, and the last act of *Sonnambula*. The performance, I need hardly say, went off with immense éclat, and the enthusiasm for the great artist was, if possible, greater than on any former occasion. It would seem quite an anomaly to most people, how Madame Bishop, with her extreme sensibility and abandon, could undergo in one evening the tremendous bodily and mental labour of singing through three such operas—at least their most important portions—as those in which she appeared on Thursday night, and sing to the very last note of the last finale with her voice as limpid and fresh as when she commenced the first aria, and her bodily powers apparently as much under her command, and unabated in their strength. But if we look a little further than the first glance, we shall perceive that herein consists all the excellence of the artist. Madame Bishop never forces her voice. However energetic she may appear, or however passionate she may seem at times, she husbanders her vocal resources, and never hazards her whole strength on one coup. It is thus that Rubini upheld his powers, and was equal to all occasions. In her performance of Thursday night, Madame Bishop was encored six times. The different characters she sustained required the greatest versatility of talent, and, to render them as she did, the highest vocal and histrionic powers. The performance was arduous in the extreme, nevertheless the fair cantatrice dashed off her last brilliant and astonishing variation introduced into the *ondo finale* of *Sonnambula* with all the precision and care of a first essay. Madame Bishop never *rants* in her singing: it may be said with truth of her, *elle n'hurle pas, elle chante*. I was so enchanted with Madame Bishop's performance of *Anna Bolena*, that I regretted excessively she only repeated the two last acts on Thursday. In consequence, as I told you in my last, of Mr. Corri's necessitated departure for Liverpool, that gentleman alone being able to sustain the part of Henry throughout. The incomplete state of the operatic department in our theatre is much to be deplored, as it prevents the possibility of procuring at a moment's notice, a good *remplacant* for such an important part. It must be said, however, that the manager of our Theatre Royal has done a great deal for Madame Bishop; and I understand that the fair lady feels herself greatly indebted to him for what he has done. Mr. T. Bishop is a very creditable tenor, and if P. Corri is not a Tamburini, or a Ronconi, he has the good sense to know it, and does not give himself *baritonic* airs, as many of your London and country singers do *basely*. His brother, H. Corri, is a clever actor *a toute sauce*, and is always ready to take anything at a moment's notice. His Dulcamara, in the *Love Spell*, is not bad, and he is growing daily into favour with the Dublin audiences. In my last letter I mentioned that Thursday, an extra added night, was to have been Madame Bishop's last, but it has proved to be only the penultimate, for Calcraft, seeing the great success of the singer, most judiciously gives a super extra-night, and Madame Bishop was induced to retard her departure to Scotland for some twelve or fourteen hours, and is to appear to-morrow, when the two last acts of *Anna Bolena* and the *Love Spell* will be given. She will also sing the grand Scena from *Tancréd*, and the favorite Chansonette, "Je suis la Bayadère." An overflow is expected. Apropos, I have just met Captain L., who is, as you know, well acquainted with all the theatrical affairs of Hawkins-street, and he told me that Mr. Calcraft had already secured the services of the *prima donna* for a fortnight after Easter, and has given her an increased salary. The operas selected for her perform-

ance in her engagement are *Norma*, *Linda di Chamouni*, and *The Barber of Seville*. In this case there is little fear that the manager will not reimburse himself for his spirited speculation, for April is a good month for theatricals in Dublin, and La Bishop is now all the rage.

I thank you for the trouble you have taken in explaining to me the meaning of an instrumental *cadenza*; but you mistook largely in supposing I did not comprehend it. I still am of opinion that it was a puff positive, and a resource unworthy the name of the artist who played, and the composer who wrote it, to advertise it. The *cadenza*, however, was safely transmitted, and was received with thunders of applause when played by Madame Dulcken. I have just learned that Templeton comes here in April. Madame Vestris and Charles Mathews are also engaged. On Wednesday next, we have a trial of new music at the Philharmonic, at which, of course, I shall not fail to attend.

Yours, in haste,

C. R.

P. S.—Hoping this may reach you in time for post, I cannot rest until I have transmitted to you a brief account of the last performance of Madame Bishop, which positively surpassed all that went before. The enthusiasm was tremendous. It was, I assure you, one of the greatest instances of a mass of people in a state of excitement I ever witnessed. The huge Dan himself at the meeting at Covent Garden, or after his best speech at the Association, was not hailed with more deafening acclamations. Such waving of hats, kerchiefs, uplifting of voices, clapping of hands, stamping of feet, and thumping of sticks, reiterated volleys of prolonged cheers, and showers of bouquets, was not heard or seen within the walls of the theatre for many, many years. Madame Bishop appeared most deeply affected, and at the end, when she was called for, was quite overpowered. This, of course, gave rise to more acclamations, and continued till I thought the house must come down. I have not time to enter into particulars of the performance. When Madame Bishop left the theatre, the greatest part of the audience stationed themselves at the stage door, to get a parting glance at their favourite singer, and in stepping into her carriage, not only immense cheering saluted her, but the crowd accompanied her to Mackin's hotel, making the air ring as they went along with cries of "Long live Bishop," "Bravo," "Come again," &c., &c. The post waits, and I have not time for another word. Adieu!

JENNY LIND AND THE GERMAN STUDENTS.

THE following amusing anecdote we copy from a German journal, but cannot vouch for its authenticity:—"At the close of last autumn, Jenny Lind had been performing in the town of G—— and had created such a *furore* as nearly to drive all the inhabitants mad. The theatre, at which she was engaged, was, during the nights of her performances, an arena for the wildest displays of enthusiasm; the house where she lived was nightly beset with multifarious admirers and multitudinous serenaders; the carriage in which she took her rides literally became a drag for a foot steeple-chase to all the gallants of the town—brief, she could not move without a guard; she could not speak without a bravo; she could not look without committing havoc; she could not sing without setting folk mad—mad—mad. Chiefest among these mad-men were the gowned students of the University of the town of G——. They attended every night at the theatre, and after the performance escorted Jenny Lind home, and remained serenading her all night. But Jenny Lind, though excessively grateful to the G—— students for their extra attentions and double Christian kindness, could not remain amongst them for ever, but was compelled to leave them one charming morning before breakfast. But the G—— students had been apprised of her determination to depart at matin cock; and in order to get up early they remained serenading her all night with extracts from her own favourite operas, which no doubt, from the contrast between their singing and hers, was no indifferent treat to the Swedish nightingale. In the morning they escorted her as far as the ramparts, and, halting at the gates, they gave her three and thirty hearty cheers for a farewell, besides sixteen more for a finale, and a dozen additional by way of a postscript, and several others, the most acceptable of all, when Jenny Lind was out of hearing. No sooner had the carriage disappeared at that turn in the road

which winds round the base of the hill whose summit crowned with tufted trees and evergreens overlooks a great many places, and presents a delightful panoramic picture to the view of the spectator, than the students gave thirty-three grand cheers more, with casual ones, ad libitum, and flew like wildfire through the streets of G——, and made straight for the hotel where Jenny Lind had been staying, and demanded of the landlord to be shown to the nightingale's bed-room, which being indicated to them, they rushed up stairs, broke into the singing bird's nest, stripped the bed, tore the sheets into stripes, placed them on various parts of their dresses, and rushed through the streets, vociferating the name of Jenny Lind, till the very welkin rang with the syllables. The tumult was not appeased till noon, when the hurricane seemed to die off into a broken tempest, whose gusts were only heard at intervals. About this time—noon, as we said—an elderly looking gentleman, an Englishman, as might be implied from the cut of his hat, and his no moustache, who was stopping in the hotel, came into the coffee-room, trembling and excited, especially at the approach of a student. A stranger near the old gentleman, believing him to labour under the effects of illness, and compassionating him, entered into conversation with him. The old gentleman appeared delighted at meeting with a countryman: 'Sir, you are an Englishman, I am so terrified! These German students are very extraordinary people—raving mad.' 'O, not at all,' replied the other, 'wild and excitable they are certainly, but capital fellows, I assure you, and very sensible.' 'Then, by heaven sir,' returned the old gentleman, looking very much terrified and speaking very low, 'there's something political in it, and I am marked.' 'How so?'—'I got up early this morning to take my usual promenade, and while I was away,—here the old gentleman halted and appeared quite overcome by terror. 'Well, sir,' said the other,—'they broke into my room, tore up my sheets into ribbons, and are now running through the town wearing the pieces in their hats and button-holes.' The students had gone into the wrong bed-room."

THE AFFINITIES.

from the German of Göthe.

Continued from page 135.

PART II.—CHAPTER IV.

After these occurrences, after the feeling of the transient nature of human affairs which had thus been forced upon her, how strange to Ottilia must have been the intelligence, which could not remain much longer concealed from her, that Edward had resigned himself to the uncertain chances of war. None, alas, of the reflections which she had had occasion to make, escaped from her mind. It is a fortunate thing that man can only comprehend a certain degree of unhappiness. What exceeds that either annihilates him or leaves him indifferent. There are situations, in which hope and fear become one, mutually cancel each other, and become lost in a dark insensibility. If it were not so, how could we know that those who are dearest to us, and at a distance, are placed in hourly peril, and nevertheless carry on the ordinary occupations of life?

It seemed, therefore, as if some good genius had watched over Ottilia, when he brought at once into this silence, into which she seemed to have sunk lonely and unoccupied,—a wild horde, which while it gave her enough to do from without and took her out of herself, exerted in her a feeling of her own strength.

Luciana, Charlotte's daughter, had scarcely left school for the great world, had scarcely seen herself surrounded in her aunt's house, and a numerous society, than her desire to please really produced its effect, and a young man of large fortune felt an inclination to possess her. His wealth gave him a right to appropriate to himself whatever was best of its kind, and nothing seemed to be wanting except a perfect wife, for whom the world should envy him as it did for every thing else.

It was this event in her family which had hitherto given Charlotte very much to do, and to which she directed all her thoughts and correspondence, so far as the latter was not occupied in obtaining further intelligence from Edward. On this account Ottilia had latterly been more alone than usual. She was indeed aware that Luciana was coming, and had, therefore, made the necessary preparations in the house, but it was not thought that the visit was so near. There was first, it seemed, to be more writing, concerting and appointing, when the storm at once broke in upon Ottilia and the earth.

First came chamber-maids and men-servants, then vehicles full of chests and boxes, so that it was thought there were two or three sets of masters in the house. At last, however, came the guests themselves, namely, the great aunt with Luciana, and some family friends, and the bridegroom, who likewise was not unaccompanied. The vestibule was full of articles, portmanteaus, and other cases of leather. The different boxes and cases were separated with difficulty, and there seemed to be no end of luggage. All the while it rained violently, which increased the confusion. Ottilia met the tumult with the calmest activity; and her serene mode of proceeding showed forth to the greatest advantage, for she had in a short time settled and arranged everything. Every one was lodged, every one made comfortable in his own way, and considered himself well served, because he was not hindered from serving himself.

After a toilsome journey, all would willingly have enjoyed some repose. The bridegroom would have liked to be near his mother-in-law, to declare to her his love and good will, but Luciana could not be quiet. She had the felicity of being able to ride on horseback. The bridegroom had beautiful horses, and therefore all must needs mount at once. Storm, wind, and rain were not to be thought of; it seemed as if people only lived to get wet, and dry themselves afterwards. If she took it in her head to go out on foot, she did not ask what sort of clothes or shoes she had on; she insisted on surveying the plans for improvement, of which she had heard so much. What could not be accomplished on horseback was scampered through on foot. She had at once seen and given her opinion upon everything, and the rapidity of her temperament did not readily admit of a contradiction. The whole party had to endure a great deal, the female servants most of all, who could find no end of the washing and ironing, the unpicking and sewing.

She had scarcely examined the house and grounds, than she felt inclined to pay visits in the neighbourhood; and as they rode and drove quickly, the neighbourhood extended to a considerable distance. The castle was deluged with visits paid in return, and that persons might not miss each other certain days were appointed.

In the meanwhile, Charlotte, with the aunt and the bridegroom's *chargé d'affaires*, was occupied with settling the internal arrangements; and Ottilia, with those under her, was contriving that nothing should be found wanting amid so great a pressure, since the huntsmen, gardeners, fishermen, and tradesmen being all put in motion, Luciana always appeared like a burning comet, which carries a long tail after it. The ordinary amusement of visiting soon became insipid to her. She scarcely allowed the elder persons their quiet seat at the card table. Whoever was in any degree capable of motion—and who would not be moved by her charming importunity?—was obliged to join, if not in the dance, at least in a lively game at forfeits. And although everything, including the redemption of the forfeits, was done in reference to herself—on the other hand, no person, especially of the male sex, came off quite empty, whatever might be his condition. Nay, she succeeded in gaining some older persons of importance quite over to her side, by inquiring after their birth-days and name-days, and keeping them with particular solemnity. There her own tact was turned to account; so that while all perceived they were favoured, every one fancied himself favoured the most—a weakness of which the oldest in the party were most obviously guilty.

Although it seemed to be her regular plan to gain over men who represented rank, eminence, fame, or some other important qualification, to put to shame wisdom and circumspection, and to gain favour even with prudence itself, for her own wild and eccentric disposition—young persons were not overlooked. Every one had his share, his day, his hour, in which she contrived to fascinate and

enchain him. Thus, she had even cast her eyes on the architect, who looked so ingeniously through his long black hair, stood so erect and quiet in the distance, and made such a short and intelligent answer to every question, without seeming inclined to go farther, that she at last resolved, half angry, half artful, to make him the hero of a day, and thus to gain him for her court.

It was not for nothing that she had brought with her so much luggage, and that, indeed, a great deal more had followed. She had made provision for an infinite change in her attire. If she delighted to dress herself three or four times a-day, changing from morning till night in the sort of clothes worn in ordinary society, she would sometimes appear in actual masquerade-costume, as a peasant, or a fishing-girl, a flower-girl, or a fairy. She did not dislike to dress herself as an old woman, that her young face might look all the fresher when peeping out of the hood, and indeed she so mingled together the actual and the imaginary, that people almost fancied themselves related to an elf.

She chiefly employed these disguises for pantomimic gestures and dances, in which she skilfully represented different characters. A cavalier of her train had learned to accompany her gestures on the piano, with the little music that was required. After a short preparation, they could work together at once.

One day, when during a pause which had occurred in the course of a lively ball, she had been asked, apparently in the spur of the moment (but really from an impulse secretly given by herself), to go through one of these performances; she appeared confused and surprised, and contrary to her usual custom allowed herself to be intreated a long while. She seemed irresolute, left the choice to others, asked like an improvisatore for a subject, until at last her ally, the pianist, probably according to a preconcerted plan, sat down to his instrument, began to play a funeral march, and asked her to give the part of Arternisia, which she had studied in such excellent style. She allowed herself to be persuaded, and, after a short absence, reappeared to the soft mournful tones of the march, in the form of the royal widow, walking with measured steps, and bearing the funeral urn. Behind her were carried a large black board, and a finely-pointed piece of chalk in a golden portcrayon.

One of her worshippers and assistants, into whose ear she whispered, went up to the architect, to ask him, nay, compel him (even employing a little pushing), to draw the tomb of Mausolus, in the character of Architect, and thus to cease from being a mere stationary spectator, and become one of the actors. Confused as the architect might appear externally—for in his black, close-fitting modern dress he made a strange contrast to the gauzes, crapes, fringes, enamels, tassels, and crowns—he internally commanded himself, which made the effect still more singular. With the utmost gravity, he placed himself before the large board which was carried by two pages, and with the greatest care and accuracy sketched a sepulchral monument, which was indeed more suitable for a Lombard, than a Carian monarch, but which was at the same time so beautiful in its proportions, so solemn in its various parts, and so ingenious in its characters, that people regarded its progress with pleasure, and admired it when completed.

During this time the architect had scarcely turned towards the queen, but had directed all his attention to his occupation. At last, when he bowed to her, and made signs that he believed he had executed her commands, she held out the urn to him, and testified a wish to see this copied on the top. He did so, though unwillingly, because it did not seem suitable to the character of the other part of his sketch. As for Luciana, she was at last overcome by impatience, for she had never intended that he should make a serious drawing. If, with a few strokes, he had just sketched off something, that would have looked rather like a monument, and devoted the rest of the time to her, the whole would have been more in accordance with her wishes and intentions. His conduct, on the contrary, had placed him in the greatest embarrassment, for although in her expressions of pain, in her commands and signs, and in her approval of the design which gradually progressed, she endeavoured to produce a tolerable degree of variety, and had sometimes almost pulled him round, to come into some connection with him, he became more and more formal, so that she had too often to take refuge in her urn, and look up to heaven. Nay, at last, as such situations are sure to increase, she looked more like a widow of

Ephesus, than a queen of Caria. The performance, therefore, was unduly protracted; and the pianist, who usually did not lack patience, did not know how to vary his music. He thanked God when he saw the urn stand upon the pyramid, and when the queen was about to express her thanks, involuntarily struck up a lively air. By this the character of the performance was completely changed; but new spirits were given to the party, which at once expressed its joyous admiration of the lady for her excellent representation of feeling, and of the architect for his artistical and elegant drawing.

The bridegroom, in particular, conversed with the architect. "I am sorry," he said, "that the drawing is so perishable. You will, at least, allow me to take it into my room, and then to talk over it with you." "If it would afford you any pleasure," said the architect, "I can lay before you careful drawings of such edifices and monuments. This is a mere hasty sketch."

Ottilia, who was not far off, approached them. "Do not delay," she said, "to take an opportunity of showing the bridegroom your collection. He is a friend of art and antiquity, and I wish you to be better acquainted with each other."

Luciana came up, and asked, "What are you talking about?"

"About a collection of works of art," replied the Baron, "which this gentleman possesses, and which he will take an opportunity of showing to us."

"We can bring it at once," cried Luciana. "Am I not right—you will bring it at once," she added, in a coaxing tone, while she affectionately seized him with both hands.

"This might not be the proper time," objected the architect.

"What," exclaimed Luciana, imperiously, "Will you not obey the commands of your queen?" She then assumed a teasing air of entreaty.

"Do not be obstinate," said Ottilia, in a half whisper.

The architect withdrew with a bow, which said neither "yes" nor "no."

He had scarcely gone, than Luciana began to chase a greyhound about the room. "Ah!" cried she, as she accidentally ran against her mother, "how unhappy I am! I have not brought my monkey with me—people dissuaded me from it, but it is only for the convenience of my servants, that I am deprived of this pleasure. But he shall come now, some one shall go to fetch him for me. If I were only to see his likeness I should be pleased. I will, indeed, have him painted, and then he will never quit my side."

"Perhaps I can console you," said Charlotte, "by causing to be brought from the library a whole volume full of the strangest pictures of apes." Luciana screamed aloud with joy, and the folio was brought. The sight of these hideous creatures, naturally so like human beings, and rendered still more like them by the artist, gave the greatest pleasure to Luciana, and she felt quite delighted at finding in every one of the animals a resemblance to some person of her acquaintance. "Is not this like my uncle?" she mercilessly exclaimed—"this like M——, the jeweller—this like Pastor S——, and this the very image of what's his name? Apes, after all, are the real 'exquisites,' and it is quite incomprehensible why they are excluded from the best society."

She said this in the best society, but no one took it ill of her. They had grown so accustomed to accord everything to her gracefulness, that at last they allowed everything, even to her rudeness.

Ottilia, in the meanwhile, conversed with the bridegroom. She hoped for the return of the architect, when more serious and tasteful collections would free the company from all this affair of the apes. Nevertheless, he stopped away, and when, at last, he returned, he merged into the general company without bringing anything, or acting as if any request had been made. Ottilia, for the moment, was—what shall we say?—cross, angry, perplexed. She had bestowed a kind word upon the architect, and had endeavoured to procure a pleasant hour quite in his own way for the bridegroom, who, notwithstanding his infinite love for Luciana, seemed to be annoyed at her conduct.

The Apes gave way to a collation. Social games, more dancing, and at last a dull sitting about and an attempt to revive an already worn out hilarity lasted, as is generally the case, far over midnight. Luciana had already acquired the habit of being unable to get up in the morning and to go to bed at night.

About this time there was to be found in Ottilia's diary fewer

records of events, but more maxims and sentences having reference to life and taken from life. As the greater part of these could not have proceeded from her own reflection, it is probable that some collection was given her, from which she copied what was suitable to herself. Many that have a more intimate reference to her own case will be easily recognised by—the red thread.*

FROM OTTILIA'S DIARY.

We like so much to look into the future because we would so willingly by our silent wishes turn to our own advantage the chances which in the future seem to be moved about in every direction.

In a large party it is difficult to avoid thinking that if chance brings together so many, it should also bring our friends to us.

We may live as retired as we will; we are sure to become debtors or creditors before we are aware of it.

If any one meets us, who owes us gratitude, it strikes us directly; but how often can we meet a person to whom we ourselves owe gratitude, without ever thinking of it?

To communicate one's self is nature; to receive what is communicated, as it is given, is cultivation.

No one would speak much in society, if he were aware how often he misunderstands others.

In repeating the words of others we make such great alterations only because we have not understood them.

He who long speaks alone before others, without flattering his auditors excites a feeling of dislike.

Every word that is uttered provokes its opposite.

Both contradiction and flattery mar conversation.

The pleasantest societies are those in which there prevails a cheerful feeling of mutual respect among the members.

The ridiculous arises from a social contrast; effected in a manner that does not offend the natural senses.

The sensual man often laughs when there is nothing to laugh at. Whatever excites him his own internal satisfaction is made manifest.

The man of understanding finds almost everything ridiculous; the man of reason scarcely anything.†

An elderly man was once reproved for occupying himself with young ladies, "It is the only way," he replied, "to grow young again, and that everybody likes."

We can bear to be upbraided for our faults, we allow ourselves to be punished for them, and on their account endure much with patience, but we become impatient if we are told to correct them.

Certain faults are necessary to the existence of the individual. It would be unpleasant to us if old friends put off certain peculiarities.

When a person does anything contrary to his usual way, we say, "He will soon die."

What faults ought we to retain, nay even to cultivate? Those which flatter others rather than offend them.

The passions are faults or virtues—only heightened.

Our passions are real phoenixes. As soon as the old one is burned the new one immediately springs from the ashes.

Great passions are diseases without hope. That which could cover them would first make them truly dangerous.

Passion is both increased and softened by confession. In nothing, perhaps, would the middle course be more desirable than in our confidences and concealments towards those we love.

* The reader will recollect this simile in the second chapter of this part.—TRANSLATOR.

† Those who have no acquaintance with the language of German philosophy must be content to pass over this maxim without comprehending it. A dissertation on the difference between "reason" and "understanding" would be too long to insert here.—TRANSLATOR.

‡ It will be remembered that Göthe was sixty when he wrote this romance.—TRANSLATOR.

(To be continued.)

* To prevent misunderstanding, it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

CONCERTS.

MR. H. PHILLIPS'S ENTERTAINMENTS.—Mr. Phillips gave one of his amusing concerts on Monday evening in the Music Hall, Store Street, which was attended by a select and crowded audience. The programme was divided into three parts—the two first being made up of Mr. Phillips's own compositions, nearly all bearing reference

to some transatlantic legend or Yankee characteristic—the last comprising selections from popular modern writers. The first portions of the entertainment was decidedly the best. Mr. Phillips told several exceedingly amusing American anecdotes, a few of which convulsed the audience with laughter. He illustrated the Yankee peculiarities with great humour; and the manner in which he related the Kentucky Bear-hunt, wherein he himself was compelled to play a conspicuous part, was admirably dramatic. Nor were his illustrations confined to the humorous and the laughable. The entertainment was excellently studded with relations of the national characteristics, and interesting and instructive anecdotes. Each relation was followed by an illustrative song. "The Falls of Niagara," "The Prairie on Fire," and "The Kentucky Bear-hunt," were among the songs, that illustrated the different subjects introduced by Mr. Phillips, in the happiest manner. "The Bear-hunt" was encored, and Mr. Phillips supplied its place by a new manuscript composition of his own, called "Pity the Poor," a very pretty plaintive ballad, and which was most exquisitely sung. "There's a new Year coming," another of Mr. Phillips's manuscript songs, was much applauded, and deservedly; but the tune struck us as being none of the newest. In the second part, a laughing song, the words selected from one of the comedies of Beaumont and Fletcher, gave the vocalist an excellent opportunity of displaying his dramatic singing. "The Slave-market," a descriptive scena in the same section of the entertainment is almost too terrible for music, and taxes the very highest powers of the singer to give it effect; Mr. Phillips, however, acquitted himself more than creditably in rendering it effective. An American ballad, "The pleasant Ohio," adapted from an old native melody, is a singular illustration of the all-insufficiency (if we may coin a word) of music in its infancy; it was notwithstanding rendered with much spirit and effect by the singer. The favourite ballad, "My Boyhood's Home," which Mr. Phillips was wont to sing so very finely in Rooke's *Amelia*, once on a time on the boards of Covent Garden Theatre, was given on Monday night with all the singer's skill and power, and was greatly applauded. Lover's Irish Serenade, "The Widow Machree," and Moore's "To Ladies' Eyes," concluded one of the most amusing entertainments we have attended for a long time. Mr. Phillips was in capital voice, and in high spirits, and the audience left the Music Hall delighted at the whole performance. In answer to a notice made some weeks ago by the *Athenaeum*, which attempted to deteriorate the style of entertainments given by Mr. Henry Phillips, we took leave to differ from the writer of the article on various grounds, which we then put forth. On Monday evening we listened most attentively to the whole concert, and are now more than ever satisfied that such vocal entertainments as Mr. Phillips provides the public with, are not only innocent in themselves, but highly amusing and instructive.

HORN TAVERN.—The Third Concert of Classical Instrumental Chamber-Music, took place on Tuesday, at Johnson's Assembly Rooms, in the above *locale*. The audience was most select and attentive. The programme was as follows:—

Part I.—Quartet, No. 89, in E Flat—Op. 14, Haydn. Two violins, viola and violoncello, Messrs. H. Blagrove, Webb, Weslake, and Hancock. Quartet, No. 8, in A, Romberg. Two violins, viola, and violoncello, Messrs. H. Blagrove, Webb, Weslake, and Hancock.

Part II.—Quintet, No. 78, in A Minor—Op. 88, Ouslow. Two violins, viola, violoncello, and contra basso, Messrs. H. Blagrove, Webb, Weslake, Hancock, and C. Severn. Quartet, in C—Op. 59, (dedicated to Prince Rasoumofsky), Beethoven. Two violins, viola, and violoncello, Messrs. Webb, H. Blagrove, Weslake, and Hancock.

This programme was, on the whole, capitally executed. Ouslow's quintet was admirably performed; Mr. Blagrove played with fire, precision, and brilliancy, and the double-bass of Mr. C. Severn, although the part was written for a violoncello, came out in splendid style. The quartet of Beethoven, one of the composer's masterpieces, was also a great treat. Mr. Blagrove, however, should have changed places with Mr. Webb, who though a promising young artist, and getting through the first violin part with talent, was hardly equal to so high a flight. We marked the beautiful tone and improving style of Mr. Weslake in all the pieces. These concerts are worthy of a fuller notice, which we promise to afford them on the next occasion.

MR. LINDSAY SCOPER.—This accomplished musician gave his second *soirée* of classical pianoforte music on Wednesday, at the

Beethoven Rooms, in Harley-street. The attendance was numerous and select, and the programme, which we subjoin, was one of high interest:—

Sonata in A major, for pianoforte and violin, Messrs. Lindsay Sloper and Deloffre, *J. S. Bach*. Selection from the "Pièces pour le clavecin," pianoforte, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, *D. Scarlatti*. German Songs, with violoncello obligato, Herr Brandt and M. Rousselot, "Wiegenlied" (All is quiet, all is still) *Spohr*. "Auf flügel des gesanges" (On song's bright pinions) *Mendelssohn*—violin-cello obligato, M. Rousselot. Sonata in F minor, op. 57, pianoforte, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, *Beethoven*. Aria, "In questa tomba oscura," Miss Bassano, *Beethoven*. Study in F sharp-major, *Cramer*. Study in B flat minor, pianoforte, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, *Moscheles*. Trio in C minor, op. 66, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Messrs. Lindsay Sloper, Deloffre, and Pilet, *Mendelssohn*.

Bach's sonata was a finished and most masterly performance on both hands. Mr. Sloper's perfect knowledge of the compositions of Bach we never doubted, but we had no expectation to find M. Deloffre so thoroughly up to the mark in them. We say this with no disrespect for his abilities; but, for the most part, we have found violinists of the French school anything but conversant with the music of the ancient masters. In the selection from Scarlatti's "Pièces pour le clavecin," the boldness, freedom, and distinctness of Mr. Sloper's execution were called into play with excellent results. It was altogether a most faultless performance. The studies of Cramer and Moscheles may be dismissed with the same criticism. But Mr. Sloper's powers of expression and unerring mechanism were more finely developed in the Sonata Appassionata of Beethoven than in any other part of the programme. The last movement was taken with extraordinary rapidity, but the energy, precision, and finish of the performer's style were preserved throughout with undiminished power. Mendelssohn's magnificent trio—very excellently rendered—made a good climax to the programme, M.M. Pilet and Deloffre seconding the exertions of the pianist with vigour and judgment. We should have mentioned that Mr. Sloper was encored in the very clever and original study of Moscheles. A word for the vocal music must conclude our remarks. Mr. Brandt, a tenor singer, who has not appeared for four years, sang the beautiful songs of Spohr and Mendelssohn* very chastely, quietly, and well—and was accompanied by M. Rousselot in an elegant and musician-like manner. In the last, "On song's bright pinions," he narrowly escaped an encore, a compliment which he and his accomplished coadjutor, M. Rousselot, well deserved. Miss Bassano being indisposed, her place was supplied by Madame Mortier de Fontaine, who sang two compositions very charmingly—a psalm by Martini and a song by Schumann, "Du mein Herz." The concert gave the highest satisfaction to all present. Mr. Sloper has handsomely changed the date of his third and last soiree, from the 17th to the 18th instant, in order to offer no impediment to the attraction of the grand concert, announced for the former day, in aid of the family of the late Mr. Kearns.

Mr. Genge gave his Fifth Annual Concert on Tuesday night at Crosby Hall. The performers included Master Thirlwall, (violinist). Mr. G. Case, who played on the concertina, and the vocalists, Mrs. R. Newton, Mrs. A. Smith, Miss Cubitt, Miss Thornton, and the Messrs. Sporie, Shoubridge, Kench, Blewitt, H. Smith, and F. Smith. The entertainment was amusing and varied. Mr. Genge has a treble voice of great sweetness. Nearly all the journals call him a tenor, which is a palpable error. He sings with feeling and expression and is capable of great things but he has much to learn before the means can fulfil the end. Let him think, study, and learn. He will be yet more than he is, if it be not his own fault; or if he be not spoiled by the high place he at present holds in public estimation. The concert was visited with much applause and several encores, and concluded most satisfactorily. The hall was very full and Mr. Genge was received in all his songs with great acclamations.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.—The concert in aid of the funds for the distressed Irish came off on Thursday last in the Hanover Square Rooms. The programme, in many respects, was very attractive. We insert it:—

Part I.—Symphony in F, No. 3, *Beethoven*. Cavatina, "Per vedes su quel bel rio," Mr. Burdini, (Parisian) *Donizetti*. Trio, the Misses and Mr. Williams, *Curichman*. Fantasia, "The recollections of Ireland," pianoforte, Mr. W. H. Holmes, *Moscheles*. Recit. and Air, "Deeper and deeper still," Mr. Braham, (Jephthah) *Handel*. Overture, (Don Quixote) *G. A. Macfarren*.

* Published by Weasel and Co., Regent Street. (See Programme.)

Part II.—"The Wood Nymphs," *W. Sterndale Bennett*. Song, Miss Lockey. Irish Ballad, "Savourneen deelish," Miss Bassano. Concerto, flute, Mr. B. Wells, *Molique*. Irish Ballad, "The Exile of Erin," Miss Dolby. Senenade, Mr. Lockey, *C. E. Horsley*. Overture, (The Ruler of the Spirits), *Weber*. Leader, Mr. Thirlwall. Conductor, Mr. W. S. Bennett.

The principal feature in the concert was the provision of a full orchestra, consisting of seventy instrumental performers, led by Mr. Thirlwall, and selected from our best native executants. The symphony of Beethoven, one of his very latest works, was heard to advantage, and was performed with great effect. Mr. Jarrett's horn playing was especially admirable in the trio of the Minuetto. Macfarren's overture is a most delicious composition, filled with the very spirit of comedy, while it everywhere displays the true taste and skill of the musician. It was performed most effectively. Bennett's overture is a work of inspiration—one of the most graceful emanations from the elegant mind of the composer. The overture to Euryanthe was the other instrumental morceau, and exhibited the capacity of the orchestra to great advantage. Mr. Holmes played Moscheles' fantasia most brilliantly and obtained great applause; and Molique's flute concertino was rendered very chastely, and with much expression, by Mr. Wells. This composition was written by the author during his late visit to England, and is illustrative of his sparkling and agreeable style. The vocal music was by no means super-excellent. Mr. Braham transported the whole audience by his still splendid method in Handel's song and taught a lesson to all our young singers, from which, if they would listen to learn, they would derive golden advantages. Curichman's pretty trio was very nicely sung; and the very clever composition of Mr. Charles Horsley was rendered with great expression and feeling by Mr. Lockey. The conducting of Mr. Bennett was remarkable for its steadiness and energy; nothing could have been better. The concert concluded a little after ten, and gave great satisfaction. The room was by no means crowded, but the receipts, we understand, are better than one might be led to suppose from the appearance of the audience. Would that all the musical societies in London would offer an equal mita to the unfortunate sufferers in Ireland.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—A selection of anthems and cathedral music was given by the above institution on Thursday evening, with the intention of exhibiting specimens of the production of the most eminent English composers who have written for the church service. In order to preserve unity of design the various compositions were given in a chronological order and included works dating from the beginning of the seventeenth century to our own immediate times. Selecting from a period of two hundred and fifty years the Sacred Harmonic Society, on Thursday evening, provided specimens of the writing of Gibbons, T. Purcell, Wise, Dr. Blow, H. Purcell, Dr. Creighton, Dr. Croft, Weldon, Dr. Greene, Robinson, Dr. Boyce, Kent, Battisbill, and Dr. Mendelssohn. The compositions of so many writers were necessarily various in merit. The selection, however, was generally good, and in most instances the performances were well and carefully given. The works which we think most deserving of eulogy were two anthems of H. Purcell, "My heart is inditing," and "O, Give Thanks unto the Lord." Dr. Croft's verse anthem, "This is the day," Verse anthem by Dr. Greene, "A God of my Righteousness," full anthem with verse of Dr. Boyce, "O Give Thanks unto the Lord," full anthem with verse of Battisbill, "Call to Remembrance," and Dr. Mendelssohn's *Te Deum*. With regard to the last named composer, we cannot forbear from pointing attention to a gross error which we read in the book of the performances, in which annotations were given on each separate composer; and wherein it is set forth that the *Te Deum* of Mendelssohn is modelled upon the style of our ecclesiastical composers. Nothing could be more removed from the truth than this statement; and we need only say, that to those who had ears for music on Thursday, no words of ours are needed to point out the difference between Dr. Mendelssohn and our service writers. In the performance of this *Te Deum* the choir seemed to have thrown their chief strength, and the singing was deserving of great praise. The hall was very full. The principal vocalists were Misses A. and M. Williams, and the Messrs. Lockey, Genge, Hill, Howe, Kench, and H. Phillips.

GRAND SCOTTISH ENTERTAINMENT.—A Concert was given last night in the Hanover Square Rooms for the relief of the distressed Highlanders, which, we are very sorry to say, was but indifferently

attended. The orchestral and choral department was strong, the latter numbering upwards of one hundred. The vocalists engaged, or, more properly, who volunteered their services, were Messrs. Sinclair, Borraai, Burdini, J. A. Novello, and Signor Brizzi, with Madame G. Macfarren, the Misses Bassano, Dolby, Rainforth, Sarah Flower, P. Horton, M. O'Connor, and the Misses Williams. The instrumental performers consisted of Monsieur Sainton, (violin), Madame Dulcken, (piano), F. Chatterton, (harp), Mr. Distin and his four sons, (the Sax horns). The singing of Madame G. Macfarren, Miss P. Horton, Miss Bassano, and Miss Rainforth, were particularly admired. Mad. G. A. Macfarren sang a very charming ballad, in the Scotch style, "Fair Helen of Kirkconnal," which was well suited to her beautiful *contralto* voice, and artist-like and expressive style. Monsieur Sainton was admirable in a solo on the violin, as was also Madame Dulcken in a fantasia on the piano. Mr. F. Chatterton and the Messrs. Distin contributed largely to the attractions of the entertainments. At the end of part the first the chorus sang "Auld Lang Syne," arranged for full choir and orchestra by Mr. T. German Reed, the solos being taken by Mr. Sinclair, which was encored. The novelty of the evening was the impromptu introduction of three Highland Pipers, in splendid costume, who made their appearance between the parts, and treated the audience to some of the popular tunes of the country. We have but to add our regret that so excellent a programme put forth for so amiable a purpose should have brought together so small an assembly.

MR. MANGOLD'S.—On Monday evening Mr. Mangold gave a concert of classic instrumental music, in the Hanover Square Rooms, interspersed with vocal pieces, and furnished a very pleasing programme. Mr. Mangold opened his entertainment with the military septet of Hummel. The performance was spirited and effective. Madame Mortier de Fontaine sang Mozart's "Non Più di Fiori." This lady has a sweet voice, and her method is neat and finished. The fair vocalist, if she did not attain perfection, at least acquitted herself excellently, in rendering the beauties of the aria apparent. The "Qui la voce," aria from *I Puritani* is a trifle too flimsy for Miss Lincoln. This lady was heard to much greater advantage in Spohr's delicious song, "The Bird and the Maiden," which she sang extremely well. A sonata for the pianoforte and violin afforded an opportunity for the display of the executive power of Messrs. Sainton and Mangold. The violin was brilliant, and the piano sparkling—to speak in metaphor. Mr. Mangold has a firm, bold touch on the instrument, and is evidently at home in classical compositions. An air from *Mitrona*, quaint and pretty, was charmingly sung by Miss Sarah Flower, whose deep tones were brought out with great effect, reminding us more than once of Brambilla, the queen of *contraltos*. A unanimous call was made for a repetition, to which the lady, after some time, responded. A quintet of Mozart's was very finely played, all the executants fulfilling their tasks admirably. Madame Mortier de Fontaine was effective in an *aria finale* of Mercadante. The concert wound up splendidly with a quartet of Mendelssohn's. The rooms were full, and the entertainments concluded at a reasonable hour—a consummation, in all such cases, devoutly to be wished. Mr. Mangold deserves every credit for programme, and the manner of its performance.

SONNET.

NO. XXIV.

My dearest life—ah, didst thou know the pleasure
Which one kind loving word from thee bestows—
How round my heart a genial warmth it throws,
Filling the moments of a dreary leisure!
That little word is guarded as a treasure
In mem'ry's arms, which softly round it close,
My wounded soul to contemplate it goes,
Soothing its anguish with the deepest pleasure.
Oh, in the saddest love there is a bliss—
A rapture which is far beyond the telling,
So that we may not struggle to be free;
One word—one smile—nay, let me add—one kiss
Comes to the heart, where sorrow has been dwelling;
A moment's touch heals days of agony.

N. D.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

VIENNA.—The director of the theatre *Ander-Wien* has had a medal struck in honour of Jenny Lind. It contains on the one side her portrait, and on the other a star, with the motto "*Nescit occasum*" (it knows no setting). The medal is to be presented to Mdle. Lind with an address, signed by the *élite* of the society of Vienna.

NAPLES.—A new opera, *Eleonora Dori*, by Battista, has been produced at Naples with indifferent success. Fraschini and Madame Frezzolini performed the principal parts, but the theatre was half empty on the second night. Fraschini has since started for England.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

DRURY LANE.—Mr. Wallace's opera is running a brilliant career at old Drury, and promises to fulfil a long destiny, if we may judge by the fashionable and crowded audiences nightly assembled, and the enthusiasm with which the music is listened to throughout. Although, as we have stated elsewhere, Mr. Bunn has accepted a new opera from Mr. Laurent, yet, from the increasing success of *Matilda of Hungary*, there is not the least likelihood of its being put into rehearsal for many weeks yet. Nicolai's *Templario* was also talked of, being an opera in which Mr. Travers was much praised at Milan; but that also is, we hear, abandoned, and for the present there is every chance of *Matilda of Hungary*, with Miss Rainforth, the new and charming representative of the heroine, continuing for some fifty nights in succession on the boards. Mr. Wallace being, we much regret to state, seriously indisposed, Signor Schira has been under the necessity of assuming the baton in his absence. It is scarcely necessary to say that Signor Schira performs his task in a musician-like and highly satisfactory manner.

On Thursday night, after the tenth performance of *Matilda of Hungary* (during which the three favourite melodies of the opera, "Gone is that calmness," by Mr. Harrison, "In that devotion," by Miss Rainforth, and "A lowly youth," by Miss Isaacs, were encored with as much enthusiasm as on the first night of the opera), a new ballet of action was produced, under the title of *Spanish Gallantries*. The story turns upon the cross purposes of two gentlemen and two ladies, any of whom loves any but the right one, each desiring what cannot be had, and each declining what can be had for the asking, so that all four are in love with one of the four, and all four are in hate with the four that love, and all four are jealous of all four, any of any, whereby either party vexes individually the other, and either party by the other is vexed. Thereupon ensues a carnival, at which presides the god Momus, and all ends well. So that the four lovers sort not happily until Momus puts his finger in the pie; and then, as a matter of course, the lovers see their folly, and arrange matters, by an interchange of contraries, in the most peaceable manner conceivable. This plot is made the vehicle for a quantity of miming and gesturing, and for a series of very pretty and characteristic dances. To M. Blais, one of the most accomplished and experienced of ballet-masters, we owe the composition of the ballet, and the invention and arrangement of the dances, which does him infinite credit. The music by M. Blais, *père*, is a gathering from many sources. The incidental dances comprise a Minuet à Fandango by Mademoiselles Baderna, and Benart, (in the salon of Donna Elvira's chamber) in which the former looked very charming, and danced with stately humour, while the latter became her dress of a chevalier most prettily, displaying a pair of legs that Baily himself would leap at—a *grand pas de cinq*, (in the

garden of the chateau, a very nice scene, which we recollect in *Gysippus* for Mademoiselles Dubignon, Benart, Giubilei, A. Payne, MM. Paul and Tell, a composition of considerable elegance; a *seguidilla* by the clever and popular Mdles. St. Louin; a *pas de quatre*, by Mesdemoiselles Dubignon, Louise, Benart, and M. Tell, which was capitally executed, and loudly applauded; and *La Nouvelle Cachoucha* by Marietta Baderna; the last three of them, in the Temple of Momus, a clever scene by Grieve, preceded by a sunrise landscape from the same pencil, which was exceedingly beautiful. The *Cachoucha* gave Mdle. Baderna an opportunity of displaying her capabilities as an accomplished dancer more entirely than she had previously been enabled to effect. The precision, agility, elegance, and vivacity which she evinced in her execution of this national dance were astonishing for her years, and obtained rapturous plaudits and an enthusiastic demand for repetition from the audience. Nothing daunted, the spirited young *danseuse* very cleverly varied all the *poses* and evolutions of the step, and charmed her spectators over again. The applause was again tremendous, and little Marietta was compelled to come forward several times, and acknowledge by repeated smiles, courtesies, and other demonstrations of respect, the warm appreciation of the house. It is now evident that in Mdle. Baderna, as in the wonderful Sophie Fuoco, the Covent-Garden company have secured a talent of immense promise and of great actual distinction for their ballet, about which there was so much doubt and uneasiness, previously to the engagement of Fanny Ellsler. They surely ought to present Mr. Bunn with a piece of plate, for to his enterprise they owe the discovery of both these fair and bright planets. There have been excellent pits at Drury-Lane all the week, a substantial proof that *Matilda of Hungary* draws money to the treasury.

ADELPHI.—On Thursday will be produced a new and original drama in three acts, by J. B. Buckstone, Esq., called *The Flowers of the Forest, a Gipsy Story*, supported by the talented company of this favourite theatre, including Messrs. Wright, Paul Bedford, O. Smith, Boyce, C. J. Smith, Mesdames Celeste, Fitzwilliam. Woolgar (who has recovered from her late severe indisposition), E. Harding, Laws. M. Taylor, &c.

PRINCESS'S.—Miss Bassano and Miss Anne Romer are still performing in their old parts, and nothing new has been announced. Great things, however, are talked about, to which we cannot pledge all our faith. Mrs. Butler is to appear, if report speaks aright, and Macready, and Madlle. Nau, and a new opera is being written for the present company, &c., &c. We have reason to believe some of these reports are true, and we know the manager will do all he can to uphold the character of his theatre. Meanwhile one novelty has been added to the attraction of the Princess's. A new bevy of Ethiopian Serenaders has appeared during the week at this theatre. They are good imitators of their sable brethren at the St. James'. The "Bones" we must especially notice as being of an excellent quality, and he of the tambourine merits approbation, not only for the peculiarity of the antics he plays, but for the orthodox manner in which he practically represents the hardness of a nigger's *Caput*. Young, "Ole Bull," deserves commendation for his solo on the violin.

FRENCH PLAYS.—We are inclined to think that few of the frequenters of this elegant theatre give M. Lafont credit for the care, study, and refinement which he brings to bear upon the parts allotted him. Many are inclined to undervalue all acting which does not deal in sobs, tears, horrors, hysterics, and convulsions. They require startling effects, and no actor

is good but he who thrills their souls with affright, or shakes their sides with laughter. M. Lafont is of a school which has sent forth the first comedians of the world—Fleury, Molé, Perlet, Potier, and a host of others. He does not aim at surprising the sensibilities of his audience, he does not tear his hair, dance *Jim Crow*, or cheat them out of their applause by grimaces and buffoonery. His means are all legitimate; they are the result of profound and conscientious study, which is not discouraged by apparent neglect, nor led away to adopt the shorter but eventually fatal path to success. It is to be remarked that the manners and literature of the day are, as it were, stereotyped on the stage. We find in the new aspirants to artistic honours the same degree of impatience, the same feverish excitement which characterises the railroad, hot-house, high-pressure age in which we live; no matter in what branch, whether of literature, the drama, poetry, painting, sculpture, singing, or acting, there is an evident disinclination to study. The tyros fancy that time is lost which is not employed under the public gaze; the results obtained by their predecessors are spurned as old fashioned. They depend upon the powers with which they may be endowed by nature, and wantonly neglect the experience of the past. Hence new schools arise to last a few brief hours, and then disappear for ever. But in the midst of all this confusion and scrambling, there are men who avoid the general contagion, and imbued with an ardent love for their art, discard impulse without strict eputation, prefer unity of exception to mere clap-trap, avoid exaggeration, and climb up the steep ascent to fame by slow but sure degrees, never flattering themselves that its summit is attained. These men are not subject to the ordinary accidents of the uneducated artist; they are not good one night and bad the next; they are ever the same; and as improvement has ever been their object, they do go on improving, and each successive performance convinces us of some amelioration, some corner, as it were, rounded off, some polish, some new refinement. To this class M. Lafont decidedly belongs. He is a perfect gentleman on the stage, the most difficult of all assumed characters. In genteel parts he is perfectly at home; in humorous parts he never shocks our susceptibilities; he is comic without ever being vulgar; in short, as we have already stated, he is the man of the enlightened few, and not the mountebank of the multitude. *Mathilde* was played on Friday of last week and on Wednesday of this. The plot turns on the jealousy of a young wife, which creates the greatest mischief among her relations and friends. Madame Darbert has before marriage given birth to an illegitimate child, a fact which she has, of course, concealed from her own husband, but which she confides to the husband of Mathilde. In an interview between Madame Darbert and this gentleman, Mathilde's jealousy is excited, and in the explosion which ensues, she places her husband in the greatest peril by exposing him to the wrath of M. Darbert. There are some excellent situations brought about by the lady's jealousy, (not altogether groundless, it must be owned, in many respects) in which M. Lafont as M. Darbert, the man of high honour, gave a good delineation of dignified grief and sorrow. Mademoiselle Fargueil, as Mathilde, gained golden opinions; and M. Dumery, as we have frequently stated before, gave evident signs of improvement, and bids fair to arrive at distinction in his art. As a ball-room fop he was excellent. *Les Deux Brigadiers* is what may be termed in English a broad farce. The incidents are most amusing, and called down roars of laughter. The piece turns upon the attempts made by Cardinal Dubois to conceal an early marriage, which can be proved by papers in the possession of a *grisette*; this is done by a proposed marriage between the young lady and a nephew of the

cardinal's valet, a brigadier in the regiment of *Condé* dragoons. The intended wife and husband are to meet at the cardinal's palace where the ceremony is to take place; but as the intrigue is conducted by the cardinal's secretary, who does not know the intended husband, he pitches on a brigadier of the *Regiment de la Reine*, who falls in his way, and by threats forces him to consent to the marriage; but here another scene of confusion ensues—for the wrong brigadier marries the wrong lady, who turns out to be the real grisette's sister. On this canvass a series of the most comical incidents is founded, in which nothing new is brought forward, but which produced much laughter and amusement. The plotting and counterplotting of the cardinal's two servants, the scene where the real lover appears, and the winding up of the piece by the marriage of the grisette and the real brigadier were vehicles for some very smart dialogue and witty allusions. M. Lafont was inimitable as the tall stalwart trooper. *Un Mariqui se dérange* is a piece in two acts, given for the first time on Monday last, Her Majesty being present. M. Maurice was formerly the pattern of a husband, but has latterly turned restless, and is never so happy as when away from his home. He returns home too late to dinner, and pretends he has been to the Bourse, where he has never set his foot; when his wife attempts to accuse him, he falls asleep and dreams about the "Bal de l'opéra." When at home surrounded by his friends he starts up and rushes out to order ices which never appear. The antithesis of this M. Maurice is a respectable physician, Bertholin, who resides in the same hotel, and who is a pattern of conjugal fidelity, so very devoted indeed, that his wife considers him a nuisance, and almost wishes he would be less faithful. This honest physician always chances to see Maurice, when the latter wishes to be concealed, and unwittingly causes a deal of mischief. In the second act we see the consequences of all his deceptions and the scrapes into which they lead him. The scene is at the "Maison d'or," overflowing with visitors after the "Bal de l'opéra." All the characters are here assembled. M. Maurice comes to sup with his "chère amie," Madame Maurice comes in search of her husband, attended by Mr. Bertholin; Madame Bertholin is present, having been to the ball with a party of friends; we have also several friends, including a marquis, a friend of Maurice's lady, a decided bully, who has a peculiar knack of shooting his rivals. We have several complicated situations, excessively droll, the effect of which is heightened by masks and dominos. At the end, M. Maurice promises to mend, tired of the perils to which his intrigues have exposed him. The piece was admirably played. Lafont and Cartigny were richly humorous. We must not omit to mention that the two wives were exceedingly well played by Mesdemoiselles Vallée and Fouquet. These two ladies are excessively useful members of the company, and not unfrequently contribute as much or more to the completeness and success of a piece as the more prominent stars who appear in it. The talent of the former lady, and the vivacity and good humour of the latter, more than merits a weekly kind word from the critic of these performances. The waiter was uncommonly well done by M. Pagenier. M. Alfred Tousez, the French Buckstone, made his first appearance last night.—J. de C.—E.

PROVINCIAL.

DUBLIN.—On Monday the eminent vocalist, Madame Anna Bishop, took her benefit at the Theatre Royal, when *Anna Bolena* (first time in English) and the second act of the *Love Spell*, were performed; Madame Bishop was the *Anna Bolena* in the first opera, and the *Adina* in the last. The house was quite full—the dress circle being crowded with fashionable parties, which, at this season of the year, and considering the state of the country, is not a small proof of the high estimation in which

Madame Bishop is held by the Irish public. We have seen Grial in Donizetti's fine opera of *Anna Bolena*, and our opinion is, that Madame Bishop is not only quite equal to that celebrated singer in the arduous part of the injured queen, but that she surpasses her occasionally in tenderness and pathos, as well as in purity of style. Anna Bishop is always in earnest—identifies herself with the characters she represents—her byplay is excellent; and her entire action, as well as her singing, when she discovers that her friend, *Jane Seymour*, is her rival, were so fine and so true, that she was rewarded with thunders of applause and an unanimous *encore*. Nothing could be more beautiful than her last prison scene, and the manner she warbled the sympathetic melody—"Home of happy days." Miss De la Vega (*Seymour*), considering the disadvantage of singing duets with an artist like Madame Anna Bishop, acquitted herself well of what she had to do; so did also her sister (*Smeaton*), who was *encored* in her ballad. She has a good contralto voice. Messrs. Bishop and Corri were effective; and, upon the whole, the opera was brought out with a great deal of care—the orchestra and chorus being well drilled. Last night, on account of many applications at the box-office, Madame Anna Bishop appeared once more at our theatre, and performed three characters, entirely opposite to each other—an artistic feat which few singers in Europe could do so successfully, we think, as our fair vocalist; viz., second and third act of *Anna Bolena*, the second act of the *Love Spell*, and last of *La Sonnambula*, all in one evening and all sung with a most surprising freshness of voice, energy, and spirit. Again the house was full—again the applause enthusiastic, and the *encores* and call before the curtain repeated. We do not recollect for years a star who has so completely won the good will and sympathy of our public as Anna Bishop. We sincerely hope that that great artist will come again amongst us at a more propitious time.—*Dublin Pilot*, February 26.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GENERAL THEATRICAL FUND.—The eighth annual meeting of the members of this institution, established for "granting permanent pensions to actors and actresses, chorus singers, dancers, pantomimists and prompters," took place at the saloon of the Lyceum Theatre, for the purpose of receiving the reports of the committee and auditors. Mr. Buckstone (treasurer) was unanimously called on to preside. Mr. Cullenford (secretary) then read the report, from which it appeared the committee had invested 3,451l 8s. in the public securities, and that a balance of 22l 19s. 8½d. remained in the hands of the treasurer. After discharging all demands there was an increase in the receipts of last year of nearly 450l. as compared with those of the preceding year. The report having been adopted, the Secretary stated that the committee, at their last meeting, had received such a flattering statement of the finances of the institution, that they had recommended the allowance to annuitants to be increased 5l. per annum, viz., from 25l. to 30l. a year. The Chairman then announced that Mr. Macready had kindly consented to take the chair at the ensuing anniversary festival of the Fund, at the London Tavern. The Secretary also read a letter from Mr. Charles Dickens, dated from Paris, and announcing the intention of the writer to be present at the annual dinner of the society, which will take place next month. The list of subscribers contains the names of the late Duke of Northumberland, 50l.; the Duke of Devonshire, 10l. 10s. (annual); Charles Kear, Esq., 50l.; W. C. Macready, Esq.; 30l.; W. Farren, Esq., 30l.; B. Webster, Esq., 20l.; Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, 10l.; Luke J. Hansard, Esq., 25l.; Benjamin Bond Cabell, Esq., 21l.; Earl Fitzhardinge, 5l.; Earl of Ellesmere, 5l.; Douglas Jerrold, Esq., 5l.; Charles Dickens, Esq., 5l.; John Forster, Esq., 5l.; the Hon. T. Hope, 10l.; Sir Bellingham Graham, Bart., 10l.; John Strutt, Esq., 10l.; W. H. West Betty, Esq., 5l.; Sir A. Bernard, 5l.; (annual); Miss Helen Faucit, 5l.; (annual); Mrs. Glover, 5l.; J. Vandenhoff, Esq., 5l.; T. P. Cooke, Esq., 5l.; &c. The election of officers followed.—Trustees: Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, Charles Dickens, Esq., and Benjamin Bond Cabell, Esq.—Honorary Treasurer: J. B. Buckstone, Esq.—Committee: Messrs. A. Younge, E. F. Saville, Worrell, Williams,

G. Osbaldeston, Buckstone, Attwood, H. Lewis, Lyon, Cullenford, Cowle (vice N. T. Hicks,) Saker, J. Howard, H. Hughes, and Morelli.—Auditors: Mr. H. T. Craven and Mr. W. Searle.—Secretary: Mr. Cullenford. The customary vote of thanks was presented to the chairman. Mr. Buckstone, in an appropriate speech, briefly acknowledged the compliment, and the meeting separated.

A NEW OPERA is already talked about at Drury Lane, to be produced as soon as Wallace's *Matilda* is laid aside. We trust, and believe, that the new composer will have some time to wait ere that event be consummated. Mr. Laurent, junr., the pianist, is the composer, and the *libretto* to which he has wedded his music, is founded on Sir Walter Scott's novel of *Quentin Durward*. The novel is one of the most wonderful productions of the author, but its magnificence, diversity of scene, and vigour of character, it seems to us, are scarcely suited to operatic purposes. We can fancy seeing *Quentin Durward* on the stage of Drury Lane performed as a lyric drama, will be something like viewing the Crucifixion of Rubens through a reverted telescope. Mr. Travers, we understand, is to play Quentin, and Mr. Borroni Louis XI. At all events, we shall have Mr. Travers in a new character, a matter of great interest to the musical public.

MR. LOVE'S ENTERTAINMENT.—This admirable ventriloquist and polyphonist gave a new entertainment on Wednesday evening, at Crosby Hall, which brought together a very crowded and respectable audience. Mr. Love commenced with a historical and philosophical lecture on the occult powers of the human voice and its contributory organs, which he illustrated in various ways clearly and copiously. He explained at great length the difference between ventriloquism and polyphonism, and gave an abstract history of ventriloquy, with a brief account of all the celebrated professors of the art from the earliest ages down to our own times. This part of the entertainment was highly instructive. It was, indeed, a most worthy homily. The second part was of a different kind altogether. In "The Trip to Hamburgh," Mr. Love exhibited his mimetic powers to perfection, and proved himself an actor of great capacity and versatility. His sudden changes from one character to another, and the celerity with which he assumed a new attire, were really feats. In the last portion of the entertainment, "A Christmas Party in the Olden Time," the facility with which he changed from a military officer to a servant lad, from a West India gentleman to a young lady of fashion, and others, excited amusement and delight in the audience. The characters he assumed are too numerous to mention, and the effects he produced can only be ascertained by beholding his performances. We shall certainly pay Mr. Love a second visit. We have seldom been more highly amused.

BEETHOVEN QUARTET SOCIETY.—The first *soirée* will take place on Monday, in the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street. Thanks to the zeal and activity of M. Rousselot, the present season promises to be as brilliant as the last. Sainton, Hill, and Rousselot preserve their old places. The post of Sivori is filled up this year by M. Steveniers, first violinist to the King of the Belgians. M. Vieuxtemps is expected in the course of the season.

ON SLOW.—This composer, we are informed by *La Critique Musicale*, has just arrived in Paris.

PRESENTATION OF PLATE TO MR. H. FARMER.—On Friday, the pupils of this gentleman invited him to dine with them at the house of Mr. John Farmer, the Crown and Cushion, Market Street, in this town, when an opportunity was taken to present him, in token of their high esteem for

his attention to their interests, and his invaluable exertions in promoting the science of music, with a splendid silver cup, and a purse of twenty-five guineas, the proceeds of a concert given to him on the 7th of December last. The following is a copy of the inscription, which is beautifully engraved on the cup—"This cup, together with a purse of twenty-five guineas, was presented to Mr. Henry Farmer, by his pupils, December 7, 1846." F. Wakefield, Esq., occupied the chair, and the evening was spent in an interesting and delightful manner.—*Nottingham Review*.

CARLOTTA GRISI.—This charming *danseuse* is daily expected in Paris, on her return from Rome. A new ballet, *La Taitienne*, the music by Adolphe Adam, in which she will, of course, shine as a star of the first magnitude, putting all the *sidera minora* in the shade by the lustre of her presence, will be put in rehearsal immediately after her return.

MENDELSSOHN'S "St. Paul" is to be performed, for the first time, at Paris, on the 19th of this month. This great work has been for nearly ten years well known to the English musical public.—*Daily News*.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.—The third performance took place last night. Full particulars in our next.

MR. HENRY RUSSELL.—The entertainments of this popular vocalist have continued to attract crowded houses during the week to the Strand Theatre.

VINCENT WALLACE.—It is with much regret that we have to announce the serious indisposition of this favourite composer, who now lies suffering seriously from an attack of ophthalmia and a general derangement of the system. Mr. Wallace caught a severe cold, when presiding in the Drury-Lane orchestra, which flew to his eyes, and affected him to such a degree that he has been unable to bear the light for several days. We trust we shall have better news to record of the author of *Maritana* next week.

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2 "The Prophet his standard was rearing," Song. Sung by Mr. Weiss ..	2	0
3 "One day I wandered," "It was a form," Recit. and Air. Mr. W. Harrison ..	2	6
4 "She comes in all her loveliness," Cavatina. Mr. Borran ..	3	0
5 "What! shall my bright and spotless crown," Duet. Miss Romer and Mr. Borran ..	2	6
6 "Before our Queen we kneel," Chorus	3	0
7 "What form is that?" "It is my Queen," Recit. and Duet. Messrs. Harrison and Borran ..	2	0
8 "Adieu, fair land," Ballad. Mr. W. Harrison	2	0
9 "The soldier silently doth stand," Finale to Act I	6	0

ACT II.

10 "At length in absence mourn'd," "Fly hence each idle fear," Miss Romer. Recit. and Air	3	0
11 "This happy day we celebrate," Chorus	3	0
12 "Long live the King," Chorus	2	6
13 "The moment comes," Canon. Messrs. Harrison, Borran and Jones ..	2	0
14 "Like waves which o'er the ocean," Barcarole. Mr. W. Harrison ..	2	0
15 "Gone is the calmness," Ballad. Mr. W. Harrison	3	0
16 "O vengeance, rage and shame," Duet. Messrs. Harrison and Borran ..	1	6
17 "Thy fondest wish, thy highest aim," Chorus	2	0
18 "They who would still be happy," Romance. Miss Romer	2	0
19 "This deep affront I did not need," Duet. Miss Romer and Mr. Harrison ..	2	6
20 "The people, past assuaging," Finale to Act II.		

ACT III.

21 "These halls of revels once the scene," Recitative	2	0
22 "A lowly youth the mountain child," Ballad. Miss Isaacs	3	0
23 "Oh, welcome with shouts," Chorus and Solo	2	0
24 "In the devotion which we breathe," Ballad. Miss Romer	2	0
25 "Suppress these giddy transports," Chorus and Solo		
26 "To see my King," Trio. Messrs. Harrison, Borran and Weiss		
27 "What do I hear?" Duet. Miss Romer and Mr. W. Harrison		
28 "Here, by our laws, for justice," Concerted Piece		
29 "One gentle heart," Rondo Finale. Miss Romer		

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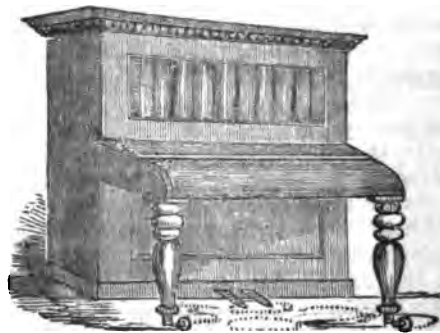
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THE BEETHOVEN QUARTET SOCIETY.

THE zealous and enthusiastic lover of music, who originated this admirable society, is no more, but the example he set we trust has not been lost on his survivors. If ever an amateur deserved the title of the Mæcenas of music, it was the late Mr. Alsager. Not content, as many are, to make it an egotistical source of mere private amusement, his object was to spread taste for its more recondite and elaborate beauties far and wide, to popularize its philosophy among amateurs, and by their medium to refine the general feeling of the public. Music was his sole relaxation, his chief social delight; and as his heart was open to all the eloquence of its appeal, so were the portals of his princely hospitality thrown wide apart to welcome its professors, who, as hearers or as players, found an equally warm and generous reception. The good he thus gradually, but surely effected, was incalculable. The more profound and poetical works of the great triad of instrumental composers, which for so long had remained a sealed book to the multitude of amateurs, aye, and of musicians too, were, through his exertions, made familiar as household-gods. But it is the lover of Beethoven who should most fondly cherish the memory of Mr. Alsager. Perhaps never was there an instance of such unbounded enthusiasm for the works of a great man, as in that lamented gentleman's reverence and adoration for the chamber-compositions of Beethoven. He knew them all by heart; every one of their melodies was to him as a dear friend; he doted on them. And as the mother's fondness for her offspring is so frequently exemplified in a preference for the least generally admired:—

"The feeblest and yet the favorite;"

so was his devotion to the quartets of Beethoven. In proportion to their being unknown and more neglected was the measure of his love for them administered. He loved the first six dearly, (as who would not?) but much more dearly the three that follow. The tenth and eleventh he venerated—and the last six, "the Posthumous," he idolized; for they were the coyest to disclose the treasures of their beauty—wrapped and folded in an atmosphere of golden mist, which only the eye and the heart of enthusiasts could penetrate. So these were less courted; nay, for a time almost abandoned; and for this Mr. Alsager loved them more; felt for them more; devoted himself to their interest; and preached a crusade in their behalf, which ended in the conversion of sceptics, and the establishment of the truth, which was hidden until he unfolded it to the world. This was the noble use to which he gave up the whole of the leisure he enjoyed from those worldly occupations in the conduct of which he had earned such high distinction. In recording the opening of the third season of the Beethoven Quartet Society, it would

have been but false delicacy in us to refrain from alluding, in a manner suitable to the occasion, to him who was its originator, to him who not only laid the seeds but fostered the growth, as it gradually reared its head above the ground, and who has now bequeathed it to his friend and associate in the good work, Scipion Rousselot, a musician and an enthusiast, and a fit holder of such a legacy. The day is indeed far distant when amateurs and professors of that art which he loved so well shall have ceased to mourn the loss of Mr. Alsager; a loss as unexpected as it was cruel; and it would be an unworthy affectation in us to shrink from avowing the deep sympathy we entertain for the general feeling of regret. He was an intellectual and a good man—may we never forget to cherish and revere his memory.

The first meeting for the season 1847 (the third), took place on Monday evening, at the Beethoven Rooms, which, in their new garb of white-wash, wore an appearance of desolation easily accountable to those who, like ourselves, had not entered them since last summer. However, there were so many familiar faces, that as the performances went on things began to look more cheerful, and faith and hope assumed their comfortable sway. The programme of the evening, according to the plan already adopted, comprised three quartets selected from the three different epochs of the master's career. The first was the quartet in F major, belonging to the Op. 18, which Beethoven composed in 1791, and dedicated to his illustrious patron and kind friend, the Prince Lichnowsky. In this quartet will be remarked the characteristics of Beethoven's early style, exemplified in great perfection. It is one of the most admirable of all his works, and was written just as his manner was threatening to assume its second form. Nevertheless, we have the clear design, the short and simple subjects, the independent use of the full cadence, the free control of counterpoint (some fine examples of which occur in the final movement), the natural and unaffected harmonies, and the employment of lengthened phraseology only for the effects of climax, which are the elements of Mozart's and Haydn's styles, with perhaps a greater leaning to the tender pathos of the former, than to the robust vivacity of the latter. The first movement (in F major), *Allegro con Brio*, has a bold subject, easily retained by the ear, and worked throughout with great fluency of counterpoint. It is highly energetic and commanding. The *Adagio affettuoso ed Apassionato* (in D minor), would leave nothing to be desired if Beethoven had made no progress in his art beyond what it develops. It is exquisitely pathetic, and many of its bursts of anguish would draw tears from the most callous—

"And make men tremble who never weep."

The *scherno* is playful and most ingeniously written; a fine contrast being produced by the very opposite character of the

trio. The final *Allegro* (in F major), is formed on a theme which captivates by its capricious vivacity, while the treatment is masterly in its development and interesting in its variety. The introduction of the second theme is novel and beautiful, and its employment throughout the movement is marked by the most exquisite fancy. The fine effect produced by the occasional appearance of the first subject in the fugued style is also worthy the attention of those who would study Beethoven's scores with profit. There is no dryness or pedantry in it, but it appears in all the freshness of a new and beautiful thought. It may seem a bold assertion, but we cannot help stating our conviction that this quartet, which stands No. 1 on the list (although we believe it was really the third in the order of production) is equal to any of the seventeen, since from the first bar to the last it is a manifestation of genius and power of the highest order. It is also strikingly original, while it adheres in a great measure to the plan of these models which are left us in the imperishable works of Mozart and Haydn.

Before stating our impressions of the manner in which this quartet was executed, it may be as well to say a word or two about M. Rousselot's position with respect to the engagements for the season, resulting from circumstances over which he could have no control. The loss of Camillo Sivori, who is absent in America, cannot be sufficiently lamented. The idea of supplying his place by any other than Ernst or Joachim would be preposterous. But M. Rousselot did his best under the circumstances, by engaging Herr David, the celebrated violinist from Leipsic. Here he was disappointed, however—illness or some other cause rendering Herr David's advent this season impossible. At his wit's end for a substitute, the arrival of M. Steveniers from Brussels offered a means of extricating himself from difficulty, which M. Rousselot would have been unwise to overlook. Steveniers was accordingly engaged to lead the quartets in alternation with M. Sainton, until the arrival of Vieuxtemps, who is expected later in the season. This gentleman is violinist to the king of the Belgians, and enjoys a very high reputation on the continent. The F major quartet of Beethoven gave us an excellent opportunity to form a judgment of his capabilities. His execution is bold and energetic perhaps occasionally wanting in finish, but for the most part effective. His intonation is rarely at fault, and his tone though thin, is agreeable and stands out in good relief. His style is chaste, polished, and wholly devoid of exaggeration. He takes no liberties with the text of his author, moreover—which is a great point of recommendation. On the whole, though M. Steveniers is not a Sivori, he is a very excellent artist, and few will be dissatisfied with him in his post among the Beethoven quartettists. The quartet was generally well executed. The *adagio* gave M. Steveniers occasion to show that he is quite at home in the pathetic and expressive style, and many of his readings were highly poetical. In the finale too, his execution was often so neat, brilliant, and effective, as to elicit marks of special approval from the audience. In the other parts, Sainton, Hill, and Rousselot were all that could be desired, and the *ensemble* was generally most satisfactory. Some exquisite effects were produced in *pianissimo* passages, which did not pass unnoticed.

The next quartet performed was one which Beethoven wrote in 1808, seventeen years later in life—the C major, from the set dedicated to Prince Rasumowsky, op. 59. This contains the plaintive and mysterious movement in 6-8 measure, *Andante con moto quasi allegretto*, in A minor, and the magnificent fugued *Finale*, which rank among the most astonishing

inspirations of the great musician. We have so often commented upon the beauties of this quartet,* that it is unnecessary here to dwell upon them. Suffice it that it was composed when Beethoven's second style had attained its meridian, when he had entirely forgotten Mozart and Haydn, retaining only their peculiarities of form which he had developed to gigantic proportions. It is remarkable throughout for savage independence of rhythm and harmony, for phrases long-drawn out and protracted *ad infinitum*, for unexpected cadences and bold progressions, for pretty melodies cut short as they are born or twisted into singular proportions by the wayward and petulant fancy of the creator, for endless successions and repetitions of climaxes, and in short for all those peculiarities which in the Posthumous Quartets are carried to the very utmost verge of musical propriety, and sometimes (must it be said?) tumble into the chasin beyond. Nevertheless it is a magnificent work, the genius of Beethoven having been in its veriest prime at the epoch of its production. There are effects in it that of themselves are worth a whole quartet; the most wonderful example we can adduce being the startling interruption of the climax in the *coda* of the last movement, by a single note (A flat, if we recollect) played by the four instruments in unison, and the unexpected increase of power and fullness of effect almost orchestral that distinguishes the resumption of the *coda*, and continues augmenting and augmenting till the very last notes have been struck. The frenzy of genius is here exerted with a grandeur that almost terrifies.

We were much pleased with the execution of this wonderful quartet. No one plays the "Rasumowsky Quartets" with more fire and *abandon* than M. Sainton; and the C major suits the breadth and energy of his style better than any of them. He played very finely on Monday, execution and style walking hand in hand up as far towards the walls that human fallibility is destined always to meet in its march to perfection as it was well possible for human fallibility to accomplish. The value of M. Steveniers was doubly felt in this quartet. The manner in which he made every point of the second violin tell, without improper obtrusiveness on the unity of the whole effect, proved him an excellent musician as well as an excellent violinist. Mr. Hill, on the tenor, always invaluable, in the C major quartet comes out with giant force. Mark him in the florid passage of the trio, in the sentimental bits of the *Andante*, and in the numberless *traits de bravoure* of the *finale*; in each and all he is excellent—quick, steady, energetic, and effective. Rousselot has made these quartets an especial and laborious study. It is not then to be wondered at that he is acquainted with every bit of light and shade that is necessary for their appropriate interpretation, and that his pure and classical style is never so well employed as when in the act of giving them utterance.

The third and last performance of the evening was the E flat, No. 15, op. 127, the first of the quartets styled "Posthumous," composed in 1824 (sixteen years after the second, and thirty-three years after the first of those included in the programme), and dedicated by Beethoven to the Russian prince, Galitzin, who, though a zealous amateur, turned out after all but a scurvy patron. No music grows more upon you than these Posthumous Quartets. At first they seem wild, vague, rambling, and incoherent; then gleams of light appear to burst out here and there, giving us, as it were, glimpses of a paradise concealed; then full floods of glory, in the form of stately and transparent melodies, sinuous and long-drawn-out, eloquent and persuasive, winning by repeated appeals to the

* Performed at the Musical World Concert, July 8, 1846, by Sainton, Sivori, Hill, and Rousselot, of the Beethoven Quartet Society.

seat of passion in the heart; then harmonies that sparkle and shine, as rubies under the influence of the sun; then effects of gigantic contrast, like mighty mountains isolated on a limitless plain; then rushings of irresistible sound, like the roar of the mighty ocean, beating and bellowing with eternal excitement, or like the torrents of some huge and ever-tumbling cataract. These at first come out in fragments, seemingly unconnected; but gradually they appear to melt into one particular hue; a tone sleeps upon the whole, as the sun's light, more or less bright according to the period of the day, upon the bosom of the earth; the thought of the composer, the sentiment of his work, breaks out by degrees, like the first peepings of the morning, and finally the whole meaning flashes upon the brain, as the noon-day sun suddenly emerging from behind a cloud, or some tremendous truth but just discovered, which has been a truth from eternity, albeit humanity's imperfection has been blind to its manifestation. We have had our doubts and qualms about these quartets. We would fain have thought them perfect, because they were Beethoven's; but for many a long day our hearts were as stone to their impression. They melted not, nor touched us. Strong in our faith, however—our faith in Beethoven—we have undergone the ordeal of influences and impressions which we have faintly striven to explain, and day after day new lights break in upon us, and carry us further and further towards conviction.

The E flat quartet, performed on Monday night, is one of those most likely to make themselves ultimately understood. We never enjoyed a hearing of one of the "Posthumous" more. There is so much of dim grandeur in the *Maestoso*; of passion, broken on the wheel, in the *Allegro teneramente*; of tenderness and loving pathos in the *Adagio*; of capricious playfulness in its twin-sister that mixes with its being, the *Andante con moto*; of wild mystery in the *Scherzo*, and such a mingling of the whole of them in the *Finale*, that it is impossible to grapple with the varied intensity of our sensations in listening to it. It is a vagary—but the vagary of the poet, magnificently various, as the many-hued clouds that wait upon the sunset. The executive triumph of the evening was decidedly this quartet, to which each of the four players brought their whole amount of enthusiasm. It was indeed a fine performance. Though Sainton held the first violin, he was not first violin, for Steveniers played up to him so admirably that the effect was as of one first violin playing a double part. In such a performance station could not be taken into account; violins, tenor, violoncello were united into one loud instrument which gave utterance to the eloquent thoughts of the mighty dead—the poet who sleeps in the tomb, while his melodies, winged cherubs, fly over the face of the earth, and delight mankind with their beauty. The audience were enchanted, and rewarded the four executants with repeated bursts of applause and an enthusiastic greeting at the conclusion. M. Rousselot has thus begun the season of 1847, in spite of sinister events, most propitiously.

Among the company we observed Mr. and Mrs. Benedict, Miss Horsley, Mrs. Anderson, Miss Kate Loder, Miss Judine, (the charming young pianist and pupil of Moscheles, who delights in giving concerts of classical music, and in playing Beethoven's concertos with full orchestra,) Mr. Lindsay Sloper, Mr. Ferdinand Praeger, Mr. Hogarth, Signor Piatti, M. Lavigne, Mr. Robert Barnett, M. Bouché (the once celebrated violinist), M. Barret, Mr. Ella, M. Eugene Coulon, M. Jules de Gliemes, and many other distinguished artists and amateurs. The second meeting is fixed for Monday, the 22nd inst. We shall attend, and strongly recommend our readers

to follow our example. At all events no musician should absent himself from any of the meetings.

LOLA MONTEZ.

This celebrated *danseuse* has been lately cutting capers after her own peculiar fashion, in Munich. It appears that she is generally accompanied in her perambulations by a novel life-guardsmen, in the person of an outrageous semi-bull-dog, who does not always confine himself to acting on the defensive, but sometimes indulges in a small morceau of spontaneous warfare, purely, it might be supposed, to keep his tusks in practice. On one occasion the fair denizen of Terpsichore (as the *Morning Post* would say) was taking a forenoon promenade in Louis Street, attended by her strong-sided champion, and in passing close to a grape waggon,

"In England 'twould be dung, dust, or a dray,"

it seems that one of the horses stared somewhat impudently at the fair lady, at which Cerberus took umbrage, and without more ado flew at him, and fastened his teeth in his throat. The waggoner, indignant, rushed upon the dog, and struck him with his whip—which observing, with the speed of lightning, the irritated Lola rushed up on the waggoner, and fractured his proboscis with a blow of her *parapluie*. The cartman threw up his hands to feel his nose, and finding the damage greater than the pain, gave vent to volleys of imprecations through his fingers, and calling the citizens round him, denounced the damsel with the fatal bull-dog, and still more fatal umbrella. Lola endeavoured to make her escape, but for some time was hedged in by the crowd that had gathered at the call of the damaged waggoner, all of whom visited her with threats and oaths. Bethingking herself of her umbrella, and calling on Cerberus to lend a tooth, she made for that point where the surrounding enemy was weakest, and striking two lookers on in quick succession, she pushed her way through the affrighted remainder, and bolted into a druggist's shop, closing the door after her with so much violence that every pane was broken, and thus shut herself in from the vengeance of her pursuers. The druggist, though a staid man, was inclined to ladies and bull-dogs, so he vowed to protect Cerberus and Lola from the rage of the populace. By this time a crowd had gathered round the door, led on by the waggoner, protecting his ruptured frontispiece with the aid of a red cotton pocket-handkerchief; nor did they depart before they had demolished every pane of glass in the druggist's house, and swore to return and wreak their wrath after they had dined. Lola escaped through a back door, and arrived with Cerberus at her hotel, but the people found her out, and besieged her even on her own hearth. They threatened dissolution to the house, and were about to carry their resolves into execution, when the city guard appeared, dispersed the mob, and restored the dancer and the bull-dog to comparative security. The last accounts state that the guards still watch around the house. Lola is determined to leave the affair to arbitration, and then to leave the city. A surgeon and two waggoners will be appointed to adjudicate on the wholesale value of a nose, upon which Lola will refund the sum awarded, deducting a trifle as compensation for the loss of one of Cerberus's eyes, which fortunately was blind. The entire town is divided for and against the captivating and striking *danseuse*, but from all we can learn, we are inclined to think that the Noes will certainly have the worst of it.

MADAME BISHOP IN THE PROVINCES.

From a Correspondent.)

On Tuesday last, Madame Bishop made her bow in the Edinburgh Theatre, in *Sonnambula*. She received a most

flattering reception from a full and highly fashionable audience. The opera was listened to throughout with great attention; and it was evident that much was expected from the heroine of the evening. In the opening Cavatina, "Dearest Companions," Madame Bishop at once raised herself to the greatest height in the estimation of the audience; her most exquisite singing producing such an effect on her hearers, that they could not refrain from interrupting her with manifestations of delight. Every point of Madame Bishop's vocalizing, every artistic and delicate effect, was responded to by the house, that seemed fully to appreciate the talents and genius of the singer. A more critical audience could hardly be assembled within the walls of any theatre than there was at the Theatre Royal, on Tuesday evening. The artist could not have been done greater justice nor could she have received a greater amount of homage. To say the truth, an Edinburgh audience has seldom been roused to such a pitch of enthusiasm. Generally speaking, our audiences are not easily excited, but when they are excited their feelings know no bounds. Such was the case on Tuesday evening. Madame Bishop's splendid acting and magnificent singing awoke them from their natural apathy, and almost drove them wild. They were unprepared for so wonderful an exhibition of vocal and histrionic powers combined; and though they expected much, from Madame Bishop's great fame, yet the reality so far surpassed expectation as to produce amazement and surprise. The walls of the Edinburgh Theatre have not been assailed by such deafening clamour for many years as hailed them on Tuesday evening. Madame Bishop was twice rapturously encored in the *finale*—a compliment seldom, if ever, paid to a singer at the Edinburgh Theatre;—and when the fair vocalist came before the curtain to answer to the unanimous call of the house, the entire audience rose at her, as they were wont at Kean, and cheered her for several minutes. So much for enthusiasm for talent in Auld Reekie. Mr. Reeves performed Elvino decently; and Mr. P. Corri but indifferently. The opera was well got up. The *Sonnambula* was repeated on Wednesday, with increased effect and redoubled enthusiasm. As Madame Bishop's singing is heard oftener, it delights the more. Like some singers, she does not strike with all her powers at once, and leaves little or nothing to after-hearing. Her effects do not evaporate with a first performance; there is always something new to astonish and enrapture, and even when rapture and surprise are satisfied, there is always something new to learn. This is the divinest consummation of art, which only singers gifted like Madame Bishop can attain. To-night the *Maid of Artois* will be produced, of which you shall have due notice early next week.

THE AFFINITIES.

from the German of Göthe.

Continued from page 154.

PART II.—CHAPTER V.

Thus, in the social whirlpool did Luciana still keep urging on this bustling life. Her court daily increased, partly because her doings were exciting and attractive to a great number, and partly because she managed to gain others by her kindness and affability. Her liberality knew no bounds; and when so much that was valuable and beautiful poured in upon her, through the affection of her aunt and bridegroom, she seemed not to possess anything of her own, nor to know the value of the things, which they had heaped around her. Thus she did not hesitate a moment to take off a costly shawl and hang it round a lady, who seemed too meanly clad in comparison with the others, and she did this so archly and dexterously that it was impossible to refuse the gift. One of her court always had a purse, with the office of making enquiries in any place

they entered, concerning the sick and aged, and of relieving their wants at least for the moment. Thus in all the country round she acquired an excellent name, which nevertheless caused her much inconvenience, as it frequently incumbered her with idle paupers.

But nothing so much increased her fame as her remarkably kind and persevering conduct towards an unfortunate young man, who, being in other respects handsome and well made, avoided society, because he had lost his hand, though honourably in battle. This disfigurement excited in him so much melancholy;—it was for him such an annoyance that every new acquaintance had to be informed of his calamity—that he chose rather to shut himself up, to abandon himself to reading and other studies, and to have nothing more to do with society.

The existence of this young man did not remain concealed from Luciana. He was forced to come and join first a small party, then a larger one, then one larger still; she behaved to him more agreeably than to any other, and by her urgency in obliging him, contrived to give a certain value to his loss, as she showed herself so active in replacing it. At table he was forced to take his place by her and she cut his meat, that he might only have to use his fork. If persons who were older or of a higher rank prevented this proximity she extended her attention over the entire table, and the hurried servants had to compensate the young man for that of which distance threatened to deprive him. At last she exhorted him to write with his left hand, all his efforts were to be sent to her, and thus, near or far, she always stood in connection with him. The young man did not know what had befallen him, and from this moment he really began a new life.

Perhaps we may imagine that such conduct was displeasing to the bridegroom. The contrary was the case. He considered her endeavours highly meritorious, and was so much the more satisfied in this respect that he had learned to know the almost exaggerated qualities by which she contrived to remove from herself everything that appeared in the slightest degree critical. She wished to fly about with every one at her pleasure, every one was in danger of being pushed, pulled or otherwise teased by her, but no one could venture to do the like with her, to treat her as he pleased or to return a liberty which she herself took, in the slightest way; thus she held others in the strictest bounds of decorum towards herself. While towards others she seemed every moment to be overstepping them.

Altogether one might have thought that it was her fixed maxim to expose herself equally to praise and blame, to being liked and disliked; for if she sought to gain people in various ways, she generally spoiled all again with her wicked tongue, which spared nobody. Thus not a single visit was paid in the neighbourhood, nor were she and her party ever kindly received in the castles and residences without her showing on her return, in the most reckless manner, that she liked to regard all the relatives of humanity only on the ridiculous side. There were three brothers who were overtaken by old age, while complimenting each other as to who should be married first; there was a short young lady with a tall old man; there, on the contrary, was a little active man with an unwieldy giantess. In one house you stumbled over a child at every step; another never seemed full to her, even with the largest party, because no children were present. Old married people, she thought, ought to be buried as soon as possible, that somebody might laugh in the house, when no heirs had been given them. Young married people ought to travel, because a domestic life did not suit them. Just as she dealt with persons she dealt with things, with buildings, with house and table furniture. The decorations of walls, above all, elicited some comical remark. From the oldest tapestry to the most modern papering—from the most venerable family picture to the most trivial copper-plate—all was food for her jeering remarks, so that it was a wonder that for five miles round anything was still in existence.

In this negating tendency there was perhaps no malice, properly so called; she might have been generally impelled by a wanton self-will, but in her deportment towards Ottilia, there was real bitterness. She looked down with contempt on the calm, uninterrupted activity of this dear girl; and when it was remarked, in the course of conversation, what great care Ottilia took of the gardens and hot-houses, she not only made a jest of it, while, forgetful of

the depth of winter, she appeared to wonder that neither flowers nor fruit were to be seen, but she fetched so much verdure, so many branches, so much indeed of everything which was budding, and employed it for the daily decoration of the rooms and the table, that Ottilia and the gardener were not a little hurt at the destruction of their hopes for the ensuing year, and perhaps for a longer time.

Just as little did she allow Ottilia to follow in quiet her domestic routine, in which she ordinarily had moved so commodiously. Ottilia was to join all the parties of pleasure and wedding-expeditions; was to go to the balls given in the neighbourhood; was to shun neither snow, cold, nor strong night-winds, since so many others could bear them without dying. Ottilia suffered not a little on this account, but Luciana gained nothing; for although Ottilia was very simply clad, she always was, or at any rate seemed to be, the most beautiful in the eyes of the gentlemen. A soft attracting power assembled all the men around her, whether in the extended spaces she occupied the first or the last place. Even Luciana's bridegroom conversed often with her, the more so as he desired her advice and co-operation in an affair which occupied him.

He had become better acquainted with the architect, had, while over his collection of works of art, talked much with him on historical matters, and on other occasions, especially while looking over the chapel, had learned to appreciate his talent. The baron was young and rich; he made collections, and wished to build; his love for building was great, his knowledge of it was small; and he thought that in the architect he had found a man with whom he could carry out several of his views. He had communicated his intentions to his bride, who commended him, and was highly pleased with the proposal; more perhaps to detach the young man from Ottilia (for she thought she had observed in him something like an inclination) than because she thought of employing his talent for any purpose of his own. For, although he had been very active at her *extempore* festivals, and had offered many resources on many occasions, she always thought that she herself was the best judge. Moreover, as her inventions were generally of a common-place kind, the talent of a clever valet was just as serviceable to her as that of the most eminent artist. If she wished to pay any one a festal compliment on his birthday, or any other day of note, her imagination did not soar beyond a votive altar, or the coronation of a living or plaster head.

Ottilia was able to give the best information to the bridegroom, who had asked what was the architect's position with respect to the house. She knew that Charlotte had already been looking out a situation for him, since, if the company had not arrived, the young man would have retired immediately after the completion of the chapel, as there must necessarily be a pause in all building during the winter. Hence it would be very desirable for the clever artist to have the benefit of a new patron.

The personal connection of Ottilia with the architect was perfectly pure and dispassionate. The agreeable manners and the activity he had displayed in her presence, had amused her and pleased her like the vicinity of an elder brother. Her feeling towards him remained on the calm passionless surface of consanguinity, for in her heart there was no place left. It was completely filled with her love for Edward, and only the Deity, who penetrates everything, could share this heart with him.

The deeper the winter set in, the wilder the weather, the more impassable the roads, the greater appeared the attraction of spending the decreasing days in such good company. After a little ebbing, the house was gradually overflowed by a multitude. Officers from remote garrisons, of whom the more educated were very acceptable, the ruder very annoying to the party, were among the number, nor was there any lack of civilians, and one day the Count and Baroness arrived, completely unexpected.

Their presence seemed first to create a real court. The men of rank and social position surrounded the Count, while the ladies did full justice to the Baroness. People did not long wonder to see them both together and so cheerful, for they learned that the Count's wife had died, and that a new union would take place as soon as *etiquette* permitted. Ottilia remembered their first visit—every word which had then been uttered about marriage and separation, union and division, hope, expectation, self-denial and resignation. Both persons, then completely without prospects,

now stood before her, close to the promised happiness, and an involuntary sigh escaped from her heart.

Luciana had scarcely heard that the Count was an amateur of music, than she managed to get up a concert, at which she wished to sing with a guitar-accompaniment. Her wish was fulfilled: she played on the instrument with some talent, and had a pleasing voice. As for the words, they were as little understood as when any other German beauties sing to the guitar. However all assured her that she sang with great expression, and she could well be contented with the applause she had received. Only a strange mischance befel her on this occasion. There was among the party a young poet, whom she particularly hoped to oblige, as she wished to have some songs by him addressed to herself, and hence she chiefly sung his songs on this particular evening. He, like all the rest, was polite, but she had expected more. She had sometimes pressed him, but could get nothing further out of him, until at last, in a fit of impatience, she sent one of her retinue to sound him, as to whether he was not delighted to hear his excellent poems so excellently sung. "My poems?" said he, with astonishment; then he added, "Excuse me, sir, I have heard nothing but vowels, and not even all of these. However it is my duty to show my gratitude for such a kind intention." The courtier was silent, while the other tried to get out of the affair with some well-sounding compliments. Luciana gave the poet to understand, in no obscure manner, that she expected something written expressly for her. If it would not have been too hard, he could have placed before her the alphabet to pick out at pleasure a poetical panegyric to any melody that might be at hand. Nevertheless, she could not get out of this affair without being wounded in her feelings; for she learned shortly afterwards that the poet had on that very evening written to a favorite melody of Ottilia's a charming poem, the tone of which was more than complimentary.

Luciana, like all persons of her kind, who constantly mingle together what is advantageous for them, and what is injurious, now wished to try her luck in recitation. Her memory was good, but her style of delivery—to speak the truth—was mindless, and vehement without being impassioned. She recited ballads, narratives, and other pieces of the kind usually employed for declamation, and had contracted an unfortunate habit of accompanying her words with gestures. Thus the properly lyric and epic were unpleasantly jumbled rather than connected with the dramatic.

The Count, who was an acute man, and, therefore, soon took a survey of the company, with their inclinations, passions, and amusements, induced Luciana—happily or otherwise—to try a new style of performance, which was very suitable to her person. "I find," he said, "many well-made people here, who assuredly must be able to imitate picturesque movements and attitudes. Should they not try to represent real well-known pictures? Such an imitation, if it requires much trouble in the arrangement, produces an incredibly charming effect."

Luciana quickly perceived that here she would be quite at home. Her fine stature, her tall figure, her face regular but expressive, her plaited light-brown hair, her slender neck,—all seemed made on purpose for a picture; and if she had known that she looked more beautiful when standing still than when in motion—since in the latter case a certain want of grace often marred the general effect—she would certainly have given herself up more zealously to this natural sort of painting.

They looked for prints from celebrated pictures, and first chose the "Belisarius," after Vandyck. A tall well-made man of a certain age was to represent the sitting figure of the blind general, the architect was to imitate the warrior standing before him in mournful sympathy, whom he really somewhat resembled. Luciana had half-modestly chosen for herself the young woman in the back ground, who is counting out a liberal donation from a purse into the palm of her hand, while an old woman seems to be dissuading her, and demonstrating that she is doing too much. Another lady, in the very act of giving alms to Belisarius, was not forgotten.

On this and other pictures they set to work right earnestly. The Count gave some hints to the architect who forthwith constructed a theatre for the purpose, and took the necessary precautions for lighting. It was not until they had plunged deep into their preliminary arrangement that they perceived their project required a considerable outlay, and that many requisites were not to be obtained

in a country place in the middle of the winter. That nothing might interrupt the amusement, Luciana cut up nearly the whole of her wardrobe to make the different costumes, which the artists, arbitrarily enough, had represented.

The evening arrived and the performance took place in presence of a numerous assembly, and with great applause. Music of a significant character served to raise the expectations. The "Belisarius" was done first. The forms were so suitable, the colours were so happily distributed and the lighting was so artistically managed, that one really supposed one's self transported into another world. Still the presence of the real, instead of the merely seeming, produced a kind of painful sensation.

The curtain fell and was raised again more than once in compliance with the general desire. A musical *intermezzo* then amused the company, who were to be astonished by a picture of a higher kind. This was Poussin's well-known "Ahasuerus and Esther." This time Luciana had provided better for herself; as the fainting queen she displayed all her charms, and for the girls who supported her she had prudently chosen mere pretty well-made figures, none of which could in every degree compete with her own. Ottilia remained excluded from this picture, as from the rest; to represent the Jupiter-like king on his golden throne, Luciana had selected the handsomest and most robust men of the party, so that a really incomparable degree of perfection was obtained.

As a third subject, they had selected the so-called "Paternal Admonition," by Terburg; and who is unacquainted with the fine copper-plate by our Wille from this picture? A noble knightly father is sitting, with one foot crossed over the other, and seems to be appealing to the conscience of his daughter, who is standing before him. She is a majestic person, dressed in white satin, rich in folds, who, though only seen from behind, seems to indicate, by her whole appearance, that she is collecting herself. However, we see by the mien and gesture of the father, that the admonition is not very vehement and overpowering, while as for the mother, she seems to be concealing a slight degree of confusion, by looking into a glass of wine, which she is in the act of drinking.

This was an opportunity for Luciana to appear in her greatest brilliancy. Her tresses, the form of her head, the back of her neck, were beautiful beyond measure, and her waist, which was exceedingly slender, and but little shown off by the modern-antique dress worn by ladies,* was displayed most advantageously in the older costume. Moreover, the architect had taken care to adjust the rich folds of the white satin with the most artificial nature, so that this living imitation was, without question, far superior to the original picture, and occasioned universal delight. There was no end to the demands for repetition, and the natural wish to see the face of a lovely being whose back they had looked upon so long, gained so much in strength, that one impatient wag cried out the words, often written at the end of a page, "Tournez s'il vous plait," and met the approval of all. However, the performers knew their advantage too well, and had too deeply felt the meaning of these works of art to comply with this general demand. The apparently modest daughter stood quietly, without vouchsafing to the spectators the expression of her countenance, the father remained sitting in his admonitory position, and the mother did not move her eyes or nose from the transparent glass, in which, though she appeared to drink, the wine did not diminish. We need not say much of the little after-pieces, for which Dutch scenes of inns and fairs had been selected.

The Count and the Baroness took their departure, promising to return during the first happy weeks of their approaching union; and Charlotte at last hoped, after painfully toiling through two months, that she would soon be freed from the rest of the company. She was certain that her daughter would be happy when the first tumult of marriage and youth had subsided, for the bridegroom considered himself the happiest man in the world. Having a great fortune and a modest disposition, he seemed wonderfully flattered by the privilege of possessing a lady who must please everybody. He had such a peculiar way of referring everything to her, and only through her to himself that it produced an unpleasant sensation if a new comer did not at once direct all his attention to her, and sought to come into closer connection with himself, without troubling

himself particularly about her, as indeed was often the case, especially with older people, on account of his own good qualities. With the architect matters were soon settled. In the new year he was to follow the bridegroom, and spend the carnival with him in the city, where Luciana anticipated the greatest delight from the repetition of such beautifully contrived *tableaux*, and from a hundred things besides, especially as her aunt and bridegroom seemed to regard as trifling every expense that was required for her amusement.

A general departure was then to take place, but this could not take place in an ordinary manner. Some tolerably loud jests were uttered that Charlotte's winter-provisions would soon be consumed, when the gentleman, who had represented Belisarius, and was indeed sufficiently rich, being carried away by the attractions of Luciana, to whom he had paid homage for so long a time, cried, "Then let it be in the Polish fashion. Come and consume me, and thus let it go round!" No sooner said than done. Luciana consented. The following day everything was packed up, and the whole multitude moved off into another residence. Here there was room enough, but less convenience and management. Hence arose much that was unsuitable, and this first made Luciana truly happy. The mode of life became more and more wild and disorderly. *Battues* in the deepest snow, and other incommodious sports of all sorts were contrived. Ladies could no more exclude themselves than gentlemen, and thus they went on, hunting and riding, sledging and rioting, from one estate to another, till they at last approached the capital. Here the intelligence how people amused themselves at court and in the city gave another turn to the imagination, and drew Luciana and her train into another sphere of life. Her aunt had gone before her.

FROM OTTILIA'S DIARY.

In the world we take every one to be that which he represents himself to be—but he must represent something. We bear the annoying better than the insignificant.

We can force everything upon society, excepting that which has a consequence.

We do not learn to know people when they come to us. To learn their real peculiarities we must go to them.

I feel it almost natural that we find a great deal of fault with our visitors, and that, as soon as they are gone, we do not judge them in the most amiable manner, for we have—so to speak—a right to measure them by our own standard. Even intelligent and charitable men scarcely abstain, in such cases, from a severe censure.

If, on the contrary, we have been with others, and have seen them in their ordinary circumstances and habits, and the situation which is inevitably imposed upon them—have seen how they act in their own sphere or adopt themselves to events—it is malice and a want of understanding to find that ridiculous which for more than one reason we ought to respect.

By what we call conduct and good manners, that should be attained which otherwise is only to be attained by force or perhaps not even by force.

Intercourse with ladies is the element of good manners.

How can the character and peculiarities or the individual co-exist with the rules of social life?

Peculiarities should first be properly brought out by social life. Every one desires what is important, only it must not be obtrusive.

A military man of education has the greatest advantages, both in life and in society.

Rough military men do not at any rate depart from their character, and as there is generally something of good humour concealed behind their strength, they are quite manageable in case of need.

No one is more intolerable than a clumsy civilian. We have a right to require refinement from him, as he has not to employ himself in any rough occupation.

When we live with persons who have a fine feeling for what is proper, we feel an uneasiness on their account if anything improper occurs. Thus I always feel for Charlotte, if any one shakes his chair, because she has a mortal dislike to the practice.

No one would join a familiar party with spectacles on his nose if he knew that we ladies at once lost the pleasure of looking at him, and conversing with him.

Familiarity, in the place of respect, is always ridiculous. No one

* The romance was written in the days of the "short waists."—TRANSLATOR.

would take off his hat immediately he had paid a compliment, if he knew how comical it looked.

There is no outward mark of politeness that may not have a deep social cause. A right education would teach the sign and the cause together.

Conduct is a mirror in which every one shows his image.

There is a certain politeness of the heart which is akin to love, and from which springs the most agreeable politeness of external conduct.

Voluntary independence is the finest situation, and how would that be possible without love?

We are never farther from our wishes than when we fancy we possess the object of our desires.

No one is more a slave than he who considers himself free without actually being so.

A person need only declare himself free, and that moment he feels to be confined. If he ventures to declare himself confined, he feels himself free.

Against the great superiority of another there is no resource but love.

There is something frightful about a superior man who is made much of by stupid persons.

They say no one is a hero to his *valet-de-chambre*. The reason is, that a hero can be appreciated by heroes only. The *valet* will probably know how to estimate those of his own class.

There is no greater consolation for mediocrity than the fact that genius is not immortal.

The greatest men are always attached to their age by a weakness.

Persons are usually thought more dangerous than they really are. Fools and clever people are alike harmless. Only the half-fools and half-wise are very dangerous.

Art is the surest way of receding from the world, and the surest way of connecting one's self with it.

Even in the moment of the highest felicity and the highest need we require the artist.

Art busies itself with the difficult and the good.

Seeing the difficulty easily managed, gives us an intuition of the impossible.

Difficulties increase the nearer we approach the goal.

Sowing is not so troublesome as reaping.

(To be continued.)

* To prevent misunderstanding, it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

SONNET.

NO. XXV.

THOUGH oft I tell thee of my love, I fear
Thou think'st that of my passion much I feign,
And seek in wantonness thy heart in pain,
While my own heart is from all anguish clear.
Perchance thou think'st I like to see thee near,
And smile on thee, and bid thee smile again,
To fill a moment with amusement vain,
And that some other might be quite as dear.
Dost thou think this? My life, it is not so;
Thou art mine all—to thee I wildly cling,
As he that's drowning grasps the neighbouring tree.
The passing signs of sorrow which I show
But faintly indicate my suffering.
Oh, I implore, doubt not my love for thee.

N. D.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE Hargreaves Choral Society gave a dress Concert (the fourth of the sixth series) in the Free Trade Hall, Peter-street, on Thursday evening, the 25th ult. The programme, a curiosity in its way, wholly composed of glees and choruses, and wholly sustained by local artists, merits citation.

PART I.—Overture ("Oberon," Weber. Chorus Glee with an orchestral accompaniment. "Give me the harp," Sir J. Stevenson. Solo, Messrs. Walton and J. W. Isherwood. Chorus (Soprano) "Charity," Rossini. Solo, Mrs. John Wood. Chorus Glee with orchestral accompaniments "Shades of the heroes," T. Cooke. Solo, Mr. J. W. Isherwood. Nocturne, violin, Mr. C. A. Seymour, Panofka. Chorus, "Bright sword of liberty," Weber. Round, "Yes, 'tis the Indian

drum," Fernando Cortes, Sir H. R. Bishop. German Glee, "The two Roses," Werner. Chorus, "Tremble, tremble, Don Giovanni, Mozart.

PART II.—Overture, "Zampa," Herold. Chorus, "The Storm Scene," Virgin of the Sun, Sir H. R. Bishop. Solo, Mrs. John Wood, Mrs. Winterbottom, Mr. Walton, and Mr. J. W. Isherwood. Chorus Soprano, "Come away with willing feet," Martyr of Antioch, Cudmore. Chorus Glee, "Strike the lyre," T. Cooke. Chorus, "The tiger couches," The Maniac, Sir H. R. Bishop. Madrigal, "Lady, when I behold," (A.D. 1859), Wilbye. Glee, "Foresters, sound the cheerful horn," Sir H. R. Bishop. March and Chorus, "Crown ye the alters," Ruins of Athens, Beethoven. Chorus, "Fill high the generous measures," Robert le Diable, Meyerbeer. Chorus, "The Chough and Crow," Guy Mannering, Sir H. R. Bishop. Solo, Mrs. John Wood, Miss Parry, and Mr. J. W. Isherwood. Leader, Mr. C. A. Seymour. Conductor, Mr. John Waddington.

The above is the remarkable scheme alluded to last week—a daring innovation on all established modes of giving concerts—consisting of no less than sixteen choruses in succession, and almost without intermission! The avowed object of the directors, in thus relying on the unaided strength of their excellent choir, was to reserve the funds, which the engagement of principal singers would have expended, in order to give the Elijah with so much the greater effect in April next; the object is doubtless a good one—but we doubt whether it will be found to have been good policy. The Free Trade Hall was at the commencement thin, and at no period of the evening was near so full as at any of the former concerts this season. We noticed a number of new faces too, and a goodly sprinkling of juveniles—evident proofs that many of the members had given away their tickets, instead of attending themselves; an ominous warning that the great body of subscribers to the Hargreaves Society were not satisfied with the bill of fare provided for them. Weber's "Oberon" was given in first rate style; the horns, which so often mar this overture in the provinces, were perfection. Sir John Stevenson's chorus made an excellent opening to the vocal business. Mr. Walton and Mr. James Isherwood, two of our resident vocalists, acquitting themselves very well in the solo parts, the whole being more effectively given, than we ever before heard it, by reason of the great number of the voices, and the addition of the full orchestral accompaniments. Rossini's treble chorus "Carita," was charmingly warbled by our Lancaster witches, and was loudly applauded. Cooke's glee, "shades of the heroes," was done in such a manner, as it would have delighted him to hear, it is a glee right well known in Manchester, and a favourite too: but all present were astonished to hear it given with such precision, such variety of light and shade, by so numerous a choir; the effect too of the band's accompaniment was even greater in this, than in Sir John Stevenson's glee. Mr. James Isherwood deserves favourable mention for his merited delivery of the solo, and the choir unbounded praise. The forte at "Raise ye hundred bards," with full band and chorus, had a thrilling effect. Mr. Seymour the leader of the band, then gave Panofka's nocturne on the violin, in a finished and masterly manner—although he does not produce the tone of some of the more celebrated solo violinists, he makes his instrument to sing as it were, and his execution is always remarkably neat and clear—he was much applauded. The next piece which calls for remark is Sir H. R. Bishop's round, who has heard much of our Manchester vocalists, and knows what they can do; but I dare say he never dreamt of their ever attempting to sing his beautiful round as a chorus, some twenty voices or so, each of the four parts! All praise to the Hargreaves Choir! they accomplished it admirably, and we were delighted with our old favourite in its dress. Werner's glee although very pretty and nicely sung, (still chorus all through) did not so well merit the encore it received as Bishop's round. The finale to Don Giovanni, wound up the first part with some capital stuff for both band and choir, and it went admirably. The second part of the concert did not go off so well, thus showing that the ear begins to tire of such a long succession of choruses, unrelieved by a single song, and that the singers tire also. Mrs. John Wood was very ineffective in the solo of the "Storm Scene," yet how well she gave the solo in "Charity." The trebles were less efficient in the soprano chorus, from the Martyr of Antioch, than we have heard them for a long time. Tom Cooke's second glee, had equal justice done to it with "Shades of the Heroes," it was most beautifully sung—not so the Madrigal, which was all but a break down. Mr. Edward's horn was again heard to advantage, in the accompaniment to the hacknied chorus of "Foresters sound the cheerful horn," which went very smoothly. Beethoven's, March and Chorus, "Crown ye the alters," would have made a noble finish to the concert, as it is a glorious composition, and was splendidly given; but no, we must have two more choruses, "Fill high the generous measure," from Robert le Diable, and Bishop's so very much hacknied, "Chough and Crow." It really is not doing justice to the Hargreaves Choir, or the indefatigable conductor, Mr. John Waddington, to crowd so many choruses into one evening's performance, to say nothing of the extra labour and diligence required in getting them up; they would have told as well again if, say one half the number had been given, and those interspersed with a due mixture of songs, duets, &c. We wish to see this society ascend to none in the provinces: hence these remarks. An experiment has

been tried in this concert, which we think would be hazardous to the well being of the society to repeat. The Hargreaves Society has a character at stake now that will not admit of common place or second rate concerts, and we trust that in future it will not be necessary to pinch any one concert for the sake of another—but that the entire six each season be made as attractive as possible. This is the only way in which a large number of subscribers can be obtained; and, without means, the society falls to the ground. We trust that "Elijah," may be done, as it is hoped to be, in April—and that we may have Miss Bircó, Staudigl, and Mendelssohn on that occasion, when no doubt great eclat will be given to the Hargreave's Choral Society. Jullien had the Free Trade Hall, fuller than ever, on Wednesday last, it is said above four thousand persons were present. He is coming again in April with *Pischek*.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE past week has been signalised by the return of Madame Castellan and the debut of a new tenor, the most renowned of the actual talents of Italy,—Signor Fraschini.

Never, perhaps, did the value of competition receive a more striking illustration in the history of operatic doings, than at the present moment. All the world considered Mr. Lumley's star to have set; and even his friends despaired of its ever appearing again on the horizon. But circumstances lashed his energies into exertion; and throwing off a supineness that had grown upon him in the days of prosperity, he displayed qualities of enterprise and daring, for which few would, in the old time, have given him credit. "Where," was the question, "will Mr. Lumley get his tenors?" Mario and Salvi were secured elsewhere; but their substitutes, Gardoni and Fraschini, have been tested, and are found worthy. "Where," was again the question, "will Mr. Lumley find his barytones?" Tamburini and Ronconi were secured elsewhere; but in their stead we have Coletti and Superchi, who have equally undergone the ordeal of public judgment, and are pronounced worthy of public approval. The name of Lablache stopped the mouth of conjecture, when it opened to prate of basses; and as if that were not enough, there comes a Signor Bouché, from over the water, who, in one night's performance, wins himself a station and a name. The departments of *soprani* and *contralti* were less easy to fill up; but, if we are not greatly mistaken, the course of next month will unfold a no less satisfactory solution of that perplexing question. Two little words, displayed in large Roman characters, at the head of the Opera bills, will suffice, for a time at least, to draw the world within its walls. And if the spell those words contain prove not to be damnable sorcery and witchcraft, their influence must, perforce, endure; and thus, a season, begun in the darkness of despair, will end in the sunlight of exultation. Much, very much, depends not only upon the appearance of those two little words on the posters of Her Majesty's Theatre, but on their turning out to be worthy of the halo of glory that has shone around them through the haze of continental rumour. JENNY LIND is the spell that must charm the tide of popular favor, and cause its waves to beat upon the shores of Mr. Lumley's territory. Meanwhile, we have the graceful and feminine Castellan, who will help the improving Sanchioli to sustain the ancient and time-honored Opera-house in its battle against the armies of an adverse power.

On Tuesday night, Donizetti's pleasing opera of *Lucia di Lammermoor* was given, with a caste that excited a very unanimous and accountable curiosity. The story and the music are both so well known to our readers that we are saved the necessity of commenting upon either. The characters were thus supported:—*Lucia*, by Madame Castellan—*Edgardo*, by Signor Fraschini—*Enrico*, by Signor Coletti—*Bidebent*, Arturo and *Normando*, respectively by Signori Solari, Dai Fiori, and

Guidi. Let us begin at the end, and dismissing the subordinates with a word, proceed to discuss the merits of the principals. Of the representatives of Arturo and Normando, then, we have nothing to say at all; but the character of Bidebent, being one of some consequence, we should wish to have seen in more efficient hands. Where was Frederick Lablache, an artist ever welcome to the public for his own sake, no less than for that of the name he bears, and one in every respect more competent to sing and act the part than the gentleman to whose care it was entrusted? The public have a right to put this question, and, as the public's representative, we put it for the public. Where, then, was Frederick Lablache, who on such an occasion should have been called upon to complete the strength of the caste, and ensure the well-going of much that is important in the agreeable music of Donizetti? We feel assured that the management will not answer the query, and therefore put it twice, as a sign that it is unanswerable.

But to something more agreeable. Madame Castellan has returned to us with her wonted charms of person and manner, her delicious freshness and wonderful compass of voice, her facility in the use of florid ornament and rapid utterance of notes—in short, with all the characteristics that have gained her distinction, and these strengthened and improved by the beneficial influence of a long (perhaps too long) repose. Her impersonation of the beautiful character of Lucia is marked by many very high excellencies, accompanied by some, not very striking defects. Nothing can be more prepossessing than her first two acts. The pensive heroine of Scott, with an enthusiastic temperament concealed under the covering of a gentle and innocent bearing, like water that is the deeper from its stillness, was before us, with all the interest that belongs to our recollections of one of the most pathetic of romances. Her first duet was charmingly given. In the *finale* to the second act there was the same womanly grace, but a want of intensity, which is the principal drawback to Madame Castellan's becoming an artist of the first rank. In the third act, the mad scene, one of the triumphs of Persiani, in her hands was deficient in reality; as a dramatic effort, indeed, it is beyond her power. But her singing was very artistic, and her execution of *fioriture* and passages of energy was, in many instances, astonishing. She was warmly greeted on her *entrée*, liberally applauded throughout the opera, and recalled upon the stage several times. That Madame Castellan is a very great favourite with the public is indisputable; and it is equally certain that she is an accomplished artist and deserving of her popularity.

Signor Coletti, in Enrico, displayed the faults and beauties we have already recorded of his talent. His voice and style, though the one is superb and the other agreeable, are both somewhat monotonous. The former produces much the effect of a fine organ-pipe, being equally resonant and magnificent, and equally incapable of gradations of tone; the latter fatigues by its want of variety. We have, moreover, to reproach Signor Coletti for dragging certain passages in the second *finale*, so much so as to spoil the connection and damage the effect of the music. Mr. Balfe should put his veto upon this. In other respects we can praise Signor Coletti without difficulty. He is evidently a good musician, and his value in the concerted music is inestimable. His airs are always effective, for, though he lacks energy and colour in his acting, he has a large amount of impulsive expression in his singing. Moreover—and this after all must weigh heavily in the scale—take him for all in all, balancing his merits and his defects, it would be difficult to match him at the present moment, were Mr. Lumley to scour the whole of Italy for another.

In regard to Signor Fraschini we must speak more at length. First, it may not be out of place to give a sketch of his personal history, for which we are indebted to the *Morning Post* :—

"Signor Fraschini was born at Padua, and was destined to become a member of the medical faculty. He had already undergone several years' study at the celebrated university of this city, when a *maestro* of the name of Moretti, having heard him hum tunes as he walked with him on the promenade, was so struck by his taste, that he induced him to adopt the musical profession. He began his career as a singer, in the cathedral of Padua, and in 1839, made his *debut* at Bergamo, in the small part of *Roderigo*. At that time the *prima donna*, who performed the part of *Desdemona*, was Mademoiselle Castellan. In 1840 he appeared for the first time at La Scala, in *Marino Faliero*. He has sung since, at various theatres in Italy. Pacini composed for him *Sappho*, *La Fidanzata Corsa*, *Orazi e Curiaci*; Verdi *Alzira*, and Mercadante *Il Proscritto*. The *San Carlos* has been his chief head-quarters lately. He has also performed with success at Vienna."

One thing is certain, that Signor Fraschini, at the present moment, enjoys the highest reputation of all the Italian singers, and before discussing his merits it is but just to acknowledge the liberality and enterprize of Mr. Lumley in engaging him. It was incumbent on the director of Her Majesty's Theatre to give his patrons and subscribers the opportunity of hearing this great Italian artist; but managers are not always ready to do what is incumbent on them, and in the present case Mr. Lumley might decently have excused himself from entering into the present engagement since he had already secured the services of a celebrated tenor, whose abilities the public had acknowledged and applauded as first-rate. We allude, of course, to Signor Gardoni. Mr. Lumley has, therefore, accomplished more than was required of him; and in treating with Signor Fraschini for the present season, has voluntarily incurred an addition to the current expenses of his establishment to the tune of something like £4000. The *Morning Chronicle* itself would hardly, we imagine, refuse this acknowledgment to Mr. Lumley's spirit and determination to support the dignity of his theatre "under circumstances of peculiar difficulty." Signor Fraschini is a singer of the Duprez school. His voice is a *tenore robusto* of immense power in the higher range, of great flexibility, and of good quality throughout. He sings entirely from the chest, and can produce the higher notes, up even to B flat, with prodigious facility. His voice is evidently under his entire control. There is never the least appearance of effort in what he does, and his passages of energy are delivered with astonishing effect. He has a straightforward manly style, occasionally disfigured by exaggeration, but generally unaffected and pure. His intonation is seldom at fault. He phrases well, enunciates his words with great distinctness, and never slackens his energies in the concerted pieces, a quality in which your great tenors are too often wanting. These are his beauties. His defects may be recorded in fewer words. His execution is unfinished; a group of notes seems to trouble him sadly, and his endeavours at ornament, rare we admit, are nearly always abortive. His lower and middle notes are less powerful than the higher; indeed, the tone seems to increase as the scale ascends, no notes in his voice being more effective than the F, G, A, and B, flat. Of his command of these he gives a remarkable exemplification in the *finale* to the second act, at the instant of the malediction. As an actor, Signor Fraschini has many good points; a kind of rough manliness that serves his turn admirably in passages where passion and energy are acquired is the predominant characteristic of his talent. He acts (as he sings) much better in violent than in tender situations. His gestures are somewhat angular, and his *poses* partake largely of the melo-

dramatic extravagance which seems to be inseparable from the Italian dramatic school. Nothing, for example, could be more grotesque than his manner of saluting the audience, in answer to the demonstrations of approval with which he was so prodigally honoured. His attitudes were for all the world like those of Crispin, in the old French comedies. It would serve no purpose to follow Signor Fraschini through the opera. Suffice it, though the first duet (with Castellan) produced very little impression, the audience seemed to grow into a liking of the singer, as the opera proceeded and the greetings, at first cold and chary, gradually swelled into enthusiasm, and ultimately burst forth like the lava from Mount Etna, at the famous passage of "the curse," which induced the Swan of Pesaro, in one of his waggish moods, to christen him the "*tenore della maledizione*." He was encored in this, which he delivered with amazing force, and repeated it with redoubled vigour. We must avow, *en passant*, that we prefer the mode in which the incomparable Rachel *breathes* the curse, in *Les Horaces*; a withering malediction which would astound Niagara into silence. The natural effect of such a dramatic passage gains little or nothing from vociferation. Nevertheless, Signor Fraschini's curse has its peculiar effect upon the audience; and this is likely to endure, in despite of the scoffs and jests so liberally administered by the *Morning Chronicle* Boreas, who would fain blow the whole establishment, vocal and instrumental, of Her Majesty's Theatre off its legs. In the dying scene, Signor Fraschini fell far short of the vocal excellence of Rubini, and of the truthful pathos of Mario; but his simple unaffected reading was superior to the rapid hysterics of Moriani. On the whole, we are bound to say that the new tenor in no degree belies his reputation. Let Italian enthusiasm, be taken at its proper value, and Signor Fraschini may be said to have fulfilled the expectations entertained of him. His reception was highly flattering, and the applause was genuine. He was once or twice encored, and recalled more than once or twice upon the stage.

That fewer rehearsals had been accorded to *Lucia* than to *La Favorita* was evident from the exertions of the band and chorus, which albeit, often effective and in many places admirable, were now and then so much at fault, that but for the readiness and experience of their accomplished conductor, Mr. Balfe, they must have been at a stand still. On this point we would, with submission, remonstrate with Mr. Lumley and his excellent *chef d'orchestre*. After such a display of power and accuracy as was evinced on the first performance of *La Favorita*, amateurs and judges will be content with nothing less than that gradual and unfailing progress towards perfection which the means of the establishment, carefully fostered, cannot fail of attaining. We will give Balfe another season, after the present, to become as good as Mr. Costa, or anybody else you please. It must not be forgotten that there is a mighty difference of position between two conductors, one of whom has had a band many years under his control, while the other is saddled with a heterogeneous army of instrumentalists, gathered from east, west, north, and south, unused to each other, unused to the method of the director, and unused to orchestral playing altogether. This represents precisely the relative positions of Mr. Balfe, and Mr. Costa. How much then does it redound to the credit of the former, that, with scarcely a month's experience, he has already advanced so far on the road to perfection. There are points in Mr. Balfe's orchestra that cannot be too much commended; and none of them is more worthy of note than the precision and unanimity with which the reci-

tatives (the most fidgety part of a modern Italian opera) are accompanied. Much of this no doubt is to be traced to Mr. Balfe's being himself an admirable musician, and one thoroughly acquainted with all the exigencies of recitative; but great credit, nevertheless, is due to his men for the care and attention with which they follow his directions. We shall wait for some improvements that are hinted at in one or two departments of the orchestra, and we shall then see what the spirited director can effect, backed by his new reinforcements. The wood and brass instruments want mending in several particulars; the violins want weeding and strengthening; the tenors, violoncellos, and basses want (strong as are the two latter departments) still further strength; and, to conclude, the "kitchen furniture," as musicians expressively term the noisier instruments of brass, steel, and sheepskin, wants subduing. But all this, we are sure, will in due time be effected.

After the opera, the picturesque ballet of *Coralia* was repeated, the graceful and finished Rosati dividing the enthusiasm of the audience with the naïve and fascinating Marie Taglioni. A word in praise of Madlle. Petit Stephan's charming pantomime and artistic dancing, in the part of Bertha, hitherto unthinkingly overlooked, must stand here as an acknowledgment of her excellence, and a reparation for a slight by no means intended. The house was exceedingly full.

On Thursday we had a variety of performances, in the usual manner of the off-subscription nights. Though we do not sympathise with the form of these Thursday-entertainments, we cannot deny that they offer an immense attraction to casual visitors of the theatre, especially those who come from the provinces, and who can only set aside a day or two to see and hear the "lions" of the metropolis. On this occasion the performances commenced with *Lucia*, which was given entire, Castellan and Fraschini singing much better than before, and the band and chorus evincing a much closer acquaintance with the score. The opera went off with acclamations, and the principal vocalists were repeatedly applauded, encored, and recalled before the curtain. After the opera, a *divertissement*, composed by M. Paul Taglioni, under the title *La Slavonienne*, was very cleverly executed by Madlle. Rosati and the author. This is a *pas de caractère*, but there is very little remarkable in it, or in the music to which Signor Pugnî has set it, and an attempt to encore it was successfully opposed. We have seen a much better dance of the kind (and better executed too) by Madlle. Cerito and M. St. Leon. A selection from *La Favorita* came next in order. In this was included the two tenor airs from the first and third acts, which Signor Gardoni sang in such a finished and elegant manner as to elicit an encore for both. As yet it must not be concealed that this admirable tenor is the great card of Mr. Lumley's new exportations. His voice is beautiful and powerful enough in all conscience, and his talent is of that artistic and attractive kind that appeals with equal eloquence to musicians and to the laity. Signor Bouché also took part in these fragments from Donizetti's great work. He sang the fine duet from the first act with Signor Gardoni, and acquitted himself well, although here and there his intonation was uncertain, the result, we are induced to believe, of a nervousness which the clever and pains-taking artist has failed hitherto to overcome. At the fall of the curtain Signor Gardoni was recalled and rewarded with fresh manifestations of public approval. The performances concluded with *Coralia*, in which Rosati and Marie Taglioni were once more applauded, encored and otherwise complimented. The talent of these charming *danseuses* is of that varied and refined order that their efforts never tire,

and the oftener they are seen, the more they are admired. The house was crowded in every part.

Ere concluding, we may mention that the *Sonnambula* will be performed on Thursday, with Gardoni in Elvino, and Castellan in Amina. Carlotta Grisi, the peerless, the incomparable enchantress of the dance, has returned to Paris laden with new laurels won in the city of the Cæsars. After appearing for a few nights in a new ballet that is preparing for her (*La Taitienne*, the music by Adolphe Adam,) she will, we expect, come to England and once again our eyes will be intoxicated with a sight of the ethereal Giselle, the innocent and lovely Esmeralda. Among the opera *on dits* we may mention a rumour that Balfe's opera of *Falstaff* will be revived when Lablache arrives. The management could scarcely adopt a step more likely to turn out profitable. *Falstaff* is one of the most attractive works of its prolific composer, whose popularity is increasing every day, and whose talents and zeal have at length succeeded in vanquishing all the prejudices and sophistry that were clamorous at the first announcement of his engagement as director of the band at Her Majesty's Theatre. We are mistaken in Mr. Lumley if, by this time, he is not thoroughly convinced of the value and ability of his new conductor, successor to the admirable Costa, though he be.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANKFORT.—(From the *Frankfort Observer*, Sunday Feb. 21.)—The concert of Mr. Aguilar always presents a rich assortment of interesting things, and this artist knows well how to unite the varieties of which a concert should consist, to form a tasteful and harmonious whole. Mendelssohn's quartette for piano, violin, viola, and violoncello, a composition of which we cannot write too highly (in the German paper are twelve lines on this exquisite quartette, containing the highest praise), led the way, and its fiery and precise performance by Messrs. Aguilar, Eliason, Bockmuhl, and Dunnenberg, left nothing to be desired. A fantasia for the piano, of his own composition, gave Mr. Aguilar a good opportunity to distinguish himself as a pianist, not only solid and finished, but powerful and brilliant. Without doing homage to fashion, this still youthful artist has treated his instrument in a manner peculiar to himself, and though never losing his individuality, leaves the same charming impression on his audience as the performance of a Hummel, or a Thalberg might have done. A concertante for piano and violoncello, by himself and Lyepenowski, contains extremely pleasing and uncommon parts; among which, we must mention the andante, in which the low strings of the violoncello are used with excellent effect, and which was admirably given by M. Bockmuhl.—[The young English artist, of whom the foregoing speaks so highly, is mentioned in terms of equal admiration, both as pianist and composer, by the *Didaskalia*, of 24th Feb., the *Hannoversche Zeitung*, of 20th, and the *Frankfort Conversations Blatts*, of the 26th Feb. This concert was attended by all the English, of any distinction, in Frankfort; numerous Germans, Russians, &c.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

DRURY LANE.—Mr. Buon has announced his benefit for Monday next, and has issued a bill of such great and varied attraction as must necessarily command a bumper.

ADELPHI.—A new melodramatic piece, from the pen of Mr. Buckstone, entitled *The Flowers of the Forest*, was produced here on Thursday evening, and met with the most unequivocal success. *The Flowers of the Forest* is one of the

best dramas we have seen at this theatre for a very long time. It has plot, incident, situation, character, and humour in abundance. It affords Madame Celeste excellent scope for her excellent acting; it gives room to Paul Bedford and Wright for all sorts of drolleries and gags; it offers a vehicle to Mrs. Fitzwilliam for some fine, broad, hearty, domestic painting; and provides Miss Woolgar an opportunity for distinguishing herself by her very pretty and naive acting as a Gipsy boy. Nor must we forget the character awarded to that dramatic ogre, O. Smith, who appears as a hybrid Virginius, and draws cadent tears from the pathos of the gallery. We have forbore to give an analysis of the plot, firstly, on account of the manifest absurdity of giving an analysis of any plot in general; and, secondly, on account of the manifest absurdity of giving the plot of the *Flowers of the Forest* in particular, as it would be doing no justice to Mr. Buckstone's admirable and simple story. The characters were all supported with great effect. Madame Celeste, as Cynthia, a romantic and passionate Italian Gipsy, was exceedingly happy, and received great applause throughout. Miss Woolgar as Lemuel, the Gipsy boy, looked most winning, and played most charmingly. Mrs. Fitzwilliam, as a home bred Gipsy, was dramatically real. Wright, as a Cheap Jack, was droller than ever, and Paul Bedford followed close on the heels of Mr. Wright in comic excellence. *The Flowers of the Forest* was uproariously applauded, and all the performers were called for at the end; after which Mr. Buckstone was summoned also, and made his bow.

CONCERTS.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.—The seventy-first season of these fashionable, *recherché*, and antiquated musical assemblies (originated in 1776) commenced on Wednesday evening, in the Hanover-square Rooms, under the direction of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge. We have to record nothing novel in the aspect of affairs, present or prospective, as regards the direction. The orchestral and choral department are similar to those of preceding seasons; the same vocalists smile upon us; the same programme stares upon us; the same aristocratic frigidity prevails; and the same conductor presides over all. Only Sir Henry Bishop was more polite in his position to the orchestra than he was last year, for instead of presenting the skirts of his coat to the gaze of the instrumentalists, he now poses himself sideways, thus making, between the audience and the orchestra, a compromise of his front-piece. This was effected at the suggestion of Prince Albert, and is certainly in better taste than the position usually occupied by the conductor. Mr. Loder's death has deprived the orchestra of a most efficient leader, and it seems that the managing committee of the Ancient Concerts have concluded upon having no leader, as none has been appointed since; for though Mr. T. Cooke holds the nominal position of first violin, the sole conductorship and leadership have virtually merged into one, thus following out the plans adopted in all continental orchestras. Mr. Lucas continues to preside at the organ. The eight directors of the Ancient Concerts are the King of Hanover, Prince Albert, the Duke of Cambridge, the Archbishop of York, the Duke of Wellington, Earl Howe, and the Earl of Cadogan. Sir W. Curtis is treasurer, W. A. Greaterex, Esq., secretary and librarian, and Mr. Lonsdale sub-treasurer. The following is the programme of Wednesday evening:—

PART I.—Coronation Anthem, Zadok the priest, *Handel*. Recit, *Alas! I find.*—Air, If guiltless blood, (Susannah,) *Handel*. Chorus, Sanctus.—Quartet, Benedictus—Solo, Agnus Dei, *Mozart*. Recit, Chi per pietà mi dice.—Aria, Deh! parlate, (Il Sacrificio d'Abraham,) *Cimarosa*. Concerto 11th, violin, (Grand,) *Handel*. Graduale, Quodquid in orbe, *Hammel*. Recit, Nel chiuso centro.—Aria, Euridice! e dove sei, (Cantata,) *Pergolesi*. Chorus, Hallelujah, (Messiah,) *Handel*.

PART II.—Overture, (Occasional,) *Handel*. Air, Through the land so lovely blooming, (Athaliah,) *Handel*. Glee, Oh, bird of eve, *The Earl of Mornington*. Recit, And God created man.—Air, In native worth, (Creation,) *Maydn*. Chorus, Gloria in excelsis, *Pergolesi*. Aria, La vendetta, (Le Nozze

di Figaro,) *Mozart*. Recit, Lovinski, hai cor.—Duetto, Parto I ti giudico! (Lodoviska,) *Meyer*. Chorus, The Lord shall reign, (Israel in Egypt,) *Handel*.

The entire absence of novelty in the above programme renders comment entirely superfluous. The choruses were executed with a kind of coarse energy that passes here for excellence, but does not please *connoisseurs*. The band was more zealous than efficient, and the general tendency of the whole performance was slovenly and slow. The only remarkable feature in the vocal music was Mr. Lockey's very artist-like interpretation of the air, "In native worth," from the *Creation*. The other vocalists were Made. Caradori Allan, Misses Bassano, the two Misses Williams, and Mr. F. Lablache. The latter's rendering of "La Vendetta," from *Figaro*, by the way, was deserving of all praise. Mr. Blugrove played Handel's concerto admirably. Applause is not permitted at these entertainments, which induces a frigidity that is enhanced by the general character of the selection, which is ordinarily of the dullest kind. A number of personages, "illustrious by birth," were present—the most illustrious of whom was the Duke of Wellington. The room was but thinly attended; however, these concerts must have some fresh blood infused into them, or they will die some day of their own torpidity. They are vastly exclusive and very expensive, considering their merits. Something better might surely be got of them.

MR. DANDO'S QUARTET CONCERTS.—Mr. Dando's fourth Quartet Concert took place on Monday evening in the Throne-room, Crosby-Hall. We were glad to find that the programme announced had the effect of bringing together all the subscribers, for the room was quite full before the concert commenced. The bill of fare was as follows:—

PART I.—Quartet in E major, No. 2, Op. 59, for two violins, viola, and violoncello, Messrs. Dando, Gattie, W. Thomas, and Lucas, *Mozart*. (First Time of performance in this Country.) Recit. ed Aria, Miss Dolby, "Quando miro quel bel ciglio," *Mozart*. Quartet in D, No. 7, Op. 18, for two violins, viola, and violoncello, Messrs. Dando, Gattie, W. Thomas, and Lucas, *Mozart*.

PART II.—Quintet in G minor, (Dedicated to G. Perkins, Esq.,) for pianoforte, violin, viola, violoncello, and contra basso, Messrs. Dorrell, Dando, W. Thomas, Lucas, and G. Severn, *G. A. Monaghan*. Solos, Miss Dolby, "Morgengraun," and "L'Quida chemomora," *Mendelssohn* and *Hauptmann*. Quartet in F major, Op. 59, (Dedicated to Count Rasomoucki) for two violins, viola, and violoncello, Messrs. Dando, Gattie, W. Thomas, and Lucas, *Beethoven*. The Vocal Music accompanied on the Pianoforte, by Mr. W. Dorrell.

The quartet, by Mühling, is a pretty composition, the first movement and *schizzo* being the best portion. The Andante is too learned but uninspired exercise of a clever musical student, and the Finale is a "fugue" without dignity. It was exceedingly well played, and from its being quite new excited some interest. Miss Dolby sang Mozart's "Quando miro" delightfully, particularly a recitative which preceded it, beginning "A questo sono." Mozart's quartet, No. 7, was a most charming performance, leaving really nothing to be desired. Next came a most interesting work—a quintet by the *Englishman*, Macfarren—so clever, so beautiful, as to render it worthy of a place in any programme, and by the side of any author. The players seemed to think so, for they all seemed to exert themselves to the utmost to give it effect. The result was most satisfactory, and the audience gave most unequivocal proof of the pleasure they experienced in listening to it by the bursts of applause which followed each movement. Mr. Dorrell, perhaps, never played more finely, and no praise could be too high for Mr. C. Severn's reading and execution of the double bass part. The "Barcarole" very narrowly escaped an encore. Of the two songs which Miss Dolby sang in the second part, the last is the most effective. She sang it with a grace and elegance that won an encore from all parts of the room. Mr. Dorrell accompanied the vocal music with the care and attention of a true artist. We now come to the grand effort of the evening—Beethoven's seventh quartet. The party had evidently made up their minds to do justice to the composition, and it was clear that great care had been taken in rehearsing it. The first and second movements were very finely played. In the adagio, Mr. Dando had again the misfortune to break his first string; and although another instrument was handed to him without stop or noise, the absence of equally fine quality in its tone was clearly perceptible. In the Finale Mr. Dando resumed his own violin, but it was evident that the instrument was a little unsettled; and although it would be difficult to point out any particular passage that suffered from the accident, we should have been glad if it had not happened, on account of the music as well as the player.

THE SIXTH CONCERT OF SACRED MUSIC was held on Friday evening last at Crosby Hall, Miss Mounsey as heretofore, directing and presiding at the organ. The Misses Steele, Cubitt, Bassano, and the Messrs. Lockey and J. A. Novello were the vocalists. The selections were made from the works of Travers, Keller, Cherubini, Handel, Arne, Mozart, Weis, Graun, Weber, Nenkomm, Kucken, and some lesser lights. The Hall was respectably attended, and the performance gave every satisfaction. Miss Mounsey deserves the greatest credit for the unexceptionable manner in which the concerts of sacred music are produced. They are like to improve the taste of the city amateurs.

EXETER HALL.—The third Concert, illustrative of the history of English music, in aid of the Hullah Testimonial Fund, was held on Monday evening last. The concert as before was divided into two sections, the one of sacred, and the other of secular music. The first portion consisted of some compositions of J. Bishop, Welton, Croft, Greene, Boyce, and Nares: the secular part was made up of selections from the works of Aldrich, Travers, Arne, Jackson, Cooke, and Batishill. The principal vocal performers were Mrs. Weiss and Miss Duval, and the Messrs. Manvers, W. H. Seguin, and Mr. Machin. Mr. Willy's concert band attended, and proved highly efficient in the orchestral department. The members of Mr. Hullah's upper singing school formed the choral force. Mr. May conducted, in an admirable manner, and Mr. Oliver May presided at the organ with musician-like skill. With these statistics we must needs close our notice, having noticed the previous performances at length, merely adding that it appeared to us that the choir was hardly so effective as on former occasions. The next concert will take place on Monday, April 12th.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.—On Friday evening, the 5th inst. —in other words, if they be correct, yesternight week, the Amateurs gave their third concert at the Store Street Rooms. The programme was most excellent, and comprised specimens of most of the great schools, ancient and modern, as the reader may judge if he only take the trouble to read it.

PART I.—Overture "Barbiere," *Rossini* Symphony No. 1, *Spohr*. Adagio, Allegro, Larghetto Con Moto, Scherzo, Finale Allegretto. March, "Midsummer Night's Dream," *Mendelssohn Bartholdy*.

PART II.—Overture "Zauberflöte," *Mozart*. Operatic Selection, by Negri, from "Robert le Diable," *Meyerbeer*. Symphony, No. 2, *Beethoven*. Adagio, Allegro Con Brio, Larghetto, Scherzo Allegro, Finale Allegro Molto. Overture "Lac des Fées," *Auber*.

No selection could be happier made with an idea of suiting all tastes than the above, and whether he were classicist or romancist, he must have been equally well satisfied with the bill of fare. The band was in capital trim, and performed the various morceaux with an evident relish for their beauties, and a vigorous determination to do or die.

Mr.—We beg pardon and omit the overture to his name—Balfé, or Maestro Balfé, if it like you better, or *chef*, or what you will, was the head and front of all this excelling, and kept the determinate, though haply somewhat juvenile band,—as natheless, all things must grow—in such Napoleonic regulation as equally proved his watchfulness and his care. Balfé is in reality the Arie, of the orchestra, he does his spiriting gently, hovering about unperceived among the instruments, now perched on the violin, or concealed in the bell of the horn, listening for some anti-Jarret note, and anon he wings his way to the double bass to detect some flaw, or he visits the flute, and oboe, and roams about—

"From wood to brass, from brass to string,
To do his gentle spiriting."

being almost possessed of ubiquity, like the birds, as Sir Boyle Roach said, and briefly performing the office of manifold conductors, though these had all been good men and useful. To speak a little less in "Ercles' vein," the performance on Friday evening was more than creditable, it was highly meritorious, and the executants already exhibit manifest signs of improvement, which we are delighted to record, as our feelings strongly lean towards the success of the Amateurs. The rehearsal for the fourth concert took place last night.

MR. HENRY RUSSELL'S VOCAL ENTERTAINMENTS are given every evening at the Strand Theatre, and afford delight and amusement to crowded audiences. Mr. Henry Russell is one of the most popular of all the monologue concert givers. His voice is powerful, and not devoid of sweetness, possessing great capacity to adapt itself to serious and comic singing, of which he makes admirable

use; and as a dramatic vocalist off the stage he certainly is not surpassed. With such recommendations it is no wonder that Mr. H. Russell should have established himself so firmly in the estimation of native and transatlantic audiences. We attended on Monday evening at the Strand Theatre, and left at the end of the performances, quite satisfied that Mr. H. Russell is a genius *sui generis*. Every song was encored, and a new one introduced in the repeat, so that the visitor to the Strand Theatre had two entertainments in place of one. The principal songs given were, "The Slave Ship," "The Pauper's Drive," "The Song of the Shirt," "The Maniac," and "The Gambler's Wife." Besides these Mr. Russell gave several nigger songs, and related several nigger anecdotes. Some of his black jokes were inimitable. The Entertainments of Mr. H. Russell are repeated every evening.

MR. E. COULON gave a very pleasing entertainment on Saturday week, at his residence, Great Marlborough-street, on which occasion Miss Coulon made her second appearance in public as a pianist. Our readers may remember in what high terms we spoke on a previous occasion of the performances of this charming young *artiste*. Our admiration is further increased by hearing Miss Coulon a second time. She is, in every respect, a most accomplished pianoforte player; possessing fire, energy, earnestness and feeling, with a delicacy of touch, and a brilliancy of finger, and a precision withal, that might haply cause a smile of rivalry—prospectively—on the cheek of the *divina pianista*, even Playel. We felt quite delighted with the young *debutante's* great success; for everybody in the room felt that it was a veritable success, and nothing beside; and congratulations poured on her from all sides, which she received with becoming modesty. We augur great things of Miss Coulon's future. Messrs. Sainton, Rousselot, Brizzi, and Mr. Marshall, with the ladies, Miss C. Hallen, Mrs. Toulmin, and Madame Coulon, lent their instrumental and vocal assistance to the concert. Mons. Sainton was greatly applauded in de Beriot's, *Tremolo*, and encored in the *Carnaval de Venise*. To give an idea of the sterling character of the programme we cite it in full.

PART I.—Sonata in C minor, piano and violin, Mlle. Coulon and Mrs. Sainton, *Beethoven*. Duo, "Les Diamans de la Couronne," Mme. Coulon and Miss C. Hallen, *Auber*. Air, "I saw thee weep," Mr. Marshall & C. *Macfarren*. Solo, "Le tremolo," violin, M. Sainton, *de Beriot*. Air, "De la Muette" Miss C. Hallen, *Auber*. "Duo, I Puritani," Mrs. Toulmin and Mr. Brizzi, *Bellini*.

PART II.—Trio (allegro, andante, scherzo), piano, violin, and violoncello Mlle. Coulon, Mr. Sainton, and Mr. Rousselot, *Mendelssohn*. Aria, "Prendi per me," Mrs. Toulmin, *Benedict et de Beriot*. Solo, "Le Carnaval de Venise," Mr. Sainton. Romance Française, Mme. Coulon, *Musini*. Fantaisie (from Lucie), Mlle. Coulon, *Prudent*.

Mlle. Coulon was compelled to repeat the fantaisie of Prudent, a composition, by the way, more remarkable for its difficulty than for its musical merits.

BEAUMONT INSTITUTION, MILE-END ROAD.—The concert, on Monday evening, consisted of a selection of popular music. Part I. commenced with Rossini's duet "Amor possente nome," sung by Miss Messent and Mr. Rafter. "Non piu andrai" was sung in F. Lablache's best style, which produced a loud encore. Mr. Cohan, the well-known pianist, performed his own variations upon "See, the conquering hero comes," with great ability; his execution excited much astonishment. Madame F. Lablache, a great favorite here, was deservedly encored in Linley's air "Come when the moon is breaking." The Scotch ballad "Jock o' Hazeldean," by Miss Messent, "Mary Jamieson," and "Logie o' Buchan," by Madame Lablache, were all received with favour. A Miss Eliza Nelson, who sang twice, is evidently a novice. Mr. Abbot, from the Royal Academy, performed a solo, by de Beriot, on the violin. John Parry, *as usual*, terminated the concert, with the "London Season," which sent the company home in happy humour. Mr. Maurice Davies presided at the piano, with his accustomed care. It is only to be regretted that, at the Beaumont, as well as at the other Literary Institutions, the progress of art, and the refinement of taste, are not treated with consideration.

MR. STERNDALE BENNETT.—The second of Mr. Sterndale Bennett's performances of classical pianoforte music took place on Tuesday evening, in the Hanover Square Rooms, before a highly distinguished audience. The order of the programme was as follows:—

PART I.—Duet in B flat, pianoforte and violin, Messrs. Blagrove and W. S. Bennett, *Mozart*. Preludes and Fugues, pianoforte, Mr. W. S. Bennett, *J. S. Bach* and *Mendelssohn*. Two Songs, Madame G. A.

Macfarren, "To Chloe in sickness," *W. S. Bennett*. "The first Spring day," (MS.) *G. A. Macfarren*. Chamber Trio, A major, Op. 26, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Messrs. W. S. Bennett, Blagrove, and Lucas, *W. S. Bennett*.

PART II.—Duet D major, Op. 58, pianoforte and violoncello, Messrs. W. S. Bennett and Lucas, *Mendelssohn*. Suite Cinquieme, from the *Suites de Pieces pour le Clavecin*, Mr. W. S. Bennett, *Handel*. Song, Mr. Hobbs, *Webbe*. Grand Sonata, C sharp minor, Op. 27, pianoforte, Mr. W. S. Bennett, *Beethoven*. Accompanist, Mr. W. Dorrell.

On the whole this programme was superior to that of the first evening. It included one of Mr. Bennett's large works, a feature in which its predecessor was wanting; and this fact alone lent it a higher interest. Mozart's sonata was a great treat. Mr. Blagrove played with purity of style, faultless in tonation, and finished mechanism; and Mr. Bennett was all that a thorough Mozartist could desire. The sonata was composed (according to the programme) in April, 1784—a fact derived, no doubt, from Messrs. Coventry and Hollier's beautiful edition of Mozart's pianoforte works, so carefully edited by M. Cipriani Potter. The prelude and fugue in E major, from Bach's *Clavier bien temperé* (the master-piece of the author), is among the finest things in that immense work. The prelude and fugue of Mendelssohn, in E minor, belong to a set of six preludes and fugues (published by Addison and Co.), with which even musicians are not nearly enough familiar. Mr. Lindsay Sloper introduced one of the preludes (in A flat) at his first *soirée*, but omitted the fugue, which is certainly introduced by the composer as a necessary pendent; a proceeding very unusual with this accomplished and classical musician. It is a very interesting specimen of the composer's style, and exemplifies a particular stage in his pursuit of the more recondite branches of the art, which ought to be a subject of inquiry to every admirer of the wonderful genius of the man. To hear Mr. Bennett play these—the Bach and the Mendelssohn—was a rare treat. The *legato*, which is so eminent a feature in his style, was employed to advantage in the Bach—and the *fire*, which makes him as unlike John Cramer (the model to whom critics will insist upon comparing him) as one pianist can be unlike another, was marvellously well bestowed upon the Mendelssohn. The prelude of the latter was encored with enthusiasm. The two charming songs of Mr. Bennett and Mr. Macfarren, old fellow-students in the Academy, and friendly rivals in their love of art, could not have been entrusted to a more conscientious interpreter than Madame Macfarren, who in the tender passion of the first, and the "sprightly, springy joyfulness" (to quote a happy expression of the *Post*) of the last, proved herself equally able to embody two sentiments entirely opposite. The beautiful and earnest style of this young vocalist is the seed of future eminence, which it depends upon herself to attain, and that she will attain it we have little doubt. Of these lovely songs, one, "Chloe in sickness," is well known through Miss Dolby's singing, and Messrs. Coventry and Hollier's edition of Mr. Bennett's "six songs" (to which a suite of six more have been so long and so vainly expected); but the other, "The first spring day," is one of those many vocal gems which the composer, Mr. Macfarren, seems determined to keep to himself, much to the loss of the publishers, and the disappointment of such of the public as have heard mention made of them. We differ strongly from the *Morning Post* and others, who place the *trio* in A major of Mr. Bennett among his least happy inspirations. If the utmost perfection of grace and freshness be attained in the *Moderato Assai*, and the essence of sparkling playfulness be consummated in the *serenade*, and to conclude a high amount of energy and vigorous passion be accomplished in the *Allegro Fermo* ("Fermo" is an original expletive, by the way,) and we entirely think that each and all of these has been achieved, we cannot for the life of us, perceive wherein lies the *weakness* of this *trio*. We, no less than the *Post*, "are determined to do candid justice to everything that proceeds from the accomplished mind of this elegant musician," (the elegant mind of this accomplished musician would have been better) and we, unlike the *Post*, are bound to say of the *trio* in A—not that it "is the weakest composition of its author," which is preposterous, but that it is, while one of the lightest and least elaborate, one of the most charming, melodious, and captivating. A new theory of *tune* has lately arisen which would put the *Moderato Assai* of this *trio* out of the plea of melody. We do not understand this new theory of tune;

but we hurl defiance at it by retorting that the *Moderato Assai* is, from the first bar to the last, one continuous stream of melody "in many voices." Of course the execution of the *trio* was perfection. What less could be expected at the fingers of the composer himself, and of his ancient fellow-students of the Academy, Messrs. Blagrove and Lucas? It was listened to with attention, and liberally applauded. The *serenade* created the most lively sensation.

The second part must be shortly dismissed. The *Allegretto scherzando*, in B minor, of Mendelssohn's fine duet was deliciously played, and encored. Nothing to our ears can be more thoroughly captivating and beautiful than the *Allemande* and *Courante* of Handel's fifth *suite*. This was positively enchanting. We think less of the *air varié*, "The Harmonious Blacksmith;" but Mr. Bennett's delightful playing won rapturous applause in this well-known composition. We liked Mr. Hobbs's singing very much, but Webbe's song not a bit. The C sharp minor, one of the most perfect of Beethoven's sonatas, in the *fantasia* style, was marvellously executed by Mr. Bennett. The slow movement at the commencement touched every heart. The minuet and trio, in D flat, were rendered with a world of graceful playfulness; and the magnificent *finale*, taken with prodigious speed, made a splendid climax to an exceeding thoroughly intellectual enjoyment.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BURNING OF THE THEATRE AT CARLSRUHE.—The extent of dreadful calamity, which has lately filled the papers in every quarter, has now been ascertained. Nearly two hundred persons have been burned, or suffocated, the greater number of them being women, apprentices and children. In the dead-house in the churchyard the scene is described as awful and horrible. Half bodies, broken limbs, heads mutilated, trunks roasted, all incapable of identification present a spectacle too shocking for humanity to contemplate. The whole city is in the greatest consternation. So great and terrible an affliction has not visited Carlsruhe within the memory of living man.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.—The concerts for the remainder of the season are fixed for their date.—April 21; May 5 and 19; June 2, 16 and 30. The *Messiah* will be performed for the Royal Society of Musicians' Fund on the 14th of July. The dates have been changed in consequence of the General Fast having been fixed for March the 24th.

WILSON IN PARIS.—Mr Wilson gave his first entertainment on the Songs of Scotland in Paris on Monday last, when his Songs were received with much enthusiasm. Some of the Jacobite ones raised his audience quite to a fureur, and the dialogue songs, which he makes so graphic, such as "Saw ye my wee thing?"—"Hame cam our gudeman at e'en," &c., seemed to afford great delight as well as amusement. Mr. Wilson has been engaged for several of the Nobility and Gentry's Soirées. He will, we understand, resume his entertainments in the Music Hall, London, on Easter Monday. Mr. Edward Land accompanies Mr. Wilson as usual.

JOSEPH JOACHIM.—This little violinist who gave proofs of such extraordinary ability and accomplishment two years ago when in London, is likely to return this season. He has been lately playing at Dresden Mendelssohn's Violin Concerts with the greatest success, and is now engaged in writing two concerts himself, which he will play in public if he comes here. (*Morning Herald*.)

THE FIRST PHILHARMONIC CONCERT takes place on Monday evening. The programme contains some interesting features, but the form is novel in respect to the order of the pieces, and there is only one overture. We are not sure that we shall be able to approve of the encroachment on former models.

MR. W. V. WALLACE.—We are happy to state that the

accomplished composer of *Maritana* is better, and fair hopes are entertained of his speedy convalescence. Mr. Wallace is still, however, seriously afflicted with inflammation of the eyes.

STAUDIGL.—This great *basso* will be here in April to sing in Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, and to fulfil his engagement with Mr. Lumley. With him will come the brothers Helmesberger, two very young and talented violinists, from Vienna.

A DEEP CRITIC.—A writer in the *Morning Chronicle*, in rendering account of a performance at the French Plays, sets out with a series of assertions which are evidently intended as a philosophic "show off,"—"The life of a Frenchman" says he is a vaudeville. He lives in three acts—walks about in an actor's dress more or less soiled. To him, in its most literal sense, 'all the world's a stage' but it is a vaudeville stage, modelled after the fashion of the *Theatre des Variétés*." Just as well might he begin his article thus:—"The life of a Frenchman is not a vaudeville. He does not live in three acts—nor walks about in an actor's dress, more or less soiled. To him, in his most literal sense "all the world is not a stage," and much less a vaudeville stage, modelled after the fashion of the *Theatre des Variétés*." There would be just as much truth in the one as in the other and just as much nonsense. The thing as it stands is a fine specimen of penny—a lining without any news in it, a sort of literary vomit, brought up by the emetic of pelf or the itch *scribendi*. And of such stuff, alas! is too much of our "criticism" manufactured. The same writer concludes his notice by informing us that M. Alcide Tousez "was called before the curtain after it fell," as though he could possibly be called before the curtain before it fell! But the sentence makes two lines more, and is set off by a new par:—the criticism altogether occupied some fourth of a column.

Mrs. BUTLER (formerly Fanny Kemble) has been engaged by Mr. Maddox, for the Princess's Theatre, and she will appear there soon after Easter. The Mrs. Butler who gave dramatic readings at the Hanover Rooms, last week, is the widow of the late Mr. Samuel Butler, the actor.

MELODISTS.—Mr. W. Sterndale Bennett and Signor Emiliani the violinist have been invited to dine with the Melodists' Club, on the 30th inst.

MR. KEARNES.—We are glad to hear that the concert which is to take place on Wednesday next, for the benefit of the late Mr. Kearnes's family, promises to be well attended.

CAMBRIDGE.—Should a general election not take place, the installation of H. R. H. the Prince Consort will take place early in July, at Cambridge, followed by a musical festival; but nothing as yet has been decided upon.

MENDELSSOHN is expected to arrive in London about the 13th of April, for the purpose of superintending the performance of his oratorio, *Elijah*, at Exeter Hall, by the Sacred Harmonic Society; on which occasion the orchestra will be much enlarged, especially in the instrumental department. The composer has made many important alterations in the oratorio since it was performed at Birmingham last August.

THE CATCH CLUB held its first meeting at the Thatched House Tavern on the 5th inst., and the Round Catch and Canon Club has resumed its re-unions at the Freemason's Tavern. The Glee Club will dine this day at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, Sir Felix Booth, Bart, President.

SALVI.—This tenor has taken his farewell benefit at the Italian Opera in St. Petersburg, and will soon be on his way to England. He is engaged by the Russian management at a salary of £1,000 for four months.

TAMBURINI has arrived in Paris from St. Petersburg in excellent health. He will be in London forthwith.

ALBONI.—This *contralto*, who is engaged by the Covent Garden Company, is daily expected in London. Critics are equally wars about her personal and mental accomplishments.

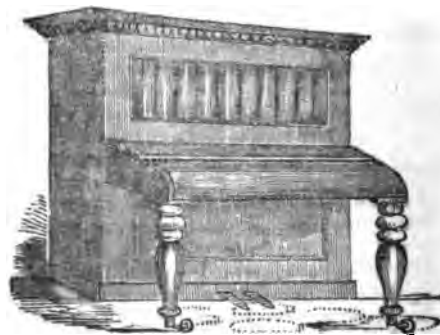
MR. HENRY PHILLIPS performed on Monday and Tuesday evenings at the theatre, Canterbury, taking his favourite parts Tom Tug, in *The Waterman*, and Steady, in *The Quaker*. The houses have been excellent, considering the time of year and season. Mr. Phillips's reception was highly flattering, and his performances were much applauded. On Wednesday evening Mr. Phillips sung at the Literary Institution, Gravesend, and on Thursday, at the Rosemary Branch, Peckham. The favourite barytone seems in great request at present.

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THE GENTLEMAN who applies to us for the Hon. Mrs. Norton's address, must apply to Bentley or Colburn. Mrs. Norton, we are sorry to say, is not at present, a contributor to the "Musical World."

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SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1847.

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THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THE second great event of the season has "come off" since our last. The first was the opening of Her Majesty's Theatre; the one we have now to record is the first concert of the fifth season of the Philharmonic Society, established, in 1813, by a body of the most eminent musical professors then resident in London. The interest which the leading organs of the press have begun to take in the concerts of this institution may be traced to two sources—the importance and magnitude of the performances themselves, and the qualifications of Signor Costa for the post of conductor. About the former, opinions are unanimous, criticism only being exercised upon the errors and miscalculations of the directors. But the latter is a *casus belli*, in which the supporters of either side take the positions of decided partisans. It will not be difficult to foresee that the question of the two Italian Operas has something to do with this controversy, inasmuch as regards the authorised organs of either party—the *Morning Post* for Her Majesty's Theatre, and the *Morning Chronicle* for the Royal Italian Opera. The former unmercifully dissects the capabilities of Signor Costa; the latter exalts him to the skies, and places him among the archangels, between Michael and Gabriel. The *Morning Herald* regrets, with the *Post*, that the office of conductor had not devolved upon an English artist. The *Times* declares unceremoniously that Signor Costa is not at all fitted to accomplish its duties satisfactorily, and more plain-speaking than its contemporaries, names Sterndale Bennett as the proper man. The *Daily News* takes no part in the question. We at once own our coincidence with the sentiments advanced by the *Times*. Meanwhile this war of opinion has been the medium of introducing much interesting detail, both critical and historical, of which we propose, in another article, to present our readers with some specimens. Our business now is to recount the proceedings of the first concert.

The crowded and brilliant appearance of the Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday night, placed Signor Costa's beneficial influence on the subscription list beyond the reach of doubt. But the critic's duty is not to praise a thing because it brings money, but because it is good in art. Mr. Henry Russell's "I'm Afloat" sells much more than Beethoven's "Circle of Songs," addressed by a lover to his mistress; but though the former contains the elements for ensuring mobocratic favour on a large scale, the popular composer, we are persuaded, would blush to read a criticism in which he should be preferred or compared to Beethoven, or his pleasant lyric to one of the loveliest and deepest of Beethoven's inspirations. *Cela va sans dire*. Therefore, in recording the fiscal results of Signor Costa's engagement as conductor, we reserve to ourselves the entire right of demon-

strating its impropriety. One concert directed by the Autocrat of all the Russias, or the Emperor of China, "brother of the moon," would attract more customers than would fill the Hanover Square Rooms ten times over; but no one will insist therefrom that either of these august personages is in any way fitted for the task. Signor Costa attracts the multitude as a lion or an elephant of unusual proportions would, in a still greater degree, attract the multitude to Exeter Change or the Zoological Gardens. Signor Costa is a lion now, and a lion with a castle on his back, in the shape of the Royal Italian Opera. The people flock to see him wag his tail, to hear him roar, and behold how well he bears his burden. Signor Costa is also a man of fashion, or rather a man in fashion, and so the fashion congregates at his signal, and worships at his shrine. But we are not of the fashion, or in the fashion, and our lion-seeing days are over. We shall, therefore, criticise Signor Costa simply as Signor Costa, the conductor at the Philharmonic, with a steel pen, an iron conscience, and no quarter. We are in the position of the unsopped Cerberus, the directors having thrown us neither tickets of admission, nor advertisements, to appease us; and we shall not let their conductor cross the Styx, even though Charon, in the shape of the *Chronicle*, be ready to row him over. *Fiat justitia*—we are inexorable.

The programme of the first concert was constructed on new principles, and we cannot admire either the principles or the programme. Our readers shall judge:—

PART I.

Overture (<i>Leonora</i>)	- - -	Beethoven.
Song, "On Lena's gloomy heath," MR. H PHILLIPS (MS.)	- - -	Mendelssohn Bartholdy.
Sinfonia, "La Reine de France"	- - -	Haydn.
Romance, "Va, dit elle," Madame CARADORI ALLEN (Robert le Diable)	- - -	Meyerbeer.
Concerto, Piano-forte, Miss K. LODER	- - -	Weber.

PART II.

Scene, "Ah! what delight," MR. H PHILLIPS (Der Vampyr)	- - -	Marschner.
Concerto Violin, M. SAINTON (MS.)	- - -	Mendelssohn Bartholdy.
Recit. } "Ah! quanti affetti,"	}	Crescentini.
Aria. } "Sento mancar mi l'anima,"		
Madame CARADORI ALLEN,	- - -	Beethoven.
Sinfonia in C (No. 1)	- - -	

Conductor, M. COSTA.

Let us state our reasons for disapproving of the programme ere we proceed to criticise the performance. The overture to *Leonora* was the most brilliant and magnificent piece in the selection, and its position, while depriving it of the serious attention it must absolutely receive to be appreciated, helped to destroy the effect of whatever came after it. Haydn's symphony, for example, one of his earliest and most modest, was entirely crushed under the weight of it. Then the vocal

music, except one song (the MS. of Mendelssohn), was wholly uninteresting. Meyerbeer and Marschner cannot be removed from the theatre without prejudice, and the scene from *Der Vampyr* is a very unfortunate specimen of the latter composer. Then we had only one overture, an innovation that admits no argument in its favour. Then the two most important features in the programme were from the pen of Beethoven—an injustice to other composers of merit, whose works should be played as often as practicable. Lastly, the symphonies were both selected from the early efforts of the authors, which was a miscalculation altogether, since nothing is more essential to the interest of a classical programme than variety. *Postscriptum*:—the second part began with a vocal solo, usurping the place of honour belonging, by right of custom and of reason, to the grand symphony of the evening, which, on the present occasion, performed the agreeable duty of playing the audience out, the few that remained to hear being unwarrantably discommoded. To sum up—the selection was in itself weak, and the alteration from the ancient form a complete failure. And now to speak of the execution.

The overture to *Leonora* was vigorously rendered, and the power of the orchestra demonstrated with crashing reality; but to those who do not regard noise as the principle of harmony, that delicate appreciation of the varied poetical beauties in which the work abounds, so necessary to its proper interpretation, was missing. The general movement of the *allegro* was decidedly too slow, which made it drag rather heavily until the *piu mosso*, when the proper time was accomplished. The immense force of the stringed band was brought into play with singular effect in the unison *crescendo* passage which leads to this part of the overture. Mr. Ribas must be especially noticed for the manner in which he rendered the difficult part allotted to the *flauto primo*. During the first performance H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge sat near the orchestra. Not quite satisfied, as it would seem, with the effect, His Royal Highness signified his intention of removing to the gallery at the extremity of the room, and requested that the overture might be repeated, in order to enable him to come to a decision as to which was the most convenient spot for hearing. In obedience to His Royal Highness's request the overture was forthwith repeated. The applause of the audience however was, it must be admitted, by no means enthusiastic. Nevertheless some of our contemporaries signalize the event as a "rapturous encore," which is clearly a misnomer. A correct estimate of the quality of the orchestra was easy to make after the execution of this overture. Its beauties and defects are pretty nigh balanced. Take away some of the stringed instruments, and that important department would be unquestionably strengthened; for as invalids encumber the march of an army, so do certain of the Philharmonic violins, violas, and violoncellos weaken rather than assist the general effect of the body. It is better not to play at all than to play ill and damage the resources of the strong players. In the wind department another kind of reform is necessary. Some of the principals, whose deficiency has for years been a crying sin, should be deposed and more competent men put in their place. The cant of allowing a great national institution (which the Philharmonic professes to be) to suffer, on the plea of not interfering with private interests, would not be tolerated in any country but this. We have too often signalized the departments of the orchestra that are defective (at the risk of our own personal popularity) to make it necessary for us to point them out again. The Directors know well enough where their weakness lies; and it is the province of Signor Costa, in whom they have

vested so much discretionary power, to see it mended—otherwise his office might just as well be filled by any one else; for beat he never so intelligibly, mark he never so well the accent, he cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, he cannot make an inefficient orchestra discourse in perfect measure. We should be among the first to cry out for Signor Costa did he achieve such reforms as these; but if his excellence be confined to the peculiarity of his gyrations with the *baton*, or stick, we profess to hold it in very small account.

Mendelssohn's song is not one of his most happy inspirations. Its general effect is decidedly heavy, and the monotonous adherence to one key (G minor and major) tires the ear in a composition of such length. Still there are beauties in it that could belong to none but Mendelssohn among living composers; and these are especially to be noted in the orchestration. The words are selected from Ossian, and Mendelssohn may be congratulated on having escaped the infection of rhodomontade which was to be dreaded from the contact of his music with such turgid verbosity. Mr. Phillips, for whom the song was expressly composed, and to whom Mendelssohn presented the manuscript as a mark of professional esteem, interpreted it to admiration. Nothing could surpass the distinctness of his articulation, except the purity with which he vocalized every passage. That the song was not immediately appreciated by the audience must be laid to its depth, which could not be sounded at once without letting out more line than belongs to ordinary mixed audiences—and not to the efforts of Mr. Phillips, which were never more successfully exerted.

Haydn's sinfonia, "La Reine de France," in B flat, is one of his earliest and least musically interesting works. This pleased, however, a certain portion of the audience, to whom it brought associations of other and perhaps happier times—before "the splendor had gone from the grass," and a tree became nothing but a tree—and these naturally made comparisons in its favour by no means complimentary to modern music, like the old woman in the French comedy, who, looking at herself in a newly-fashioned mirror, ejaculated—"On faisait beaucoup mieux les miroirs en mon temps qu'à present." But the real Haydnite looks to the master's greater works for the imperishability of his fame, and the Philharmonic directors showed little "gratitude to Haydn," in choosing a symphony from his *repertoire* that could not stand the shadow of a chance of distinction by the side of the earliest of Beethoven. The Romance recalled those pleasant times when *Niccolai's Sonata*, *Pleyel's Concertante*, the *Battle of Prague*, and *Griffin's Concerto*, were the *ne plus ultra* of musical performance and composition. The Directors must have felt a wish to revive the simplicity of pastoral times, when they treated their subscribers with such Bucolic repast. The symphony was well executed; how could it have been otherwise? It is so very easy! But even here the Italian conductor made a mistake in the *vivace* movement, which jogged along for all the world like an *andantino*.

Meyerbeer's Romance is not suited to Madame Caradori Allan, and Madame Caradori Allan's *fioriture* were not suited to Meyerbeer, from which it may naturally be concluded that no very lively sensation was produced by this item of the vocal programme.

Little Kate Loder made a thorough hit. In selecting Weber's Concerto in E flat, she consulted brilliancy rather than beauty; but as her object in her debut was naturally rather to exhibit her powers of execution to advantage than to make display of her musical taste, she was perhaps not to be blamed for her decision. There is hardly a more difficult

concerto among the compositions of modern masters than this; and moreover, which is another defence for Kate Loder, it is more rarely heard than the majority of Weber's pianoforte works. By slow and sure steps this clever young artist has been climbing up the ladder of excellence. Both in composition and in performance she has already distinguished herself greatly. She is full of energy and talent, and has every chance of becoming one of the ornaments of her profession. It was surprising to mark the decision and freshness with which, before so large and critical an auditory, and in the midst of a vast orchestra, she dashed off the *bravura* passages abounding in the concerto; and it was refreshing to listen to the quiet and unaffected sentiment that characterised her reading of the *cantabile* phrases. Altogether her performance was unexceptionable, and the unanimous applause she received was nothing less than her due. Miss Kate Loder was a pupil of the Royal Academy, where she studied under the experienced *surveillance* of Mrs. Anderson. She is now a professor of harmony and the piano in the same institution, to which, and to her instructress, she does the highest credit. We believe that Mr. Macfarren and Mr. Potter can claim the honour of having taught her the principles of composition.

Of Marschner's song we would rather say nothing. We have seldom listened to a more empty display of that unmeaning bombast which too many of the modern Germans, who parody Weber, mistake for fine writing. We only felt a regret that Mr. Phillips' vocal talent should have been thrown away upon it.

We pronounced our opinion of Mendelssohn's violin concerto last year, when it was played by Sivori at the eighth Philharmonic Concert; and a second hearing has confirmed us in the belief that it is one of the most perfect and beautiful compositions of that great master. It is full of genius. The three movements are finely contrasted—the *allegro* in E minor, gloomy and passionate—the *andante*, in C major, tender and expressive—the *finale*, in E major (preceded by an *intermezzo* of a few bars in the minor, as in the C minor sonata of Dussek, Op. 35, from the three dedicated to Clementi) sparkling and vivacious. It abounds in melody throughout, as new as it is exquisite, and this is set off and enriched by harmonic and orchestral treatment in which consummate learning and prodigal fancy go hand in hand. M. Sain-ton's reading of this concerto differed in many respects from that of the accomplished Sivori. It was less elegant, but more bold—less finished, but more energetic. The last movement M. Sain-ton took considerably faster than his predecessor. But as we were charmed by the passionate reading of the Italian, so we were struck by the impetuous manliness of the Frenchman. Certainly M. Sain-ton is a careful violinist, and a thorough artist in every respect. He has played three times at the Philharmonic, and on each occasion has selected a great classical work (two concertos of Spohr, and one by Mendelssohn), and it would be well if other violinists were to follow his example. M. Sain-ton never played more finely than on this occasion. He seemed to feel instinctively that a comparison would be made between himself and Sivori, whose execution of the concerto last year could not but have deeply impressed itself upon the memory of the Philharmonic subscribers. They will not less remember, we are assured, the performance of M. Sain-ton, which was marked by as many excellencies, though of another kind. But the best compliment to the violinist was offered in the unanimous applause that greeted his performance from beginning to end, showing clearly the opinion

of the audience, that Sain-ton had a perfect right to tread where Sivori had trodden before.

The scena of Crescentini is such rubbish that even Madame Caradori Allan could not make it acceptable to a Philharmonic audience. If these old Italian masters are perforce to be disturbed from their long sleep, surely the disturbers might rake up something more honourable to their reputation.

As a mere matter of execution, nothing, on the whole, could have been more excellent than the symphony of Beethoven, which was received with the honors and "ovations" due to its great merits. But we entirely concur with some of our contemporaries, who complain that the *allegro* and the *andante* were both taken too slow by Signor Costa. The *scherzo* and *finale* were capitally played, and left nothing to desire but a little more decision in the horns. We were glad to remark; however, that, in this instance, Signor Costa dispensed with the absurd custom that has so long prevailed of doubling the parts for those instruments. Nothing can possibly warrant such a liberty.

Our impressions of this concert, as a whole, may be gathered from the remarks that commence this article. Both as a selection and as a performance we must pronounce it unsatisfactory; and herein we do but echo the opinion already advanced, on the morning following the concert, by some of the most important and influential of our daily contemporaries. We deeply regret—while acknowledging the Philharmonic Society to be the only refuge in this country for those examples of the highest art which have been developed in the instrumental works of the great masters—we deeply regret, we repeat, to be obliged to record so indifferent a beginning to the thirty-fifth season. Let us hope that the next seven concerts will make amends. We shall be too glad to find cause for praise instead of censure; but we owe it to our readers, on this as on all occasions, to speak the unsophisticated truth.

JENNY LIND.

Since our last, a correspondence has appeared in the morning papers, consisting of a series of letters which we have read over several times without being able to come to any conclusion as to what they mean. As some of our readers are barristers, and divers of them no doubt briefless, we are induced to print the said correspondence, inviting their professional opinion, which we shall be happy to print for the edification of our readers and the advantage of ourselves. The first letter is from Mr. Jennings, of Chancery Lane, to Mr. Bunn, of Drury Lane. It thus discourseth:—

"Sir,—I am instructed by Mademoiselle Jenny Lind to hand you the enclosed copy of a letter from that lady at Vienna, the original of which remains in my hands for your inspection. Mademoiselle Lind has voluntarily made this proposal, without assistance or advice from English lawyers, to purchase peace and escape litigation in a foreign land; and I am authorised immediately to carry it out. The proposal is final, and if you accept it, I will attend any appointment you make, and close the affair; and, on the other hand, if you object to it, or do not accept it on or before Tuesday next, I am instructed to appear and defend any suit you may think proper to institute against Mademoiselle Lind, and request you to direct your solicitor to send any process against that lady to me for appearance and defence. I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

EDWARD JENNINGS.

"A. Bunn, Esq., Theatre Royal, Drury Lane."

Mr. Jennings would seem to belong to a new Post Office Company, established for the safe non-delivery of letters. He transmits to Mr. Bunn a copy of a letter addressed to Mr. Bunn, and tells Mr. Bunn that if he, Mr. Bunn, will call upon him, Mr. Jennings, he, Mr. Bunn may see the original. Suppose the Post Office authorities were to try the same experiment with Her Majesty's subjects, what capital fun it would

be to see the whole population of London rushing to the stately edifice in Aldersgate for a sight of the "originals" of letters, of which "copies" had been already handed them by the men of bags and double-knocks. It has been the opinion of counsel that a man's own letter, like a man's own carpet bag, belongs to a man's own self; but the proceeding of Mr. Edward Jennings, Chancery Lane, 9, has upset the notions on this head which have hitherto obtained. We live and learn! But our readers must be anxious for the contents of the letter of Jenny Lind to Mr. Bunn, mentioned in that of Mr. Jennings.

"Vienna, Fevrier 28, 1847.

"Monsieur,—J'ai eu l'honneur de recevoir votre lettre du Dec. 19eme, 1846, dans laquelle vous prétendez avoir à me demander des dommages intérêts pour ma non-venue en 1845. Vous connaissez parfaitement les raisons qui m'ont empêché, qui ont rendu impossible mon apparition sur votre théâtre. D'ailleurs mon arrivée n'aurait servi à rien, puisque vous n'aviez ni la traduction de l'opéra le *Feldlager* en Anglais, ni la musique que je devais chanter. Il est plus que probable que l'affaire devant la loi ne vous rapporterait rien; mais je ne veux pas que vous puissiez me taxer de mauvaise foi, quelque peu que je méritasse ce reproche, et je vous offre en remettant le papier signé par moi, à la personne que je nommerai à cet effet, la somme de £3,000 (deux mille livres sterling). Comme je dois venir à Londres en tout cas, je préférerais y venir avec la conscience d'avoir fait tout ce qui dépendait de moi, et je laisse à votre jugement, si vous préfererez cet arrangement à l'aimable à un procès qui vous ne rapportera peut être rien du tout. J'ai chargé M. Edward Jennings, 9, Chancery-lane, de mes instructions ultérieures.

JENNY LIND.

"à M. Bunn, Directeur du Théâtre de Drury-lane, Londres."

To which we heartily respond, Amen! We strongly recommend Mr. Bunn to accede to this "arrangement à l'aimable," hinted at by the delicious nightingale of nightingales. No attempt has been made (which might have been anticipated) by "him of the *Chronicle*," to throw a doubt upon the authenticity of this letter, the French being of that peculiar character that none but a Swede could possibly have written. We only complain that Mr. Bunn should be compelled to walk all the way to Chancery Lane for the purpose of "taking a sight" of a letter upon which his own name was endorsed, and which consequently, "according to the statutes," would appear (on the surface) to be his own goods and chattels. But Mr. Jennings, Chancery Lane, 9, is evidently of another opinion. For the use of our readers, who do not comprehend *la langue Française sautée à la Suédoise*, we present a translation into plain vernacular, which is not our own:—

[Translation.]

"Vienna, Feb. 28, 1847.

"Sir,—I had the honour of receiving your letter of the 19th of December, 1846, in which you pretend to have to claim from me damages for my non-arrival in 1845. You are perfectly conversant with my reasons for not coming, and which rendered impossible my appearance at your theatre. Besides, my arrival would have been fruitless, since you had not at the time the opera of the *Feldlager* translated into English nor the music which I was engaged to sing. It is more than probable that this affair, brought before a court of justice, would yield you nothing; but I am determined you shall not tax me again with bad faith, however little I merit such a reproach, and I offer to pay you the sum of £2,000 (two thousand pounds) on your returning the paper signed by me to the person I shall appoint for the purpose. As I shall in any event come to London, I should prefer coming with the consciousness of having done all that depended upon me, and I leave it to your choice and judgment whether you will prefer this arrangement to a lawsuit, from which you would probably derive nothing. I have given to Mr. Edward Jennings, of 9, Chancery-lane, all necessary and further instructions on the present subject.

JENNY LIND.

"To Alfred Bunn, Esq., Director of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, London."

One more letter and we have done. It is from Mr. Bunn to the morning papers, *apropos* of the above, and has been published in all of them, with the exception of the *Morning Post*.—

"Sir,—I request your permission to insert my reply to the letter which appeared in the *Times* of yesterday, signed 'Edwd. Jennings'

"11, Finsbury-square, March 15, 1847.

"Sir,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter dated the 13th instant, and have only to observe, that on receiving the original letter from Madlle. Lind (addressed to me), which you state to be in your hands, and of which you have enclosed me a copy, I will instantly reply to it. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"E. Jennings, Esq., &c. &c."

"A. Bunn.

"Mr. Jennings waited upon me, and showed me a letter not written by, but signed 'Jenny Lind,' which he refused to leave with me, although addressed to me. To that letter I have sent an answer, giving a negative to the professional points therein sought to be maintained; but making a proposition which, if Madlle. Lind has that sense of 'disinterestedness and good faith' claimed for her, she will not hesitate to accept. As to the non-existence of any legal claim, from opinions alleged to have been delivered by the law-officers of the Crown, I beg to say, I have acted upon the judgment of the first lawyers in England and Prussia, and feel assured that no such offer as £2000 would be made, if their opinion on the contract signed at Berlin, in the presence of the British Minister, were questionable. I have the honour to be, sir, your much obliged servant.

"A. Bunn.

"London, March 17, 1847."

We do not presume to know Mr. Bunn's business better than he knows it himself; but, as his warm well-wishers, we urge him to accept the £2000, and he will entitle himself to the gratitude of the fair songstress, whom all the world here is so anxious to behold, and who has behaved so nobly, and so unaffectedly in the matter.

LOLA MONTEZ.

POOR little, stupid, pretty, pouting, chattering, good-tempered, warmhearted, reckless, extravagant, naughty Lola! Who would have dreamed, two years gone by, when we saw thee at Bonn, the cynosure of a crowd of idlers, talking so charmingly at random, laughing so merrily at everything and nothing, eating, and drinking, and smoking (dried herring, tea, and cigarettes), doing everything, in short, except listen to Beethoven's music—albeit it was Beethoven's festival, and thou hadst come from afar, with some lately acquired thousands of *lires* (not sterling) in thy pouch—who would have dreamed, that within the short space of four and twenty months, thou shouldst have arrived at the distinction of upsetting a whole government, of dispersing a powerful party, of captivating the whole heart of a king of a large and prosperous kingdom—the third estate in Germany!—who would have dreamed it? Not we, certes—nor Jules de Glimmes, who introduced us to thee, capricious Lola! and took us "to tea" at thy lodgings—nor Jules Janin, who was angry because thou didst "tu-toi" him—nor Fiorentino, who was thy shadow—nor Schott, who philosophised upon thy follies!—not one of us, Lola, would have dreamed of it. But here are facts. Behold thee the subject of political discussion! Behold thee, the theme of three "leaders" in the *Times*!! Behold thee, the mistress of the King who loves the arts!!! Behold thee, the enemy and the vanquisher of the dark and subtle Jesuits!!! Professors of Jesuitism are dismissed for thee—Jesuitical ministers resign for thee—the King's heart is open to thee! And why, forsooth, shouldst thou not, little Lola, be made a citizen of Munich? Is there in Munich such an atmosphere of rigidity (purity—so termed) that thy breath, silly wanton, should infect it as with an epidemic? No, no, it is not so. Thou art the blind instrument of Fate, who hath chosen thee as his minister, to free Bavaria and its King from a detestable tyranny and a grasping faction. Unwittingly thou hast achieved thy mission, and Fate has recompensed thee with the gratitude of the King, who will shower honours upon thee, and set thee up in high places to be adored by his subjects. And better,

much better for the King, to be enslaved by thy attractions, than by the secret influence of those fanatic moles, who live in dark places and undermine empires.

Such was the current of our reflections on reading the articles in the *Times*, on the now engrossing theme of Bavarian politics, and more especially in perusing Lola's own letter, which proves, beyond further question, the correctness of the views set forth in the leaders of "the Thunderer." We translate it into our own pages with pleasure, where it will remain, to be re-read hereafter, as a sign of the times in which we now live.

"To the Editor of the *Times*."

"Sir,—Having had a copy of your paper of the 2d inst. sent to me, I trust you will, in justice to myself, insert the following short account of the real state of affairs here, and which at the same time will be a contradiction to the numerous articles which have lately appeared in the French papers:—I left Paris in June last on a professional trip, and, amongst other arrangements, decided upon visiting Munich, where, for the first time I had the honour of appearing before His Majesty, and receiving from him marks of approbation, which you are aware is not a very unusual thing for a professional person to receive at a foreign Court. I had not been here a week before I discovered that there was a plot existing in the town to get me out of it, and that the party was the Jesuit party. Of course you are aware that Bavaria has long been their stronghold, and Munich their head-quarters. This naturally to a person brought up and instructed from her earliest youth to detest this party (I think you will say justly), irritated me not a little. When they saw that I was not likely to leave them, they commenced on another tack, and tried what bribery would do, and actually offered me 50,000*fr.* yearly if I would quit Bavaria and promise never to return. This, as you may imagine, opened my eyes; and, as I indignantly refused their offer, they have since then not left a stone unturned to get rid of me, and have never for an instant ceased persecuting me. I may mention as one instance, that within this last week a Jesuit professor of philosophy in the University here, of the name of Lassault, was removed from his professorship, upon which the party paid and hired a mob to insult me and break the windows of my house, and also to attack the Palace; but, thanks to the better feeling of the other party, and the devotedness of the soldiers to His Majesty and his authority, this plot likewise failed. The late change in the Ministry that you allude to was a spontaneous act of His Majesty's, and you pay me too great a compliment in supposing that I was a party to such a measure; but from what I have seen and heard of His Majesty, I should think he had very just grounds for taking the step which he did. Since my residence here I can safely say that I have in no way interfered in any affairs not concerning myself, and as I intend making it my future abode, it is particularly annoying to me, hearing so many scandalous and unfounded reports which are daily propagated; and in justice to myself and my future prospects in life, I trust that you will not hesitate to insert this letter in your widely-circulated journal, and show my friends and the public how unjustly and cruelly I have been treated by the Jesuit party in Munich. Knowing that your columns are always open to protect any one unjustly accused, and more especially when that one is an unprotected female, makes me rely upon you for the insertion of this, and

I have the honour to subscribe myself,

Your obliged servant,

Munich, March 11, 1847.

LOLA MONTEZ."

Lola, you are a casuist! You are one too much for the Jesuits! You have not read the works of St. Thomas Aquinas, but you have read the human heart, and can give them six any day in the week, with the fathers and schoolmen to boot:—"Truth is strange, stranger than fiction,"—you have proved it.

MUSIC AT CAMBRIDGE.

(From a Correspondent.)

A Concert was given on Tuesday evening, March 9, in the Town-hall, which drew together a very fashionable assembly. The entertainment commenced with a quatuor, from Costa's *Malek Adel*, which was sung excellently by the Misses Williams and Dolby, and the Messrs. Wrighton and H. Von Hoff. The last named gentleman next gave a song from *Maritana*, which was applauded, though by no means ex-

cellently sung. The Misses Williams were heard to great advantage, in a duet of Rossini's. Mr. C. Sippel, played a solo on the cornet, which was encored. Miss Dolby was encored in the grand aria, "Ah! Quel quivro," from *Semiramide*. A pianoforte solo, the composition of Döhler was admirably executed by Mr. Wilkinson. The Misses Williams and Mr. Wrighton, were next called on to repeat Curschman's pretty trio, "Te prego." Clinton's duet, for clarinet and flute, performed by the Messrs. F. and C. Sippel, was encored, as were likewise Linley's two ballads, "Constance," and "Primroses deck the bank," most deliciously sung by Miss Dolby. Miss A. Williams also received a similar compliment in a song of Auber's; and the concert concluded with Hatton's duet, "Two merry gay laughing faries," given by the Misses Williams. The entertainment gave the greatest satisfaction. Mr. Wilkinson, accompanied all the vocal morceaux, and acquitted himself like a musician.

THE AFFINITIES.

from the German of Göthe.

Continued from page 171.

PART II.—CHAPTER VI.

THE great disquiet occasioned to Charlotte by this visit was compensated by the fact, that she learned fully to understand her daughter, in which she derived great assistance from her knowledge of the world. It was not the first time that she had met a singular character of the kind, though she had never seen one carried to such excess. And yet she had been taught by experience that such persons when formed by life, by a variety of events, and by domestic relations, can attain a very pleasant and amiable maturity, since their self-will becomes softened, and their wandering activity takes a decided direction. Hence Charlotte, as a mother, was more disposed to put up with a phenomenon which to others might have been displeasing, as it well becomes parents to hope, while strangers only wish to enjoy, or at least do not want to be encumbered.

However, after the departure of her daughter, Charlotte was struck in a very peculiar and unexpected manner at finding that Luciana had left behind her a bad name, not only through the blameable part of her conduct, but also through that which might have been considered laudable. Luciana seemed to have made it her law not only to be joyous with those who rejoiced, but also to be mournful with those who mourned; nay, that she might put in full practice the spirit of contradiction, often to make the joyous cross, and the mournful hilarious. In every family into which she came she enquired for the sick and weakly who could not come into society. She visited them in their rooms, performed the part of a physician, and urged every one to take some strong remedy from the medicine-chest, which she always took with her in her carriage. The cures, as may be imagined, succeeded or failed, just as chance directed.

In this sort of kindness she was really cruel, and would listen to no objections, because she was perfectly convinced that her conduct was excellent. But she also failed in an experiment made on the moral side, and this it was that gave Charlotte a great deal of trouble, for it was not without its consequences, and was a topic of general remark. It was not till after Luciana's departure that she heard of it; and Ottilia, as she had been present during the affair, was obliged to give her a circumstantial account.

One of the daughters of a distinguished family had been unfortunate enough to cause the death of a younger sister, and could not banish her uneasiness on this account. She quietly employed herself in her own chamber, and could only endure the sight of her friends, when they came one at a time; for she suspected that if several came together, they might reflect among themselves upon her and her situation. To each one singly she expressed herself rationally, and would converse with them for the hour together.

Luciana had heard of this, and had at once silently resolved that if she entered the house she would, as it were, work a miracle, and restore the lady to society. She conducted herself with more than

ordinary prudence, and managed to introduce herself alone into the invalid's presence, and, as far as could be observed, to gain her confidence through the aid of music. At last, however, she made a mistake; for wishing to produce an excitement, she one evening took into a gay, miscellaneous society the pale beautiful girl, whom she thought sufficiently prepared. Perhaps she would have succeeded, had not the company, from curiosity and apprehension, behaved in a very unsuitable manner, first crowding round the invalid, then shunning her, and then perplexing and exciting her by all sorts of whispering and shaking of the head. This the delicately sensitive girl could not endure. She left the room with frightful screams, which seemed to express horror at some approaching monster. The company, terrified, dispersed in all directions, and Ottilia was one of those who took the girl, now quite insensible, to her chamber.

In the meanwhile, Luciana had, in her own fashion, addressed a severe rebuke to the company, without in the least degree thinking that she alone was to blame, or allowing herself to be checked by this and other failures from her usual course of activity.

From that time the situation of the invalid had become more critical, and eventually the malady so much increased, that the parents were not able to keep the poor child at home, but were forced to send her to a public asylum. Charlotte could do nothing more than show a kind regard for the family, and thus in some degree alleviate the pain her daughter had occasioned. The affair had made a deep impression upon Ottilia, and she pitied the poor girl so much the more, because, as she did not deny even to Charlotte, she thought that with a consistent method of treatment, the invalid would certainly have recovered.

As people generally talk about disagreeable rather than agreeable subjects, there came also under discussion a little misunderstanding which had arisen between Ottilia and the architect, when on the evening before-described, he would not show his collection, in spite of her kind entreaties. This refusal—she did not know why—had always remained in her thoughts. Her feelings were quite correct; for anything that is requested by a girl like Ottilia should not be refused by a young man like the architect. However, he answered her soft reproaches with some tolerably valid excuses.

"If you knew," said he, "how roughly even persons of education treat the most valuable works of art you would pardon me for not liking to bring my own among a great number of persons. No one can manage to take up a medal by its edge, but people touch the finest impression, and the purest ground, and pass from one to another the most valuable pieces between their finger and thumb, as if this was the way of testing works of art. Without thinking that a broad sheet of paper ought to be taken up with two hands, they snatch with one hand only at an invaluable copperplate, or a drawing not to be replaced, just as a presuming politician catches up a newspaper, and by the crackling of the paper already pronounces his opinion upon the events of the world. No one thinks that if twenty persons in succession proceeded in this manner with a work of art, the one-and-twentieth would have very little left to look at."

Have not I often given you this kind of uneasiness?" asked Ottilia; "have not I sometimes unsuspectingly injured your treasures?"

"Never," replied the architect, "never! With you it would be impossible, for with you propriety is innate."

"At all events," remarked Ottilia, "it would be no bad plan if in the book of good manners, after the chapters which describe how we should eat and drink in company, a circumstantial one were added as to how one should behave in museums and among collections of art."

"In such a case, no doubt," returned the architect, "the amateurs and guardians of museums would more readily exhibit their curiosities."

Ottilia had already long forgiven him; but when he seemed to take her reproaches very much to heart, and affirmed over and over again that he would exhibit whatever he possessed, and readily exert his activity to oblige his friends, she felt that she had hurt his feelings, and was in some measure his debtor. Therefore, she could not bluntly refuse the request which he made to her in the course of this conversation, although, on consulting her feelings, which she did at once, she did not see how she could grant his wishes.

The affair stood thus. The architect had been much hurt at perceiving that Ottilia was excluded by Luciana's jealousy from the representations of pictures; he also deeply regretted that Charlotte, on account of ill health, had only been able to attend at intervals this brilliant part of the social entertainments. He was now unwilling to depart without showing his gratitude by an exhibition for the amusement of the one, and in honour of the other, far more beautiful than any which had preceded. Perhaps, without his knowing it, another and a secret impulse had acted upon him. It was to him so very difficult to leave this family, nay, it appeared to him impossible to part from Ottilia's eyes, upon the calm, kindly glances of which he had lived almost entirely during the last period.

The Christmas holidays were approaching, and it at once struck him that the representation of pictures by figures in relief is properly derived from what is called the "presepe," that is to say, form that pious exhibition which at this holy time took place in honour of the divine mother and child, when, in their apparent poverty, they were adored first by shepherds, and soon afterwards by kings.

He had completely conceived the possibility of such a picture. A fine fresh-looking boy was found, there could be no lack of shepherds and shepherdesses, but without Ottilia the thing could not be accomplished. The young man had in his mind exalted Ottilia into the "Mother of God," and if she refused this position he plainly saw that the whole project must fail. Ottilia, somewhat perplexed, referred him with his request to Charlotte. She readily accorded her permission, and even kindly overcame the scruples of Ottilia in assuming so lovely a form. The architect laboured night and day, that nothing might be wanting on Christmas-eve.

Yes—literally night and day. His necessities were few, and the presence of Ottilia seemed to serve him in place of all nourishment. While he worked for her sake it seemed as though he needed no sleep; while busied on her account it seemed that he required no food. Hence all was finished and ready in time for the solemn evening. He had succeeded in procuring some euphonous wind-instruments, which played an introduction, and served to attune the mind for what was coming. When the curtain rose, Charlotte was really astounded. The picture represented before her had been so often repeated in the world, that a new impression from it was hardly to be expected. But here the reality in the shape of the picture had its especial advantages. The whole space had rather the appearance of night than of twilight, and yet none of the details were indistinct. The exquisite thought that all the light should proceed from the child, the artist had managed to realise by a judicious mechanical contrivance in the lighting, concealed by the figures in the foreground, which were in the shade, and only illumined by oblique rays. Joyous girls and boys stood around, whose fresh countenances were sharply lit up from below. Nor was there any lack of angels, whose peculiar radiance seemed to be obscured by that of Divinity, and whose ethereal bodies seemed to grow dense and obscure compared to that of the God-man.

Fortunately the child had fallen asleep in the most graceful attitude, so that there was nothing to disturb the contemplation, if the eye fell upon the supposed mother, who with infinite grace had raised a veil to exhibit the hidden treasure. At this moment the picture seemed to be fixed. Physically dazzled, mentally surprised, the inferior personages of the *tableau* seemed to have moved, and to have turned away their astonished eyes for the sake of turning them back again with delighted curiosity, showing more wonder and pleasure than admiration and reverence, although even these qualities were not forgotten, and the expression of them had been entrusted to some of the more aged figures.

Ottilia's form, attitude, mien, look, exceeded all that had ever been represented by a painter. A connoisseur of fine feeling, on witnessing this phenomenon, would have dreaded lest anything should move—would have felt afraid that nothing would ever again please him so much. Unfortunately no one was there capable of comprehending the entire effect. The architect alone, who, as a tall slim shepherd, looked from the side over the kneeling figures, had the greatest enjoyment, though he did not stand at the best point of view. And who shall describe the air of the newly-made Queen of Heaven? The purest humility, the most amiable feel-

ing of modesty, in spite of a great honour received but unmerited, was represented in her features, which expressed both her own feelings, and also the notion she formed of the character she represented.

Charlotte was delighted at the beautiful picture, but the greatest effect upon her was produced by the child. Tears streamed from her eyes, and she pictured to herself in the liveliest manner, that she hoped soon to have a similar beloved creature upon her bosom.

The curtain had been let down partly to afford some rest to the performers, and partly to introduce a change in the scene. The artist had designed to change the first picture of night and lowliness into one of day and glory, and on this account had got ready an immense array of lights, which were to be kindled during the interval.

While placed in this half-theatrical position, it had been the greatest comfort to Ottilia that no one had witnessed this pious performance excepting Charlotte and a few residents in the house. She was, therefore, somewhat astonished when she learned in the interval that a stranger had come, who had been kindly greeted by Charlotte. Who he was they could not tell her. She, therefore, resigned herself to the circumstance, that she might not occasion any interruption. Candles and lamps were burning, and she was surrounded by an infinite brilliancy. The curtain arose, and a surprising sight was revealed to the spectators. The picture was all light, and in the place of the shade, which had been entirely removed, the colours only were left, which being judiciously selected, produced a beautiful softening effect. Looking through her long eye-lashes, Ottilia observed a male figure sitting by Charlotte. She did not recognise him, but fancied that she heard the voice of the teacher from the school. A strange feeling came over her. How much had happened since she had heard the voice of this faithful preceptor! Like forked lightning the series of her joys and sorrows darted before her soul, and excited the question, "Dare you confess everything to him? How little worthy are you to appear before him in this holy form, and how strange must it appear to him to see in a mask you whom he has hitherto seen naturally!" With incomparable rapidity, feeling and reflection opposed themselves to each other within her. Her heart was oppressed, her eyes filled with tears, as she forced herself to continue the appearance of an immovable picture, and she was highly pleased when the boy began to stir, and the artist felt obliged to give the signal for letting down the curtain.

If the painful feeling at not being able to hasten towards an estimable friend had already, during the last moments, associated itself to the other emotions of Ottilia, she was now even in still greater perplexity. Should she approach in these strange vestments and ornaments? Should she change her dress? She did not deliberate in the choice, but changed her attire at once, endeavouring to calm and collect herself in the meanwhile. She had not quite recovered her self-possession, until at last, in her ordinary dress, she greeted the new visitor.

(To be continued.)

* To prevent misunderstanding, it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

THE TENOR OF THE CURSE.

(From Punch.)

THE celebrated Fraschini, the *Tenore della maledizione*, has appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre. His imprecation in *Lucia di Lammermoor* certainly justified all that we had heard said of it. We fully expected that our blood would run cold, and we went prepared with a thermometer, which, upon application to our pulse, indicated, during the tremendous *maledizione*, thirty-five of Fahrenheit. The audience would have kept Fraschini cursing all night, had it not been unreasonable to demand more than a pair of maledictions in one evening. Fortunately, our veins resumed their wonted fluency at the *Fra Poco*, which warmed us up after our recent chill; or we might have found our circulation completely stopped, and that, we need scarcely say, would have been the death of us. We looked in vain for the singing from the eyes, with which a contemporary has given us to understand Fraschini

would favour us. He certainly acted with his eyes, and lashed himself up into enthusiasm, while the audience applauded "like winking." Fraschini has one of those voices, *di petto*, which are great pets with us; instead of that *voce di testa* which is in some cases detestable. Though we have made some cursory remarks on his curse, we do not mean to say that malediction only is his forte, for he can also take his place as a *tenore di tenerezza* among the very first of that quality.

SONNET.

NO. XXVI.

Avoid thee, love! so little canst thou know,
How my whole heart to thee is dedicate,
How thou to me art a restless fate,
And canst alone distribute joy or woe!
Avoid thee, love! nay, nay, thou think'st not so;
Thou know'st on thee I ever meditate,
Thou know'st that tow'rd's thee all my fancies straight,
As they were rushing homeward, ever flow.
Avoid thee! I, whom thy sweet smiles have bless'd,
Who live upon the glances of thine eye,
Who writhe with pain to see one swelling tear,
Who thy dear hand with rapture wild have press'd,
Who from thy lip have snatch'd ecstasie joy,
Thou think'st that I avoid thee—dost thou, dear?

N. D.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

PARIS.—Mr. Wilson, who has long been distinguished among his vocal brethren of the other side of the channel, for the admirable manner in which he gives expression to Scottish song, whether serious, pathetic, or comic, has commenced in Paris a series of musical soirées, intended to illustrate the beauties and peculiarities of the musical compositions of his native country. The first of these entertainments was given on Monday evening, in Sax's Rooms, Rue Neuve, St. George's, when the vocalist fully supported the high reputation he has long enjoyed in Great Britain. Mr. Wilson is an accomplished musician, possessing a tenor voice of the finest quality and great range; his style, which is the simplest and least ornate perhaps of any public singer of the day, is evidently fashioned on the simple ballads of Scotland, and confers on those beautiful gems of song a pathos and sweetness which would in vain be sought in the more elaborate kinds of vocalisation now generally indulged in. But what more particularly distinguishes Mr. Wilson from his brothers in Apollo is, that he is equally at home in the serious and the comic, the sad and the gay, the grand and the ridiculous; so that on Monday evening, after melting his audience to tears by the touchingly pathetic "Land o' the leal," and "The flowers o' the forest," he exhibited such a fund of native humour in his "Hame cam our gudeman at e'en," and "Get up and bar the door," as absolutely to keep his brethren of the North, of whom we noticed a tolerable sprinkling present, in a roar from beginning to end. It was something new in this classic land of song to witness an individual do the honours of an entire soirée unaided and alone; and what was not the least novelty on the occasion, was his prefacing the various specimens of his "native wood-notes wild" by a variety of anecdotes and explanatory observations, which largely aided in rendering the antique specimens of Scottish song intelligible to modern English ears. The impression created by Mr. Wilson's *début* before a mixed Parisian and British audience was highly flattering for that gentleman; and it is scarcely to be doubted that he will gain in public estimation, the more generally his taste and talent as a vocalist become known. Mr. Wilson, we perceive, will give his second *soirée* on Friday evening, the programme of which

shows an equally varied and attractive bill of fare as its predecessor of Monday last.—*Galignani's Messenger*.

The last week of the *Italiani* has given us back an ancient favourite, *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, which exhibits Lablache in what we have always considered his greatest comic character, the deaf old uncle, Geronimo. Never did the fine old Neapolitan display more of that vivacity and spontaneous humour, which seems the peculiar gift of his countrymen, than on this occasion. The opera was well performed and sung throughout. The ladies were respectively enacted by Mmes. Persiani and the two Brambilla's; but the parts contain little room for the display of the talents of the singers. Mario was the Paolini, and was encored in his single air *Pria che Spunta*, which he gave with wonderful taste and beauty of tone. Tagliafico played the Count, and sang the music more than respectably, especially in the well-known comic duet between him and Lablache. We ought to mention that it was the benefit of the latter, and that a garland, colossal as himself, was hurled from one of the *loges*, and fell at his feet amid the laughter and applause of the public.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—M. Vieuxtemps, the great violinist, has been lately giving concerts in the imperial city, and performing at private hotels with immense *éclat*. On the 18th of last month he gave a concert in the imperial theatre, which realised him 6,000 francs, clear of all expenses. Mons. Vieuxtemps is about leaving Petersburg for Paris, and will arrive in London about the middle of April, to fulfil numerous and important engagements.

REVIEWS ON MUSIC.

"*Il piacer dello Studio*," characteristic Studies for the Flute. By ANTONIO MINASI. PROWSE.

Mr. Minasi is a good flute player, consequently any work from his pen will be welcome to professors of that instrument. The work before us commences with instructions on the acquirement of tone; the rules laid down as indispensable for that purpose are plain and concise, and contain such information on the subject as is requisite to the student; these instructions are followed by twenty-four characteristic studies of a very useful kind, one or two of which will tax the executive skill of the best flute players. The system Mr. Minasi has adopted of fingering the most difficult passages merits approbation, and will be found of service to the student. The studies are followed by an appendix, containing tables of the major, minor, and chromatic scales, and arpeggios (fingered where required), and scales of augmented notes and quarter tones; the latter we do not remember to have seen (formed into scales) in any work on the flute. Mr. Minasi's experience as a professor of the flute is a guarantee that "*Il piacer dello Studio*" will repay flute players for an attentive perusal; and we have no doubt the studies will prove a very useful adjunct to their daily practice. Mr. Minasi's work is intended for students of the *Nicholson flute*, and is printed in one volume, as well as in four separate books. The publisher has spared no expense in the getting up, and we cordially recommend it to the notice of the profession.

"*Haydn's Oratorio, THE CREATION*," in vocal score, with a separate accompaniment for the organ or pianoforte, Nos. 4 & 5. Arranged by VINCENT NOVELLO.

"*Handel's Sacred Oratorio, THE MESSIAH*," in vocal score, with a separate accompaniment for organ or pianoforte, Nos. 7 & 8. Arranged by VINCENT NOVELLO. S. ALFRED NOVELLO.

We have noticed in a former number of the *Musical World* these highly meritorious publications of the works of the great masters. They are, indeed, as is stated on the cover sheet, the cheapest musical publications ever offered to the public, both in respect to quality and quantity. *The Messiah* will be completed in twelve monthly parts: *The Creation* in nine. Following these master-pieces, other works of like importance will be issued in numbers, on a similar plan. Each part is sold for the small sum of sixpence, and contains sixteen pages of music, on good paper. The

size is imperial octavo, and the work is got up in an admirable manner, reflecting much credit on the proprietor, Mr. Novello. The publication must have a large sale.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

OPERA LIBRETTO.

To the Editor of the "*Musical World*."

SIR,—Every one who moves in a musical circle cannot but be struck with the great want that is felt for a publication devoting some portion of its columns to furnishing the musician and the composer with the libretto for his opera. The publisher seems to consider the subject quite unworthy of his attention, and yet the musician is every where complaining of the difficulty of procuring suitable words; while, in every other branch of literature, hundreds are striving to wind the path to popularity, it is greatly to be lamented that this alone is neglected. It was not so in the days of Sheridan, and I feel convinced were the attempt made there would be found an abundance of talent willing and ready to employ their pens in the lyrical drama. I am aware that various magazines have at times published straggling pieces of poetry for music; but unless they do so on a regular plan, little benefit can result to the musicians, and my motive in troubling you, is to call attention more directly to the subject, particularly as you have now become partly a literary magazine, allow me to offer the following suggestions:—Let a portion of your journal be devoted every week to original librettos, the author receiving (if accepted) so much per column when published; the MS. to be considered your property, with the proviso, that when it is sold to either composer, publisher of music, or theatre, the author receive a certain sum, so much per cent., but the principal profit to go to your journal. I also think a similar plan might be adopted with regard to verses—a regular list being kept at your office. It is needless for me to add how deserving I think the subject is of particular attention. As a musical critic, and one who moves among musicians, the fact that young composers are sadly in want of something of the kind must be apparent to you. How many young authors would be willing to make the attempt, if you would only say you are willing to second them; and how many young composers would strive to prove their ability if a libretto could be procured at a reasonable rate, and they had the privilege of selecting from two or three. They are both desirous of proving whether they possess talent, and yet from the fact of having no organ to proclaim their wants they both remain unoccupied. If in any way you consider these suggestions plausible, I think I can prove that they are practicable, and shall be most happy to communicate with you further on the subject. With every wish for the success of both musician and author, I remain, sir, your obedient servant, F—.

3, Bedford Street, Bedford Square.

PROVINCIAL.

WORCESTER.—M. Jullien's Concert attracted a fashionable audience, numbering nearly 900. The programme presented a *melange* of classical and instrumental music, commencing with the overture to *William Tell*, in the opening movement of which the parts allotted to five violoncellos were played by two tenors, one bassoon, and two contra-bassi, and in the *Rans des vaches* the clarinet was substituted for the Corno Inglese; notwithstanding these exchanges, however, the overture was as brilliantly played as it possibly could be, due allowance being made for the limited strength of the orchestra, and the glaring defects of the building for musical purposes. Miss Birch was the only vocalist. She has lately infused into her style a considerable portion of animation and expression, of which she formerly had a "plentiful lack," and as her voice in its natural gifts and its mechanical management is as near an approach to perfection as may be, the result of the addition to which we have alluded may be easily surmised. Miss Birch won a rapturous and well merited encore for her graceful and clever interpretation of a pretty and graceful serenade—"Come o'er the sea,"—by Roch-Albert, in which the rippling accompaniment of the stringed instruments was extremely effective. With regard to the solo players, we need only mention their names to prove that their performance was unsurpassable; they were Richardson, flute; Collinet, flageolet; Lazarus, clarinet; Koenig, cornet-a-pistons; Bauman, bassoon; Prospre, serpent; and Cioffi, trombone. The miscellaneous selection of Polkas, Quadrilles, and so forth, were very good in their way, but we should infinitely have preferred seeing the talents of the consummate artistes composing the band employed upon materials of a more sterling and substantial character. We hear that if the needful arrangements can be completed, M. Jullien will give a grand Morning Concert about the latter end of April. He is in treaty with the celebrated Pischek to sing at a series of concerts; and should the engagement be concluded we need scarcely say that a rich treat is in store for the lovers of accomplished vocalism.—*Burrows' Worcester Journal*.

LIVERPOOL.—Sir Henry Bishop, last week, closed his lectures at the

Collegiate Institution, with a concert of vocal music, the selection being wholly from his own compositions, and comprising a large number of choice pieces from his voluminous repertory. The audience was full, fashionable, and most enthusiastic, and Sir Henry was highly delighted with his reception, as well as with the manner in which the songs, glees, &c., were executed, many of which were new. Each part of the entertainment commenced with an overture on the organ, ably performed by Mr. Rogers. The first was from Winter's opera of *Tamerlane*, the second, Bishop's, *the Maniac*. The principal vocalists engaged were Mrs. G. Holden, Miss Thornton, Miss Parsons, Signor Sapio, and Mr. Garstin. To enumerate all the pieces which they performed would occupy too large a portion of our space; but we may state that they were taken from *Maid Marian*, *Henri Quatre*, *Midsommer Night's Dream*, *Comedy of Errors*, *Haroun Alraschid*, *Miller and his Men*, *Aladdin*, *Tyrolese Peasant*, *Guy Mannering*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Cortes*, *Law of Java*, *Englishmen in India*, *Slave*, *Twelfth Night*, *Don John*, *Noble Outlaw*, *Clari*, *Romance of the Day*, and *Arlaxerxes*. Miss Thornton, who, as well as Mr. Garstin, appeared before a Liverpool audience for the first time in the illustrations to these lectures, having been specially brought from the metropolis, displayed much taste and skill, and is an excellent singer. Mrs. G. Holden sustained the reputation which she has acquired as one of our principal local professionals, and Mr. Sapio, acquitted himself very creditably, especially in the duos. Miss Parsons bids fair to rise to eminence. Mr. Garstin is but a very poor and inefficient singer; some parts of his voice are certainly not disagreeable, but it lacks equality. It is with the greatest difficulty that he can ascend as far as F, and utterly impossible for him to reach G without bawling and distorting his features most unpleasantly. Why this gentleman should have been brought from London to perform a duty, which many of our resident artists are much better qualified to discharge with satisfaction to the audience, we do not know, but we are assured of this that the judgement and liberality of the Directors of the Collegiate Institution, or those to whom they entrust the management of these matters, are very sharply and seriously impugned in musical circles, and that if they continue to pursue the system that has now for some time prevailed, in reference to engagements, they will ere long become unpleasantly unpopular, and may some day or other be unable to obtain the services of the professional talent of the town, when it may be absolutely necessary to the success of their arrangements. The general impression is, that rather than give the required terms to any resident vocalist or instrumentalist they seem determined to send to Manchester, or London for inferior assistance, even though they may absolutely incur a greater expense. We know not how far this surmise may be correct, but we have occasionally noted some circumstances which, in the absence of explanation, apparently justify the assumption. If the fact be as represented, we recommend the instant adoption of a more sensible, consistent, and proper line of conduct; if not, we shall be glad to be made instrumental in dispelling a delusion that, we regret to say, is every day becoming more confirmed and extended. We should have stated, in connexion with our notice of the performance at this concert, that the auditory, and especially the more critical portion of it, were much delighted with the style of Sir Henry Bishop's piano-forte accompaniments. Mr. Stott, Mr. Jackson, and Mr. Andrews also aided in giving effect to some of the glees and choruses. Sir Henry was loudly cheered at the close of the performance.—*Liverpool Mail*.

NOTTINGHAM.—The performance of an Oratorio in Nottingham is so rare an occurrence that we felt no surprise at the anxiety and eagerness manifested by the musical public to hear Handel's "Messiah" on Monday evening, the 8th ult. On this occasion much responsibility rested upon the conductor, Mr. Henry Farrer, who had to govern with his baton a far more numerous orchestra and chorus than ever we have known to have been in Nottingham; and it is only doing him the merest justice to say that the ease, precision, learning, feeling, and energy of a true musician were evident throughout. Every lover of sacred music has, of course, heard the "Messiah" either at Exeter Hall or at one of the three great festivals, where only it has been performed on a scale commensurate with its merits; and of course vast is the difference between the 500 trained voices and instruments and the 250 amateurs (zealous and talented though they be) who meet for the second or third time in their lives. We have made these remarks merely to call attention to the variety of disadvantages under which an oratorio must be produced in a provincial town, and for which even the addition of London artists cannot wholly atone; as well as to enhance the ability displayed by an instrumental and vocal corps of which Nottingham and the neighbouring towns ought indeed to be proud. We deeply regret that pressure upon our space precludes the possibility of giving more than an outline of the performance. The Misses Williams sustained the soprano and contralto parts, and displayed all the brilliancy of execution, purity of intonation, power of expression, and intensity of feeling, for which they are famed. Mr. Marriott, of the Collegiate Church, Southwell, opened the oratorio:

evidencing the improvement resulting from his present ability to devote his whole time to the study of music. Our townsman, Mr. Baker, was the bass singer, and delivered the music allotted to him with his usual power and skill. The choruses were executed with power, and certainty; particularly "For unto us," "O thou that tellest," and "All we like sheep." "But thanks be to God" we thought scarcely so steady and brilliant as the rest. The spacious Mechanics' Hall, where the performance was given, was densely crowded.—*Nottingham Journal*.

WOODFORD.—A very excellent concert was given at the above place on Thursday evening, the 25th ult., under the direction of Mr. W. F. Bates, the pianist. Among the vocalists engaged we may mention Miss Sara Flower, Miss Messent, Mr. Mauvers, and Mr. John Parry. The instrumentalists were Mr. F. Chatterton (harp), and Mr. F. W. Bates (pianist.) The performance gave great satisfaction, and was most respectably attended.

EDINBURGH.—Madame Anna Bishop achieved another triumph on Thursday evening, in Balfie's opera, "The Maid of Artois," in which she personated Isoline. Madame Bishop's powers of execution are sustained without effort, while in the loftiest flights her exquisite taste still holds the sway. Nothing can exceed the richness and purity of her tone, which, in *legato* passages has a most delightful effect. An impassioned energy characterises her performance. The ballad, "The heart that once hath fondly teemed," was enthusiastically applauded. In the second act Madame Bishop introduces a ballad from Lavenue's opera, *Loretta*, "On the banks of the Guadalquivir," in the course of which occurs a long and brilliant shake, which she executes with surprising facility. The conclusion of this was a signal for a storm of applause, which called forth a repetition. Madame Bishop's dramatic powers were fully developed in the scene in the desert; her looks and gestures portrayed the horrors of thirst with vivid reality. The *rondo finale*, "The rapture dwelling," was the consummation of the artist's powers, blending sweetness with brilliancy, and fire with expression. An encore was demanded amid the reiterated *bravi* of the audience, and when the curtain fell for the second time, she was again called in front, amidst the acclamations of the whole house. We were well pleased with Mr. W. H. Reeves, who performed Jules de Montagnon. Mr. Patrick Corri, who personated the Marquis de Chateau Vieux, displayed great judgment in his performance. He sang "The light of other days" very tastefully, and merited the encore he received. The subordinate parts were played very well, especially Synnelet, by Mr. Henry Corri, and Nina, the Indian girl, by Miss H. Coveney. On Saturday evening, we had an opportunity of hearing Donizetti's comic opera, "L'Elisir d'Amore," for the first time here for many years, and in this, as in "Sonnambula" and "The Maid of Artois," the vocal powers of Madame Bishop triumphed over every difficulty. To the romance, "Oh, Elixir," she imparted all the exquisite taste and execution for which she is so distinguished. But the most striking feature in the opera was the "Grand Rondo," composed expressly for Madame Bishop, by Donizetti, at Naples. It is impossible to describe the enthusiastic encore which greeted the singing of this composition. Several of the concerted pieces were given with great effect, and loudly applauded. The character of Nemorino was ably sustained by Mr. Reeves. The Messrs. Corri also contributed to the success of the opera.—*Caledonian Mercury*, March 11.

EDINBURGH.—Madame Anna Bishop made her first appearance in our theatre on Tuesday evening, in the opera of "La Sonnambula;" her reception was of the most enthusiastic description. She possesses a voice of great compass, power, and flexibility, and her fine dramatic action gives an additional charm to all her vocal efforts. In the most rapid and difficult passages she displays the results of careful study and tuition, while her cadences and shakes are given with the most delicate taste and precision. Her intonation is also perfect. The beautiful *morceau*, "Oh, love for me thy power," was given with brilliant finish and execution, and elicited rapturous applause. But the greatest triumph of the evening was the concluding solo, "Oh, don't mingle," which she gave in the original language. Such a *furor* did this create, that notwithstanding its repetition, the cheering and waving of hats and handkerchiefs did not subside until the curtain again rose, and it was given a third time. We have particularised these two airs, as being the principal features in the opera which are allotted to Arina, but there were many other pieces in which she sustained a part deserving of the highest encomiums. At the conclusion of the opera, the heroine of the evening, with Messrs. Reeves and Corri, made her appearance before the curtain, in compliance with the unanimous call of a delighted and numerous audience. The character of Elvino was ably sustained by Mr. Reeves, who sung the music throughout with taste. Count Rodolph was well supported by Mr. Patrick Corri, from the Theatre Royal, Manchester, who possesses an excellent voice. The characters of Lisa and Annette found good representatives in Miss Aldridge and Miss Harriet Coveney. The choruses were well sustained. Last night the opera was repeated, and with even greater success than on the previous evening.—*Ibid.* March 11.

EDINBURGH.—Mr. Templeton gave his third entertainment yesterday evening in the Music Hall. The galleries were crowded, and a numerous audience occupied the centre of the room. The finest effort of the evening was "All is lost now," which Mr. Templeton gave with much pathetic feeling and graceful expression, while he sang the aria, "Still so gently o'er me stealing," with natural grandeur and ardent emotion. All the songs in the programme were greeted with hearty applause, while several encores were enthusiastically demanded, and which Mr. Templeton readily complied with.—*Caledonian Mercury*, March 11.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

DRURY LANE.—Mr. Bunn's annual benefit took place on Monday evening, and, as a matter of consequence, Drury Lane was crowded to excess in every part. This seems the only public occasion, during the season, which presents itself to the friends and admirers of the Napoleon of *Impresarii* to pay him homage and respect. Simply, we may say, Mr. Bunn is richly deserving of the greatest public support. To musical England especially has he proved himself not only its *Mæcenæ*s, but its Prometheus. The metaphor may be far-fetched; but who can deny that Mr. Bunn has created a national opera for England; has brought to light new composers, who, but for him, most probably, would have handed their MSS. over to the cheeseman; and has infused a new hope among musical men that their compositions shall not lie fallow. May not Mr. Bunn, therefore, be entitled the Prometheus of Music—at least for Drury, and that is something. The entertainments of Monday night consisted of *The Bondman*, in which Balfe's delicious melodies were heard with renewed delight; followed by a selection of vocal music; to which was added a *Pas de Danse*; whereupon ensued the favourite interlude *Popping the Question*; subsequently a performance by the veritable Ethiopian Serenaders; the whole concluding with *The Waterman*, in which Mr. Braham supported his original part of Tom Tug. The great feature of the evening was certainly Braham's appearance, which appeared to have thrown the audience into hysterics of delight. Such a reception has seldom startled the walls of any theatre, as that which hailed our old favourite on Monday night. The moment he appeared, "that's Braham," seemed to issue telegraphically from every mouth—simple words, which, ere they were pronounced, were drowned in the sudden tempest-blast of human voices that followed. A more unanimous applause we never listened to. Old and young, those who had heard, and those who never could have heard the great artist, but felt tempestuous from sympathy; the grave and gay, those who seldom vociferated, and those who seldom do anything else but vociferate at a theatre; the critic and the amateur; the professor and the scholar; the artist and the lover, all joined in making their vocal powers instrumental in paying their favourite the heartiest homage and tribute. Mr. Braham seemed quite overcome by their manifestations of enthusiasm, and was obliged to pause before he could commence his song. His appearance was no less hailed with applause in the after-piece. Mr. Harley was received with continued acclamations in a favourite melody, which he sang in his usual vivaciously comic mode. Mr. Bunn was called for at the end of the opera, and made a pithy and pointed speech in reference to his position with regard to Drury Lane and the public. He was hailed with immense cheers. The performances did not conclude till late. Her Majesty and Prince Albert honoured the theatre last night with their presence, on which occasion *The Bondman*, was commanded for performance, and Marietta Baderna won golden opinions in the *Cachoucha*.

FRENCH PLAYS.—Since our last notice we have had *Casanova*, or *Le Fort St. André*, in which M. Lafont and Mlle. Fargueil

have both appeared and played with their usual skill and discretion. The title of the above-named piece boded more laxity of morals and looseness of intrigue than is usually admitted in England, and we were not deceived in our expectations. We cannot conceive what possessed the author to adopt such a title, or to seek for his subject-matter in a biography of doubtful authenticity in the first place, and even if this point be conceded totally devoid of wit and humour. We remember seeing at the Adelphi, some twelve years ago, it may be more, a piece founded on the novel of *Faust*, softened down it is true, yet preserving much of the salt of the original composition, which, however faulty in other respects, has at least the advantage of invention, raciness, and causticity. In *Casanova* we find nothing of the sort, and the people of this theatre, who occasionally express an opinion of their own, testified it most unequivocally on Friday week last, so much so, that we have no fear of a repetition of it. Although of some length, the piece is composed of very slight materials. *Casanova* is a bold dragoon—a man à bonnes fortunes, who makes love to every woman he meets; he is on the opening of the piece confined in a state prison for some political offence, and here he intrigues first with the governor's wife, then with the gaoler's niece, and lastly with the fiancée of his own friend; throwing at the same time the husband, the bridegroom, and the lover of the several fair ones into all the horrors of jealousy, and the ladies themselves into a complete state of mystification. On receiving the news of his enlargement, which promises a wider field for his amorous adventures, he takes unceremonious leave of the whole party, allowing them to make up matters as best they can. Lafont was excellent as the military Lothario; his acting was easy and went far to save the piece from the most unequivocal and merited damnation; Mademoiselle Fargueil, as the little *Grisette*, was full of vivacity and sprightliness. We may say, *en passant*, that these are the parts best adapted to the lady's capabilities, as *Jeanneton*, in *Pierre le Rouge*, and in this part, in *Casanova*, we shall be borne out and justified in our opinion. The reason is simply that in such parts as these she is more natural, she is herself: whilst in *Mathilde*, in the *Demon de la Nuit*, and similar parts, she affects a preciseness of language, an over-refinement of pronunciation, which almost degenerates into affectation. We should like to know why *démon* is pronounced *diémon*—*mari miarri*—and *ami iamm*, &c. &c. We could multiply our examples of her affectation, which destroys the effect of a superior talent by subjecting it to ridicule. *Le Roi des Frontins*, in two acts, was the vehicle for the debut of Monsieur Alcide Tousez. We have seen him in two of his principal parts, in that already mentioned on Friday, and in *La Sœur de Jocrisse*, on Monday last. In comparing him with our English actors, we think that he has many points of resemblance with Mr. Keeley, or perhaps a compound of him and Mr. Buckstone. In these two pieces he performed parts diametrically the antithesis of each other. In the *Roi des Frontins*, in two acts, he played the part of a rustic bumpkin, who becomes a gentleman's valet, and, by his shrewdness, is so successful in extricating his master from innumerable scrapes and difficulties, that he obtains the *soubriquet* of king of valets; the actor making the combination of nature, mother-wit, and clownish manners excessively amusing. In the *Sœur de Jocrisse* on the contrary, he is a simple, matter of fact lad, who contrives to turn everything topsy-turvy in the house where he has been admitted as a servant, through the intercession of his sister. He knocks the buttons off his master's coat, leaves his watch at the Hotel de Ville, when sent to set it by the clock, lets the parrot escape, and wonders that a cat has taken its place in the cage; and in a capital scene endeavours to persuade his master that the bird has undergone a complete metamorphosis. He breaks the vases; lights a candle with a marriage settlement, prepared by his master, who is about to wed a lady more interested than loving; by his insinuations and *gaucheries* breaks off the marriage, and eventually brings about a match between his master and sister. M. Alcide Tousez displayed much native imbecility, and drew down shouts of laughter. He was called for after the piece. Mademoiselle Fouquet also did her part with much vivacity and intelligence. She is a most useful little person, and evinces signs of manifest improvement. We may also mention that M. Lafont again drew down shouts of laughter in the *Deux Brigadiers* on Monday week, and in *Un Mari qui se Dérange*, on Wednesday

week last. On Friday, the 12th, was produced a most pleasing little *Comédie-Vaudeville* in two acts, entitled the *Lectrice*. The plot is of the most simple description, but was peculiarly interesting to us from the excellent acting bestowed on their parts by Mademoiselle Fargueil and M. Cartigny. They were so simple, so unexaggerated, so natural, so much at home, that we almost forgot we were at the theatre. M. Cartigny in the old French officer, we mean English officer, was perfection, although there certainly was more of the Frenchman than the Englishman about him. His principal amusement is to hear the works of the great French poets read to him; this office is performed by Caroline, who, by her gentleness and unassuming manners, has inspired the old invalid with the most sincere affection and gratitude towards her. While in this situation, she meets a young officer named Sir Arthur, and, in a scene of mutual recognition, we learn her whole history. She is the daughter of the old gentleman with whom she lives; married by him to an old man whom she could not love, she had attracted the admiration of Sir Arthur, then a gay and thoughtless youth, whose attempts to obtain a nocturnal interview having been discovered, had blasted her reputation, and caused her husband's death. In this distress, she had sought admission as a stranger into her father's family, had obtained it, and endeavours to soothe the old man's sorrow by her devotion and filial piety. Her lover now does his utmost to make amends for the harm he had unintentionally done, explains the whole transaction, vindicates her innocence, and obtains her hand from her delighted father. This story is so well told, so homely in all its details, so free from false sentiment and conceit, that it met with the most cordial reception. We may particularly mention the scene in which the veteran recognises his daughter's innocence, and is reconciled to her, as in no ordinary degree affecting. *Tiridate* is a trifle intended to exhibit the actress's talent both in the tragic and comic line; but in the present instance we cannot unreservedly commend her efforts. Mademoiselle Fargueil did the part of *La Dumesnil* most charmingly in some respects, but in the whole failed. She looked the part well, but in the scene, evidently intended by the author to be a most serious one, where she plays the heroine in the young gentleman's tragedy, she elicited more laughter than was welcome to classical ears. In that intended by the great actress, we mean *La Dumesnil*, to disgust the young poet with theatres and actresses, she was coarse without descending to vulgarity, and entered fully into the spirit of the part. On the whole we do not like the piece itself, in spite of the excellent acting of M. Cartigny, who, although he has a most decided contempt for creatures *de cette espèce*, as he calls theatrical people, blubbered most heartily in the pathetic parts. There is but one good scene in it, which is the last. Mlle. Vallée was also seen to great advantage, and played with much *finesse*. We are sorry that M. Alcide Tousez is suffering from severe cold, so that much of the effect he would otherwise produce is lost; his enunciation, at all times imperfect and indistinct, is now perfectly unintelligible. M. Lafont has been delighting his hearers with *Les deux Brigadiers* and *Un Mari qui se Dérange*, pieces which will bear seeing several times. On Wednesday Her Majesty the Queen and the Prince Albert were present, and, instead of the two new pieces underlined on Monday, we had a repetition of *Pierre le Rouge* and *Lekain*. The house was well attended on this occasion, and we were so much the more pleased as it in a great measure proved the high esteem in which M. Lafont is held in England. We need not enter into any details of a performance which we have already noticed at great length; there was the same quiet, easy, gentlemanly carriage and manners which have made this actor a universal favorite.

J. DE C—E.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

There was nothing new on Saturday, *Lucia* and *Coralie* keeping their places in the bills. On Tuesday the same opera and ballet were presented. On both occasions the houses were excellent, and the performers were honoured with distinguished applause.

On Thursday evening, "long Thursday" was kept religiously, and none of its festivities omitted. The entertainments were varied in such a manner as to combine most of the strength of Mr. Lumley's company. There were also novelties

of unusual interest:—for example, Gardoni's first appearance in a new character, and that character Elvino, which must, perforce, induce comparison between the young tenor and his celebrated predecessors, Mario and Rubini; and a new ballet by M. Paul Taglioni, inventor of the graceful *Coralie*. Besides these, some fragments of *Lucia*, with Fraschini, and the national *pas de deux* called *La Slavonienne*, first made known to the public by Mlle. Rosati and M. Paul Taglioni, on the preceding Thursday.

The *Lucia* fragments may be dismissed at once, with the proviso that what we advanced last week, in respect of Signor Fraschini's merits and demerits, we have found no reason to modify. He has a magnificent voice, but he is deficient in style, and his method is not good enough to ensure a perfect command of the endowments with which nature has so prodigally favoured him. Our duty towards the *Slavonienne*, no less, may be discharged with a reference to our article of last week, in which we rendered due justice to its not very transcendent merits.

The opera of *La Sonnambula* demands more attention at our hands, and the pleasure we derived from its performance renders our task of criticism less unwelcome than we are but too often disposed to find it. Without further preliminary, then, we may state that those who have not heard Gardoni in Elvino, have not had it in their power to accord full justice to his talent. Rubini and Mario fresh in the memory, we listened to the new comer with unalloyed satisfaction. Those who objected that his voice lacked power, must have been well convinced of their error, by the powerful intensity with which the famous *scena* of the second act, especially the *aria*, was delivered. We were not at all astonished at the sensation it created. The auditors were taken by surprise; but the instant surprise let them loose again, they gave uninterrupted vent to their feelings of admiration. Following Mario's example, Gardoni transposed this *aria* a semitone. Rubini himself, the original, was rarely in condition to sing it as Bellini wrote it, in D flat; and what Rubini could not always do, must be for ever a despair to other vocalists. A consideration which easily laid at rest our invariable repugnance to transpositions. In the other parts of the opera, Gardoni was equally successful; and it may safely be assumed that he is now established as a *primo tenore* in every respect worthy of Her Majesty's Theatre. Already, in so few nights, he has managed to win a larger share of favour than is allotted to the great majority of artistes; and it is not unreasonable to prophesy that he will very shortly take a place in public estimation by the side of the most renowned of the foreign vocalists, without even one exception. It is almost superfluous to add, that he was encored in the *aria*, repeatedly applauded during the opera, and recalled more than once upon the stage. In short, the warmest friend of Signor Gardoni could scarcely have hoped for him a more decided success. We must also praise his acting, which was easy and unobtrusive, graceful and prepossessing, and, when the situation required, full of energy and pathos. Madame Castellan's Amina is well-known to the public, and our opinion thereon has been presented to our readers on various occasions. We were more pleased with it on Thursday than we have ever been before, and were convinced anew of the improvement which we noticed in our last. Perhaps, however, if the fair singer would slightly modify her taste for excessive displays of ornament, the value of her delicious voice would be more sensibly appreciated. We readily admit her facility, but we so greatly admire her *cantabile* singing, that we should like to hear a little more of it. As for the audience, they were delighted with all she did, and ap-

plauded her most liberally; it is therefore, perhaps, somewhat hypercritical on our parts to carp at a performance which afforded such undivided pleasure to others.

One line must chronicle our satisfaction with the manner in which Frederick Lablache sustained the part of Rudolfo, so important in much of the concerted music. Nothing could be more able than his singing, or more agreeable and natural than his acting. We should like to see this excellent artist much oftener. It is ill-judged on the part of the management to dispense with his services in favour of others so much his inferiors.

We are tired of praising Balfe;—and yet on every new occasion we find reason to congratulate the management on the possession of so zealous and active a servant. With deference to the *Morning Chronicle*, which, in the fever of partisanship, forgets to speak the truth, we never heard the choruses and orchestral accompaniments to the *Sonnambula* so well executed at Her Majesty's Theatre, often as we have heard the opera. The pretty chorus in the *finale* to the first act was sung with admirable precision, and the *pianos* were attained to perfection. The orchestra is getting more and more under Balfe's control, and every new performance affords us fresh proof of his generalship. In thus pronouncing an opinion so directly opposite to that of our indefatigable contemporary, we are quite at ease; since the judgment we offer is a purely musical one, for which we depend upon an ear not altogether uncultivated, and an education which has enabled us to acquire the knowledge of several facts with the existence of which we have much doubt if he be acquainted.

It remains to speak of the new ballet, which must (until next week) be shortly dismissed. *Thea, ou la Fête aux Fleurs* is a *divertissement* in one act, divided into two *tableaux*. A more graceful subject, or a fitter vehicle for scenic and choreographic effects, was never turned to stage account. The story rests upon the love of a certain Prince Hassan for flowers, which reaches such a height that he neglects even his favourite mistress, Thea, who can no longer afford him pleasure, so absorbed is he in the pursuit of his floral amours. Thea, in despair, implores the aid of the Flower Fairy, who being a benignant supernatural, accords it. Thea is changed by the fairy's power into a rose-tree. The rose-bud attracts Prince Hassan's attention more than any plant in his garden. He plucks a rose from its branches, when lo! the Flower Fairy appears, and the whole garden is animated with spirits, decked in the colours and petals of different flowers. The Fairy reproaches Prince Hassan for his conduct, threatening him with punishment for having plucked the rose. The Prince implores her pardon, which she accords on condition that he will consent to marry the rose-tree—to which the Prince, being as enamoured as ever was the Italian prisoner of his Picciola, gladly assents. The rose-tree, assuming coyness, works the Prince into a madness of desire, but at length appears to receive his addresses with favour—when lo! the branches fade away into thin air, and the beautiful form of Thea, his faithful and neglected mistress, stands erect before him, silently reproaching him for his inconstancy. All his old love returns, and, at the command of the Flower Fairy, the Prince and Thea are united; and so the story ends.

The scenic effects to which this ballet gives occasion, are as new as they are beautiful. Mr. Marshall has outshone himself on this occasion. The last *tableau* is as fanciful in its way as that in *Coralia*, the combinations being floral instead of aquatic. We never witnessed a more exquisite illusion of colour played upon by light. The dresses were equally picturesque. The groupings displayed the *corps de ballet* to

wonderful advantage; and the principal dances were of the first quality. Mdle. Rosati performed in such a manner as to place herself among the queens of choregraphic art, and Marie Taglioni crowned her virgin brow with new laurels. The ballet, in short, created a *furor*. But we must reserve all detail till our next. Meanwhile, we congratulate Mr. Lumley on the continued evidences of his spirit and discrimination, of his liberality and regardlessness of outlay, which cannot fail of sustaining him in the high position he has assumed since the beginning of his management. Let him go on thus, and he may set competition at defiance.

HANDEL'S BELSHAZZAR.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Last evening, Handel's oratorio, *Belshazzar*, was produced at Exeter Hall, for the first time, by the Society. The importance of the work itself, and the consideration of its first representation, warrant us, in our present circumscription of time and space, in deferring a more accurate and analytic notice till our next number. Meanwhile, we shall merely take account of the principal vocalists, and the general impression the oratorio made on the audience. The leading vocalists, therefore, were the Misses Birch, M. B. Hawes, and the Messrs. H. Phillips, J. Howe, Bodda, and Manvers. As a first performance, we may state that the oratorio was satisfactorily given, the principal singers acquitting themselves with much credit, and the chorus, generally speaking, upholding their character as efficient interpreters of this very arduous department of vocal interpretation. The general feeling left upon our minds is, that Handel's *Belshazzar* is by no means one of his greatest works, and that the music is elaborate and heavy, rarely indicating the great composer's highest moments of inspiration. We shall, however, enter into this subject at more length, and with more care, in our ensuing number.

MR. JULLIEN.

This enterprising and spirited conductor has returned to London for a few days, after amassing large sums of money from his indefatigable exertions in the provinces. Truly may it be said, "*We have but one JULLIEN*." He has given universal delight in most of the principal towns in England, and will leave the metropolis for a second tour next week.

CONCERTS.

GRAND POPULAR CONCERTS.—On Tuesday evening, the fourth of the series of these excellent and well-conducted entertainments was held in Sussex Hall, and attracted a tolerably crowded assemblage of visitors. The concert was confined entirely to vocal *morceaux*, comprising songs, ballads, duets, trios, glances, quartets, comic songs and scenes. The ball was opened with Balfe's beautiful quatour, "*Lo! the early beam of morning*," sung with good effect by the Misses M. O'Connor and Felton, and the Messrs. H. Phillips and F. Smith. Next, Mr. Geage gave a song of Blewitt's nicely, and Miss A. Williams one of Auber's charmingly; and then Mr. H. Phillips gave, by particular desire, Dibdin's "*Sailor's Journal*," with admirable spirit, which was rapturously applauded; and following the sea-song came the duet-sisters, whom every one knows without further naming, and sang a duet very prettily and artistically; and anon, Mr. F. Smith treated the then inmates of Sussex Hall to a second edition of Henry Russell, singing that gentleman's "*Gambler's Wife*" so as to create a great sensation in the room, especially when the clock struck; and subsequently Mr. H. Phillips, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Sharp, Mr. W. G. Percival, Miss Barwick, and the artistes aforesaid, aided and abetted in rendering the concert conformable to the highest expectations of all who pledged their faith to the premises of the GRAND POPULAR CONCERTS.

CONCERT FOR MR. KEARNS' FAMILY.—The entertainment held in the Hanover Square Rooms, on Wednesday evening, to assist the widow and family of Mr. Kearns, was of such a kind and character as to attract a denser audience than is often witnessed within these rooms. All the musical professors of note in London, with few exceptions, lent their aid on this occasion to render the entertainment worthy of the patronage of the public, and as a last, though poor memento of their respect and love for one of the most venerated and amiable of all their confraternity. All the principal native vocalists, all such as could escape from their dramatic and other necessitated duties, came and lifted up their voices in the cause of charity. The orchestra, conducted by Signor Costa, numbered eighty; there were ten solo instrumentalists, twenty-five solo singers, and the whole of the members of the Choral Fund attended. We have not room to particularize each *morceau*. We may, however, notice a few performances that stood out prominently from the rest. These were the overture to *Oberon*, finely executed and encored; Bach's concerto for three pianos, which, in the hands of Mr. Anderson, Mr. Benedict, and Mr. Sterndale Bennett, was splendidly interpreted; the exquisite aria from *Tito*, "Non più di fiori," which was given by Madame G. Macfarren in a style to cause us to believe that Mozart's music, *et hoc genus omne*, is decidedly her forte; and Beethoven's grand symphony in D. The concert of Wednesday evening reflected the highest credit on all parties concerned, whether it be the conductor who volunteered his eminent services, the professors and artists who aided, or the public who thronged in crowds in aid of so benevolent a purpose. In addition to the money paid for tickets by the visitors, we are informed that a handsome amount has been realized by donations. We trust the subscriptions will not cease before the widow and children will be removed from all fear of a lapse into indigence.

MADAME DULCKER'S MATINEE MUSICALE.—Madame Dulcken commenced a series of morning performances of classical piano-forte music on Wednesday, at her residence in Harley Street. The concert was interspersed with some vocal pieces, executed by Mr. Harrison, Madame G. Macfarren, and Miss A. Loder, the latter lady making on this occasion her first appearance in public. Madame Dulcken executed compositions of Beethoven, Handel and Scarlatti, with her usual taste and brilliancy, and was supported in a quartett of Weber's by Messrs. Willy, Weslake and Hausman. The fair pianist also introduced specimens of modern authors. In the vocal section we have particularly to notice Madame G. Macfarren's singing two charming songs with great expression and purity. These songs were, "The First Day of Spring," by G. A. Macfarren, a composition fraught with the deepest poetic feeling; and the "Chloe in Sickness," of Sterndale Bennett, a very delicious canzonet, plaintive and melodious. The rooms were full and fashionably attended.

CLASSICAL INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.—A concert was given on Tuesday evening at Johnson's Assembly Rooms, Doctors' Commons, and went off excellently, the room being tolerably full. The performances consisted of Onslow's quintett, No. 4, in G minor; Mozart's quartett, No. 10, in D; Spohr's duet for violin and viola; Onslow's quintett, No. 5, in D; and Beethoven's quartett, No. 6, in B flat. The executants were Messrs. H. Blagrove, Webb, Weslake, Hancock, and C. Severn.

MISCELLANEOUS.

REMARKABLE ESCAPE.—At the Edinburgh theatre, on one occasion in which Miss Faucit appeared as Pauline in the *Lady of Lyons*, a rather untoward accident occurred near the close of the performances. A man, named Macdonald, a printer, who appears to have been top-heavy, fell over the front of the upper gallery into the pit, a height of about thirty feet. His fall was broken by alighting between two gentlemen, who were but slightly injured, and the man himself was taken to the Royal Infirmary, where it was found that he had sustained no very serious hurt.—*Glasgow Post*.

MANCHESTER.—(From a Correspondent.)—Hargreave's Choral Society.—By a paragraph in the *Guardian*, it appears that Dr. Mendelssohn has accepted the engagement offered to him by the directors of the Hargreave Concerts, to conduct

the performance of his last oratorio, *Elijah*. We understand he is engaged also to conduct two performances of it at Exeter Hall—one on Friday the 16th April, the other on the Friday following, the 23rd; betwixt which dates the next concert of the Hargreave's Society must be held, we believe, Tuesday the 20th. The principal vocalists are not yet engaged; but will, most likely, if practicable, be the same engaged by the Sacred Harmonic Society. The musical folks in Manchester are on the tiptoe of expectation, that a musical treat of no ordinary character is in store for them. We trust the solo performances will be in the hands of first-rate artists. We should like to hear Staudigl, Lockey, and Miss Birch—all, however, depends on circumstances. The Harmonic Society and the Hargreave's, too, will be sure to secure the best available talent; and we hope that the production of *Elijah* in Manchester will fully satisfy the subscribers for any former shortcoming; and that it will redound to the credit, as well as extend the means, of the Hargreave Choral Society.

[We may add to the above, that *Elijah* will be given in Dublin immediately after its performance at Manchester. Mendelssohn will attend on both occasions. The principal singers will be Miss Birch (in place of Madame Caradori), Miss Dolby, for whom the contralto part was intended by the composer, in place of Miss Hawes, with Herr Staudigl, and the Lockey, who were engaged in the first representation at with Birmingham festival.—Ed.]

HULLAH'S TESTIMONIAL FUND.—The last concert of this series will take place at Exeter Hall on Monday, the 19th of April, not the 12th, as stated by mistake in our last.

MADAME LUTZER, the celebrated German *prima donna*, will pay a visit to London in the first week of April. She has appointed Mr. Albert Schloss as the agent of her engagements in this country.

MADAME BISHOP concludes her engagement this week in Edinburgh. On the 22d she appears in *Sonnambula* at Bristol; on the 23d ditto at Bath; 25th at Bath, morning performance, the *Maid of Artois*; and the same evening!!! same opera at Bristol—good work this. On the 26th Madame Bishop will perform in *Anna Bolena* at Bristol, and on the 27th ditto at Bath. On the 6th of April the fair cantatrice gives two concerts at Exeter, and proceeds soon after to Dublin to fulfil her second engagement.

MR. J. CARTE, the celebrated flute-player, continues to give his weekly concerts at Greenwich. On Monday last we attended for the first time, and were much pleased throughout with the entertainments. Among the artists engaged for that night, we noticed Miss Solomon, Mr. Manvers, Mr. F. Chatterton, and Madame G. Macfarren. Mr. Carte received immense applause for his performance on the flute, and Miss Dolby and Madame G. Macfarren divided with him the applause of the evening, for the charming and artistic manner in which they interpreted some vocal *morceaux*. The rest of the performers also came in for their share of acclamation.

MADAME KNISPEL, the vocalist, has arrived in London for the season.

MR. HAUSMANN, the eminent violoncellist, has returned to town, after making a successful provincial tour with JULIEN.

A GRAND BALL is announced to take place on Wednesday, April 7, at Willis's Rooms, in aid of the distressed Irish. The ball will be given under the immediate patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge. Olivier's quadrille band of twenty first-rate performers, under the direction of Mr. F. G. Tinnye, will attend. It is to be

hoped that the ball will be well attended. For terms see advertisement page.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—A very splendid entertainment of vocal and instrumental music will be given at this theatre on Tuesday evening, March 30, by that most enterprising and energetic of all concert-givers, Mr. Allcroft. The principals in the vocal department, already announced, consist of Mesdames Albertazzi and F. Lablache; the Misses Birch, E. Birch, Steele, Rainforth, Poole, Hill, Sabilla Novello, and M. B. Hawes; together with the Messrs. Harrison, Travers, H. Phillips, F. Lablache, Brizzi, Allcroft, Guibilei, and H. Russell. The instrumental section comprises the names of Madame Dulcken, Mr. Richardson, and Herr Joachim, as soloists. We are delighted to announce the coming of the latter admirable young artist, whose performances on the violin are hardly surpassed by any living executant. The orchestra will be numerous and select. Some startling novelties will be provided. The celebrated Ethiopian Serenaders, who have been creating an immense sensation for some time past at the St. James's Theatre, will make their *début* at the Haymarket. Sixteen eminent pianists, and eight celebrated harpists, will execute a new grand *Morceau de Concert*, arranged expressly for this occasion: and, to crown all, selections from Rossini's *Stabat Mater* will be introduced; and the entertainments will conclude with the prayer from the *Mosé in Egitto*, interpreted by the entire vocal corps. If this be not the concert of concerts, we know not what is. Mr. Roberts will attend as leader, and the conductors will be the Messrs. Negri, Lavenue, and T. G. Reed. Altogether, a more spirited scheme we have never ante-dated; and we have no doubt that Mr. Allcroft will meet with all the success he so well merits.

CHORAL HARMONISTS.—The next meeting of this society is announced for Monday, the 22nd inst. The scheme includes Haydn's "Second Mass;" Spohr's cantata, "Christian Prayer," Mendelssohn's overture to the "Isles of Fingal," and Rombert's "Song of the Bell." We shall do our best to attend this classical gathering.

Mr. HENRY SMART, the talented organist of St. Luke's Church, Middlesex, is actively engaged in the formation of an efficient choir, for the performance of the full cathedral service at morning and evening worship at that church. A meeting of the parishioners was held some time since, to decide on the advisability of making so great a change in the mode of celebrating divine worship, when not only was the unanimous feeling in favour of such alteration, as conducive to an increased degree of devotion, but the necessary funds for carrying the contemplated improvement into effect, were voted with the greatest cordiality. This is another instance of the progress of musical feeling, and we have little doubt but that for the opposition to the further introduction of music in our church services, so strenuously exerted in high quarters, this example would be extensively followed. Mr. Smart has secured the services of two gentlemen from Lancashire, of considerable musical talent, for his first tenor and bass; and having selected from amongst the boys attached to the national schools, those whose voices and abilities gave promise of success, has, for some time past, been pursuing with them a rigid course of instruction, resulting in the formation of a choir of boys which, we have no doubt, in time will be equal to any in the metropolis. The cathedral service will be performed, for the first time, on Easter Sunday.

ABBAY GLEE CLUB.—This club, which has been established upwards of half a century, and includes, among its members, several of our best glee singers, gave its eighth soirée, on Thursday evening, in the large room of the Crown and Anchor

Tavern, to a crowded audience. The selection comprised a variety of glees by Calcott, T. Cooke, Goss, Arne, Bishop, Webbe, Stevens, &c., which were well performed. We would especially commend the excellent manner in which T. Cooke's glee, "Shades of the Heroes," was rendered. The Misses Williams assisted with their charming voices and cultivated style in passing off the evening most pleasantly. They sang together Hatton's duet, "Two Laughing Fairies," which elicited an encore, and also the duet from Benedict's *Crusaders*, "The ties of Friendship." Miss A. Williams sang, moreover, the song from the *Siren*, in a manner peculiarly her own, and which always commands an encore. Some two or three German glees were introduced, but were not so effectively performed as those of the authors we have above-named. Among them were "Maying," by Müller, and "Lutzow's Wild Hunt," by Weber. This collection of glees, which are published periodically, under the name of "Orpheus," are formed on a very different model to our English glees, and require in themselves a peculiar style of singing, which we have heard but rarely attained. A few years since, Mr. Henry Smart organised a small private society for the especial study of this class of composition, which arrived at a considerable degree of perfection, but we believe the society is now extinct. A m.s. glee, by Mr. J. Howe, was well sung, and the composition in itself contains many good points. Mr. Coward played a fantasia, by Alexander Fesca, on the piano, evincing a tolerable acquaintance with the instrument, and the performance of each part concluded with madrigals by Converso and Beale, which were neatly and effectively sung.

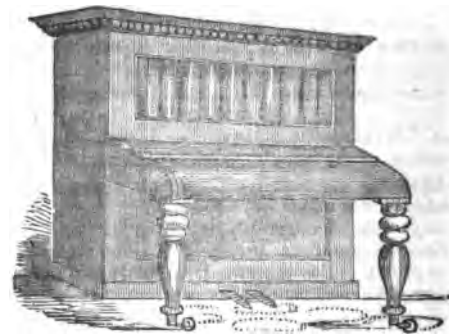
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JUSTITIA.—We have received our correspondent's letter but not the notice alluded to. We shall be glad to hear thereupon from JUSTITIA.

Mr. J. N. SPORLE and Mr. LINDSAY SLOPER'S CONCERTS will be noticed in our next.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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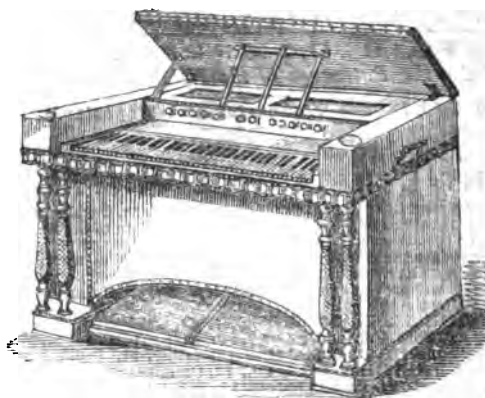
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The Musical World.

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No. 13.—VOL. XXII.

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1847.

{ PRICE THREEPENCE
STAMPED, FOURPENCE.

NOTICE,—An ARIA, written expressly for

SIGNOR CARDONI,

by a celebrated Italian Composer, will be presented to the Subscribers of the "Musical World," with the First Number of the month ensuing.

JENNY LIND.

THE mystical correspondence *apropos* of the nightingale of nightingales has been continued since our last. Edward Jennings, Esq., Chancery-lane, 9, is evidently not a man to be brow-beaten. He accordingly addresses the following letter to Mr. Bunn, at half-past ten o'clock on Friday night, and a copy thereof to the editor of the *Morning Post*, which the editor of the *Morning Post* forthwith publishes in his paper of Saturday, prefacing its introduction with the observation that "No answer has been returned to Mlle. Jenny Lind's solicitor, as will be seen by the following letter:—"

[Copy.]

9, Chancery Lane, March 19, 1847.

"Sir,—I am still waiting for the answer to my communications, which you promised should be immediate. On my part, all the forms of courtesy and business have been observed. On my first addressing you I had the honour of observing that the letter of Mademoiselle Lind was open to your inspection, and that of your legal advisers. On your expressing a wish to have this letter in your hands to satisfy yourself, I called upon you, and whilst I stated that this note formed an essential part of my instructions, and I could not therefore part with it, I placed it in your hands to peruse. On returning it, you stated that you were perfectly satisfied as to its authenticity, and would give me a reply in the course of that day. This answer I therefore beg leave to demand directly at your hands, and I trust that if you are now held by a bond to other parties, which prevents your acceptance of a gift of peace, of which you of course could not foresee the generous offer, and still less the extraordinary liberality—I trust you will consider it due to yourself and to Mlle. Lind, in all fairness, to state the circumstances. I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant,

(Signed)

"E. JENNINGS.

"To Alfred Bunn, Esq., Theatre Royal, Drury-lane."

Next morning the Cerberus of the *Morning Chronicle*, ever watchful at his post (no pun), prints and comments upon the above, annexing to it, by way of tag, a copy of a letter from Mr. Bunn, of Drury-lane, to Jennings, Esq., Chancery-lane, 9, which runs as follows:—

"Dawley, near Hays, March 20, 1847.

"Sir,—I cannot admit of your putting words into my mouth I never uttered, or constructions upon my conduct not founded on fact; and with this observation I dismiss your nonsensical remarks of 'demand directly'—'a bond to others'—'a gift of peace'—'generous offer'—'extraordinary liberality' &c. &c.—evidently intended for further *exparte* publication. I stated to you that I would send an immediate answer to the letter you showed me, bearing the signature of 'Jenny Lind'; and although I believed, and still believe, that letter to have been concocted in London, I did answer it at once, addressing Madlle Lind herself at Vienna. As you state she is a client of yours, I refer you to her for the nature of my reply.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,"

"C. B. Jennings, Esq., &c. &c. &c."

"A BUNN.

We are as much in the dark as ever. Were it not a clear impossibility, we should think that Mademoiselle Jenny Lind would please both parties, by coming to London, and not coming to London, at one and the same period. Meantime the *Post* chronicles (no pun), in one of its recent articles on the Opera, the fact that Jenny Lind has started from Vienna, on her route to London. This would settle the question but for a paragraph in the same paper, lower down the same column, which, after trumpeting the praises of Jenny Lind in Meyerbeer's *Camp of Silesia*, states that *another opera is preparing for her at the An-der-Wien Theatre*. How this can be reconciled with her having already started from Vienna for London, we leave the *Post* to decide.

POSTSCRIPTUM.—In the *Morning Post* of Wednesday, March 24, we read as follows:—

"We are happy to state that during the performance a foreign courier arrived, bringing letters announcing the departure of Mlle. Jenny Lind from Vienna, on her way to fulfil her engagement at her Majesty's Theatre. The letters also announce the arrival, immediately after Easter, of Staudigl. Thus we shall have the great Italian basso, Lablache, and the greatest German basso at the same time. Novelty will succeed novelty—Ernani on Saturday, *I Due Foscari* after Easter week, whilst Jenny Lind will make her debut in Alicia, in Meyerbeer's grand opera of *Roberto il Diavolo*."

In the same column occurs the following:—

"The enthusiasm of the Viennese public for the opera of *The Camp of Silesia* continues unabated. At each representation the Imperial Theatre, notwithstanding the great increase of prices, is filled to excess, and the receipts invariably amount to about 11,000 florins (about 600*l.*). The opera of *Robert le Diable* is about to be reproduced, in which Mlle. J. Lind will fill the part of *Alice* as well as that of the Princess. It is said M. Meyerbeer has undertaken to set to music for the theatre *An-der-Wien*, a new opera, the words of which are by M. Baurenfeld.

Will our excellent contemporary oblige us by an explanation of this seeming contradiction? It is not easy to understand how Jenny Lind can be about to appear in *Robert le Diable*, having already started for London. We have no doubt, however, that the matter will be cleared up, as we hinted above, and that Jenny Lind will be proved, as we hinted above, ubiquitous.

LOLA MONTEZ.

It appears that the letter which has gone the round of the English and French press, stopping short at the *Journal des Debats*, is after all nothing more than a hoax. The *Journal des Debats* suspecting the hand-writing not to be Lola's, declined inserting the letter. The *National*, less wary, gave it insertion. It runs as follows:—

[Translation].

"Sir—I have read in your journal infamous articles against my person, and against one of the most just and most noble of Kings. Far from complaining of them, I rather congratulate myself on an aggression which gives me the opportunity of enlightening you with respect to me. Knowing so well your fairness as to be assured that you will consider it a duty to defend a woman, exposed to the infernal intrigues of the

Jesuits, and of their blind partisans, I hope that you will also be kind enough to insert the present letter in one of the earliest numbers of your journal. Arrived at Munich towards the commencement of the month of October of last year, I soon saw with astonishment the Jesuits exercised a fatal and immense influence in that city, as well as in all Bavaria. Having loudly declared myself against such an abuse, and being ignorant that the last Ministry conformed itself to their principles, I saw myself imperceptibly and adroitly exposed to the cruel intrigues of which the disciples of Loyola are capable, without having given cause for them by my own conduct. Since then every day brought new attempts; calumny in all its forms was employed; I received menaces of being poisoned, assassinated; every day insulting letters, bearing my signature, were addressed to the most respectable persons of the capital, in order to excite them against me. Even an offer of a life income of 50,000*fr.* was made to me if I would consent to disappear without noise, but I refused the proposition with indignation. His Majesty the King having, of his own free will, dismissed a professor of the University belonging to the Jesuits' party, I was assailed in the house I inhabit by a mob which was paid by them, and though I had never meddled in any matter which concerned the Government, I saw myself exposed to the danger of being stoned to death. Happily the good sense of the inhabitants of Munich, and the wise measures of the authorities, soon reduced the mob to order. This statement of facts proves sufficiently the injustice that the newspapers have done me. If I had had any influence, and if I had consented to use it on behalf of my enemies, instead of being persecuted as I am now, they would not have failed to declare me the heroine of their patron, and then there would have been not only a Saint Ignatius Loyola, but, according to their proverb that "the end sanctifies the means," they would have proclaimed a Sancta Lola!

(Signed) "LOLA MONTEZ."

A provincial journal, *The Cheltenham Looker-on*, gives the following history of the fair intriguer's life; which, albeit we altogether doubt its authenticity, we reprint for the edification of our readers:

"WHO IS LOLA MONTEZ?—The donna is of a very good Spanish family, but was born in Ireland. Her friends returning to Spain, young Lola accompanied them, and in due course, at an early age, married an officer in the Spanish service, and mixed in very good society. This marriage did not turn out a very happy one, and Donna Lola eloped with an Irishman; she was afterwards abandoned by her lover in Dublin, when she commenced a career of profligacy remarkable only for its audacity. One of her many admirers procured her some lessons in stage dancing, and had influence enough to get her an engagement at the Opera. She appeared as Lola Montes, the whole matter having been kept as secret as possible. But the men of the omnibus box, and the *habitués* of the stalls, recognised in the new "Spanish dancer" their old friend "Betsy Watson," and the whole affair was voted a "take in." Lola then proceeded to Paris where she failed. From Paris she went to Berlin, and from Berlin to Munich, where, it seems, she has completely enslaved the King. It is difficult to say which runs to the greatest excess, his Majesty's infatuation, or the lady's insolence. Lola had, before the "bull-dog" story, managed to make herself tolerably notorious by refusing to rise when the Royal Family entered the Theatre, according to the custom at Munich, and persisted in retaining her seat in her box even when the propriety of rising was suggested to her. The King of Bavaria must be a sad fellow indeed, even when tried by the very lax standard of German court morality. The most beautiful room in his palace is that which is devoted to the portraits of his mistresses. The apartment is hung with crimson-coloured velvet, and the portraits of some dozen beautiful women, all in deep gold oval frames, decorate it. The effect is beautiful in the extreme. The Ministers and *attachés* of the German Courts here (London) are quizzed unceasingly by the quondam friends of "Betsy Watson," for the doting fondness of the Bavarian King."

If any of our readers believe a word of the above, we congratulate them on their good faith. We ourselves do not, and were we asked our reason for publishing it, we should be puzzled to give it. But it is too late now to leave it out.

MADAME BISHOP IN THE PROVINCES.

(From a Correspondent.)

Madame Bishop terminated her engagement in Edinburgh on Friday the 19th instant. The evening's performance, announced as her benefit, was Donizetti's *Anna Bolena*, slightly compressed, and the grand scena from *Tancredi*, "O patria dolce." The house was very full, and most fashionably attended. The singing of Madame Bishop created an immense

sensation. She was hailed with cheers repeatedly throughout the opera. The acting of Madame Bishop was no less the theme of admiration. She possesses great fire and vigour, and the subdued portions of her performance are marked by fine discrimination and taste. Her pathos, above all, is exceedingly beautiful. With those various and rare qualifications the artist could not fail to rouse the audience to a state of enthusiasm, and there has been seldom more excitement witnessed and heard in a theatre, than there was in the theatre Royal on Friday night. A singular circumstance took place on Friday evening, which tells more loudly than newspaper organs, or voices of friends, the high estimation in which Madame Bishop is held by those who have heard her, and the value they attach to that which they have once heard her sing. After the scena from *Tancredi* had been encored and repeated, a number of slips were sent round from the front to the stage-door, requesting the fair *cantatrice* to favour the audience once more with her exquisite new *Rondo Finale* from *L'Elisir d'Amore*. Madame Bishop at once consented, and after the interlude, came on in Adina's costume, led by Mr. Reeves as Nemorino, and was received with applause which endured for a considerable time. The *Rondo* was unanimously encored, and was repeated; and after the curtain fell, Madame Bishop was recalled before the curtain to receive a farewell salutation from an Edinburgh audience. It is really impossible to do justice to the ebullition of genuine feeling of kindness and admiration which roused the assembly when the fair vocalist appeared. Not the gentlemen only, but ladies rose up, and waved their handkerchiefs, and the roar of voices might have been heard at the end of Princes-street, or at Holyrood House. Such a theatrical parting has been rarely seen. It is due to Madame Bishop, as a lady, to state, that her unassuming, gracious, and conciliating behaviour has won the suffrages of all those with whom she came in contact on the stage, whether they were principals or secondaries. It is well known that her attendance at rehearsals was punctual to a moment, and that during rehearsal, although she had been singing every night, she sang in full voice, in order to benefit the other performers. Her conduct in this respect is worthy of remark, and might afford a good lesson to some *great* singers without a tithe of her ability. Take it for all in all, Madame Bishop's engagement in Edinburgh has been the most successful for very many years. The tenor, Mr. Reeves, seems to improve, as he sings more in consort with Mde. Bishop. We cannot speak very loudly in praise of the band or the chorus. The leader, however, Mr. Mackenzie, is deserving of a good note of comment. He acts as an able general over a very minute and inefficient army.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

There has been no change of performances since our last. *La Sonnambula* was given on Saturday and on Tuesday, with the new ballet of *Thea*, and Marie Taglioni's *Pas de la Rosière* between the acts of the opera. The audience was brilliant and crowded on both occasions. On Thursday there was no performance. To-night *Ernani* will be given.

Gardoni has confirmed the impression he produced on his first appearance in Elvino. We cannot pay him a greater compliment than to say that he is worthy of being associated with Rubini and Mario in the personation of that arduous character, at once the fear and the desire of youthful tenors. With the public he is already as great a favorite as ever trod the boards of Her Majesty's Theatre. Castellan is always graceful and unpretending. Balfe is effecting wonders with his orchestra and chorus. The Boreas of the *Chronicle* may

bluster till his cheeks burst, he cannot prevent the public from appreciating real merit wherever it is to be found.

The new ballet of *Thea* has completely won the public heart. A more picturesque and beautiful *spectacle* was never placed upon the stage. As for Carolina Rosati, after what has been said of her in *The Times*, we despair of apostrophizing her in adequate terms. Nevertheless, we propose dedicating an "æsthetic column" to her, and the fascinating Marie Taglioni, on a near occasion. The *Bouquet*, with Rosati as the rose, creates a *furor* night after night, and the step in which she ties her pretty feet in a knot, and unties them again, is like a little bit of flickering sunshine demonstrated in choregraphy. A triple encore is the invariable sequence, and Rosati, never tired, grows lithier and stronger with each repetition. Little Taglioni is a flower that one fears to caress lest one should crush it. Her *pas* in the second *tableau* is inimitable for natural simplicity and grace. With no other *danseuses* than these Mr. Lumley's ballet would be complete. What will it be when Grahm, and Cerito, and Taglioni, and Perrot, and above all, the peerless Carlotta, shall arrive!

Mr. Lumley has thus accomplished his ante-Easter season with singular credit to his establishment. The question is no longer how he will get artists of sufficient consequence to carry him through, but how he can find enough to do for the artists he has secured. He has really an *embarras de richesses*. Six months ago he had nothing before him but despair—an empty stage and empty benches. But, as it were, by a waive of his hand, he has summoned before him a goodly array of talent; he has created a new atmosphere of stars of the first magnitude; he has made a world out of nothing. Balfe, his faithful lieutenant, has seconded him with all the zeal and energy for which his character is remarkable. He has collected a mighty band of vocalists and instrumentalists, which he has organized and marshalled into discipline. It was thought impossible to find either singers or players, but here is a goodly host of them, armed at all points, and ready to do battle in the cause of their general. The fuss made about Jenny Lind and Mendelssohn serves very well to throw dust in the eyes of unreflecting persons; but Jenny Lind will be shortly here, and Mendelssohn too, to speak for themselves; and that Mr. Lumley will be justified by both of them, we do not, and never did, entertain a doubt.

Let us summon common sense to aid us in the argument. Those who know Mendelssohn, and those who have been with him lately, are perfectly aware that he takes an immense interest in the rivalry now going on between the two Operas. A gentleman who has lately come from Germany, and has been staying with Mendelssohn at his own house, assures us that he talks of nothing else. With him it is a national question—a question of rivalry between two opposite schools, the German and the Italian. Need we insist upon a matter so well-known as the entire want of sympathy which Mendelssohn entertains for the latter, and the devotion with which he adheres to the former? "Oh," he has been heard to exclaim, "let Mr. Lumley get Jenny Lind, and he will have it all his own way." Jenny Lind is a German singer, and Mendelssohn prefers German singers to Italian singers, as he prefers German composers to Italian composers. The truth is, that in this question, which is to him a *question of art*, Mendelssohn is all for Mr. Lumley. Arguing from these facts, which are authentic and incontrovertible, is it at all preposterous to suppose that Mendelssohn was in treaty with the director of Her Majesty's Theatre to write an opera, and that opera *The Tempest* of Shakspeare? Is it not, on the contrary, rather probable than improbable? That Scribe has made a

libretto from the text *we know*; that a literary gentleman in England has been engaged to translate it into Italian verse, *we know*. Is it, then, at all likely that Mr. Lumley would have entered into these engagements for the mere gratification of throwing away his money? Moreover, we have heard Mendelssohn declare, that, if ever he wrote an opera, *The Tempest* would be the subject of his choice. Again, those who know how particular Mendelssohn is in finishing his works, how long a time he occupies in their completion, and with what reluctance he allows them to go out of his hands before they have received the last polishing touches of his pen, will not be at all astonished that an opera promised by him for one year should not be ready till the next. Mendelssohn does not, and will not, compose to order—he waits for inspiration. How long was *Elijah* expected before it was produced? Why, even at the last moment, *only three weeks before the Birmingham Festival*, he wrote to a friend in London, and in the course of his letter expressed a *hope that his oratorio might be ready in time*—hinting, thereby, that it was by no means a certainty. And when it was produced, disdaining his triumph, he took away with him, to Germany, the score and all the vocal and orchestral parts, with the intention of revising and correcting. He was *not* satisfied. How much less easily would he be satisfied with an *opera*, which, were he ever so discontented, after hearing one performance, he could not possibly withdraw without injuring the theatre at which it might be produced. An oratorio is given once during a music meeting; an opera must be given many times during the season, to repay the expense of getting it out, and must continue to be represented, with all its faults on its head. *Elijah* was performed once, achieved a triumph, was withdrawn by the composer, who was not satisfied, although the public was, and has never been played since, any where, although all Germany is anxious to hear it. *The Tempest*, on the contrary, once represented, must remain at the manager's disposal, until it has served his turn and run out its attraction. On these grounds we reiterate the belief we have so often expressed, that the promised opera of Mendelssohn is no invention of Mr. Lumley's, but a thing actually contemplated, and, for ought we know, in process of completion. At the same time, we shall not be at all surprised, knowing Mendelssohn's character, his love for his art, and the sedulous care he takes of a reputation at once the most brilliant and the most solid in musical Europe—we shall not, we repeat, be at all surprised if the production of the opera be deferred till next season. Mendelssohn will not be hurried in the composition of his small, much less of his great works—and for this who can blame Mr. Lumley? In arguing thus, we do but render justice where it is due—to Mr. Lumley's integrity, which we will not see unfairly impeached, and to Mendelssohn's sensitiveness, which is one of those traits in his character that constitute him so thoroughly the great and conscientious artist. Meanwhile the long rhapsody, published in the *Morning Chronicle*, on Thursday, we set down at its proper value. To those who judge impartially and think seriously it signifies *nothing*. Supporting our claims to be called unbiassed and impartial, however, we quote that portion of it which relates exclusively to Jenny Lind and to Mendelssohn.

"Our present object is to refer to the two great causes of complaint specified in the above article against the *Morning Chronicle*. We are accused of not believing in the advent of Jenny Lind, and of having pronounced the promised opera of the *Tempest*, by Mendelssohn, to be moonshine. As to the 'Jenny Lind' vexed question, we have never published a line that was not based on documentary evidence. We have expressed our opinion that she would never come to London with two

contracts against her, and our opinion was grounded on Jenny Lind's verbal declarations and her own letters. If we should prove to be wrong, therefore, it will be Jenny Lind herself who has deceived us and the public."

There is no deception in the matter, nor any thing that insinuates a hint of Mr. Lumley's want of faith. The practice of "buying off" engagements, by paying the *dedits*, is no novelty, and thus stands the case:—Jenny Lind is engaged to appear at Drury Lane for a stipulated sum in the year 1845. She does not come to her engagement, and two years pass over without any claim for damages or compensation on the part of the Drury Lane management. In 1847 an offer, on a much larger scale, is made to her by the director of Her Majesty's Theatre. Having heard nothing, meanwhile, from Drury Lane, Jenny Lind thinks herself (naturally enough) free to accept, and accepts the new offer. In the interim arises the competition between the two operas in London, and as a corollary thereto, the threatened action for damages on the part of the first engager. Jenny Lind takes fright, and is coy in fulfilling her new engagement with Mr. Lumley. In the name of reason and of right, how can Mr. Lumley be blamed for this? He might decently have withdrawn Jenny Lind's name from the bills and have let the matter drop. But no—Mr. Lumley thinks too seriously of his *devoir* to the public, and eschewing a disappointment that he could not possibly foresee, he offers, in addition to the large amount of the stipulated terms to the songstress, to pay *two thousand pounds* as a compensation to the lessee of Drury Lane Theatre. If that functionary declines this liberal proposition, is it the proposer's fault? Evidently *no*—and none but interested persons could possibly fix the charge upon him. In respect to Mendelssohn the *Chronicle* remarks:—

"The 'Mendelssohn' affair, we repeat, was not only mere 'moonshine,' but something worse: what word is required to characterise this transaction we shall leave to the imagination of our readers. We find the following pledge in the prospectus of her Majesty's Theatre for the season 1847, issued on the 19th of January last:—

"The celebrated Dr. Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy will likewise visit England, and produce an opera expressly composed for her Majesty's Theatre, the libretto founded on 'The Tempest' of Shakspeare, written by M. Scribe.

Miranda,	Madlle. JENNY LIND,
Ferdinand,	Signor GARDONI,
Caliban,	Herr STAUDIGL,
Prospero,	Signor LABLACHE."

Now we distinctly repeat that Mendelssohn *never gave a promise nor entered into an engagement* to compose the opera of 'The Tempest,' and that he has written to Mr. Lumley to withdraw his name from the prospectus and advertisements, as he (Mendelssohn) *did not intend to produce the opera in the season 1847*. And yet in the 'programme' of Her Majesty's Theatre, of March 23, 1847, that is, only last Tuesday, it is declared, 'by authority,' that the statements of the *Morning Chronicle* 'are skimbleskamble stuff,' and the subscribers are led to believe that the pledges in the prospectus of Her Majesty's Theatre will be fulfilled in every respect."

When Mendelssohn, with his own lips, or in a letter signed with his name, shall declare that he never had an engagement to write an opera for Mr. Lumley, we shall believe it, and not till then. His silence on the subject is presumptive evidence in favour of the lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre. At the same time we entirely agree with the writer in the *Athenæum*, that it was Mendelssohn's duty to his friends in England, no less than to his European reputation, to have set the public right, and the matter at rest, long ago. The sophistry of the *Chronicle* may be easily exposed by reference to the two portions of the last paragraph, which are printed in italics. The first declares that Mendelssohn "never gave a promise, or entered into an engagement" to write the opera; and the second, assumes that he has written to Mr. Lumley, stating that he "did not intend to produce the opera in the season 1847." The dishonest inconsistency of this is plain enough for a child to penetrate. If Mendelssohn never thought of composing

the opera at all, what reason was there for his writing to say that he was not going to produce it in 1847? Why 1847 any more than 1867? But time will speak the truth, and we have little doubt, in justifying Mr. Lumley, that it will prove our words correct.

THE AFFINITIES.

from the German of Göthe.

Continued from page 187.

PART II.—CHAPTER VII.

So far as the architect desired that the best might befall his patronesses, it was agreeable for him, when he departed, to know that they were in the good company of the valuable assistant to the school; but inasmuch as the latter drew the favor of the ladies to himself, the architect felt it in some degree painful to find his place so soon, and as his modesty admitted, so well, nay, so perfectly supplied. Hitherto he had always delayed, but now he was forced away; for that which he would be compelled to put up with when absent, he was unwilling to endure when present.

It served much to cheer him in the midst of these half-mournful feelings, that the ladies, on his departure, presented him with a waistcoat, which he had seen them both embroidering for a long time, not without silently envying the happy man to whom it might once belong. Such a gift is the pleasantest which a loving, respectful man, can receive—since, if he thinks of the unwearying toil of the fair fingers, he cannot help flattering himself that the heart will not be entirely without participation, during so constant a work.

The ladies had now to entertain a new gentleman, towards whom they felt kindly intentions, and who, they thought, ought to be happy when with them. The fair sex harbour a peculiar, internal, unchangeable interest, which nothing in the world can make them abandon, while, on the other hand, in external social relations, they allow themselves willingly and easily to be surveyed by the man who gives them occupation, and thus by repulsiveness and susceptibility, by firmness and yielding, they carry on that government, from which, in the social world, no man can emancipate himself.

If the Architect, as it were, according to his own good will and pleasure, had exercised and displayed his talent for the pleasure and utility of his friends—if his occupation and converse had been with this feeling, and according to their views, the presence of the Teacher soon brought with it another mode of life. His great gift was to speak well, and discourse in conversation upon the relations of humanity,—especially those connected with the education of youth. And thus a tolerably palpable contrast to the former course of life was produced; the more so, as the Teacher did not entirely approve of the manner in which the time hitherto had been exclusively employed.

Of the living picture, which had received him on his arrival, he did not speak at all. When, on the other hand, with complacency, they showed him the church, the chapel, and the things connected with them, he could not suppress his feelings and his opinions upon the subject. "For my own part," said he, "I am by no means pleased with this mingling of the sacred with the sensual—I am not pleased when persons set apart, consecrate, and deck out certain particular places thus, for the first time, to harbour and sustain a feeling of piety. No external circumstance—not even the commonest—should disturb in us that feeling of the divine, which can accompany us everywhere, and consecrate every spot into a temple. I like to see the divine service of a household performed in a room, where people are accustomed to eat, to meet socially together, to amuse themselves with playing and dancing. That which is highest, which is most distinguished in man, is formless; and we should avoid giving it any other form than that of noble deeds."

Charlotte, who already had a general notion of his sentiments, and inquired into them still more closely in a short time, at once made him active in his own way, by causing the garden-boys, who had been trained by the architect shortly before his departure, to march into the great hall, where they looked exceedingly well in their gay, clean uniforms, with their regular movements, and a certain natural liveliness. The Teacher examined them in his own fashion—some, by a number of questions and terms, displayed the disposition and capacities of the children; and, in less than an

hour, without seeming to do anything of the kind, really advanced and instructed them to an important degree.

"How do you manage it?" said Charlotte, as the boys departed. "I have listened very attentively. Nothing has been touched upon, excepting things perfectly familiar; and yet I do not know how, in so short a time, and with so much desultory talking, I should contrive to make them speak with such consistency."

"Perhaps," replied the Teacher, "one ought to make a secret of the advantages of one's profession. Nevertheless, I cannot conceal from you the simple maxim, according to which this, and still more, may be effected. Comprehend an object, a matter, a conception, or what else you please to call it; hold it firmly, make it plain to yourself in all its parts, and then you will find it easy, in the way of dialogue, to ascertain, among a mass of children, how much of it is already developed in them, and what has to be excited or taught. The answers to your questions may be as unsuitable, may be as wide from the mark as possible, provided your counter-question again draws the mind within, and you do not allow yourself to be moved from your own point. Thus the children must at last think, comprehend, be convinced, but only of that, and in that manner, which the teacher pleases. The greatest fault, on his part, is to allow himself to be led from the mark by his pupils, so that he cannot hold them to the point of which he is actually treating. Only try this at the earliest opportunity, and you will be greatly amused."

"This is pleasant," said Charlotte; "a good method of education is precisely the reverse of the rules of good society. In society one ought to adhere to nothing; in education it is the highest command to contend against all distraction."

"Variety, without distraction, would be the finest motto for teachers and for life, if this estimable balance were but easily obtained," said the Teacher, and he was proceeding further, when Charlotte called upon him once more to look at the boys, who, in long procession, were then in the act of passing through the court. He testified his satisfaction at the circumstance, that the boys were obliged to go in uniform. "Men," he said, "should wear an uniform from youth upward, because they must accustom themselves to act together; to link themselves among their fellows, to obey in a mass, and to work for a whole. Moreover, every kind of uniform favours the military disposition, as well as a more disciplined and decided course of conduct; and, besides, all boys are born soldiers, as we may see by their games of battle and contention, their stormings and their climbings."

"Then," said Ottilia, "you will not blame me for giving no uniform dress to my girls. When I bring them before you, I hope to please you with an agreeable mixture."

"Of that I greatly approve," replied the Teacher; "ladies should always be variously attired—every one in her own fashion, that she may learn what is really appropriate and becoming to her. A still more important cause is, because she is destined through her whole life to stand alone and to act alone."

"That appears to me very paradoxical," observed Charlotte; "we are scarcely ever for ourselves."

"Oh, yes," replied the Teacher, "with respect to other women, you certainly are. Only consider a lady as in love—as a bride—as a wife, as a housewife and mother, she always stands isolated, is alone, and likes to be alone. Even the vain woman furnishes a case in point. Every woman excludes the others, according to her very nature; since, from every one, everything is exacted, which the whole sex is bound to afford. It is not so with men. One man deceives another—would create for himself another, if none were existing, while a woman could live on eternally, without thinking of producing another of her sex."

"One need only," remarked Charlotte, "say what is true in an odd way, and at last, what is merely odd, appears true. We will take to ourselves what is best in your observations, and, nevertheless, as ladies hold together with ladies—aye, and work in common, too, that we may not give the men too great an advantage over us. Nay, you will not grudge us the little malicious pleasure, which we must feel the more vividly, when the gentlemen do not remarkably agree together."

With much attention, the Teacher now investigated the manner in which Ottilia treated her little pupils, and on this subject testified his decided approbation. "You very rightly," said he, "bring up

your subjects to immediate utility only. Cleanliness accustoms the children to set a value upon themselves, and all is gained, if they are excited to do what they have to do with cheerfulness and self-respect."

He also found, to his great delight, that nothing was done for the sake of appearance, and with a reference to externals, but all with a reference to the internal, and to absolute necessities. "With how few words!" he exclaimed, "might the whole business of education be expressed, if every one had ears to hear!"

"But you will not try with me," said Ottilia, affectionately.

"Yes, I will, readily," replied the teacher, "let boys be brought up as servants, and girls as mothers, and all will go right."

"As for the mothers," said Ottilia, "the ladies may let that pass, since even if they are not mothers, they must always make up their mind to act as nurses. But our young men would think much too highly of themselves to become servants, since we can easily see in every one of them, that he deems himself more fitting to command."

"On this account we will conceal it from them," said the teacher "we flatter ourselves into life, but life flatters us not. How many men would like to do that voluntarily, which they are obliged to do in the end? But let us leave these reflections, which do not concern us now."

"I congratulate you that you are all to employ a right method with your pupils. If your smallest girls go about with dolls, and stitch together a few rags to clothe them; if the elder girls take care of the younger, and the house thus serves and assists itself; then the further step into life is not great, and such a girl finds in her husband what she has quitted with her parents."

"But with the educated classes the problem is very complicated. We have to pay regard to high, more delicate, finer, and especially, social relations. Hence we teachers must cultivate our pupils with a view to external effect. This is necessary and indispensable, and would be quite right, if the bounds were not overstepped; for while the intention is to train children for a more extended sphere, they are easily driven into the unlimited, and that which their internal nature properly demands is no longer kept in view. Here lies the problem, in the solution of which preceptors will more or less fail or succeed."

"Many of the accomplishments, with which we adorn our pupils at the school renders me uneasy, because experience tells me of how little use they will be in future. How much is thrown aside, how much is consigned to oblivion, as soon as a lady finds herself in the situation of a housewife, or a mother."

"In the meanwhile, as I have once devoted myself to this profession, I cannot refrain from the pious wish, that I shall some day, in company with a female assistant, succeed in perfectly cultivating in my pupils that of which they stand in need, when they pass into the field of their own activity and independence, so that I may be able to say to myself, 'in this sense is their education completed.' But, indeed, another education is sure to be added, which nearly in every year of our life is occasioned by circumstances, if not by ourselves."

How true did Ottilia find this remark! How much had she been educated during the past year by an unexpected passion! What temptations did she see floating before her, if she only looked to the immediate future!

The young man had not undesignedly made mention of an assistant—a wife, since with all his modesty he could not avoid hinting at his views in a remote fashion. Nay, many circumstances and events had moved him to approach some steps nearer to his aim, on the occasion of this visit.

The Governess of the school was already advanced in years. She had long looked among her assistants, male and female, for a person who should regularly enter into partnership with her, and had at last made the proposal to the Teacher, in whom she had great reason to place confidence. He was to conduct the establishment together with her, and after her death was to succeed as heir and sole possessor. The chief matter now seemed to be that he should find a suitable wife. In secret, he had Ottilia before his eyes, and in his heart; but, nevertheless, many doubts were excited which again were in some measure balanced by favorable events. Luciana had left the school; Ottilia was more at liberty to return. Something had, indeed, been whispered about the affair with

Edward, but the matter, like other occurrences of the sort, had been heard with indifference. Nay, the very event might be conducive towards the return of Otilia. However, no resolution would have been formed, no step would have been taken, had not an unexpected visit given a particular impulse. In any sphere, the appearance of important persons cannot be without its consequences.

The Count and the Baroness, who so often found themselves in the situation of being questioned as to the value of different schools, because almost every one is embarrassed about the education of his children, had resolved to become especially acquainted with this one, of which so much good had been said, and could, in their new position, make such an experiment together. But the Baroness had also another design in view. During her last residence with Charlotte, she had circumstantially talked over with her the whole affair concerning Edward and Otilia. Again she insisted on this one point—Otilia must be removed. She endeavored for this purpose to give courage to Charlotte, who still stood in awe of Edwards' threats. Different expedients were talked over; and, while on the subject of the boarding-school, the Teacher's predilection for Otilia likewise came under discussion, and the Baroness resolved all the more to pay her intended visit.

She arrives, and becomes acquainted with the Teacher. The establishment is surveyed, and Otilia is mentioned. The Count likes to talk about her, having handed to him her letter during the last visit. She had approached him—nay, was even attracted by him, because she thought that by his solid conversation she would see and know that which had hitherto remained unknown to her. And as, in Edward's society, she forgot the world, so in the presence of the Count did the world first appear desirable. Every attraction is mutual. The Count felt an inclination for Otilia, and liked to regard her as a daughter. Here, again, she was in the way of the Baroness, and more so than at first. Who knows what this lady might have contrived against her in the days of a warmer passion? Now it was enough if, by marrying her, she could make her harmless to married ladies.

She, therefore, in a gentle, though effective manner, sagaciously invited the Teacher to undertake a little expedition to the castle, and without delay to approach the realization of those plans and wishes, which he had communicated to her without reserve.

With the full consent of the Governess, he set out on his journey, harboring the best hopes in his mind. He knew that Otilia was not unfavorably disposed towards him, and if there was some difference of rank between them, the spirit of the times would easily set that straight. Moreover, the Baroness had made him sensible that Otilia would always remain a poor girl. "It was no advantage," she said, "to be related to a wealthy family, for, however great the fortune, one would scruple to take a large sum from those who by reason of greater proximity seem to have a more complete right to the property." And it is certainly strange that man seldom employs, for the benefit of his favorites, the great privilege of disposing of his property after death; but, as it seems from regard to ancient usage, only favors those, who would possess his property after him, if he had no will at all.

His feelings on the journey made him quite Otilia's equal, and his hopes were increased by a kind reception. He did not, indeed, find Otilia so frank towards him as she was wont to be, but she was more matured—more educated—and, we may say, altogether more communicative than he had known her. They allowed him familiarly to investigate much that had especial reference to his department. Yet, when he was about to draw near his object, he was restrained by a certain internal timidity.

Once, however, Charlotte gave him an opportunity, when, in presence of Otilia, she said to him, "Now, you have examined pretty closely all that is growing up in my sphere—how do you find Otilia?" You are at liberty to express your opinion in her presence."

Upon this the Teacher, with a great deal of discernment and a calm expression, stated how greatly Otilia was altered to advantage, as far as concerned a freer deportment, a more ready mode of communication, and a higher glance into worldly affairs, which was shown more in her actions than in her words; but he added, that he thought it would be greatly to her advantage if she returned for some time to the school, to appropriate to herself,

fundamentally and permanently, what the world gives only in fragments—producing more confusion than satisfaction, and often coming too late. "He did not wish," he said, "to enlarge on the subject; Otilia herself best knew from what a connected course of instruction she had been torn."

This Otilia could not deny; but she could not confess what she felt at these words, as she scarcely knew how to interpret it for herself. It seemed to her that there was nothing unconnected in the world, if she thought of the man she loved; and she did not comprehend how, without him, anything could be connected.

Charlotte replied to the offer with judicious kindness, saying that both herself and Otilia had long desired a return to the school. At this time, indeed, the presence of so dear a friend and assistant had been indispensable, but henceforth she would raise no obstacle, if it were still Otilia's wish to return to the school, and remain there long enough to complete what she had begun, and perfectly to appropriate to herself what had been interrupted.

The assistant received this offer with joy. Otilia could say nothing against this, although she shuddered at the very thought. Charlotte, on the other hand, thought to gain time; she hoped that Edward would only return to find himself a happy father, for then, she was convinced, all would come right, and Otilia would be provided for, in some way or other.

After an important conversation, which affords matter for reflection to all who participate in it, there generally comes a certain pause, which resembles a general embarrassment. They walked up and down in the room, the Teacher turned over some books, and at last came to the folio which had remained lying since Luciana's time. When he saw that it contained nothing but apes, he closed it immediately. This occurrence probably gave rise to a conversation, of which we find traces in Otilia's diary.

FROM OTILIA'S DIARY.

How can we reconcile it to our feelings to copy disgusting apes so carefully? We already humiliate ourselves when we regard them only as animals, but we become really malicious, when we obey an inclination to look out for persons of our acquaintance under such marks.

A certain perverseness is required to amuse one's self readily with caricatures and distorted pictures. I owe it to our good Teacher, that I have not been tormented with Natural History; I could never feel on friendly terms with worms and chafers.

On this occasion he confessed to me that it was the same with him. Of nature, he said, "We should know nothing except the living things which immediately surround us. With the trees that bloom, grow green, bear fruit around us—with every shrub which we pass—with every blade of grass over which we walk, we have a veritable relation—they are our true compatriots. The birds which hop backwards and forwards in our boughs, and sing in our bower, belong to us—speak to us from our youth upward, and we learn to understand their language. Let us only ask ourselves, whether every strange creature, torn from its natural circumstances, does not make upon us a certain painful impression, which is only deadened by custom. A varied, bustling sort of life is required to endure the presence of apes, parrots and negroes."

Often, when a curious desire after such strange things has come over me, I have envied the traveller who sees such wonders in living constant connection with other wonders. But he, in his turn, becomes another man.

That investigator of nature is alone worthy of respect who knows how to represent and describe to us the most foreign singular things, with their locality and vicinity, and always in their most peculiar element. How much I should like once to hear Humboldt describing.

A cabinet of natural curiosities may appear to us like an Egyptian tomb, where the different idols, animal and vegetable, stand round embalmed. It is suitable enough, for a priest-caste to busy itself with them in a mysterious gloom; but such things should not be introduced into general instruction, especially as they may easily supplant what is nearer and more estimable.

A teacher, who can awaken in us the feeling for one good deed, for one good feeling, does more than one who gives us whole series of subordinate natures, according to their form and name; for the whole result is no more than we may have without the trouble—

namely, that the human form above all, and most peculiarly, bears in itself the image of the Deity.

Let individuals be free to occupy themselves with whatever attracts them, gives them pleasure, or seems useful to them, but after all—"The proper study of mankind is man."

(To be continued.)

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SONNET.

NO. XXVII.

WHEN I have press'd thine hand within mine own,
Hast thou ne'er felt how fierce the grasp has been,
As though my hand would crush the hand within,
Or hold it till together they had grown?
By that wild pressure, love, would I make known
That cancer, pain, which holds my heart between
Its firm unyielding claws, and works unseen,
Nor e'en allows one solitary groan.
And in all love there is a savage bliss
In giving some slight pain where we adore,
As though that pain were witness of our truth.
'Twas thus the ancients had their "biting kias,"
And love was never deem'd complete before
The blood burst forth beneath the lover's tooth.

N. D.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE MARSEILLAISE.—In the garrison of Strasburgh was quartered a young artillery officer, named Rouget de Lisle, a native of Lous le Saulnier, in the Jura. He had a great taste for music and poetry, and often entertained his comrades during their long and tedious hours in garrison. Sought after for his musical and poetical talent, he was a frequent and familiar guest at the house of one Dietrich, an Alsatian patriot, mayor of Strasburgh. The winter of 1792 was a period of great scarcity at Strasburgh. The house of Dietrich was poor, his table was frugal, but a seat was always open to Rouget de Lisle. One day, when there was nothing but bread and some slices of smoked ham on the table, Dietrich, regarding the young officer, said to him with a sad serenity, "Abundance fails at our boards, but what matters that, if enthusiasm fails not at our civic *fetes*, nor courage in the hearts of our soldiers. I have still a last bottle of wine in my cellar. Bring it," said he to one of his daughters, "and let us drink to France and liberty. Strasburgh should soon have its patriotic solemnity. De Lisle must draw from these last drops one of those hymns which raise the soul of the people." The wine was brought and drank, after which the officer departed. The night was cold. De Lisle was thoughtful. His heart was moved; his head heated. He returned staggering to his solitary room, and slowly sought inspiration, sometimes in the fervour of his citizen soul, and anon on the keys of his instrument, composing now the air before the words, and then the words before the air. He sang all and wrote nothing, and at last, exhausted, fell asleep with his head resting on his instrument, and awoke not till daybreak. The music of the night returned to his mind like the impression of a dream. He wrote it, and ran to Dietrich, whom he found in the garden digging winter lettuces. The wife and daughters of the old man were not yet up. Dietrich awoke them, and called in some friends, all as passionate as himself for music, and able to execute the composition of De Lisle. At the first stanza cheeks grew pale, at the second tears flowed, and at the last the delirium of enthusiasm burst forth. The wife of Dietrich, his daughters, himself, and the young officer threw themselves crying in each other's arms. The hymn of the country was found. Executed some days afterwards in Strasburgh, the new song flew from city to city, and was played by all the popular orchestras. Marseilles adopted it to be sung at the commencement of the

sittings of its clubs, and the Marseillaises spread it through France, singing it along the public roads. From this came the name of "Marseillaise.—*Lamertine's Histoire des Girondins*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA COVENT-GARDEN.—Signor Tamburini arrived in London on Wednesday night, at Mivart's Hotel, accompanied by his son, in good health and spirits. The *Assur* in *Semiramide* has been consequently the first arrival. Letters from Paris also announce that the new *Arsace*, Mdlle. Alboni, the great contralto, had reached that capital on Monday last from Venice, as also the tenor Lavia, who will be the *Idreno*, and the basso Polonini, the *High Priest* in *Semiramide*. Advices have been received from all the leading artists, except Alba, the basso, who was at Barcelona, that they were on their way to London, to fulfil their engagements at the Royal Italian Opera. Before the end of next week Madame Grisi, Madame Persiani, Madame Ronconi, and Mdlle. Steffanone (*Prime Donne*), Mario, Salvi, Lavia, and Tulli (tenors). Alboni (contralto), Corbari (mezzo soprano), Ley, Marini, Rovere, Polonini (basses), and Tamburini and Ronconi (baritones), with the artists for secondary parts, will be at their post. The decorator (Mr. Ponsonby) and assistants are now engaged in fixing the ornamental devices for the fronts of each tier of boxes, of the two amphitheatres and of the gallery. The beautiful ceiling is now open to view, the colossal scaffolding having been removed, except the portion under the proscenium, which Signor Verardi is now painting. Mr. Albano, whose untiring energy has accomplished the herculean task of re-constructing the interior in less than four months, has undertaken that before the close of the ensuing week, everything shall be ready for the full stage rehearsals. Heavy bets are pending as to the opening of the Theatre on Tuesday, the 6th of April, but the indefatigable architect, or rather civil Engineer, for such is Mr. Albano's profession, has never for one moment since he began his enormous labours in the first week in December, expressed the slightest doubt on the subject, and those who have watched the progress in the works, day by day, could but feel perfect confidence in him, when such marvels were evident at every successive stage. Printed regulations for carriages, and for the facilities of egress and ingress, will be ready in a few days. In order that there may be no interruption to the labours of the upholsterer and decorator, it will be found absolutely necessary to exclude visitors to view the theatre, after this day, except the subscribers, and artists engaged in illustrating the splendid interior. After a careful inspection of every portion of the theatre, the certificate of the official referees, or government surveyors under the Metropolitan Building Act, has been given as to the solidity of the works, the massiveness of which has elicited the approbation of the most eminent architects and builders. The novel and ingenious plans of Mr. Albano to warm and ventilate the theatre have been much admired.—*Chronicle*.

MADLE MARS, the celebrated French actress, died lately in Paris, at a very advanced age.

THE PATENT HARMONIUM.—We heard so much of the extraordinary qualities of this instrument, that we were determined to ascertain and investigate the truth thereof. Accordingly, we repaired, on critical thoughts intent, to the manufactory of Luff and Co., Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, the agent for the patentee, and, by good fortune, arrived just as Mr. Julian Adams was expounding the magical properties of the Harmonium to a knot of inquirers. Mr. Julian Adams is a professor of this instrument; and from his masterly performance we were able to gain a tolerable insight into its

mysteries. The Harmonium is scarcely as large as a piccolo pianoforte: it possesses immense advantages over every instrument capable of yielding but one tone: and it combines the variety of the organ with the facility and delicacy of the piano. The patent Harmonium contains twelve stops of the usual qualities, which are capable of being so varied, that the performer may produce all the effects of a full band. By a certain management of these stops an extent of seven octaves may be obtained; though, with regard to the notes used, the Harmonium contains but five and a half, or six octaves. The tone is mellow, loud, or reedy, according as the various stops are used: and when the Grand Jeu is drawn a volume of tone is produced equal to a very loud organ. This instrument may be used for more purposes than those of sacred performances, the delicacy of its touch allowing the most rapid passages to be played on it with effect; and a particular management of the stops rendering it so that it may sound in every respect equal to a piano. The Harmonium may be made available at church, concert room, or private abode. We cannot too strongly recommend this admirable instrument.

MR. ALLCROFT'S CONCERT.—We beg leave to call the attention of our readers to the splendid programme put forth by Mr. Allcroft for his concert next Tuesday. All the first-rate talent in the metropolis is engaged, and a musical feast is prepared that can rarely be enjoyed.

PROVINCIAL.

BRISTOL.—*From a Correspondent*)—Madame Anna Bishop commenced her short engagement at the Bristol Theatre on Monday last—the opera was *La Sonnambula*—the fair cantatrice's reception was splendid. In her first cavatina she received three cheers of applause, and throughout the opera she was immensely applauded; her last rondo finale was encored with enthusiasm, and she was called before the curtain with acclamations. On Tuesday, the 23d, she sings at Bath, and on Thursday evening we shall have the *Maid of Artois*. The house last night was well attended.

EDINBURGH.—*Association for the Revival of Sacred Music.*—On Tuesday the classes of this institution were examined in the Music Hall at a morning and evening meeting. Among those who were present in the morning and evening (and some of them on both occasions), we observed the Chairman of the Association, Lord Murray, the Hon. Mr. Primrose, Sir George Warrender, Lady Ruthven, Sir George and Lady Harriet Suttie, Lady Arbuthnot, Lady Keith Murray, Sir William Murray, Sir James Ramsay, Robert Graham, Esq., David Milne, Esq., of Milne Graden, Richard Trotter, Esq., of Morton Hall; Professors Pillans, Donaldson, and Smith; Rev. Dr. Grant, Rev. R. H. Stevenson, Robert Paul Esq., Dr. Schmits, rector of the High School, &c. At the morning examination 700 children were present, and made a very gratifying appearance, demonstrating that they had been taught, not only to read and sing musical notes correctly, but that the ear had been cultivated to distinguish, and to translate into musical notation, any tune which they might hear. During the examination some melodies and some pieces from Mozart were handed by the directors to Dr. Mainzer to play, and the pupils, although they had never heard them before, very readily and successfully stated the notes of which they were composed. "The Shepherd Boy" was sung by some children from three to five years of age. "Oh, had I Jubal's Lyre," from Handel's Oratorio, was sung by fifteen children. In the evening about 200 of the more advanced children sang several compositions of Handel, Shield, Arnold, Kent, Cherubini, &c., in a manner to elicit deserved applause. The Association has been nearly three years in existence, and has demonstrated its efficiency to promote a revival of sacred vocal music, so greatly needed throughout Scotland, and to supply the humbler classes of society with innocent and rational amusement.—*Evening Courant*.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—Mr. Harrison's benefit drew a crowded audience on Thursday night. The popular tenor selected Balfe's clever opera of *the Daughter of St. Mark*, and a fragment of *Masaniello*, in both of which he sung

with immense applause, and exerted himself with unflagging spirit. Miss Messent highly distinguished herself in the *soprano* part in the last mentioned opera, and won golden opinions from the public. The theatre closes to night until Easter week, when a magnificent Easter entertainment will be produced. The engagement of the clever M. Blasis, and his charming and intelligent pupil, Marietta Baderna, concludes to night. They are both secured by Mr. Beale, of the Royal Italian Opera. The forthcoming grand Easter spectacle of this theatre is called *The Desert: or, The Imaun's Daughter*, and will, it is said, surpass all previous productions of this kind at Drury Lane. Two immense elephants, twelve camels, upwards of sixty horses, one hundred choristers, &c. will appear in the passage across the Desert by the caravan. Several new and striking effects of combined scenery and machinery will take place, among which the halt of the Caravan in the Desert; the Caravan attacked by the Bedouins; the representation of the *Simoom; or the Wind of Fire*, with the rising of the sand, will not be the least effective. The principal part of the music will be taken from Felicien David's *Le Desert*, and all the choral, and some of the operatic strength of the theatre will be used. To give every effect to the procession, Mr. Hughes has been engaged to supply the Mammoth carriages from his equestrian establishment lately arrived in this country. To give some notion of the size and magnificence of these vehicles, we shall make an extract from the *Leicester Mercury*, in which they are described at full:—

"THE SPLENDID 'MAMMOTH' CARRIAGES.—We have been highly gratified this week to see the splendid new pictorial carriages which are now being built for Mr. Hughes, the proprietor of the well-known 'Mammoth' Equestrian Establishment. These carriages may truly be described as of a most novel description. They are lofty and long, and on each side the panels are divided into three compartments by rich gilt carvings in the Louis-Quatorze style, and each panel is occupied by a spirited and cleverly-executed painting—one descriptive of some of the peculiarities of Eastern life, another taken from the history of the Crusaders, another depicting a mountainous and rocky pass with a troop of horsemen desfilng through it, and others again giving representations of camels, elephants, &c. Most of the sketches from which these paintings are executed, we believe, are originals. The ground-work between the panels is a beautiful ultra-marine blue, cross-hatched with vermilion; and the carving and gilding of the whole outer framing are very rich, and produce an excellent effect. The Queen's arms decorate the hinder part of the carriage; and both the under-carriage and wheels are painted and gilt in a very tasteful manner, the centre of each wheel being appropriately surmounted by a fine lion's face. In addition to the pictorial carriages, the grand camel or band carriage, also belonging to Mr. Hughes, is also well worthy of a visit. It is in the form of two gigantic dragons, which, if the like are not to be found in the drawings of Buffon, are frequently to be met with in the pages of heraldic works; and these two recline on massive gilt carvings. With their long and forked tongues outstretched, they have the appearance of being on the watch for some unhappy traveller.—

'Whose bones they would grind to make their bread.'

The decorations of this carriage (which weighs no less than four tons) are profuse in number, and have been executed with extreme care and elegance."

Mr. Bunn is never wanting in novel resources to gratify his visitors, and we are inclined to believe that he has now hit upon a real means of delighting them, which will redound to his character as a public caterer, and make the treasury pregnant with profit. We trust it may prove so. Mr. Bunn has had many buffes and rebuffs of late, but he stood bravely against them, and beat them back, as a rock beats back the waves that, in their fury, would fain swallow it up. Fortune owes Mr. Bunn a good turn. We trust she won't desert him now. Pardon the pun!!!!

THE HAYMARKET.—The *Light Troop of St. James's* had on last Saturday a capital reception at this favourite little theatre, for which they were not a little indebted to Mr.

Buckstone, who exploited a single joke with great perseverance and wonderful success. The truth is, a piece with Buckstone in it must be a success. The man's face is a sure laugh whenever he choose to ask for one, and in a farce or light drama he chooses to ask for it at every sentence he utters. This was the case upon Saturday, and the consequence was the complete success of the little piece he acted in. Not that in itself it was bad; on the contrary, although as we said before it rejoiced in one positive joke, it displayed plenty of that scintillating repartee and sparkle which were however borrowed from our neighbours on the other side of the channel. One of the chief attractions of the piece it was indebted to for, was the universal preponderance of female characters, a characteristic which it seems to have copied from Mr. Bourcicault's last comedy, and which we think a very decided improvement on the old system of making up a drama in the proportion of one woman to sixteen men, as if the fair sex were too strong a drug to be used other than sparingly. Enough, however, of discussion dissertatum. Mr. Buckstone and the females dove-tailed into the intrigue of the piece shared with the author the laurels of the night, and we have little doubt that Mr. Webster will derive from his last success every possible pecuniary reasons to be gratified with it, a result not always to be ensured by a night's applause.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—A melo drama called the *Dream of the Heart*, has been during the week produced at this theatre, with scarcely so much success as the neatness of its construction, and the excellent acting of Mrs. Stirling so well deserved. This lady acted a species of mesmerised *Sonnambula*, which formed the thread of the plot, being worked upon by a half philosophic, half honest scamp, who, on the advice imparted from her slumbering lips, sails from America, and leaves her dear France to wear the orange flowers, and lace of marriage. It is needless to say, that ultimately the wheels of the theatrical fortune rotates to the right place, and the marriage of our heroine is broken, for the purpose of giving her to the arms of her original lover. The plot is not perhaps too substantial, but the neatness of the piece—evidently French,—and the deliciously finished acting of Mrs. Stirling, ought, as we have said before, to have saved it from the half discontent which attended its termination.

Shakspeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with Mendelssohn's overture, and other music is preparing in great splendour for the Easter holidays. Auber's opera *La Barcarole*, is also in rehearsal; and Mrs. Butler will give a series of performances immediately after Easter. So that the management is not idle. But where are the English operas so long expected? That of Mr. Howard Glover for example, and the new one by Macfarren?

FRENCH PLAYS.—“*Le Mariage au Tambour*” has been played several times since our last. It has turned out a most agreeable addition to Mr. Mitchell's repertoire. The cast was strong, as it included the three stars who now reign triumphant at this elegant little theatre. The story is founded on an episode in the first French Revolution: the heroine, *Louise d'Obernay*, is the daughter of a noble house, who has aided in the escape of her brother, an officer in the army commanded by Condé: she is, consequently, proscribed by the revolutionary tribunals, and, seeks a refuge in the house of her nurse, where she remains concealed under the disguise of her foster-sister. It happens that a party of Republican soldiers, under the order of *Sergeant Lambert*, are billeted upon the house: this *Sergeant Lambert* is himself a nobleman, but he prefers his country to the absurd conventionalities of rank; and he has chosen rather to defend it against the invading army, in a subordinate position, than to enlist in the hostile band of emigrants. *Louise* is struck by the lofty bearing and gentlemanly manners of the Sergeant, in spite of his affectation of ruggedness and coarseness; she resolves to confide in his honour; and hearing that the regiment is about to pass the Rhine, she adopts the suggestion thrown out by him in jest, and doffing the dress of a *Vivandière*, she puts herself under his more immediate safeguard, and sets out with the company. Ere twenty-four hours have elapsed the disguised nobleman is deeply enamoured with the pretty *Vivandière*; and she, unknowingly, is not without acknowledging the merits of the handsome Sergeant, and being struck

with the high qualities of his mind—not, however, confessing, even to herself, such a sentiment in favour of one so much beneath herself in rank and station. The admiration of her beauty pervades the whole troop of soldiers, and a furious rivalry springs up amongst them; so much so, that the Captain of the troop calls upon her to select one for her husband. She hesitates; but this only makes matters worse, and to avoid being denounced *suspecte*, she chooses *Lambert*, with whom she is forthwith united by *le mariage au tambour*, the drum-head marriage. Left alone with her husband she appeals to the generous sentiments she has discerned in him, and is not deceived in her confidence. He swears on the cross which he wears next his heart, the last gift of his mother, that he will respect *Louise* as a beloved sister, stipulating only, that should she consider him worthy of her love, she will avow it by restoring to him the cross he then gives her. (We remember a scene somewhat similar to this in one of Scribe's little vaudevilles, entitled “*Un Mariage de Raison*,” the only difference being that a key is substituted for the cross). They have just been separated, when the brother of *Louise* is led in a prisoner; she effects his escape, and flies with him to their friends, beyond the Rhine, leaving *Lambert* in utter misery at her supposed duplicity, for he fancies that it is her lover with whom she has escaped. In the third act *Lambert*, now a Colonel, is quartered at the very chateau, in Germany, inhabited by the *Vicomte d'Obernay* and his sister. Several years have elapsed, but *Lambert*, although convinced he has been deceived by *Louise*, still loves her; his tenderness for her has undergone no change. An interview takes place between them, which proves that his suspicions were unfounded, and that he has wronged her by deeming her unfaithful. He now resolves to remove the claim which he had previously resolved to enforce, in order to revenge on her all the pain he had suffered on her account; but she, in whom a long absence had gradually converted into love the inclination she from the first had manifested towards him, and her admiration for his noble qualities and elevated sentiments, restores the cross, and all ends to the satisfaction of the parties concerned. Mademoiselle Fargueil elicited much applause by the admirable manner in which she played the part allotted to her. M. Lafont was perfection in the noble-minded *Sergeant*, and M. Duméry made a capital *Tambour Maître*, the real French type. On Thursday, Her Majesty and Prince Albert honoured the theatre by their presence, when the pieces performed were, the *Mariage au Tambour*, and the *Roi des Frontins*. Friday was the last performance before Easter. On Easter Monday we are promised our charming little Rose-Chérie who delighted us, so much last year. J. de C—E.

CONCERTS.

BEETHOVEN QUARTET SOCIETY.—The quartets performed at the second meeting were No. 3 from Op. 18, in D major; No. 7 from Op. 59, in F major; and No. 15 from Op. 181, in C sharp minor. The No. 3, composed in 1791, and dedicated to Prince Lichnowsky, is one of the most melodious and graceful of the early quartets. The subjects are short, and the plan of each movement as clear and symmetrical as in Haydn and Mozart. The quartet was well played, M. Steveniers holding the place of first violin, M. Sainton that of second, Mr. Hill tenor, and M. Rousselot violoncello. The No. 7, composed seventeen years later in (1808), and dedicated to Prince Rasumovsky, is one of the most thoroughly *Beethovenish* of the master's works. The *Allegro* is a fine specimen of that large development which characterises all he wrote during the middle period of his career. The *Adagio*, in F minor, portrays a world of despair and gloom; it is one of those peculiar movements of which Beethoven alone knew the secret, preserving amidst an appearance of fragmentary brokenness, entire unity of purpose and of feeling. It is only when you have listened to the last note that you comprehend the full meaning. The attention is kept continually on the stretch; the ear and the mind are astonished by cadences seemingly endless, and which after all are interrupted, as though the master disdained to minister to the ordinary laws of rhythm. And then, what a prodigy of fancy and invention is the *Finale*—fashioned upon a theme so apparently insignificant! But in a simple national tune Beethoven foresaw infinite combinations of harmony and counterpoint. The performance of this quartet, in which M. Sainton took the first violin, and M. Steveniers the second, Mr. Hill and M. Rousselot occupying their usual places as tenor and violoncello, was the triumph of the evening. It would be invidious to single out one for praise where all laboured so zealously; and the highest compliment we can offer to the players is involved in the assurance that their performance was a faultless specimen of pure quartet-playing, each instrument fulfilling its duties to the utmost, without any attempt at obtrusive prominence. The No. 15, composed sixteen years subsequently (in 1824-5) and dedicated to Baron Stutterheim, was also a clever performance, but not so near to perfection as the other. There are no less than twelve changes of time in this quartet; the rhythms and accents are complicated and various; the phraseology is often sin-

gularly fantastic. Yet in no work has the fertility of Beethoven's invention manifested itself more prodigally. Some of the subjects are as fresh and innocent as those of his early youth; others present the gravity of his sterner age; while some are marked by that quaint mixture of simplicity and extravagance which is one of the chief elements of his latter style, and is no where so strongly evidenced as in the Posthumous Quartets. The variety of interest excited is almost without precedent. The whole character of the composition appears to be based upon effects of violent contrasts. The ease with which these are attained, and the art with which they are made subservient to consistent unity of design, prove how equally philosophical and poetical was the genius of Beethoven. The room was brilliantly attended, and the performers were complimented throughout the evening with the most flattering demonstrations of approval.

Mr. BOLYNE REEVES' first concert took place on Monday for the benefit of the distressed Irish. The rooms were crowded at an early hour, and the programme held out promises of the most satisfactory nature which were more than realised. Mr. Reeves is a deserving artist, and may take his place among the most promising performers on his instrument. We hailed with much pleasure the re-appearance of Madame Catrufo, who sang with much feeling and expression the "*Come l'adoro*" of Bellini. This lady has a contralto voice of great compass, her intonation is faultless, and her interpretation of the music admirable. She and Miss Ellen Lyon won golden opinions in the duet of Mercadante, "*Dole conforto al misero*." The latter lady holds out high promises of future excellence, and much pleased us in her solo "*Bel raggio lusinghier*," by Rossini, by the great progress she has already made. The other vocalists were Miss Sabilla Novello, who needs no praise from us, Madame de Fontaine, Signori Marras Brizzi and Gallo, who achieved in the most satisfactory manner the pieces allotted to them. Mr. John Lee also sang with true feeling Schubert's song "*Der Wanderer*." The entertainment gave universal satisfaction, and was listened to with delight to the end. We must not forget a Canon by Signor Catrufo, which was one of the gems of the evening.

THE MESSRS DISTIN gave a concert on Tuesday last, at the Horns Tavern, Kensington, which was very well attended, and gave great satisfaction. The Messrs Distin were assisted by Miss M. O'Connor, and Miss E. Loder, as vocalists; and by W. S. Rockstro, who performed on the piano. The principal performances were a quintetto from *Guillaume Tell*, by the Distin family, on the Sax-horns, played with great effect; the favourite aria from *Robert le Diable*, "*Robert, toi que j'aime*," arranged as a quintette for the Sax-tubes; a madrigal, performed by the brothers Distin on four Sax-tubes, and clamorously encored; Mr. Distin's fantasia, on "*The Soldier Tir'd*," executed *per se*, and rapturously re-demanded, and obligingly repeated; and the selection from the *Huguenots*, performed on the Sax-horns by the Messrs. Distin. There were other *morceaux*, vocal and instrumental, which obtained the favour of the audience. Miss Baynes presided at the piano.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—The benefit concert of Mr. Charles and Mr. Hamilton Braham took place at this theatre on Tuesday evening. The house was well attended by a numerous and aristocratic audience. The vocalists were Miss Dolby, Miss Ransford, Mrs. Newton, Mr. Braham, and his sons. The programme contained the names of most of our popular composers, and the selection evidently afforded the utmost satisfaction. Soon after the commencement of the concert, Mr. Richards apologised for the absence of Mr. Braham, who was unable to attend, in consequence of a severe cold. Amongst the performances of the evening we must notice the exquisite manner in which Mr. Charles Braham sang "*The Flowers of Friendship*," and also a new ballad, "*The Rose and the Vine*." Miss Dolby sang with the success that invariably attends her. She gave with great effect an aria by Mercadante, and Linley's ballad, "*Constance*," and also with Mr. Charles Braham, Balfo's duo, "*The Sailor Sighs*." Miss Ransford, who possesses an admirable voice, and must become an acquisition to our concert rooms, produced much sensation in a recitative and aria by Mercadante, and with Miss Dolby sang very charmingly "*Vanne se alberghi*." During the evening Mr. Charles Braham introduced a new song by Brinley Richards, "*Hark! Maiden, hark!*" written by Fitzball. The effect was unquestionable, and

the interpretation of the song reflects much credit upon Mr. C. Braham's taste and judgment. The song was loudly applauded, and narrowly escaped an encore. We feel certain that Mr. Charles Braham will one day occupy a very eminent position in the list of our English vocalists, provided he does not allow himself to become satisfied with the success that has already attended his efforts. Mrs. Newton sang "*Una Voce*," and Dr. Arne's charming song, "*Where the Bee sucks*." Mr. Hamilton Braham, for the first time, delivered a song called the "*Dead Trumpeter*"—a highly dramatic composition, and well selected to illustrate the resources of Mr. H. Braham's fine voice. In the "*Sea Kings*" he was also eminently successful, and entered into the gay and reckless character of the Rover with a spirit and power that makes one regret that he does not turn his attention to the stage, upon which with care and study, he would become a great acquisition. The performance concluded with Nicholai's duo; "*The Exile's Return*," sang very effectively by Mrs. Newton and Mr. H. Braham. The concert was conducted by Mr. Brinley Richards with his usual ability and success.

THE BEAUMONT INSTITUTION. (From our own Correspondent).

—A numerous body of persons were assembled at these rooms on Monday evening, on the occasion of Mr. Braham's concert. The admirers of the "*Veteran of Song*" had evidently come with the full intention of revelling in all the glories and excitements of "*Biscay's Bay*" and the "*Death of Nelson*," in addition to which the programme announced that Mr. Braham would sing a new scena, the incidents of which were taken from the field of Waterloo, entitled "*Shaw the Life-Guardsman*," the words by Fitzball, and the music by Brinley Richards. Great, therefore, was the anticipations of the worshippers of dramatic songs—the very idea of Waterloo filled the mind with all those fearful incidents of "smoke and cries of the wounded," so deliciously interpreted by the gallant heroes at the Surrey and Astley's; but the course of love is not the only thing that runneth not smoothly. The clock tolled the hour of eight, but no vocalists had even arrived. The audience became restive; the restive became vocal; the vocalisation, in a rapid crescendo, burst forth with all the violence of storm. In the midst of this *émeute* the secretary appeared on the platform, and succeeded, after a few touches of mesmerism, in tranquilizing the perturbed minds of his auditors. He briefly informed them that, at the last moment, Mr. Braham found himself so very unwell from the effects of cold, that he could not possibly appear that evening, and that every exertion had been made by Mr. Charles and Mr. Hamilton Braham, and an excellent horse and Brougham to procure the assistance of several eminent vocalists, but without success, as they were previously engaged; and after a touching appeal to the generosity of the house—à la Bunn—the speaker sat down—i. e. would, had there been a chair—amidst much applause. The whole duties of the concert, therefore, devolved upon the exertions of Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Charles Braham; and considering the arduous task which they were called upon so unexpectedly to perform, we have no hesitation in saying that the entire performance reflected the utmost credit upon them. Mr. Charles Braham sang an encored in a very pretty ballad, "*The Rose and the Vine*," the composer's name was not printed. Mr. Hamilton Braham sang with great spirit a new song by Brinley Richards, called "*The Sea Kings*." This was likewise uproariously re-demanded and encored with great applause. Towards the close of the evening a sort of musical dialogue was introduced by Messrs. C. Braham and Richards, and, considering that it had not enjoyed the luxury of a rehearsal, went off with considerable éclat. The plot and incidents ran thus:—While Mr. C. Braham was preparing himself for a duo with his brother, a cry was raised for the "*Lads of the village*;" after some delay Mr. Charles Braham and Mr. Richards appeared. The introduction began and finished with a brevity truly marvellous. It consisted of the bass note with the M. A. 3rd, A. M. I. 5th, and the O. C. 8th (we believe our friend, Mr. F. Flower, will apprise us if the abbrev. be wrong), all these sounds were heard simultaneously; and as two individuals were seized with a fit of talking, the chord evidently was not without some effect. The song began, and charmingly the lugubrious melody was uttered by Mr. C. Braham, when a sudden halt alarmed the audience. After a sotto voce conversation with the conductor, another stave was effected. But it soon became

evident that the accompanist and Mr. C. Braham were enjoying a sort of hide-and-seek exercise in modulation; for no sooner did the "Lads of the Village" arrive at one key, when the accompaniment was found somewhere else, and so on, *vice versa*, for some time, when another halt, and a sotto voce conversation, interrupted with cries of "Bray-vo," "Hoevoov," ensued. A new idea had evidently shot up in Mr. C. Braham's mind, as he very quaintly and jocularly informed the audience, "that neither he nor Mr. Richards had got a copy of the song, and that Mr. Richards could not exactly play it, because he had never heard it." This seemed so perfectly satisfactory that the speech was heartily applauded, and the vocalist and his indefatigable conductor descended the platform, evidently amused and astonished with their success. We must not conclude this notice without remarking upon the effective manner in which the vocalists gave "All's Well," this was greatly applauded and encored. The concert terminated about ten. Mr. Brinley Richards conducted.

MR. N. F. SPORLE'S annual vocal and instrumental concert was given on the evening of Tuesday, the 16th, at the London Tavern. The entertainments were of the best kind, and were excellently varied so as to suit the many-coloured fancy of the audience. The concert was conducted on the long-Thursday principle, which simply means, to give the greatest quantity of amusement in the smallest space of time. The first part contained twelve performances, and the second part contained twelve performances; but the items were so capital, and the interpreters so perfect, that no weariness resulted from the longitudinality of the entertainments, though the numerous encores considerably elongated the performance. To particularize all the items we cannot, but to specialize some of the items we can. And first to designate the executants—Miss Dolby, Miss Morriatt O'Connor, Miss Thornton, Miss Mary Rose, Mrs. A. Newton, Mr. Genge, Mr. Ransford, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Farquharson Smith, Mr. Turner, Mr. N. F. Sporle, and Mr. John Parry, were the vocalists; while the instrumental performers numbered Miss Binfield Williams on the piano, Mr. F. Chatterton on the harp, Mr. George Case on the violin, and Mr. A. Sedgwick and Master J. Ward on the concertina. Among the excellencies of the entertainment, we shall notice the very neat and finished performance of Miss Binfield Williams, in a dashing composition of Hertz. This lady improves considerably. Miss Mary Rose, a pupil of Mr. Louis Leo, a very young *debutante*, in despite of a great state of nervousness, which nearly put her *hors de combat* at her first appearance in public, gave indications of skill as an artist, and displayed a voice rich and pure in quality. We expect good fruits from this young lady's talents and gifts, and the excellent instructions which she receives. Mr. Frederick Chatterton performed a fantasia on the harp with great brilliancy and power, and was vociferously applauded. A pretty, and somewhat quaint ballad of Mr. Sporle's, received an encore with great applause, and was repeated with acclamations. Miss Dolby sang Linley's very pleasing ballad, "Constance," beautifully, and was rapturously encored. As a matter of course John Parry was similarly complimented in both his songs. Mr. Carte was immensely applauded in a solo on the Boehm flute. Miss Morriatt O'Connor pleased her hearers by her unaffected method in Balfe's "Child of the Sun." Miss Dolby gave a Scotch song, which was received with universal commendations; and the concert concluded with John Parry's affecting comic song, "The White Cat." The room was full, and the audience were highly pleased with the entertainments, and Mr. Sporle received the congratulations of all who attended, and great was the success thereof. Mr. Louis Leo conducted with his usual ability.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The first concert for the season took place in the Hanover-square Rooms. The following programme was performed in presence of a very full audience:—

PART I.—Funeral Anthem, "When the ear heard him," Miss Ransford, Miss Salmon, Mr. Herbert, and Mr. Wetherbee, and chorus, *Handel*. Cantata, "Let all on high their voices raise." Soli by Miss Stewart, Miss Salmon, Messrs Gardner, and Wetherbee, *Weber*. Concerto Dramatique, violin, Mr. A. Simmons, *Spohr*.

PART II.—Chorus, *MS.*, from a Mass; the Soli by Miss Cheeseman, Miss Salmon, Mr. St. Albin, and Mr. Weeks, *H. Wylde*. Recit. and Air, "But who is he?" Miss Ransford, (Joshua) *Handel*. Concert Stück, Pianoforte, Mr. J. T. Mew, *Weber*. Song, "O had I Jubal's lyre," (Joshua) *Handel*. Trio and Chorus, "Most beautiful appear," Miss Cheeseman, Mr. St. Albin, and Mr. Weeks, (Cretion) *Haydn*. Duetto, "Qual anelante," Miss Solomon and Miss K. Ward,

Marcello. Trio and Chorus, "Though all alone," Miss Ransford, Mr. Herbert, and Mr. Wetherbee, (Mount of Olives) *Beethoven*. Conductor, Mr. C. Lucas. Principal violin, M. Sinton.

The Royal Academy of Music, says the *Morning Chronicle*, was instituted in 1822, and is under the immediate patronage of her Majesty. The Queen Dowager is the patroness, Prince Albert, the King of Belgium, and the Duke of Cambridge, vice-patrons, and the Duchess of Kent, vice-patroness. The committee of management consists of the Earl of Westmoreland, the chairman, who was mainly instrumental in the formation of the institution, and to whom it is deeply indebted; Sir G. Clerk, chairman, *ad interim*; the Earls of Wilton and Fife, Lord Saltoun, the Hon. A. Macdonald, Sir G. Warrender, Lieut.-General Sir A. Bernard, K.C.B., Sir J. Campbell, K.C.T.S., and the Rev. F. Hamilton, A.M.; Captain Bontein is the superintendent, and Mrs. Weiss the governess. Mr. Cipriani Potter is the principal of the musical department; Mr. C. Lucas the conductor, and M. Sinton first violin. Amongst the professors are Sir G. Smart, Sir H. Bishop, Signori Crivelli and Negri, Messrs. Goss, Neate, W. S. Bennett, W. L. Philipps, J. Bennett, W. H. Holmes, Mrs. Anderson, Madame Dullen, Miss Kate Loder, &c. There are also professors for Italian and general literature, declamation, &c. The pupils may be either in-door students, residing at the academy in Tenterden-street, or out-door students; and all branches of music are taught, the selection being made on entrance. The tuition is for 40 weeks during the year, and the students, when competent, are appointed sub-professors. Certain advantages are given to the students who leave the academy, there being three classes of certificates to be gained by study and good conduct. Four King's scholarships were founded in 1834, the gainers receiving their musical education for two years gratuitously, when the late scholar may compete a second time. Many of our most distinguished musicians have received their musical education at the Royal Academy. There can be no question, however, that its advantages might be materially increased, if the legislature could be prevailed upon to extend its patronage by a financial support, so as to form a national *Conservatoire*. At present the Royal Academy is dependent on the payments of the pupils, private donations, and the annual proceeds of a fancy dress ball.

We have few remarks to offer on the above programme. There was only one composition by a pupil of the institution, Mr. Wylde's *MS.* chorus. Mr. Wylde is now an associate, not a student in the institution. He is a very clever and rising professor, and the fragment of his Mass was so well written, and so instinct with true musical feeling, that we regretted not to hear the whole of it. It was executed with care by the chorus, band, and soloists, and exceedingly well received. The performance of M. A. Simmons on the violin, and that of Mr. J. T. Mew on the pianoforte, may be commended as ambitious attempts, arguing well for the courage and energy of the young executants. Miss Ransford, the beauty of whose voice we have acknowledged some time ago, evinced an improvement in style and execution, that demands special remark. Miss Stewart must also be named as one of the vocal students most likely to attain eminence. She was much and deservedly applauded in her recitative and air from Weber's "Hymn to Jehovah." The *Funeral Anthem* of Handel was performed in respect to the memory of Sir William Curtis, Bart., (lately deceased) who was an old and staunch patron of the Academy. For the same reason, all the students in the orchestra and chorus were attired in mourning. The old custom of forming the orchestra out of the actual pupils of the institution is now done away with, we presume, from lack of efficient talent. This is a great pity, and shows that reform is wanting somewhere. We shall return to the subject.

CHORAL HARMONISTS.—This Society gave its fifth concert for the season on Monday last. The Mass selected for the occasion was Haydn's in C. Being generally well-known, it was performed with admirable precision. We could not, however, but regret the absence of Miss Lockey, from indisposition; for although Miss Cubitt kindly consented, at a very short notice, to supply her place, this young lady's voice is not adapted to the soprano parts of the Mass. In consequence, the *Benedictus* was omitted, which we the more regret, as it is but seldom that we have opportunities afforded us of hearing the masses performed at all in the style originally intended by the composers. Miss Dolby sang, in her usual chaste

and impressive style, the air from St. Paul, "But the Lord is mindful of his own;" and the first part concluded with Spohr's *Cantata*, "The Christian's Prayer," the solo parts of which were as ineffective as in Haydn's Mass, from the same reason. Croce's madrigal, "Cynthia, thy Song," (1590) commenced the second part. No improvement seems to take place in the manner in which the madrigals are sung, but on the contrary, there seems to have been a retrograde movement in this respect. We perfectly well remember, some years back, when the madrigals were universally encored for the artistic style in which they were sung, but now they scarcely receive a mark of approval. If it is a rule to sing a madrigal, surely it is worth while to have it rehearsed. Mendelssohn's overture to the "*Isles of Fingal*" was well played. Mr. Lockey sang the cavatina from the *Zauberflöte*, "O cara imagine;" and Mr. Machin, "The Mariner's Song," by Frau Keiser. A duet of Haydn's, for *soprano* and *tenor*, was inserted in the programme, but in lieu thereof, Miss Cubitt sang an extra song. Romberg's "Song of the Bell" concluded the evening's entertainments, Miss Cubitt, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Machin singing the solo parts. The band was led by Mr. Dando, and Mr. Westrop, as conductor, showed, by the able management of the forces under his command, what may be done with amateurs, in music like Spohr's, to which they are not accustomed.

MISS DINAH FARMER.—This zealous young pianist gave her annual concert at the Hanover Square Rooms on Monday evening, before a crowded audience. In the true spirit of an artist, Miss Farmer had provided a full orchestra for the occasion, and with its assistance, she delighted her friends with a very spirited performance of Weber's *Concert Stück*, which was loudly applauded throughout. Miss Farmer also gave a vigorous and effective reading of a brilliant and showy duet, on airs, from *Guillaume Tell*, in which she enjoyed the valuable co-operation of Mr. Blagrove. This performance was also received with unanimous and well-merited applause. The list of vocalists was numerous, comprising Mrs. A. Newton, Mrs. W. H. Weiss, Misses Rainforth, Sara Flower, M. A. Ley, and Cubitt; Messrs. D. W. King, T. Williams, J. A. Novello, and Mr. W. H. Weiss. There were two novelties in the programme, both of which merit notice:—a *scena* by Mr. T. M. Jolly, and a very pleasing song, "The Minstrel's return," by Mr. Howard Glover. These were both cleverly sung by Mrs. A. Newton, a clarionet *obligato* part in the former being beautifully played by Mr. Maycock, first clarionet in the Drury Lane orchestra. Both were received with great favour. Miss M. A. Ley obtained much and deserved applause in Wallace's popular ballad (from *Matilda*), "A lowly youth;" and Miss Sara Flower, in an air by Donizetti, by her fine voice and impressive style, created quite a sensation among the audience. Fantasias on the concertina and harp by Mr. R. Blagrove and Mr. F. Chatterton, agreeably varied the entertainments. The conductors were Mr. Holmes, the distinguished pianist, his intelligent pupil, Mr. S. Noble, and Mr. Hopkinson. The concert was very long, but gave general satisfaction.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.—The following was the programme of the fourth meeting on the 19th inst., at the Music Hall, Store-street:—

Symphony, G minor, *Mozart*. Overture, "Oberon," *Weber*. Operatic Selection, "Lucia di Lammermoor," *Donizetti*. Overture, "The Siege of Rochelle," *Balfe*. Symphony, C minor, *Beethoven*. Overture, "La Gazza Ladra," *Rossini*.

The band is greatly improving. The overture to *Oberon* was capitally played, and encored. Balfe does wonders, and is well seconded by his forces. The room was crowded.

CROSBY HALL.—Mr. W. Rea commenced a series of three classical chamber-concerts last night, in the Throne-room. His programme was very ambitious, including some of the most elaborate compositions of Bach, Scarlatti, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Sterndale Bennett. Mr. Rae is, as yet, but a young pianist, though he has evidently imbibed good notions of art from his master, Mr. Sterndale Bennett, and bids fair, with the aid of assiduous study, to make some figure in his profession. His performance last night developed much real excellence and considerable promise. His fault was in attempting too much, and not always hitting the mark. He has a firm touch, a full tone, and no little energy in his style. In rapid passages, however, he is fidgety, and is often indistinct: his *cantabile* playing lacks sen-

timent, and his phrasing is frequently abrupt. His best performances were Bach's violin sonata, in E major, with Mr. Dando, and Mozart's grand duet for the pianoforte, with Mr. Sterndale Bennett. In these compositions he was more at ease than in those which he played alone. The *Scherzo*, and *Rondo Piacevole* of Sterndale Bennett, the former especially, were almost beyond his grasp; and he would have done much better to defer till a latter period the difficult *Caprice*, in F sharp minor, of Mendelssohn. All things considered, however, there was much promise and evidence of the right feeling in what Mr. Rea performed. Some vocal pieces were nicely sung by Miss Cubitt and Mr. Williams, accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Rockstro. The room was densely crowded, and Mr. Rea was liberally applauded in most of his pieces.

MADLIE. ROSALIE THEMAR's grand Soirée Musicale took place on Thursday evening, at the Hanover Square Rooms, before a crowded and fashionable audience. The fair beneficeaire performed during the first part, Mayseder's second trio, Op. 52, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, (in conjunction with M. Steveniers and Signor Piatti), a grand fantasia on themes from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, by Prudent, and a selection of morceaux by Dohler and Prudent, in a highly creditable manner. In the second act, she played a grand duet with M. Benedict, and a fantasia on a theme of *Ernani*, composed by herself; in both morceaux she appeared to great advantage. The remainder of the programme was interpreted by Madame F. Lablache, Miss Eliza Nelson (encored in Lavenue's ballad, "Happy Heart"), and Signor F. Lablache, as vocalists; and M. Steveniers and Signor Piatti as instrumentalists. We must particularly commend Madame F. Lablache for the manner in which she sung Morlacchi's aria, "Notte Tremenda" (by the bye, originally written with a flute accompaniment *obligato*); she was greatly applauded. John Parry was received with great favour, being, as usual, encored in both his songs. Mr. Benedict conducted in a highly effective manner.

MR. LINDSAY SLOPER'S SOIREE.—The third and last of these first-rate entertainments took place in the Beethoven Rooms, on Thursday the 18th. The attendance was very numerous, and the audience highly attentive. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.

Duet in F major, for two performers on one pianoforte, Messrs. Sterndale Bennett and Lindsay Sloper,	<i>Mozart</i> .
Recit. and Aria, Miss Dolby.....	<i>Mozart</i> .
Fantasia in F sharp minor, Op. 28, (pianoforte, Mr. Lindsay Sloper).....	<i>Mendelssohn</i> .

PART II.

Sonata in G minor, Op. 5, No. 2, for pianoforte and violoncello, Messrs. Lindsay Sloper and Rousset, Allemande and Gigue, from the "Harpisichord Lessons".....	<i>Beethoven</i> .
Caprice from the "Suites des Pièces".....	<i>Lulli (anno 1670): J. S. Bach</i> .
Fuga in E minor, from the "Suites des Pièces," (pianoforte, Mr. Lindsay Sloper).....	<i>Handel</i> .
Song, Op. 8, No. 3, Miss Dolby.....	<i>Lindsay Sloper</i> .
Study in G minor.....	<i>W. S. Bennett</i> .
Selection from a Set of 24 Studies, (pianoforte, Mr. Lindsay Sloper).....	<i>Lindsay Sloper</i> .

We have already spoken our sentiments fully of Mr. Sloper's refined and elegant talent. He delighted his audience, as usual, on this occasion, and was greeted with liberal applause. Mozart's duet, with Sterndale Bennett, was a rare treat. It is seldom we can hear two such pianists, and two such *musicians* together. The *fantasia* by Mendelssohn, was a fine performance. The last movement was taken at tremendous speed, but Mr. Sloper accomplished it to the end without tiring either himself or his auditors. Lulli's beautiful old *allemande* was encored. The same compliment was paid to Mr. Sloper's song, "Dear is my little Native Vale," a very elegant and charming trifle, which Miss Dolby rendered with exquisite feeling. The audience separated at an early hour, perfectly gratified with their entertainment. We are pleased to hear that during the season Mr. Sloper will give a grand concert, with orchestra, in the Hanover Square Rooms.

MUSICAL UNION.—Mr. Ella gave his first meeting at Willis's Rooms, on Tuesday afternoon. H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge was present, with nearly three hundred rank and fashion. The programme was as follows:—

Quartet in C, No. 32, *Haydn*. Quintet in E, flat Op. 92. Piano, violin, viola, violoncello, and c. basso, *Hummel*. Double Quartet E minor, No. 3, Op. 87—four violins, two violas, and two violoncellos, *Spohr*.

Executants. First Violin, *M. Sainton*. Second Violin, *M. Deloffre*. Viola, *Mr. Hill*. Violoncello, *Signor Piatti*. Violins extra for double quartet, *Herr Goffrie and Mr. Thirlwall*. Viola, *Mr. R. Blagrove*. C. Basso, *Mr. Howell*. Pianoforte, *Herr Benedict*.

The performance gave general satisfaction. M. Benedict took the pianoforte part in the quintet, which he executed in masterly style; Sainton's playing in the double quintet was in the highest degree vigorous and spirited; Sig. Piatti is an exquisite quartet player, which is a rare distinction for solo performers on the violoncello, who ordinarily confine themselves to the interpretation of mere fantasias and *pieces de circonstance*. Messrs. Goffrie, Thirlwall, and Howell, proved of high utility in the second violin and double-bass parts, albeit, by the way, we hardly thought Mr. Ella justified in assigning to a double-bass a part which Spohr intended for a second violoncello. Mr. Hill, the tenor, was, as usual, perfect, and was well supported by his junior, Mr. R. Blagrove, in the second tenor. The programmes *raisonnées* with which Mr. Ella supplies his visitors would be more useful and agreeable were they written in a style somewhat less smacking of the *ex-cathedra*. Being fallible like other mortals, Mr. Ella would command more attention were his opinions delivered with an air of modesty. Moreover, the public having nothing to do with Mr. Ella's private opinions of the Earl of Falmouth, which are altogether out of place in a concert bill.

MR. DANDO'S.—The fifth of this gentleman's interesting quartet concerts took place on Tuesday evening, in the Throne Room, Crosby Hall. The attendance was very good. The selection was as follows:—

PART I.—Quartet in G major, No. 75, for two violins, viola, and violoncello, Messrs. Dando, Gattie, W. Thomas, and Lucas, *Haydn*. Song, Mr. Kench, "When I view thy form," *Behrens*. Grand Septet in D minor, Op. 78, for pianoforte, flute, oboe, horn, viola, violoncello and contra basso, Madame Dulcken. Messrs. Ribas, Nicholson, Jarrett, W. Thomas, Lucas, and C. Severn, *Hummel*.

PART II.—Quartet in E flat major, No. 10, Op. 74, for two violins, viola, and violoncello, Messrs. Dando, Gattie, W. Thomas, and Lucas, *Beethoven*. Song, Mr. Kench, "Repose," *C. B. Czapek*. Ottetto, in C minor, for two oboes, two clarinets, two horns, and two bassoons, Messrs. Nicholson, Horton, Lazarus, Key, Jarrett, Hooper, Keating, and Johnstone, *Mozart*. Accompanyist, Mr. Walter C. Macfarren. We have only space to commend the general style of the performance, and record the entire satisfaction of the audience.

MR. STERNDALE BENNETT'S. At the third and last of those intellectual entertainments on Tuesday evening, in the Hanover Square Rooms, Mr. Bennett provided his visitors, who mustered in strong and brilliant array, with the following programme:—

Part first.—Quintet, in E flat, pianoforte, oboe, clarinet, horn, and bassoon, composed March 1784, Messrs. W. S. Bennett, Grattan Cooke, Williams, Platt, and Baumann, *Mozart*. *Lieder ohne Worte*, 4th book pianoforte, Mr. W. S. Bennett, *Mendelssohn*. Song, Mr. Marshall, "The Past," *W. S. Bennett*. Grande Sonate, "L'Invocation," pianoforte, Mr. W. S. Bennett, *Dussek*.

Part Second.—Sonata in C minor, No. 2, Op. 30, pianoforte and violin, Messrs. W. S. Bennett and G. A. Griesbach, *Beethoven*. Fugue in E minor, posthumous, pianoforte, Mr. W. S. Bennett, *J. S. Bach*. Part Songs, Nos. 1 and 6, Op. 63, *Mendelssohn*, Misses Ransford and Salmon, pupils of the Royal Academy of Music. Selection from the pianoforte works of *W. S. Bennett*, Mr. W. S. Bennett. Accompanyist, Mr. W. Dorrell.

The *volk lied* of Mendelssohn and the fugue of Bach were unanimously encored. The *Invocation* of Dussek was a superb performance; and the selection from the composer's own works, (consisting of his *Allegro Grazioso*, Op. 18, and three musical sketches called the *Lake*, the *Millstream*, and the *Fountain*), was a treat of no ordinary kind to the lovers of the highest order of pianoforte playing. Mr. Marshall sang "The past," with taste and feeling, and the Misses Ransford and Salmon obtained a well merited encore in the first of Mendelssohn's melodious part-songs—"I would that my love." Mr. Dorrell's accompaniment was in his usual finished style. Altogether the entertainment was as varied and interesting as it was refined and classical, and the audience left the room with general regret, that it was the last for the season. It is, however, a consolation that Mr. Bennett has advertised a

grand concert, with orchestra, in the Hanover Square Rooms, for Thursday, June 10th. We shall then have the pleasure of hearing some of his more important and elaborate works.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WEIPPERT'S SOIRÉE DANSANTES.—Held every Monday evening at the Princesses Concert Room, continue to attract crowded and elegant assemblages. The soirées on Monday last, was of the most brilliant of the season. The dancers were indefatigable; the band was excellent, and the music the most danceable that could be selected from the repertoire of Weippert, Jullien, Coota, Tolbecque, Koenig, W. L. Phillips, Costa, and Bosissio, whose "Esmeralda Waltzes," are gems in their way. WEIPPERT'S "Princesses Polka," and "Ethiopian Quadrilles," are spirited and agreeable compositions.

ILLNESS OF MR. MACREADY.—We regret to be under the necessity of stating that Mr. Macready's performances, which were to have commenced last night, (Monday), and to which the playgoers of Manchester, have been looking forward with such interest, are deferred in consequence of sudden indisposition.—*Manchester Express*.

THE VOCAL CONCERTS will not be resumed this season, Miss Hawes, Miss Birch, Messrs. Hobbs, Lockey and H. Phillips having declined to lend their assistance; or, to speak more properly, as directors of the Vocal Concert, they have thought fit, for reasons best known to themselves, to remit them altogether.

DEATH OF MR. MORALT.—This favourite and distinguished tenor-player, died on Thursday week, at his residence in Howland Street, Fitzroy Square. He was in his sixty-third year. Mr. Moralt was for thirty-seven years a member of the Royal Society of Musicians; he was for many years principal tenor of the Philharmonic Band, and of the orchestra of Her Majesty's Theatre; and principal second violin at the Ancient Concerts.

MR. KEARNS'S CONCERT.—We are glad to hear that the late Mr. Kearns's widow and children will benefit about 210% from the concert which took place on Wednesday last. *Morning Post*.

MR. WILSON left London on Saturday for Aberdeen, where he is about to give a series of his Scotch entertainments. Mr. Land accompanied him. Mr. Wilson's success in Paris, has been unprecedented.

SALE OF MUSICAL WORKS.—The valuable musical property of Mr. J. A. Stumpff, late of 44, Great Portland Street, will be sold by auction by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, on Tuesday, March 30th, and following days, at their Rooms, Piccadilly. A Catalogue has been transmitted to us. The musical collection is rich and varied. Among the curiosities and varieties to be proffered for sale, we may note, a portrait and snuff-box of Beethoven, each with a lock of his hair: ten MSS. in the autograph of Mozart; a wedding service of Sebastian Bach's in his own hand-writing; a scrap of writing in Beethoven's own hand, written on his death bed for Mr. Stumpff; besides various autographs of other great men, including Spohr, Goethe, &c., &c. Attention is particularly called to seven manuscript compositions of Beethoven, *presumed to be unpublished*. Among these are three overtures. We strongly recommend all musical amateurs and connoisseurs to attend Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's sale on Tuesday next.

MADemoiselle MARIETTA BADERNA's engagement terminates this week at Drury Lane. The fair *danseuse*, however, remains in London to fulfil her avocations at the Royal Italian Opera.

MRS. BUTLER, A MANAGER.—The *Observer* states it to be more than probable that Mrs. Butler (late Miss F. Kemble, for it is necessary to make the distinction, as there is another Mrs. Butler, who has advertised readings at Crosby Hall), will ere long become lessee of one of our metropolitan theatres; the present tenant of the house being willing to dispose of his interest in it at only a moderate profit, namely, 1,000*l.* a year beyond the comparatively low rent he now pays.—[There is no truth in this report. Mrs. Butler is engaged by Mr. Maddox, to give a series of performances at the Princess's Theatre, immediately after Easter.—ED.]

JOSEPH JOACHIM.—We have from good authority, that it is not quite certain whether this young violinist will come to England during the present season. If he comes, it will not be before the middle of April.

MR. C. H. ADAMS, the celebrated astronomical lecturer, will give a series of readings at the Adelphi Theatre during Passion Week, in which he will introduce an account of the new planet, and explain its theory. These most interesting lectures are exceedingly worthy the notice of those who would wish to make themselves acquainted with the motions of the heavenly bodies, and speculations arising therefrom. Mr. Adams's splendid orrery will be exhibited as usual. The lectures will treat at large on the phenomena of the Sun, Moon, Stars, Planets, Satellites, &c., and will describe more particularly the annular solar eclipse of the present year.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. PIO CIANCHETTINI.—Thanks for our Correspondent's kind note. We shall be glad of his *Anecdotes of Zingarelli*.

MR. ALFRED WELDON.—We cannot recommend our Correspondent any course more profitable to take than a course of *Harmony-Lessons* under Macfarren, or some competent instructor.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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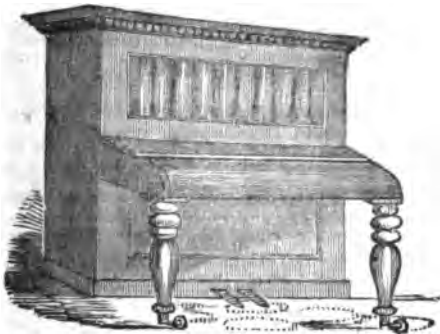
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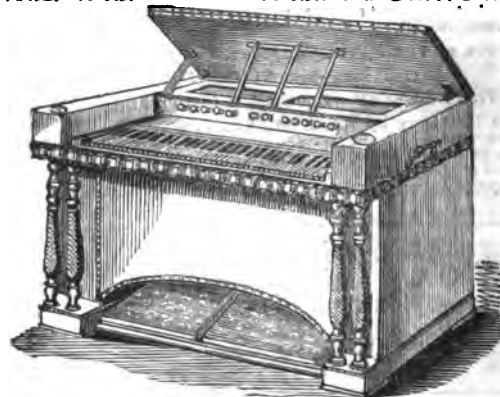
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SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1847.

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NOTICE.

Next Week, with No. 18, will be GIVEN to the Subscribers only, a SONG, composed expressly for
SIGNOR CARDONI.

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

NEVER since these concerts were originated have they been the object of such general attention as now; and all because an Italian musician is director of the orchestra, and opinions are at variance as to his qualifications for the office. Signor Costa has reason to feel flattered by the importance which the public and the press attribute to his movements. Never was such a fuss made about a conductor. Applauded when he comes on, applauded when he goes off—at the beginning and at the end of each *morceau*, no matter how played—he would be something less than human were he to preserve his equilibrium under the circumstances. But Signor Costa is human, and the puffing of his friend in the *Chronicle* has succeeded in turning his head. That functionary has set up a golden calf in the market-place, an effigy of the "herculean" conductor, and every one must fall down and worship, at the risk of being peppered in the *Chronicle*. No journal must presume to hint that Michael Costa, who describes semi-circles and diagonal lines in the air with a stick, is anything short of Julius Cæsar in merit, or the *Chronicle* straightway addresses a broadside to its disadvantage. The *Times* was rash enough to insinuate something of the kind, and fearful was the punishment it received. A paragraph from one of its musical articles, headed "*The Times* in 1847," was printed side by side with another paragraph, headed "*The Times* in 1844," in the *Chronicle* of Tuesday! It is true, the two articles treated of entirely different matters; it is true they had no kind of relation to each other; but what a triumph for the *Chronicle* to be able to point to the two and say, "Look upon this picture and on this!" A leader from *The Times* upon the Montpensier marriage in 1846, and a leader upon Daniel O'Connell in 1840, placed in juxtaposition, would have served just as well, and would have been just as beside the subject. But it is the pride of the *Chronicle* to be original, and the musical department, in this quality, beats all the press hollow. The *Chronicle*, with a short-sightedness and a thickheadedness for which it has been remarkable since the spring of 1846, when the editorship of its musical articles devolved upon the present writer, insists upon making the conductorship of

Signor Costa at the Philharmonic a party question *apropos* of the two Italian operas. But the mistake is, that instead of doing good to his idol, this unwise course of proceeding will be likely to do him injury. The golden calf will probably be riven to shatters some fine morning, like the idol of *Nabucco* in Verdi's opera. Signor Costa has a right to demand protection from his friends, who, in endeavouring to establish for him a reputation for what he is not, run the chance of knocking down for him the reputation for what he is. We have never been disposed to underrate Signor Costa's talent, and in his proper sphere are ready to acknowledge him on all occasions. But it is preposterous to insist, that because he is admirable in the conduct of an Italian opera, he should, of necessity, be admirable in the conduct of a German symphony. And yet this is the argument involved in the rhapsodies of the *Chronicle*, with a sling and a stone for any one who is disinclined to admit its soundness. For our own parts, if Rossini himself were appointed director of the Philharmonic orchestra, and were ready to accept the post, we should not be satisfied, and for the same reasons that disincline us towards Signor Costa in his present position. Signor Costa is an excellent conductor, and can make a band go together, in no matter what music, as well as any man, and better than many: but making a band go together is not the only duty of a conductor. If expression be of any value in orchestral performances, it will hardly be denied that the conductor should be able to give it. But the conductor *cannot* give the expression without a long and intimate acquaintance with the style of music he has to conduct. He must have been educated in it. To say that it can be acquired by an adult, in an instant, is nothing short of an absurdity; and the *Chronicle* itself will not have the hardihood to claim this distinction for Signor Costa, whose youth was nurtured in the frivolities of the Italian school, and who till last year has never been accustomed to the kind of music he is now appointed to direct. The fact is, that Signor Costa is receiving his education—undergoing a course of lectures—learning the rudiments and the principles of a new art—with the assistance of the Philharmonic orchestra, and at the expense of the Philharmonic members, associates, and subscribers. It may be all very agreeable for the writer in the *Chronicle* to preside at the lessons of his friend, Costa, and to puff them, the morning after, in the pages of the devoted

Chronicle; but the four-guinea subscribers have a right to expect a conductor who is thoroughly conversant with the music he has to direct. One of Rossini's overtures would go splendidly under Signor Costa's baton—and we expect a treat on Tuesday at the Royal Italian Opera, from the *Semiramide*—but one of Beethoven's symphonies is quite a different matter.

The second concert of the Philharmonic Society took place on Monday evening, when the Hanover-square rooms (or rather room, as the ante-chamber was closed), were filled by a brilliant company. The selection of the first part of the programme was made with reference to the period—Passion-week. This is the first time the Philharmonic Society has given a performance in Passion-week, and we trust the last. The step was ill-advised, and told against the sale of guinea-tickets, as might have been expected. But the ante-chamber was closed as a precautionary measure, lest the room should appear less crowded than at the first concert; but though the precautionary measure produced the effect intended, it failed to escape the observation of those who were looking out for squalls. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.—Sinfonia in C Minor, from the Last Judgment, Spohr.—Air, "Jerusalem," Miss Birch, Chorus, "Oh! happy and blest," Song, "Oh God! have mercy," Mr. H. Phillips, (St. Paul) Mendelssohn *Bartoldy*.—Mass in C, Beethoven.

PART II.—Choral Sinfonia (the principal voice parts by Miss Birch, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. H. Phillips) Beethoven.—Conductor, Mr. Costa.

Why the term *sinfonia* was applied to the second overture in Spohr's *Last Judgment* we cannot guess, unless to deceive the inexperienced subscribers into the idea that they were going to have the ordinary two symphonies that form part of the Philharmonic programmes. The Italian term *sinfonia* applies to any piece of instrumental music, and has quite a different meaning from the German word *sinfonie* and the English *symphony*. In England we term the few bars of instrumental introduction that precede a ballad *symphony*, and the Philharmonists might just as consistently make *sinfonia* stand for the commencement to Mr. Henry Russell's ballad of "The Maniac." We were not sorry, however, to hear Spohr's overture, which is a fine piece of music, and, no less than the first *sinfonia* in the same *Last Judgment*, should long ago have found its way into the Philharmonic programmes. Perhaps the objection may be urged that these instrumental pieces suffer from being separated from the oratorio to which they belong. This might hold with the one played on Monday night, which is a *pot-pourri* of subjects afterwards employed; but there is such a pleasure in listening to the gorgeous instrumentation of Spohr, that we are never sorry to listen to any composition from his pen, especially when so satisfactorily executed as the "sinfonia in C minor" (which, by the way, has a long episode in E minor, that is strongly out of sorts with the rest) at the second Philharmonic concert. Signor Costa was quite correct in the time, and conducted with fire and decision. Nevertheless, the "Sinfonia" produced little effect upon the audience, who scarcely deigned to give it a hand.

The three pieces from *St. Paul* were injudiciously selected. The effect of the song in B minor, after the

chorus in E flat, was by no means good. The compositions themselves are beautiful, but being all slow movements the result of their performance in immediate succession was tedious. Miss Birch's voice is just what is demanded for the beautiful air in B flat, and the accompaniments were played delicately, which, as there is so much for the wood-instruments, rather surprised us. The chorus, one of the loveliest things in *St. Paul*, went smoothly; but Signor Costa rather exaggerated the tempo, which occasionally made it drag. The *rallentando* at the end was skilfully managed, though rather overdone. The choristers were irreproachable, both in taste and execution. We should have preferred hearing the elegant figure of accompaniment, which the violins sustain all through the chorus, a shade more distinctly—for, though it ought not to be obtrusively prominent, Mendelssohn would hardly have bestowed such pains to finish and elaborate it, unless he had intended it to be heard. Mr. Phillips's "Oh, God, have mercy!" is too well-known and appreciated to need criticism here.

The performance of the mass in C is entitled both to praise and blame, but as the good predominated over the bad, we shall not dwell upon the defects in detail. Signor Costa's mistakes were chiefly to be traced to his uncertain feeling as to the times, and his undecided manner in indicating them. He frequently led the band off at one time, and then feeling himself wrong, dragged it back, or hurried it forward, as occasion demanded.

On the whole, the choral symphony was not so well performed as when it was last executed under the direction of Mr. Moscheles. We gave so long a description of it on that occasion, that we have nothing more to say on the subject, with the proviso that every new hearing convinces us that the three instrumental movements exceed, in grandeur and beauty, almost everything of the kind that the art has produced. With this conviction, we cannot but feel regret that Signor Costa should have suggested, or what is just as bad, should have tolerated the mutilation of the *scherzo*, by omitting the *reprises* of each part, and the *da capo* of the entire movement, which, as it was played, was destitute of that clear design for which, like Mozart, Beethoven is such a rigid stickler. What was worse, the audience encored the *scherzo*, and Signor Costa, true to the standard of ill taste, declined to repeat more than the trio and the fragment of the *coda*, which is only consistent in the position Beethoven has assigned it. We agree entirely with the strictures bestowed by the principal organs of the morning press upon Signor Costa for this unwarrantable liberty with Beethoven's master-piece. It was altogether unworthy a musician of his standing and pretensions, and would seem to declare, beyond a doubt, that he has no real sympathy with the great school of art.

The effect of this concert, good as were all the individual pieces, was heavy and monotonous. We were not sorry to hear the mass, although the Catholic cathedral is its proper place; but few cathedrals possess the resources, vocal and instrumental, which are at the disposition of the Philharmonic Society, and such a noble composition

makes its own apology wherever it may be introduced. It was, however, too long and too elaborate a work to precede the still longer and more elaborate choral symphony. At the end of the first part, the audience had had enough of such serious music for one concert, and the sequel proved the mistake of judgment which had induced the performance of both on the same evening. During the choral movement there was incessant moving towards the door, on the part of individuals who, caring more for getting home in good time than for hearing Beethoven's work complete, indulged their own egotism at the expense and to the annoyance of those who sufficiently respected the great master to wish to hear him out to the very last note.

CHAPPELL V. PURDAY.

This was an appeal from a decree of the Vice-Chancellor of England, which was argued before his Lordship on the 20th of March, and reported in *The Times* on the 23d. The case stood over for judgment.

The bill was filed by Mrs. Chappell against Mr. Purday, to restrain the publication of the overture to the opera of *Fra Diavolo*, and for an account, she alleging that she had the sole legal right to the publication of the music. The first decree made by the Vice-Chancellor was, that the bill should be retained for a twelvemonth, with liberty to Mrs. Chappell to bring an action to test the validity of her alleged legal title; but, in the event of her omitting to bring such action within the specified time, then the bill was to be dismissed without costs. An action was, however, brought in the Court of Exchequer, and eventually a verdict was come to, negativing the exclusive right claimed by the plaintiff. The suit in Chancery was then brought before the Court on further directions, when the Vice-Chancellor made the decree complained of by the present appeal, namely, dismissing the bill, but without costs. The appellant contended that the bill ought to have been dismissed with costs.

The Lord Chancellor this morning gave judgment, and said, after stating the nature of the proceedings at law and in equity, that a party coming to a court of equity for the protection of a legal right, if he failed in establishing such legal right at law, must as a matter of course also fail here. Such was the general practice of this court; and it was founded upon the principle, that if a person brought an action and failed he was in the same situation as if he had brought no action at all. The two orders made in the court below were totally distinct in their nature, and could not both stand. The first order was that the bill should be retained for a certain time, but that if no action were brought by the plaintiff within that time, then the bill should be dismissed with costs. It certainly appeared most inconsistent to say, that if no action should be brought, the bill should be dismissed with costs, but if an action were brought and failed, then the bill should be dismissed, but without costs. The first decree made by the court below was the right course to be pursued, and must be followed out, but the two decrees together, as they stood, were irreconcilable. It was not possible to infer that the costs of the suit had been refused from any conduct on the part of the defendant; the court had waited the result of the action at law. Moreover, if the defendant had caused any extra expense in the action at law by his mode of pleading or otherwise, it could not affect his right to the general costs in the suit in equity. The question was one of importance, both with regard to the practice of the court and principle which ought to guide it. There were many cases in which the costs were in the discretion of the judge, and from the exercise of which discretion there was no appeal; the reason being, that the judge, on appeal, could not have all the facts before him which influenced the mind of the judge below, unless there were a re-hearing of the whole case, and therefore the practice of the Court had always been, in such cases, to refuse an appeal for costs alone. But where there was a fixed rule of the Court with respect to particular costs, the Court or Judge could have no discretion in the matter; and if it appeared on the face of the decree that the Court below had irregularly dealt with the costs, the Court, on appeal, would not affirm such decree. That in cases of this kind, where, on the face of the decree, costs had manifestly been given contrary to the rule of the Court, an appeal was allowed for the costs alone, was proved by many cases—"Cowper v. Scott," decided by Lord Northampton; "Taylor v. Southgate," and "Angell v. Davies," both in reported in 4 M. and C.; and the case of "Owen v. Griffith," in Ambler, where Lord Hardwicke stated, that in some cases the rule that there should be no appeal for costs alone might, and had been, dispensed with. The result therefore was, that if the Court, on appeal,

could not decide the point without a re-hearing of the cause, then there could be no appeal for the costs alone, but otherwise where the defect appeared upon the face of the decree. In this case the Vice-Chancellor had gone against the practice of the Court in not dismissing the bill with costs, and the more so, as the two decrees made by him were inconsistent with each other. So much of the last decree as directed the bill to be dismissed without costs must be varied, and the bill must be dismissed with costs.

THE AFFINITIES.

from the German of Göthe.

Continued from page 208.

PART II.—CHAPTER VIII.

THERE are few persons who know how to employ themselves with that which has passed only immediately. Either the present forcibly holds us to itself, or we lose ourselves in the past, and seek, as far as is possible, again to evoke and restore what is completely lost. Even in great rich families, which are so much indebted to their ancestors, it is generally found that the grandfather is thought of more than the father.

Our teacher was excited to make reflections of this kind, when on one of those fine days on which the departing winter is in the habit of imitating spring, he had walked through the large old castle-garden, and had admired the avenues of lofty lime trees and the regular method of laying out the grounds, which had originated with Edward's father. They had thriven admirably according to the intention of their planter, and now, when for the first time they had to be acknowledged and enjoyed, no one said any more about them. They were scarcely visited, while taste and outlay had been directed far and wide towards another side.

On his return he made the remark to Charlotte, who did not take it in ill part, "While life carries us on," she replied, "we think we are acting from ourselves, are choosing our own activity and pleasures, but indeed, if we look closely into the matter, they are only the plans and inclinations of the time, which we also are compelled to bring into execution."

"True," said the teacher, "who can resist the stream of circumstances? Time moves on and with it move views, opinions, prejudices, and tastes. If the youth of a son fall exactly in a period of transition, we may be assured that he will have nothing in common with his father. If the latter lived in a period when pleasure was taken in appropriating much to one's self, in securing, limiting, and concentrating this property, and in fortifying one's enjoyment by a retirement from the world, the former will, in such a case, endeavour to extend himself, to communicate, to diffuse, and to open what has been hitherto locked up."

"Whole periods of time," observed Charlotte, "are like the father and son, whom you describe. Of that state of things, when every little town was forced to have its walls and moats, when every noble mansion was built in a marsh, and the smallest castles were only approachable by a drawbridge, we can now scarcely form a conception. Even greater cities now remove their walls, the moats even of princely castles are filled up, the towns are only so many large hamlets, and when we observe this in our travels, we may believe that the universal place is secured, and the golden age at our doors. No one ever thinks himself comfortable in a garden which does not look like an open country; nothing should remind us of art or confinement, but we wish to draw our breath quite freely and unconstrainedly. Have you a notion, my good friend, that from this state we can return into another—into the former one?"

"Why not?" said the teacher; "every situation has its difficulties, the limited as well as the free. The latter presupposes superfluity and leads to prodigality. Let us keep to your example, which is striking enough. As soon as want appears, self-limitation is restored. People who are compelled to make use of their ground and soil again raise walls about their gardens that their produce may be safe; hence a new view of things gradually arises. The useful again gets the upperhand, and even he who possesses much thinks he will be forced to use it all. Believe me, it is possible that your son may neglect all the park plans, and again retire behind the solemn walls and under the tall lime trees of his grandfather."

Charlotte was secretly rejoiced to hear a son predicted, and,

therefore, pardoned the teacher for his somewhat unkindly prophecy as to the possible fate of her dear beautiful park. Hence, she replied, quite good-humouredly, "We are neither of us old enough often to have seen contradictions of the kind, but if one looks back upon one's early youth, recollects the complaints of older persons, and takes countries and towns into the survey, no objection particularly could be made to the remark. But, should no opposition be made to such a natural course, should not we be able to reconcile father and son, parents and children? You have been kind enough to prophecy a son for me, but must he stand in direct opposition to his father? Must he destroy what his parents have built, instead of completing it and elevating it if he proceeds in the same spirit?"

"There is, indeed, a rational method to accomplish this," replied the teacher, "but people seldom apply it. Let the father make his son a part-possessor, permit him to join in building and planting, and allow him to have, like himself, a harmless power of discretion. One activity may be woven into another, but never can be stuck on. A young twig easily and readily unites itself with an old trunk, to which no mature branch can any longer be joined."

The teacher was glad that, at the moment, when he saw himself forced to take leave, he had chanced to say something pleasant to Charlotte, and had thus confirmed her favour anew. He had already been too long absent from home, but he could not make up his mind to return until, perfectly convinced that he must allow the time of Charlotte's confinement to pass over before he could hope for any decision with respect to Otilia; he, therefore, submitted to circumstances, and with these hopes and projects returned back to the governess.

Charlotte's confinement approached; she kept herself much in her chamber; the ladies assembled round her formed her more limited society. Otilia took care of the household affairs, while she scarcely ventured to think on what she did;—she had fully resigned herself, she wished to be even still more serviceable to Charlotte, to the child, to Edward—but she did not see how it was possible; nothing could save her from the most complete state of mental perplexity but the daily performance of her duty.

A son came happily into the world, and the ladies all agreed that he was the very image of his father. Otilia alone secretly differed from this opinion, when she congratulated the invalid, and greeted the child with the warmest affection. While the preparations were going on for the marriage of her daughter, Charlotte felt much pained by the absence of her husband, and now the father was not to be present at the birth of his son, nor to determine the name, by which he should in future be called.

The first of all the friends who appeared to offer their congratulations was Mittler, who had posted his spies to bring him immediate notice of the event. He came in very good humour. Scarcely concealing his triumph in the presence of Otilia, he spoke aloud before Charlotte, and was the very man to banish all cares, and to set aside all the obstacles of the moment. The christening must not be long deferred. The old pastor, with one foot already in the grave, was by his blessing to connect the past with the future; the child was to be named Otto, for it could have no other name than that of the father and the friend.

It required all the decisive urgency of this man to set aside the hundred scruples, dissuasions, delays, hesitations, suggestions for alteration or improvement, waverings, opinions, and changes of opinion. In such affairs, from a difficulty removed others generally arise, and while one wishes to spare the social relations, some are sure to be compromised.

The office of giving written notices of the fact, and of inviting persons to the christening, was undertaken by Mittler. This was to be finished at once, as he considered it of the greatest consequence that a piece of good fortune, which he deemed so important to the family, should be communicated to the rest of the world, which sometimes wishes evil, and talks evil. Indeed, the late events, connected with Edward's passion, had not escaped the public, which remains firm in the conviction that whatever happens, only happens that it may have something to talk about.

The ceremony of the christening was to be solemn but short, and limited to a few. The party assembled,—Otilia and Mittler, as sponsors, were to hold the child. The old pastor, supported by the servant of the church, approached with slow steps. The

prayer being over, the child was placed in Otilia's arms, and as she looked down upon it with affection, she was not a little startled at its open eyes, for she thought she was looking into her own, and such a resemblance was enough to surprise any one. Mittler, who next took the child, was likewise startled, as in the general formation of the face, he discerned such a striking likeness of the Captain as he had never before seen.

The infirmities of the good old pastor had prevented him from accompanying the act of baptism with more than the ordinary service. Mittler, full of the subject, remembered his early clerical performances, and it was generally his way to think in every case how he should now speak and express himself. On this occasion he could so much the less restrain himself, as he was only surrounded by a little party of friends. Hence, towards the end of the ceremony, he began readily to put himself in the place of the pastor, to express, in a cheerful discussion, his hopes and his duties as a god-father, and to continue this so much the longer, as he thought he could perceive Charlotte's approbation in her satisfied air.

It escaped the observation of the stout orator, that the good old man would have liked to sit down, and still less did he think that he was on the way to produce a greater evil; since after he had emphatically described the relation of every party present to the child, and had thus exposed Otilia's self-control to a pretty severe trial, he at last turned to the old man with these words, "And you, venerable father, can now say with Simeon: Lord, let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen the saviour of this house."

He was now in train to make a brilliant conclusion; but he remarked that the old man, for whom he held the child, first seemed to bend towards it, but afterwards sunk rapidly back. Having been scarcely kept from falling, he was carried to a chair, and notwithstanding all the assistance rendered at the moment, they were forced to pronounce him dead.

So immediately to see and think of birth and death, the coffin and the cradle, not merely with the imagination but with the eyes; to combine these monstrous contrasts, was a difficult problem for the bystanders, especially when so suddenly performed. Otilia alone looked with a sort of envy on the departed one, who still retained a kind, engaging expression. The life of her soul was killed—why should the body be still preserved?

If in this manner the melancholy events of the day led her to the contemplation of perishableness—of parting—of loss, she was, on the other hand, consoled by wondrous nocturnal visions, which assured her of the existence of her beloved, and confirmed and animated her own. When in the evening she had lain down to rest, and was still floating in the sweet sensation, between sleeping and waking, it seemed to her as if she was looking into a space perfectly bright, yet softly illumined. In this she saw Edward quite plain, not dressed as when she had seen him before, but in military uniform, and always in a different position, which, however, was perfectly natural, and had nothing fantastic about it—thus he was standing, going, lying, riding. The form, which was finished to the minutest detail, moved voluntarily before her, without anything being done on her part—without her willing it, or exerting her imagination. Often she saw him surrounded, especially by something moveable, which was darker than the bright ground, but she could scarcely distinguish the shadowy forms, which sometimes appeared to her as men, horses, trees, and mountains. She generally went to sleep while the apparition was before her, and when, after a tranquil night, she woke in the morning, she was refreshed, consoled, and felt convinced that Edward was still living, and that she stood in the closest relation to him.

(To be continued.)

. To prevent misunderstanding, it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

MADAME BISHOP IN THE PROVINCES.

(From a Correspondent.)

Seeing you were kind enough to insert my notice of Madame Bishop's performances, and as it chimed in so well with my own feelings, I have attended both here and in Bristol at the operatic entertainments, and trouble you with my notions resulting therefrom. I assure you, it requires no small degree of resolution in such doleful weather to quit one's cosy fireside, to venture three times a week to any performance, especially in such a busy, filthy place as Bristol. I forget where I left off in my last, and not having a number of the *Musical World* at hand, I shall briefly recapitulate the per-

performances of the *Prima Donna*, and get at last into the right channel. Madame Bishop commenced her engagement at Bristol, on Monday, the 22nd of March, and debuted in *Sonnambula*. The house was not full, but it was fuller than I expected. There were many sufficient causes to keep the visitors from the theatre. First of all the increase of taxation, which has lately been laid on heavily on the inhabitants of this place and the surrounding neighbourhood owing to the increased influx of Irish paupers. In addition the private, as well as public subscriptions, have positively drained all the better classes, and left them scarce a doit to expend on unnecessary amusements. Besides these weighty causes, the approximation of the Fast day and Passion-week have disposed very many holiwise, and turned them entirely from profane indulgences. These causes will assuredly more than account for the uncrowded appearance of the house. But what was wanting in number, was supplied by enthusiasm, Madame Bishop's reception from beginning to end being such as her most ardent admirers could have desired. I can hardly remember whether, or no, I entered in my last into details on the performance. I will merely mention here that she repeated the *finale* three times. By the way I take leave to differ from you, or a writer in your journal touching this same *Rondo finale*, as it is sung by Madame Bishop. I have read in an article of the *Musical World*, whether in the leading columns, or elsewhere, I cannot now recall, a paragraph disputing Madame Bishop's judgment in singing the *finale* to the *Sonnambula* in Italian. Certainly it would have been better if it could have been avoided. Other vocalists have given the *rondo* with the English words, but at what a sacrifice. There never were words written to music more inharmonious than these adapted to "O, non giunge." Can any thing be more ridiculous, as far as enphony is concerned, than the substitution of "Oh! don't mingle." It is almost impossible to find a syllable more difficult to convey in musical sound than that same—*gle*, more than all, when it falls on an accentuated note as it does here. You will, I am sure, on cogitation, agree with me, that Madame Bishop was entirely justified in adopting the Italian version of the *rondo*. But to return from digression. On Tuesday, 23rd March, the *Sonnambula* was repeated at Bath. Thursday following, the *Maid of Artois*. The attendance was very respectable, though here again another cause was superadded to those above-named for deterring visitors from the theatre, viz., the death and funeral of our respected member Colonel Langston. The same evening the *Maid of Artois* was performed at Bristol. Both performances were received with great acclamation, the fair singer being in admirable voice, and singing with all her accustomed purity of intonation and fine artistic skill. On Friday at Bristol again we had an operatic entertainment for the benefit of Madame Bishop, consisting of selections from *Anna Bolena*, of the *Love Spell*, and the celebrated scene from *Tancredi*, "O, patria dolce." The house was full on this occasion. Madame Bishop was labouring under the effects of a cold, notwithstanding which she was encored in "Di tanti palpiti," which indeed she sang splendidly. Her artistic powers are, beyond a shadow of disputation, of the very highest order. Madame Bishop appears to follow, in the *tempo* and peculiar accentuation of Rossini's grand and beautiful aria, her great predecessor, Pasta. Certainly since the time of that incomparable artist, I have heard no singer who has pleased me as much as Madame Bishop in "Di tanti palpiti." The same performances were repeated at Bath for Madame Bishop's benefit. The house was extremely full, particularly the dress circle, which was occupied by all the rank and fashion now at Bath. The performance went off with great eclat. The fair singer was not quite recovered from her hoarseness. An apology had been made for her previous to the commencement of the performance, but so great is Madame Bishop's skill and art, that her hoarseness was hardly perceptible. The new *rondo* in the *Love Spell* was encored, as was also the duet with Dulcamara. I understand Mrs. Macready is so satisfied with the results of Madame Bishop's engagement, that she has re-engaged her for five nights more in Easter week. This requires no comment. Mr. T. Bishop, Mr. P. Corri and Mr. Chute were the artists who assisted Madame Bishop in the different operas. They did their best, and on that score they are entitled to leniency; and to be lenient, I must needs say very little about them. Mr. T. Bishop has a sweet voice, but it lacks power and dramatic *tone*. Chute, the stage-manager, was very good in Dulcamara—only I wish the next time he performs this character in the *Love Spell*, he may not dance about so much, and sing a little more. Mr. P. Corri has an effective bass voice, and, with study and perseverance, would become a good singer. It must certainly be of immense advantage to these gentlemen, who have so much to learn, to have such an artist as Madame Bishop performing with them continually. They cannot fail to improve, unless they be the veriest dunces in Christendom.

Addio—I shall write again on the 1st instant.
Bath, March 29.

NICHOLAS ZINGARELLI.

I VISITED Naples in July, 1816, for the purpose of studying vocal composition, under this celebrated composer, and there did I remain until 1819. In Zingarelli I found not only an able and experienced instructor* in that branch of the art, but also a warm-hearted and most sincere friend; in short he treated me more like an old and highly valued friend than a pupil. On my return to England, at the end of 1819, I sent

* This was even Rossini's opinion, for my dear and ever-to-be-lamented father consulted him on the occasion, and more than once.

him, as a small (but *very sincere*) token of gratitude, ten of Handel's best oratorios, in score. This he immediately acknowledged, and with many thanks—*thanking me and my father for our gratitude*—and expressing himself better pleased than ever with the *ever immortal Handel* (as he called him, *il sempre immortale Handel*). Indeed Handel was one of his prime favourites and so was Haydn, then Gluck and Mozart. He valued Handel and Haydn more for their melodies and Gluck and Mozart for their harmony. Of the Italian composers, Sacchini was his great favourite, then Guglielmi and Paisiello, then Piccini, Paër, Tomelli, and Cimarosa; but yet, *above all these*, Handel might have been pronounced his supreme favourite, and so far he showed his taste as well as his impartiality. Zingarelli's Masses and *Stabat Mater*, for four voices, will live for ever, and so will his oratorios, *The Destruction of Jerusalem* and *The Triumph of David*, as also the third act of his *Romeo and Juliet*, his cantata of *Orestes and Electra at the Tomb of Agamemnon*, and his *Stanzas of Tasso*. Not only his melodies may be mentioned with great praise, but even, at times, his orchestral accompaniments; for, if they are not upon a par with those of a Rossini, or an Auber, they are far superior to those of most of his contemporaries, *this will readily be admitted by any impartial judge of music*. Zingarelli was born in Naples in 1752, and died there in 1837, at the age of eighty-five, universally regretted, not only for his transcendent abilities as a vocal composer, but also for his amiable qualities and various accomplishments. He had resided there for a number of years and was director of the Royal Academy (or *Conservatorio*, as it is called) of Music. Amongst his pupils may be mentioned, Morlacchi, Mercadante, and the lamented Bellini. I have not mentioned "Emperor Beethoven" amongst Zingarelli's favourite composers; the fact is, *at that time*, I do believe, that he was very little, if at all, acquainted with his matchless masterpieces, but since that he got familiarized with them and, from what I have heard, appreciated them at their full value; in fact, he had too much taste and feeling to deprecate any man of genius and much less such a luminary as *Beethoven*!

PIO CIANCHETTINI.

SONNET. NO. XXVIII.

Oh! thou hast had compassion on my heart,
Waking it from the dream of dark despair,—
Pouring benignantly a compound rare
Into its wounds, so that they cease to smart.—
A compound of kind words—of looks that dart
From clear, mild eyes—of kisses sweet though rare,
Which penetrate the soul, and linger there
When lips which made them are compelled to part.
Yes, thou hast said thou lov'st me, and each sign,
Each glance, each smile has that sweet truth confess'd
So plainly that no room for doubt is found;
And I may freely say that thou art mine—
And mad with rapture clasp thee to my breast,
Smiling upon the storm that howls around.

N. D.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

No anticipated event connected with musical matters within our recollection has caused so great a sensation in the public mind as the opening of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden. The causes which have conduced to this excitement are manifold and curious. First of all the sudden revolt and segregation of the principal forces of Her Majesty's Theatre, together with their subsequent enrolment under a new gonfalon, moved all connected with operatic matters to surprise and wonder. Next the announcement, that the *rebel legions*,

as the facetious *Post* facetiously called the seceders, had established their Pandemonium at Covent Garden, and were about to turn the temple of Shakspeare—we beg pardon—of Jullien, into a rival Opera House, elicited astonishment. Then other causes arose. The mysterious names and monies which were to make up the means and appliances of the new house, driving to desperation conjecture, wherein figured a Salamancan Count, whose wealth was countless, and a man of Ross, or a child of Ross, or one with some such designation, whose benevolence and good intentions went hand in hand with his teeming coffers to raise the new Ephesian dome, and endow it with magnificence undreamt of before:—then, the amount and variety of the new subscribers, many of whom came from the ranks of the seceders themselves;—and anon, the might and fame of the leading powers of the new cohorts, chosen from, or rather congregating into one band the musical Titans of Europe. Moreover, the immense patronage bestowed upon the new establishment threatening downfall to the elder house was a grand moving power. In addition, the strenuous exertions of the latter to resume its pride of place, and fill up the vacated chairs of greatness, and the success that to a certain extent attended its endeavours; and above all, the championship arrogated by two morning journals, who supported their respective parties, and girded their loins for battle, doing more justice to their cause by their earnestness and courage than by their ratiocination or grammar. Here were reasons multiplied to stir up the general mind. For a long while it was considered an undertaking preposterous as hewing Mount Athos into a statue, and arduous as melting the Alps with vinegar, to convert the temple at Covent Garden into a throne that could compete with the glories of the old Opera. But when the reformers went really to work; when Covent Garden was filled with hundreds of artisans; when, after a few brief moons, the rubbish had disappeared, the scaffolding had fallen, and confusion had yielded to order and beauty, then, at last, doubt gave place to astonishment, and credulity could no longer wink: for lo!

“The ascending pile
Stood fix’d her stateliest height; and straight the doors,
Opening their brazen folds, discover, wide
Within, her ample spaces o’er the smooth
And level pavement; from the arched roof,
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky. The hasty multitude
Admiring entered; and the work some praise,
And some the architect.”

Meanwhile the new Opera had issued a prospectus that startled all Europe. We may assert, without fear of contradiction, that nearly all the first celebrities in the musical world were engaged. No one can doubt this when we name Grisi, Persiani, Tamburini, Mario, Salvi, Ronconi, and Marini. Not content with this array of unsurpassable talent, any single name belonging to which would alone have filled a continental theatre, and created a *furor* for a whole season, the Royal Italian Opera projectors instigated a close search throughout all Italy, and replenished their forces with vocalists of the highest repute—another cause for wonder. Was not this adding perfume to the violet? In the interim, the alarmists, as we may well designate the members of the opposition stalls, were by no means idle or dilatory. They procured the most famous tenor in southern Italy. But the most famous tenor in southern Italy did not turn out so famous in northern England. Fraschini made a hit certainly, and the hit told; but the impression it left was feeble. An

importation from the Royal Academy of Paris was much more successful. The youthful and gracious Gardoni was found incomparably greater than even his partizans expected. Another matter for wonder—the new Opera had omitted, in its acute research, one of the most delicious tenors in Europe. Gardoni was a hit, and has left the impression. We now come to the greatest cause of wonder. The name of Jenny Lind had been for a long time trumpeted throughout all Germany as the first of all modern sopranis, *with one exception*. Reader, mark the words in italics. We have something to say thereanent presently, that will doubtless astonish your strong senses. The new Opera disregarded the German reputation of the Swedish nightingale, and reposed their confidence in Grisi and Persiani. The enemy saw their opportunity and seized it. They engaged Jenny Lind. But, another matter for wonder—Jenny Lind, after being engaged by the old house, was claimed by the manager of Drury Lane on the strength, or weakness, as it may turn out, of a prior engagement. We shall not recapitulate matters with which every reader is now acquainted. Enough to say, Jenny Lind goes to the Haymarket Opera under violent protest from Mr. Bunn. We have said some few lines above that Jenny Lind had the greatest reputation in Germany as a singer *with one exception*. That solitary exception is Pauline Viardot Garcia, the sister of Malibran. Reader, dost thou remember, when first the name of Jenny Lind was bruited abroad on the winds of controversy, perusing in the pages of the “Musical World” our astonishment that both the Italian Operas should have overlooked a greater artist and a better singer than Jenny Lind in the person of Pauline Garcia? Did we not reiterate our astonishment and strongly advise the lessee of Her Majesty’s Theatre to give up all claims to the former, and engage the latter? Did either of the barrel-organs of the Opera houses take up our counsel, or did either of the Opera houses improve upon our hint? No! And what is the consequence? We find at the eleventh hour that both parties are contesting for this same artist. They have at length discovered, O! most dilatory conclusion! that Pauline Garcia is a greater artist and enjoys a higher repute than the far blazoned Jenny Lind. O, wonder upon wonders! our opinions are chronicled, and we now say, that whichever of the two Italian Opera houses possesses Pauline Garcia, it can boast of a singer who may divide the Imperial soprano crown, yea, with Grisi herself.

We have now to speak of the opening of the Royal Italian Opera on Tuesday next. The excitement that pervades all musical classes and the opera-going public is indescribable. The opera selected for the first night is Rossini’s *Semiramide*, one of the great maestro’s most unequal works, but undoubtedly one which presents to the three principal personages of the drama the highest scope for the exhibition of dramatic and vocal excellence. *Semiramide* is one of Grisi’s greatest efforts. Her acting is surpassingly grand and the music finely adapted to display her power and vocal graces. In *Assur*, Tamburini will exhibit his high tragic capabilities, but the music will hardly show the beauty and method of his style to perfection. If this great artist be half as good as he was four years ago he must create an immense sensation. Take him all in all, he was, to say the least of him, one of the finest baritones that ever graced the boards of Her Majesty’s Theatre. To an organ of power, sweetness, great expression, and amazing flexibility, he adds dramatic capabilities of the very highest order, pathos deep and free from exaggeration, passion intense and varied, and action at once highly graceful and dignified. In comedy Tamburini may be

styled superexcellent. His Figaro and Dandini are perfect models of buffo acting and singing. Of the new *debutante*, Signora Alboni, we know nothing, saving from report. The *Chronicle* speaks of her in lavish terms of eulogy. We hesitate before we join anticipations with our enthusiastic cotemporary. In our next number our readers may depend upon hearing our truthful sentiments. Of the band we can record our conviction that it will prove the most efficient in Europe. Our faith is hardly so strong in the chorus. On Tuesday night we shall listen and adjudicate. *Semiramide*, we learn, will be produced in a style of magnificence, commensurate with public expectation. To give effect to the martial portions of the music a military band—the Coldstream, we believe—will be employed on the stage. No expense, we are assured, will be spared to render the *mise en scene* worthy the new establishment. A ballet by M. Albert, in which Mademoiselles Fleury, Bertin, Neodot, &c. will perform, conclude the entertainments. The *Chronicle* tells us that “the first chord struck will be the national anthem, in which Grisi, Persiani, Mario, Salvi, Tamburini, Morani, (meaning, of course, Marini), &c. will sing the verses, with the entire strength of the company and the Coldstream band in the *ensemble*.” This is the first time we have been informed, that “God save the Queen” is a chord! Let that pass! Nathless, this may be a slip of the pen and is scarcely worth chronicling among the grammatical licenses of the would-be supporter of the Royal Italian Opera.

We shall conclude our anticipations with some account respecting the building and decorations of the Royal Italian Opera, taking leave to quote from the enthusiastic writer in the *Chronicle*, who seems to have made himself thoroughly conversant with all doings within, as well as without, the walls of Covent Garden.

“The proscenium, consisting of two pair of magnificent Corinthian columns, with entablatures and cornice with the superstanding soffit, is in the hands of the decorator. The ceiling over the pit has been constructed and completed with strict regard to acoustics; it forms an elliptical base of a spheroidal section, of which the main axis is 70 feet by 62 transversely. The arrangement of this ceiling, in conjunction with the proscenium, has been so contrived that the singers are brought into juxta position with the audience, and it is calculated that owing to this exquisite form, the singers will not be obliged to strain their voices, as is too frequently the case in large theatres, destroying so many delicate organs. The veteran Braham, who visited the former scene of his triumphs the other day, complimented Mr. Albano on his success in the theatre as desirable for sound. The ceiling has been painted in Paris, by Signori Ferri and Verardi, and has excited great admiration in that capital of the connoisseurs. The painting was received on Saturday, in two huge packages twenty feet long. Signor Verardi commences this day to fix the canvases to the ceiling, and in a week or ten days the enormous forest of poles and spars, forming the scaffolding, from the pit floor to the roof, will be removed, and the colossal proportions of the interior will gloriously stand forth a monument of skill and ingenuity. The royal arms will be in relief on the proscenium, which will be in harmony with the allegorical painting of the ceiling. The new road under the portico, to enable the visitors to descend from their carriages at once inside the theatre is completed. The hall, with its gigantic columns, at the foot of the grand staircase, is quite ready. Everybody is amazed at the space in the corridors, round the tiers of boxes; a coach and six could drive around the grand tier. The elevation, breadth, and depth of the private boxes, and the seats for the pit stalls are on a larger scale than has hitherto been allowed for the comfort of an audience, and the graceful curve in the form of the façade of each tier will be a most grateful accommodation, especially to the long-limbed sinner. The double entrances to the pit for ingress and egress, to avoid opposing streams, and the two separate entrances for the stalls, are everything that can be desired. Nothing can be more noble than the suite of rooms, on ascending the grand staircase, before the crush room is reached. One of the greatest changes in the building is in the arrangement for the Queen's box and the other royal boxes. From the moment that her Majesty was graciously pleased to select the double box, Nos. 5 and 6, on the grand tier, from the proscenium, it was resolved that the state and private

apartments connected with her Majesty's box, should be on a scale of magnitude and magnificence never before attempted in any English theatre. The royal boxes are quite separated from the grand tier. The old corkscrew staircase, long and tiresome to ascend, has been removed, and an entirely new and commodious staircase, appropriated exclusively to her Majesty and the members of the royal family, has been erected. The royal carriage will be under cover on its arrival in the court-yard of the royal entrance, and her Majesty will thus be able to alight without being exposed to the weather. Although the extent of accommodation has not reached that of the San Carlo for royalty, still for grandeur, comfort, and convenience, her Majesty's box and suite of rooms at the Royal Italian Opera are altogether unrivalled in any other house, and Mr. Albano's plan has delighted every one who has visited the theatre. We have stated that there are six tiers of boxes, but such is the beautiful form of the theatre, that the extreme boxes on the uppermost tier command an excellent view of the stage, thus solving a problem in the construction of the interior that had hitherto been deemed impossible. Mr. Albano, before he began his labours, submitted three plans for adoption—the first would have rendered Covent Garden the largest theatre in the world; the second brings it in size after the Scala of Milan and the San Carlo at Naples; and the third brought it under the dimensions of Her Majesty's Theatre. It was the second, or medium size, that the proprietors accepted, and has been carried out. The number of boxes is as follows:—

Proscenium, or stage boxes (four on each side)	8
Pit tier	30
Grand tier	34
First tier	34
Second tier	28
Third tier	28
Fourth tier	26

Total number of private boxes . . . 188

There are eight rows of stalls, making 256 seats, and 24 at the sides—280 in all. There are ten rows of seats with arms and backs to them in the pit, which, when full, will hold nearly 400 persons. Great praise has been bestowed on the introduction of the two amphitheatres—the first, which is in the fourth tier, will be fitted up with 148 stalls, at a price between the pit-stall and a private box for each individual. The second amphitheatre, level with the fifth tier, contains the same number of stalls, will be at a lower price, and full dress will not be required. The gallery is commodious, but it is not so large as that of Her Majesty's Theatre, but elevated as it necessarily is, the stage can be well seen, and, owing to the new formed ceiling, will be equally adapted for hearing.

We have little further to add. A few nights more—but three—and the excitement consequent upon the opening of the Royal Italian Opera—

“Will melt in the past like the yeast on the wave.”

but it will be long ere the effects of the introduction of a new Italian Opera into the metropolis will have evaporated. Time alone, in his rounded journey, will tell the consequence. We are not prescient, or we might augur the downfall of one house and the uprise of the other. Of one thing we feel somewhat assured in looking to the future, namely, that two Italian Operas cannot exist together in London, and, as a natural consequence of the foregoing, that the theatre which is conducted on the most liberal principles and which devotes itself most strenuously to the production of the best music in this country, will, as sure as the stars shine by night, in the end be predominant. With this prediction we close our remarks on the Royal Italian Opera, wishing it every success at its outset.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THERE has been only one representation since our last, but that was a highly successful one. On Saturday Verdi's opera of *Ernani* was given with the usual ballet entertainments. The house was inconveniently crowded.

Our opinion of Verdi in general and of his *Ernani* in particular, has been already given, and as it affords us no pleasure to say disagreeable things we shall not repeat them

For those who are not acquainted with Victor Hugo's fine play on which the *libretto* of this opera is constructed we copy the following from the elegant *brochure*, distributed nightly in the place of bills, in the boxes and stalls of Her Majesty's Theatre:—

"The scene passes in Spain in the reign of Charles V. Ruy Gomez de Silva, grandee of Castile, although old, has preserved the chivalric and unbending principles derived from his ancestors. He wishes to marry his niece Elvira; but she already loves Ernani, and is by him passionately beloved. Ernani (John of Arragon) is son and heir of the Duke of Segorba, who fell a victim to the royal displeasure. John of Arragon, a price set upon his head, has fled to the mountains, changed his name, become a chief of brigands, and the terror of the country. The King of Castile, Don Carlos, known afterwards as Charles V., also loves the beautiful Castilian; and, while sighing beneath her window, sees a youthful cavalier introduce himself mysteriously to her chamber—it is Ernani. The King profits by the signal he has surprised to procure an interview with the lady; he declares his passion, and is about to tear her from the protection of her uncle, when Ernani appears to defend her. The scene which takes place between the rivals attracts Gomez by its noise, when the King, after hesitating between his dignity and his anger and jealousy, discovers his rank, and gives, as a pretext for his disguise, his desire to consult Gomez relative to a conspiracy against his title to the empire and his life. Preparations for the marriage of Don Ruy with Elvira are making, when Ernani, disguised as a pilgrim, comes to claim hospitality at the castle. He is received; but his love betrays itself, and Elvira throws herself into his arms. Ernani, seized and condemned to death, reveals to Gomez the passion and attempts of the King. A terrible pact is the consequence; Gomez and Ernani agree to join the plot against Don Carlos, and, as the price of his liberty, Ernani consents to hold his life at the discretion of Gomez. The conspirators meet; but their proceedings have been discovered, and they are surprised and arrested by the King. Proclaimed emperor, Charles V. forgets the wrongs of Don Carlos. He pardons Ernani, restores to him his titles, and unites his hand to that of Elvira. But the inflexible Gomez advances, claims the life of Ernani, and summons him to redeem his pledge. The sacrifice is accomplished, and the lover kills himself in view of the felicity which awaited him."

Such a subject in the hands of a composer of dramatic genius might have been made much of, but in the hands of Verdi it has given birth to a few sentimental *cantilenas*, one or two pretty *cabalettas*, some unison choral snatches, and nothing else. The opera itself is a *caput mortuum*. Its chief claim to notice rests in its being Verdi's dullest work, a distinction not easy of acquirement.

The opera was splendidly cast on Saturday night. We are indebted to our liberal cotemporary, the *Chronicle*, for the following, which includes the casts of 1845 (the year of production in England) and of the following year, besides that of the present year:—

	1845.	1846.	1847.
Ernani	MORIANI.	CASTIGLIONE.	FRASCHINI.
Don Carlos	BOTELLI.	BENSICH.	SUPERCHI.
Ruy Gomez	FORNASARI.	FORNASARI.	BOUCHE.
Elvira	Signora RITA BORIO.	Signora PASINI.	Mde. CASTELLAN.

The first year was tolerable, the second a failure altogether, (three *debutantes* being damned in one night). The superiority of the present cast needs no demonstrations, a glance at the names is enough to prove it. The performance on Saturday was altogether highly satisfactory, and raised Mr. Lumley's company many per cent in the estimation of his subscribers. Madame Castellan sang exceedingly well throughout the opera, and accomplished all her *fortitude* with unerring certainty. The "Ernani involami" was a brilliant and finished piece of vocalising, though it has been so terribly hacknied in English concert rooms that it lost all the charm of freshness—if, by the way, any such charm could belong to so trite a composition. Superchi may be said to have made his *debut* on this occasion. The music of Don Carlos, we are told, was written for him; be that as it may, he sang and acted so well as to show himself admirably fitted for the part. His great hit was

in the air "Vieni meco" in which his *mezza voce* was quite charming and won him a loud *encore*. Bouché was capital in Ruy Gomez; his singing was artist-like and his acting impressive. Fraschini hardly came up to the expectations of his admirers, until the last act, when his singing was really energetic and beautiful. In short nothing could have gone better than the popular *trio* (we forgot the name, but it is Verdi's best known effort, having been heard in every concert room in the three kingdoms) in the hands of Castellan, Fraschini, and Bouché; it was loudly *encored*, and, at the fall of the curtain, the artists were re-called. There were also loud calls for Superchi, but having nothing to do in the last act he had most probably taken his leave. The chorus and band were admirable; the value of Balfe's exertions is gradually becoming known and appreciated. On several occasions, during the opera, there were marked indications of approval from the attentive part of the audience, who are aware of the importance of the orchestra and are ready to acknowledge its too often unappreciated exertions. To conclude, we have never heard an opera at Her Majesty's Theatre go off more brilliantly. Throughout the four acts, or parts as they are called, the *encores*, recalls, and other demonstrations of satisfaction on the part of the audience were more numerous than we have time to reckon.

The ballet of *Thea*, with the admirable Rosati, and a *divertissement* from *Coralia*, with the delicious Marie Taglioni, made up the measure of enjoyment, which was keenly relished by all present.

Her Majesty and Prince Albert attended, and all the brilliant assembly that in the morning had adorned the Queen's drawing room. The house presented a most dazzling appearance, and every one felt that the season had fairly begun.

Next week we intend to take a retrospective view of the doings of Her Majesty's Theatre up to the present epoch of the season 1847.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

ST. PETERSBURGH. — (From a local Journal.) — Musical re-unions are varieties in the city of the Czars. True, there are some private mansions in which certain evenings of each week are devoted to the best purposes of music; but these are merely exceptions which confirm the rule. In general the public are but little acquainted with the instrumental compositions of the great masters, and their amount of musical knowledge is gleaned either from the Opera House or the churches. Mons. Vieuxtemps, during his sojourn in the imperial city, perceived the vacuum, and at once established a musical re-union, or *conversazione*, to fill up the void. He collected around him all the musicians of note, he invited a large circle of friends and acquaintances, and provided the most estimable works of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Spohr, Mendelssohn, and others. He established a musical fire-side: he created a taste for music where none before existed: the benefits conferred by these re-unions were inestimable, no less in a social than an artistic point of view. Around him he congregated members of all classes and all societies. In his rooms might be seen the musician and the amateur—the nobleman and the bourgeois—the lord and the lady—ambassadors, marshals, officers, authors, churchmen, poets, professors, and merchants. Mons. Vieuxtemps gave three *matinées* three successive Sundays, at which we had the good fortune to attend. In these concerts there were performed two quartetts of Haydn; two quartetts of Beethoven; one quartett of Spohr; one quintett of Mozart; two trios, one of Beethoven, the other of Mendelssohn, and a sonata of Mons. Vieuxtemps

for violin and piano. These *morceaux* were most admirably executed by M. Vieuxtemps, the brothers Albrecht, M. Gross, and a young pianist (newly arrived in St. Petersburg). M. Honore, who, by his co-operation at the *matinées*, has already won golden opinions from all classes. The last *matinée* will take place to-morrow, as M. Vieuxtemps is shortly to take his departure, when, as a matter of course, the re-unions will be broken up. This is heartily to be lamented. To-morrow we shall hear the quartett of Mendelssohn in D minor; a sonata of Beethoven for violin and piano; and the quartett in C sharp minor of Beethoven—and then, behold an end! Mons. Vieuxtemps will then repair directly to Paris, at which capital he will give a series of concerts. This violinist is certainly one of the very greatest artists on his instrument in modern times. By combining simplicity with grandeur he has realized the supremacy of art. He is equally the master of the classic and romantic school. He unites the breadth and large manner of Viotti, with the impetuosity and caprices of Paganini. He has regulated the faults of both styles, and amalgamating them, has proved that art is not sepearable, but is one, indivisible and perfect for him who can comprehend it, and make it available practically. Mons. Vieuxtemps has our best wishes and our best thanks whithersoever he goes. He has proved himself, since his sojourn amongst us, not only a great artist, but an amiable personage: not only the enthusiast, devoted heart and hand to his art, but the kind friend and hearty acquaintance. Mons. Vieuxtemps has been one of the most favorite artists that ever came to St. Petersburg. We repeat, he has our best wishes whithersoever he may go.

REVIEWS ON MUSIC.

“*Wood’s Edition of the Songs of Scotland.*” Edited by G. F. GRAHAM.—WOOD AND CO., EDINBURGH.

WE have received the first number of a publication, purporting to supply a cheap and handsome edition of the songs of Scotland, in a neat form, to be completed in twenty monthly numbers. The number before us, No. 1, contains “The Flowers of the Forest,” old and new set; “Gloomy Winter’s now awa;” “Bonnie wee thing;” “Kind Robin lo’es me;” “O, why left I my hame?” “Bide ye yet;” and “Roslin Castle.” The work is finely printed on good paper, and is of imperial quarto size, and the music is carefully arranged. Altogether the production deserves every support, and, we are sure, will receive it. We are delighted to find so excellent a musician as Mr. T. Mudie, of the Royal Academy, appointed as one of the supervisors of the work. His name will be a guarantee for the worth and intention of Mr. Wood’s publication. We most strongly recommend the new edition of the “Songs of Scotland,” to all lovers of ballads in general, and to lovers of Scotch ballads in particular.

“*Valse Brillantes,*” for the pianoforte. Composed by F. R. VENUA.—LEONI LEE AND COXHEAD.

A SET of very pleasing waltzes arranged for four hands, and adapted to moderate performers. We can recommend these unpretending compositions as being the offspring of a musical mind, and as possessing that tune or melody so necessary to works of this class, and without which they neither live, breathe, nor have their being. A dance of any kind without a tune, can scarcely merit the name—and yet we have lived to hear such so defamed. Mr. F. R. Venua’s compositions are dances indeed!

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PASSACAGLIA.

To the Editor of the “Musical World.”

MY DEAR SIR,—It is no easy task to trace out the origin of some words; the part most essential to those who adopt words of doubtful origin is to maintain their general signification and application. A composer may, for instance, write a good *madrigal*, and be unacquainted with the origin of the word, which may come from *Madre*, because it was customary to sing hymns to *The Mother*. Passacaglia very probably comes from the Latin word *Passiculus*, which means a *light step*. But of this, who can be certain? For there might have lived a man of the name of Passacaglia, and I should as much regret taking away his right to the merit of this species of composition as I always lament to read of the extravagant praise of some musicians and singers, who deserve but a quarter of the eulogiums past upon them; for it does injury to the art, and, as years roll by, will only show the worthlessness of undue and high-flown criticism. A Passacaglia need not be written in three-fourths time, nor be “a slow dance.” If these constituted its essential qualities, then the two greatest masters have not preserved its original form; and it is scarcely likely that they should not have done so, when we consider the time in which they flourished—I allude to S. Bach’s splendid Passacaglia in three-fourths time, in C minor, and Handel’s in common time, in G minor. It would puzzle even Taglioni, Cerito, &c., to invent chance figures to these compositions. But the writers of the press being more eloquent on the subject of dancing, those profound in their observations on music, I will hold silence on this—their favourite topic—or they may discover that I am a greater admirer of a *homely sort* of dancing than that which reminds one of the twist of a wooden leg, for so dexterously straight do these gifted dancers twist one of their legs round and round. Now, as regards any further explanation of the Passacaglia, I must refer Mr. Allen to my essay, wherein I have written all that is required for the construction of one. Should your readers, Mr. Editor, desire me, through your journal, to explain away any other part of my work which is not clear to them, I shall be happy to do so; for the better it is understood, the more it will be approved of, because Abbè Vogler’s system is complete from the beginning to the end, and therefore it will bear the strictest examination. I will not disown that there is much that is new to be found in my essay, and I leave to others the right to scrutinize all I have introduced into the science of music. With great satisfaction I learn that eminent musicians and distinguished personages approve of my work; but as there may be some who may not, let me at once observe that they will carefully avoid all *public* discussion with me respecting a system which is known and, in part, adopted by the best German theorists. But are not the prejudices of those men always the strongest who most decline calm investigation, although unfortunately they are not always the least severe in their *private* opinions and animosities?

I am, truly yours,

3, Keppel-street, Russell-square.

FRENCH FLOWERS.

P.S.—Would it not be much to the advantage of all vocalists if “CONCERT PITCH” were at *least* half a tone lower? Why distress the human voice for a mere nominal advantage? We are told that a change of a semitone would materially effect the brilliancy of instrumentation!! What odd notions must be entertained concerning the requisites necessary to produce brilliant orchestral effects. It is a pity that this petty whim should so injuriously effect all vocal music; if it did not do so, this would be too insignificant a matter to write about.

To the Editor of the “Musical World.”

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—If, by presuming to ask you a scientific question, I shall be considered as having violated the rules of decorum, you will, I trust, attribute it to the *proper*, and, as I hope, *pardonable* cause—namely, the very *high opinion* I entertain of your *sound* musical judgment above all other scientific authorities as published.

It is a popular saying—

“Who shall decide when DOCTORS disagree?”

Now, the *decision*, in my opinion, upon such *disagreements* can only be safely arrived at by a knowledge of the *competency* of the DOCTORS.

Now, sir, in the present case, you are regarded as a *physician* in an art, about which at this moment a slight musical question is pending.

Your reply will oblige several subscribers,

March 24, 1847.

ZÉTO.

QUESTION.—HAS CORELLI, in any *passage* known, violated in the *slightest degree*, or departed from, the *prescribed laws* of HARMONY?

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—If you could inform me what are the regulations to be observed in taking a musical degree, you would much oblige

A CONSTANT READER.

[Perhaps our friend D. S. will answer these questions for us.—Ed.]

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

(BEAUMONT'S FEE.)

SIR,—Can you inform me the length of time an author is entitled to the copyright of a song? With many thanks for past favours,

I remain, sir, yours obediently,

Lincoln, March 22.

A SUBSCRIBER.

PROVINCIAL.

DOVER.—On Tuesday the 9th, the second annual grand concert of the Amateur Sacred Choral Society was held at the Apollonian Hall. On this occasion it was assisted by the vocal talents of Mrs. and Miss Byers, Mr. George Genge, and Mr. Farquharson Smith, who also conducted. Mr. Doone, as pianist, conferred his gratuitous services, and also sang a recitative and air by Neukomm, "Speak, thou silent Heavens." Mr. T. B. Morris was the leader of the orchestra. The chorusses were executed with great precision. Miss Byers is a young lady of great promise. Her air, with chorus, "The marvellous works," met with a unanimous encore. Mr. Genge, with his pure treble voice, sang an air from Mehul, "Ere infancy's bud had expanded," and an air of Handel, "Thou shalt bring them in," both of which were encored. Mr. F. Smith and Miss Byers, in the recitative and duet, "Adam and Eve," were effective. Mr. F. Smith, in "Rolling in foaming billows," and its recitative, and that from Handel, "I feel the Deity within," gave full scope to his powerful organ. Nor must we omit to mention Mr. Richards in "He was despised." As a whole, it was the best concert of this society, which deserves all encouragement.—*Dover Telegraph*.

SALISBURY.—This theatre closed on Thursday evening with the "Provoked Husband," "A Day in Paris," and "A Day after the Wedding." We fear that Mr. Davis has had but an unprofitable season comparatively with the last; but nothing else could be expected when we compare the two companies. Last year there was Mrs. Gurner and Mr. Davis as leading lady and gentleman, and we defy any country town to produce two better. This there has been no regular leading man, and the first lady's business has devolved on Miss Maguire (O'Hara is the theatrical name); and never did any one so mistake her profession as this lady. She has no single qualification for the stage. With light, thin sandy hair, and lean figure, she was an awful contrast to Mrs. Gurner's Lady Townly of last season both in appearance and as an actress; and how Mrs. Davis could allow the exhibition she did on Friday night, with herself and Mrs. Watson both in the theatre, and either of whom (although not in their line of business) would have played the character much better, we are at a loss to know. Well might the Salisbury paper say on the occasion of Miss O'Hara playing *Juliana*, "It was here we missed Mrs. Gurner." No, no, Mr. Manager, you must not give us a good dinner one day and starve us another. A Gurner one season and an O'Hara the next. But we well know the difficulty of procuring talent, and that you are always ready to pay liberally for it when you can get it.

LINCOLN.—(From our Correspondent).—On Friday, March 24, a concert of sacred music, given by Mr. G. Brook, in the County Assembly Rooms, was very numerously attended, and gave much satisfaction. The vocalists were, Mrs. Turner, and Masters Thomas and Travis, Mr. Martin, Mr. Knowles, Mr. Turner, Mr. Brook, and all of the cathedral choir. Part first was a selection from the "Messiah"; the second part a miscellaneous selection, including Beethoven's song, "The Quail Cry," well sung by Mr. Turner, and tastefully accompanied by his clever pupil, Mr. F. Ward. Mrs. Turner, Mr. Knowles, and Mr. Martin, were much, but not too much applauded. Mr. Harmston's playing (violin) gained him a similar compliment. Some of the choruses were well sung, particularly "For unto us a child is born."

NEWBURN.—(From our Correspondent).—Mr. Frederick Wright has lately erected an organ in the Newburn Concert Rooms, and opened it on Thursday last, with two sacred concerts, or selections from Handel's *Judas Maccabeus*. They were both well and fashionably attended, and the performance gave so much satisfaction, that Mr. F. W. intends giving a series. The singers were Miss Byers, (who gained great applause) Miss Duval, Mr. Turner, and Mr. R. T. Smith. Mr. Sturges was at the organ, and Mr. Garman conducted. The choruses were exceedingly well done by an efficient number of singers from Exeter Hall and Brighton Societies.

MAIDSTONE.—On Tuesday evening Mr. Robert Green, the pianist, with the Misses Williams, Mr. H. Phillips, Mr. Willy, and Mr. W. H.

Seguin, gave an entertainment at the Corn Market Room, which was deserving of more patronage than it received; the scanty audience affording another melancholy proof of the utter absence of musical taste in Maidstone, which, unfortunately, pervades all classes. The Misses Williams warbled in their usual delightful manner, and never, perhaps, did their voices blend more harmoniously than in the duets of "The woodbirds," and "We are two merry fairies," both of which were encored, as were the "Indian Maiden's song," by Miss A. Williams, and Knight's "Soldier's daughter," by Miss M. Williams. They are also heard to great advantage with Mr. W. H. Seguin, in Welch's glee of "The merry gypsies," and Bishop's "Sleep gentle lady." Henry Phillips gave Calcott's "Last man," in splendid style; nor was he less effective in his own *scena* of "The bear hunt." His new song of "There's a new year coming," is a charming ballad, and was excellently rendered by Mr. Phillips. Mr. W. H. Seguin gave "*Non piu andrai*" very pleasingly, as also Loder's "Philip the Falconer." The great treat of the evening was the *Duo Concertante* for the pianoforte and violin between Mr. Robert Green and Mr. Willy, upon favourite themes from Rossini's "*Guillaume Tell*." Everybody knows the rich tones of Willy's violin and his perfect mastery of the instrument; and when we say that Mr. Green's performance fully supported it, we need say no more to make ourselves comprehended by musicians. It was indeed a high treat, and was duly appreciated by the audience, and so were Mr. Willy's solo on the violin and Mr. Green's fantasia on the pianoforte, the "*March Marocaine*," by Leopold de Meyer. Mr. Green is one of the best accompanists we have heard. He really accompanies the singers, and not, as is too frequently the fashion, drowns their voices by playing in the *fortissimo* style. We must conclude, as we commenced, by pronouncing this to have been one of the most delightful concerts given here for some time; and we again regret that there is not sufficient taste in the good old town of Maidstone to encourage musical talent.—*Maidstone Gazette*.

CONCERTS.

MR. ALLCROFT.—This miscellaneous musical entertainment took place on Tuesday evening at the Haymarket Theatre. As we gave a preliminary notice, in which we stated the full particulars of the concert, it is not necessary to enter into any lengthened detail on the present occasion, merely contenting our readers with a brief allusion to the performances which were most favourably received. The sixteen pianos and eight harps, it may well be imagined, did not greatly tend to enhance the performance of the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini. Though effectively given, both by vocalists and instrumentalists, it went extremely heavy, and seemed by no means suited to the tastes of the majority of the audience. It was, however, patiently endured; more, we opine, on account of the sacred character of the music, given at a sacred season, than from any beauty in itself made manifest to the general comprehension. We are by no means of that class who can espy no merit in Rossini's *Stabat Mater*; and we felt somewhat aggrieved at the profane addition of pianos and harps to the score. The first part altogether was sufficiently dull; nor did the prayer from the *Mossé*, which closed this section of the entertainment, redeem its monotony. The second part was of a lighter and more amenable character. The band played the overture to the *Gazza Ladra* tolerably well, and Madame Dulcken executed a *fantasia* of Wallace's, which was much applauded. Then Signor F. Lablache and his *cara sposa* obtained a tumultuous encore in "Dunquo io son" most deservedly, and Miss Rainforth was equally complimented in a ballad of Balfe's. Besides these, we had a Miss Hill, very nervous in a song of Flotow's, whom (Miss Hill, not Flotow,) it would not be fair to criticise on this occasion, and a descriptive march on eight harps, descriptive of nothing but confusion and uncertainty. Nevertheless, to make amends, the BRIDAL POLKA was performed by the full orchestra, with the addition of the sixteen pianists and eight harps, which of course enraptured the audience beyond all that went before. Of the third part we did not remain to hear much. There was the usual selection of native and foreign morceaux, and one or two encores. Just before we left, Mr. Henry Russell sang his descriptive *scena*, "The Ship on Fire," which he repeated amid great acclamations. In the course of the evening the Ethiopian Serenaders from the St. James's introduced a selection from their popular entertainment, and were encored. We are obliged to forego any special remarks on the several singers, though we would willingly bear testimony to the excellent assistance rendered to the evening's amusement by Miss Birch, Miss M. B. Hawes,

Mr. Travers, Mr. H. Phillips, and others. The theatre was crowded in every part.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The usual performance of the *Messiah*, during the season of Lent, took place on Wednesday. The principals engaged were Mr. Lockey, for the tenor, and his excellent singing of the music allotted to him, confirmed the good choice of the Directors; Miss Birch for the soprano, who sang her music "as usual;" Miss Dolby for the contralto, whose chaste rendering of the air "He was despised," brought it back in all its freshness to our mind; and a young lady, Miss Kirkham, a relative and pupil of Mr. and Mrs. Anderson (we believe), sang the music generally given to the second soprano. This young lady, judging under all the circumstances of a first appearance, and the natural timidity consequent thereon, has a voice of good quality, and has evidently been under a strict course of instruction. She is apparently very young, and we have no doubt that in time will prove a valuable acquisition to our concert singers. The choruses were sung better than usual. "For unto us a child is born" was encored, and the "Hallelujah" was rendered as well, if not better, than we have ever heard it. We are bound, however, again to lift our voice against the so frequent use of the organ, as not only in the choral pieces, but also in the solo and concerted parts, points and effects are frequently marred from its indiscriminate use. We would urge on the organist the study of the score of Handel, and with his knowledge of orchestral effects, he must be aware of such parts where its introduction is not needed. The Hall was well filled. We observe that the first performance of *Elijah* is announced for the 16th instant.

MISS STEELE'S SACRED CONCERT took place at Blagrove's Rooms, Mortimer-street, on Wednesday morning. The selections displayed taste and judgment, comprising some of the best and most favorite *morceaux* of Handel, Himmel, Purcell, Haydn, Mozart, Mehül, and Mendelssohn. The principal singers were Miss Rainforth, Miss M. B. Hawes, and the Messrs. Hobbs, Lockey, and Machin. Purcell's anthem, "O, sing unto the Lord," was well performed, the solo parts being entrusted to the efficient hands, or rather voices, of Miss Rainforth, Miss Steele, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. Machin. "In native worth," was given with exceeding taste and feeling by Mr. Lockey. Miss Steele was excellent in the air from Saul. "O Lord, whose mercies;" and Miss Hawes no less so in Mehül's beautiful song, "Ere infancy's bud." Mendelssohn's quartett, "When the West," was capitally sung, without accompaniments, by Miss Rainforth, Miss Hawes, Mr. Machin, and Mr. Lockey; and a quartett and chorus from Mozart's Mass, No. 12, was also rendered effective by the same vocalists, substituting Miss Steele for Miss Rainforth. This finished the first part. "He was despised," by Miss Hawes; "From mighty Kings," by Miss Steele; and the choruses, "For unto us," and "The Heavens are telling," were among the best performances of the second part. The chorus was good considering its force, and the whole concert was excellently conducted under the offices of Mr. Turle.

MR. HENRY PHILLIPS devoted the Tuesday evening of Passion week to an entertainment, in which he gave illustrations of Sacred Songs, taken from the works of Handel and Haydn. The concert, or to speak more properly, the illustrated lecture, was held at the Marylebone Institution, Edward Street, Portman Square. Mr. Phillips prefaced the entertainment with some very pertinent remarks on the combination of music and poetry. The origin of the term "Oratorio" was explained by the lecturer thus:—"The word was not introduced until 1720, when Handel first composed 'Ruth,' and being first heard in the private chapel, or oratory, of the Duke of Chandos, suggested to him the term Oratorio, which was thence used, and has been applied to all Oratorios since. The life of Handel was briefly touched upon in the introduction, and his composition descanted upon, and the places named where they were written. All this afforded much interest to the audience. In part first, Mr. H. Phillips introduced songs from "The Messiah," "Alexander's Feast," "Samson and Joshua," in the second part, "Judas Maccabeus," the "Creation," and the "Messiah" furnished the selection. Mr. Phillips was greatly applauded during the evening, and was encored with acclamation in the Recitative and air from Judas Maccabeus, "Tears such as tender fathers shed." His singing of this magnificent composition

was really admirable. The room was very full. Mr. Turle, organist of Westminster Abbey, presided at the piano.

THE NEW PHILHARMONIC CHAMPION.

THE Philharmonic Society has at last discovered, or invented a tutelary genius for itself. The shield of the *Morning Chronicle* has been thrown across its hallowed walls by the great Jenkins, who is henceforth to be the Apollo of that Parnassus, it always being pre-understood that he shall learn how to write good grammar; and that he shall endeavour to comprehend how a violin is tuned. Mr. Grattan Cooke wished him to acquire the gamut upon the oboe, but the notion was overruled, the wildest imagination never having conceived either the "golden haired Elector," or Jenkins, playing upon such an instrument. The first act of the new deity, in defence of the committee and members, has been to tweak the nose of the Thunderer, i. e., to beard the *Times*. "Inconsistency," quoth the new Apollo, and thereabout did he quote a paragraph as long as our arm, and another paragraph still longer, having no relation whatever to the cause, in point, to prove that the *Times* did not always esteem Mr. Macfarren a genius, or Mr. Sterndale Bennett a giant; as if the aforesaid Apollo Jenkins thought that the *Morning Chronicle* was really an immaculate journal, and had never chaunted the praise of that Mr. Lumley whom it is now at every moment seeking the opportunity to ruin. Reflect, *Magnus Apollo*, that there was a time when you wished to take your budding chaplet and untuned lyre into the enemies camp; when the hand and the olive were held out upon your part by kindly friends, and when you were not quite so determined to uproot the dynasty of Lumley from things theatrical. Perpend this most musical Jenkins, and append unto thy reflections—as a species of moral dishclout to the tail of thy conscience—the time hallowed proverbs, that he who dwells in a glass-house should not throw stones; and that it is a bad joke on the part of the pot to call the kettle black, even when new-scrubbed by the purifying entrance into a new journal. It is in serious soberness that we take upon ourselves to read thee this lecture, for we have a reverence for thy bad grammar, and should be grievously disappointed at the day of thy death, being fully aware that none could in that respect at least replace thee. In grammar, its use and its abuse the unkindest critic must allow thee to be unrivalled. Shall there be no more English, or German music, because thou wilt only of Italian? Shall no puppy dog, i. e. Morning Paper bark because thou chooseth to growl? Go to, there be other men in the world and other deities too than thee, Appollo Jenkins, and they will none of thee and thy Parnassus. But in serious mood and to tell the truth, it is with great difficulty that we can be serious with thee after thy exposition of Verdi's genius two mornings since. We have almost destroyed that great composer: do thou praise him and the work completes itself for, to do thee justice, thou art the most fatal champion to the causes in defence of which thou bucklest on thine own armour who has yet couched goosequill in rest or blemished the spotless and maiden face of foolscap. We, upon our own parts, swear to give thee and the Philharmonic our blessing when they play one symphony of the great master correctly, and when thou inditest twenty-five lines, which Cobbett and Lindlay Murray would pronounce respectable English.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISS LUCOMBE.—Our readers will be glad to learn that this lady's success on the Continent has been very great. Private letters from Florence speak in high praise of her. Her voice,

it is said, has been *authenticated* as one of the most brilliant and promising in Italy, by the *dictum* of the amateur composer, Prince Joseph Poniatowski. Before she left England, this young lady had energy and *intention*, which, indeed, as many returned travellers show, can hardly be taught by foreign study. They may be refined however; and for art's sake, and for the credit of England, we trust that in the present instance, refinement may keep pace with development.—*Birmingham Journal*.

THE PROVINCIAL BISHOP.—(From *Punch*).—"Our friend the *Musical World* is in a state of weekly excitement about the progress of LA BISHOP—as he artistically calls her—in the provinces. We are told that such was the enthusiasm on her last appearance in Edinburgh, that the audience began pulling out their pencils and writing on slips of paper, which were sent round to the stage-door, requesting the performance of various *morceaux* in addition to those in the programme. Why the dilettanti preferred writing instead of speaking out, and calling for what they wanted, our musical friend has not informed us; but *La Bishop*, in the most obliging manner, consented not only to sing the *morceaux* requested, but to sing them every one in character. When the *rondo finale* from *L'Elisir d'Amore* was requested by a slip sent round from the slips, *La Bishop* came forward in a few minutes dressed in the costume of *Adina*, and the tenor aided her amiability by appearing with her, dressed as *Nemorino*, though he had not a note to deliver. Such amiability was never heard before, either in or out of any theatre in Europe. It is strange, that with all the attraction of *La Bishop* everywhere out of London, the manager of Drury Lane Theatre should have been so self-denying as to exclaim "*Nolo episcopari*, I will have no more Bishop!"

MRS. NISBETT.—This celebrated actress will make her re-appearance at the Haymarket Theatre on Monday, April 12, in her original character of Constance, in Sheridan Knowles's comedy of *The Love Chase*.

ADELPHI.—A local sketch, called *Jenny Lind*, will be performed at this popular theatre on Monday, April 12.

CHURCH MUSIC.—A letter from Rome states that the Pope is about to revive a project conceived by his predecessor, Gregory XVI., to reduce the church music to its primitive simplicity.

ASTRONOMICAL LECTURES.—Mr. C. Adams commenced his series of these very interesting lectures, on Monday evening last, at the Adelphi Theatre. We have rarely been more pleased with an entertainment. The lecturer took great pains to render his explanation evident to the understanding of the commonest portion of the auditory. He made use of sundry diagrams variously coloured, to assist him in expounding the inclination of the ecliptic and equator; the cause of the seasons' changes; the parallaxes of the fixed stars, and the eccentricity of the orbits of the comets. Some of the transparencies were very beautiful, especially the orrery, which was exhibited towards the end of the lecture. Mr. Adams introduced a brief account of the new planet, and contended that the discovery thereof is as much due to his namesake, Mr. Adams, as to the French astronomer, M. Le Vivier, both having at the same time arrived at the conclusion that there must be a disturbing body beyond the planet Uranus, the announcement of which gave rise to observations that ultimately led to the discovery. Between the parts, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson performed several favourite airs on the musical glasses, which seemed to take the audience mightily, for every *morceau* was encored. The house was very full, and the audience listened to Mr. Adams very attentively. The lectures were repeated during the week, with the exception of Friday night.

ARRIVAL OF THE MONSTER TROUPE OF HORSES, ELEPHANTS, &c., FOR DRURY-LANE THEATRE.—On Saturday, at half-past two o'clock, the grand equestrian company engaged by Mr. Bunn to perform at Drury-lane, arrived at the Euston-square terminus. The two Elephants, who were obliged to perform the journey from

Birmingham on foot, owing to their being no railway conveyance sufficiently large to contain them, arrived first, drawing after them a huge and richly ornamented carriage, in the shape of a fiery dragon, twenty-one feet in height. Soon after the elephants were housed, the two o'clock train arrived, consisting of forty-five carriages, with trucks, horse-boxes, &c., and the debarkation of the biped and quadruped performers commenced. The entire company of male and female artists, musicians, painters, and auxiliaries, next landed. Fifty-four horses, ten camels, ten ponies, and a great number of new and curiously fashioned carriages, of ancient and modern architecture, with emblematical devices, formed a portion of the *cortège*, which occupied two hours in unpacking.

DRURY-LANE THEATRICAL FUND FESTIVAL.—Mr. Harley, the master, and Mr. W. Bennet, the secretary to this ancient and most benevolent institution, have already commenced operations calculated to give effect to the annual feast, which the perpetual president, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, has appointed to take place in Freemasons' hall, on Friday, the 23rd of April. On this occasion the "Drury-lane," takes precedence of the "Covent-garden Fund Festival;" not, however, invidiously, it being an arrangement long entered into that the sister funds should celebrate their anniversary alternately.—*Observer*.

THE COMMITTEE OF DRURY-LANE THEATRE AND THE RENTERS.—A correspondent states that the committee of this Theatre have proposed to the renters to give them proprietors' shares, to be created to the number of 3,000 as a bonus, instead of their annuities and annual admissions. The original grant to the renters was an annuity of 25*l.* a year, which is at the present time reduced to 12*l.* 10*s.* The committee will allow the renters three "lives," instead of their annual nominations. The sum of 90*l.* is understood to be the worth of a renters' share with its annual admission; the shares of the proprietors are stated to be worth in the market about 1*l.* for every 100*l.* share; of these shares of the proprietors there exist 3,000, to which 3,000 more would be added by the new arrangement offered for acceptance by the committee.—*Observer*.

CURIOS MUSICAL FACT.—The undisputed sovereignty of Verdi over the present composers of Italy, has produced the publication of a new lithographic sketch at Milan, which may give some idea of the length to which Italian infatuation can go. This print represents the new Maestro crushing under his feet a score or two of dead composers; one of the previous mentioned feet being on the neck of the living ROSSINI!

VERDI.—In an elaborate defence of this sublime composer, the *Chronicle* observes:—"Verdi is the Martin of painting; it is the melodrame of art." We always thought Martin a painter, and Verdi a musician, but it appears to be *vice versa*. We should like to be told what the "it" means which we have displayed in capitals. Will our contemporary enlighten us?

MR. ELLA had an interview with Tamburini on Wednesday last, at Mivart's hotel. Nothing as yet has transpired of what took place.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—It is stated that the grand chandelier of this theatre has cost nearly 4000*l.* In consequence of the death of Mr. Moralt, Mr. Hill is installed as premier tenor of the orchestra of this establishment. Mr. Thomas, formerly leader of the band at Covent Garden theatre, supplies the vacancy left by Mr. Hill's appointment, and Mr. Westlake is also engaged as tenor player. Mr. John Loder, as one of the second-violins, is also retained.

GRAND MASONIC BALL.—"The old Concord Lodge" of Freemasons held their annual ball on Tuesday evening last, at Weippert's Spacious Rooms, in Davies Street, Berkeley Square, and a truly magnificent affair it proved. The officers of this, one of the principal lodges of the craft, appeared in their collars and jewels, and the majority of the ladies were adorned with a rich rosette, surmounted by a splendid masonic emblem (square and compass) manufactured in silver, from the design, of the worshipful master, for the laudable occasion. The ball was most respectably and numerously attended, nearly 200 in number having assembled at an early hour, and the gay and festive scene continued uninterrupted until the break of day. The music was excellent, and too much praise cannot be given to the Master and stewards, for the spirited manner in which the ball was conducted throughout. The proceeds will be applied to Masonic charity.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP sings next Monday, the 5th of April, at a Concert at Exeter; on the 6th, up to the 10th, she is re-engaged by Mrs. Macready to perform, alternately at Bath and Bristol; on the 12th she will be at Leamington; she returns afterwards to Edinburgh and Dublin, and will be back to London, for the whole season, on the first of May next. Mr. Allcroft had offered an engagement to Madame Bishop for his concert, on the 30th of March, as also did the committee of the Beaumont Institution and that of the Western Literary Institution for some concerts in April, but her provincial engagements did not allow her to accept them.

GENERAL THEATRICAL FUND.—The Second Festival, in commemoration of the establishment of this society, was held at the London Tavern on Monday. Mr. Macready presided in the chair, and was supported by Mr. Charles Dickens and Mr. Horace Twiss. Among the company present we noticed Mr. J. Collett, M. P., Mr. E. Brewster, Mr. Jules Bonedict, Mr. T. P. Cooke, Mr. Cullingford, Mr. S. Faucit, Mr. Landseer, Mr. Lyon, Mr. Buckstone, and other theatrical gentlemen. A strong array of talent mustered in the music gallery. Among others we observed, the Misses Rainforth, Dolby, Sarah Flower, M. Williams, A. Williams, Locky, Kirkham; with Messrs. Allen, Francis, Machin, Young, Kench, Bruton, Locky, Manvers, F. Chatterton, Carte, and Blewitt. Mr. J. L. Hatton conducted. The arrangements were excellent. The gallery was filled with ladies which gave great animation to the scene. After the health of the Royal Family was drunk with honours, Mr. Macready rose and proposed "Success to the Fund." In his speech, Mr. Macready animadverted severely on the exclusive system of the Drury Lane and Covent Garden funds, and insisted that they neither merited nor required support. His address was received with great applause. Mr. Dickens also made a short speech in allusion to the system pursued by the committees of Drury Lane and Covent Garden respectively, regarding the theatrical funds of each theatre. Several other gentlemen made speeches. The chairman announced that Her Majesty had signified her intention of becoming patron of the institution and had sent a donation of 100 guineas. Among the list of subscriptions read by Mr. Cullingford, the secretary, we can only call to mind those of the Duke of Devonshire, 10 guineas; Mr. Macready, £10; Miss Burdett Coutts, £10; and Mr. Strutt, £10. The entire subscription amounted to nearly £400. The chairman and several other gentlemen retired at an early hour but the festivities did not conclude until the small morning hours.

MELODISTS.—The Third Meeting of the Melodists' Club was held on Tuesday, at the Freemason's Tavern, where a numerous party dined, E. Goldsmid, Esq., in the chair. *Non nobis* and several fine glees were well sung by Messrs. E. Taylor, Parry, Horn, Gear, King, Hatton, Machin, Blewitt, Foord, Manvers, Hill, Shorebridge, Young, Spencer, &c., &c. Songs were also sung by Messrs. Horn, Hatton, Young, Machin, and Blewitt. The treat in the instrumental department was one of the very highest order, for Mr. Sterndale Bennett performed two of his charming *morceaux*, the *Romance Genevieve* and *Rondo Piacetole*, in first-rate style. There was no rushing up and down the finger-board, hops, skips, and jumps, but a most legitimate, classical performance, which called forth the rapturous plaudits of the delighted company. Signor Emiliani played an *andante*, with variations, of his own, on the violin, accompanied by Mr. Bennett, most admirably; he is a tasteful and a highly finished performer on his own instrument; he was applauded to the echo. The honorary secretary announced, that three candidates had entered the list for the prize, offered by Sir Andrew Barnard, for a Druidical ode and chorus, to be sung by Mr. Machin, accompanied by Sir Henry Bishop, at the Meeting on the 27th instant, when his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge will honour the club with his presence.

CONCERT FOR THE LATE MR. KEARNS'S FAMILY.—Hanover Square Rooms, March 27, 1847.—At the Final Meeting of the General Committee, this day, it was unanimously resolved:—"That 'the cordial thanks of the Committee be presented to the Editor of *The Musical World* for his kind and liberal assistance, which has tended so greatly towards the pecuniary success of the Concert.'" The Committee are happy to state that the exertions and good-feeling, evinced by all concerned on this truly charitable occasion, will enable them to transmit to the unfortunate family £237 6s. 8d., of which sum £69 4s. 9d. has been already received

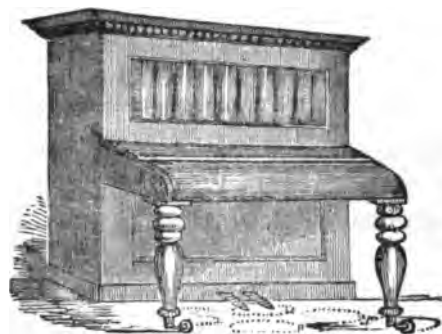
in donations, per list, in the possession of T. Chappell, Esq., the honorary treasurer; additions are still being received by him, the honorary secretary, and the chairman.—(Signed) George Smart, Chairman."

JENNY LIND.—The director of the theatre Ander-Wien, at Vienna, has had a medal struck in honour of "The Swedish Nightingale." It contains on the one side her portrait, and on the other a star, with the motto, "*Nescit occasum*." (It knows no setting). The medal is to be presented to Mlle Lind with an address, signed by the *elite* of the society of Vienna.

NEW MUSIC.—"The Sabbath,"—A very pleasing poem under this title, written by Mr. D. Clarke, of Liverpool, has been set to music, the composition of Mr. William Henry Cooke, who has gallantly dedicated his production to a lady, in compliment to her literary acquirements. The words and air are appropriately united, the solemnity of the former having duly impressed the mind and guided the instructions of the composer. The melody, which is remarkably sweet, is in the key of A flat, and will, doubtless, become a great favourite by the fireside, where a taste for music is cultivated.

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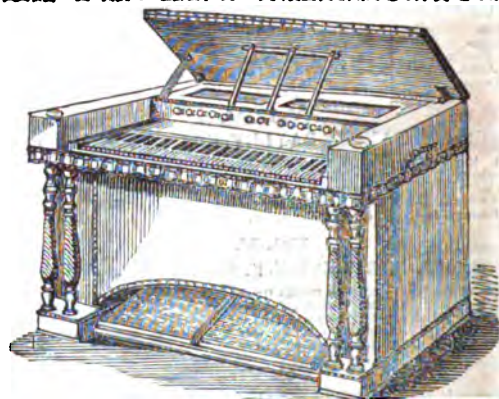
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No. 15.—VOL. XXII.

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1847.

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NOTICE.

Our Subscribers are presented this week with a ROMANCE, composed by ANGELO FINELLI expressly for SIGNOR CARDONI, of Her Majesty's Theatre.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

We promised, in our last, to take a retrospective view of the proceedings at this establishment, up to the present point of the season 1847. When the peculiar difficulties under which Mr. Lumley opened his campaign are taken into consideration, it must be a matter of surprise to every person of reflection, not merely that he should have been able to effect what he has effected, but that he should have contrived to sustain the credit of his establishment at all. Shortly after the conclusion of last season all the great vocalists, with a single exception, who had for so long constituted the main attraction of the establishment, with the majority of its band and chorus, seceded, and constituted the nucleus of a formidable opposition. No manager was ever placed in a more difficult position than Mr. Lumley. The cause of the secession of his company is no business of our's. We have refrained, and shall continue to refrain, from commenting on it. It was enough that the cloud of adversity lowered above his head—big drops burst at intervals—the thunder muttered restlessly, and an awful tempest threatened to explode. In his time of unabated prosperity we were not the thick and thin adherents of Mr. Lumley. We neither courted nor flattered him. We were satisfied, in criticising him fairly, to render our readers and ourselves justice. But as then we were disposed to give him credit for whatever we could praise in his management, much more do we feel inclined, now that the monopoly he once wielded is trampled under foot, to lend him a helping hand. In this spirit we have criticised what has already been effected during the present season, and in this spirit we are our present remarks. Their sincerity may be tested by a comparison of our past conduct in relation to Her Majesty's Theatre, and needs no further pleading.

begin at the beginning—Mr. Lumley's first difficulty to find substitutes for the band and chorus that had deserted him. The old band had been trained to great efficiency by a conductor of eminent talent and indefatigable industry—Signor Costa, now director of the orchestra at the Royal Italian Opera, the life and soul of the opposing establishment. Mr. Lumley was, as it happened—and it might easily have happened otherwise—very lucky in his choice of a successor to Signor Costa. Perhaps no artist in the country, better qualified for the post by education, taste, and ability, could have been selected than Mr. Balfe. The sequel has guaranteed his efficiency no less than his fidelity and zeal. By judgment and energy little short of magical, in an in-

credibly brief time, Mr. Balfe has filled the empty seats of the orchestra with an army of instrumentalists more numerous than their predecessors, and, if less used to discipline, scarcely less complete and efficient. It would be preposterous to assert that this new band is faultless. There are defects that weaken its power and must be remedied to make it worthy of the part it has to play. In some points it is first-rate, in others it is second-rate, in some it is mediocre, and, in a very few, it is decidedly bad. But, it is not to be supposed that Mr. Balfe is blind to the drawbacks that tell against the perfect *ensemble* of his orchestra. On the contrary, he observed them at once, and, since the opening of the theatre, has been gradually administering remedies in necessary changes and modifications. He has yet, however, much to do, but he will do it with as small delay as possible. Meanwhile there are elements in his orchestra that make it capable of reaching the highest possible efficiency: Some of the leading instrumentalists of Europe are enrolled among its members. We need but mention the names of Piatti, Lavigne, L'Anglois, Templini, Zeiss, &c., to show the kind of artists who occupy the foremost ranks. Moreover those that remain from the old set number Tolbecque, Nadaud, and other such men among them. It is not, therefore, unreasonable to suppose that in a short time Mr. Lumley's band will be *all* that the most fastidious *connoisseur* could reasonably hope for.

The chorus may be disposed of in fewer words. Suffice it that last season, and for many years previous, it was lamentably inefficient, while, at present (thanks to Mr. Balfe) it is a splendid and capable body, worthy of any European establishment; its faults are so few that it would be mere hypercriticism to specialize them. Those who have heard the operas of *La Favorita*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Nino*, *La Sonnambula*, and *Ernani*, during the present season, can testify to its worth.

The band and chorus obtained—essentials in an operatic company more vitally important than managers are apt to suppose, or managers to allow—the question of principal vocalists remained to be solved. *Prima donnas*, and tenors, and baritones, and basses must be hunted up from every corner of musical Europe, to supply the place of those who had seceded. Where were they to be found? Mr. Lumley went abroad, and others in his interest went abroad, and for some months there was a scouring of the continent for singers. Some were engaged, others treated with, some proposed to, others suggested. All the world of London was on tiptoe with anxiety to know what Mr. Lumley had found, and as the coming season cast its shadow before, the desire to see his prospectus was unanimous and invincible; the guesses, speculations, and reports, thereupon were legion. Never, since the birth of the Opera, had so much curiosity prevailed about

the programme of the season's engagements. The press, divided into cliques of Lumleyites and Anti-Lumleyites, issued daily philippics on either side, and reports filled the atmosphere like locusts. At length the prospectus appeared. The public was astonished by its completeness and brilliancy. There was novelty and there was excellence, and an unusual amount of both. We need not recapitulate its contents, which are already so familiar to our readers. The day subsequent to the publication of this prospectus, the press teemed with articles in which its merits were discussed. The Lumleyites lauded it to the skies. The Anti-Lumleyites (who could not deny its superiority) took the very unusual and unwarrantable course of declaring it to be a sham—"mere moonshine." All these matters stand already recorded in our pages, and the consequences thereof. At length the Opera opened, on Tuesday the 16th of February. Three of the new engagements, Gardoni, Superchi, and Bouché, made decided hits—the first mentioned, one of the most decided ever known at the Opera. Madame Sanchioli (a previous year's engagement) was found vastly improved. The quality of the band and chorus, which Balfe had enlisted and trained, was tested by the *encore* of an overture and some choral pieces, an event unusual at the Opera. The whole performance, in short, was on such a scale of efficiency as to set all doubt at rest about Mr. Lumley's chance of being able to weather through the season. We heard some of the oldest *habitues* of the Opera declare that they never remembered so brilliant a first night. *La Favorita* was repeated several times, until the first representation of Verdi's *Nino* brought Coletti, a baritone not unknown to England, but so wonderfully improved that it was nearly the same thing. Coletti made an unquestionable impression, and even the adversaries of Her Majesty's Theatre pronounced him a first-rate artist. Not satisfied with this, Mr. Lumley kept up the fire magnanimously, and in a few days he introduced to us Fraschini, a young Neapolitan tenor of great renown, whom he had secured at a large expense. Fraschini appeared in the *Lucia*. He was received with the utmost favour, and if the majority preferred Gardoni's purer style of singing, this did not make Fraschini's success the less. Subsequently Gardoni appeared in *La Sonnambula*, and in that opera thoroughly fulfilled all the anticipations that had been raised by his *débüt*. He was established a *primo-tenore* of first-rate pretensions. Superchi's appearance in *Ernani* raised him also many degrees higher in public esteem, while Fraschini and Bouché added to their laurels in the same opera. Thus the strength of the opera department was tested before Easter, and proved to surpass all expectations.

In the ballet Mr. Lumley's management has ever been famous. His prospectus this year is more splendid and varied even than usual. At present we have only to record the appearance of two stars in the choregraphic horizon, whom Mr. Lumley has spelled away from sunny Italy—Carolina Rosati and Marie Taglioni. Our opinion of these excellent and charming artists has been given too often to need repetition. They are the heralds of more stars to come—stars that have long twinkled in our hemisphere, whose beams have long been worshipped—and they are beautiful heralds, worthy the honour of announcing the return of their more celebrated sisters of the dance. In a word, the ballet this year promises to surpass all that has preceded it, and this for Mr. Lumley's management is a matter of no small significance.

In the scenic department Mr. Lumley has wisely retained the talented Mr. Marshall, and in this and in all particulars of

the *mise en scene* (with occasional exceptions in respect to the dresses of the subordinates, which are not always in the best taste,) the theatre has manifested remarkable improvement.

Thus far, at least, every item in the prospectus has been fulfilled, with the solitary reserve of Madame Montenegro, who was announced to appear before Easter. But Madame Montenegro has been here some time, and will appear this evening in Verdi's *Idua Foscari*. Are we not, therefore, fully justified in remaining consistent to our frequently urged faith in the whole letter and spirit of Mr. Lumley's programme?

The remainder has yet to be fulfilled. Meanwhile the inimitable Lablache will shortly appear in Donizetti's sparkling opera, *L'Elisir D'Amore*, in which Gardoni's Nemorino will not be the least attraction, and Lucille Grahn will add to the already great attractions of the *ballet* this evening.

So much has been said in disfavour of Mr. Lumley's promises, by certain journalists, that, as impartial "chroniclers," we have thought it just to collect the facts as they have occurred, up to the present moment, and place them before our readers in such order as to enable them to form their own unbiassed judgment. We should be foremost in defending courageous criticism, however severe, for it is of more importance to art that truth should be told than that the interests of any managers should be served. But, when criticism is all on one side it demands rigid examination, in order that so much of it as is true may pass current, and that what is false may be extracted and cast aside.

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent, April 3, 1847.)

THE Theatre Royal here was suddenly closed on the 23rd ultimo, by the unforeseen illness of Mr. Macready, but has been opened since to—first of all—a group of imitators of the original Ethiopian Serenaders, rejoicing in the appellation of Ethiopian Harmonists, who commenced their performance on the 25th. Not having much taste for 'nigger' melodies in general, 'Ethiopian' copyists in particular, we did not honour them with a hearing; had it been the original party who first appeared at the St. James's Theatre, Messrs. Pell and Co., we might have gone out of sheer curiosity, as, in their way, we understand they were really clever; but, as Punch says, "we are having a *glut* of Ethiopians," and the false taste which can give encouragement to such so called 'musical entertainments' well deserved Punch's biting satire, wherein he suggests that at the next performance of 'Otello,' at Her Majesty's Theatre, 'Buffalo gals' should be introduced with Lablache on the bones! To crown the matter, we see in to-day's *Manchester Guardian*, an announcement, for Easter Monday, of a party of 'Female American Serenaders', seven in number! Old Cobbett, some years ago, expressed his dread of the influx of Bavarian broom girls to this country but how was his horror increased on seeing one among the swarms that then came over about to be a mother! "The vermin (as in his coarse style he termed them) besides coming in shoals have absolutely begun to *breed* here!" This week the Distin Family have given a concert at the Theatre Royal each evening, except Good Friday, we are sorry to, report to thin audiences. Very likely its being Passion Week would prevent many from attending the theatre even at a concert, else their unrivalled talent would, no doubt, have had a better appreciation in Manchester. Their performances, especially in quintets, are truly marvellous; it is the very perfection of horn-playing and cannot be surpassed: they make their sax-horns and sax-tubas discourse most eloquent music, and a most interesting group of performers they appear—the old

man and his four sons; they deserve better success than they have this time met with in Manchester. A Miss Moriatt O'Connor varied the concert by singing some ballads in a pleasing unaffected style, in the last of which (an Irish one) she was *encored*. Macready is re-announced for the 17th instant.

We see, by this day's *Guardian*, also, that the Hargreaves Choral Society have announced the '*Elijah*' for the 20th instant. Principal vocalists:—Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. H. Phillips. Staudigl, it appears, has an engagement offered to him to which he has never deigned any reply. The directors have even written to Mr. Lumley for his permission for Staudigl to accept the engagement; the following is his reply:—

Her Majesty's Theatre, March 25, 1847.

"SIR,—I am requested, by Mr. Lumley, to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 29th instant, and, in reply to say, that however much he might feel inclined to grant the request of the Hargreaves' Choral Society, he is obliged, for the present, to decline making any arrangements for the engagements of *artists* at Her Majesty's Theatre. I have the honour to be your most obedient servant,

CHARLES THOMPSON.

To CHARLES SEVERN, Esq., Hon. Sec.,

Hargreaves' Choral Society, Manchester."

What can we gather from this? Is Staudigl coming to Her Majesty's Theatre after all—and when? We see that Phillips is engaged in his stead at Exeter Hall also.

Jullien! Verily Jullien is a mighty magician! by the magic of whose wand (or baton) thousands are attracted—so as thousands never went to any concerts before in Manchester—the Distins were here last week giving charming concerts of their kind, yet their marvellous Sax-horns and their wonderful performance on them drew only the most meagre audiences—they had not Jullien to conduct for them! On Monday the 5th instant, Easter Monday, the Free Trade Hall was filled to overflowing, the only extra attraction beyond the very name of Jullien was the fact of his bringing Herr Pischek to appear, for the first time, in public here. He has twice appeared in Manchester before, once each season at the Concert Hall, but the masses for whom Jullien caters had as yet had no opportunity of hearing the great German baritone. Jullien, besides being a magician is a tactician, and of the first order. Who is there can draw as he does? Who can so excite the public mind? With admirable tact he took care, at his last concert here in February, that small hand-bills should be freely distributed to the thousands then present, announcing in his puff preliminary, "The engagement, at great expense, of Herr Pischek!" To effect which, Jullien—the great Jullien himself had to make a special journey to Germany in the month of December last—that a *congé* had been conceded a month earlier than usual—which would enable the Manchester public to hear "The greatest singer on the Lyric stage of Europe, whose voice combines all the qualities of tenor, baritone, and bass, &c. &c. &c., early in April." He next took care to keep attention alive to the fact that Herr Pischek was coming by preliminary advertisements during the month of March—the consequence was that when he did come excitement was at its height and the Free Trade Hall was literally crammed at advanced prices—the promenade being advanced from one shilling to eighteen pence, the gallery from two shillings and sixpence to three shillings and sixpence. All this was done too without any extra attraction in the band—the only names in the programme being the usual ones of König, Collinet, Richardson, and Sonnemberg. There were many absentees as compared with the band he had with him last time. Where were Barret, Baumann, Casolani, Lazarus, Cioffi, Prospero? &c., rehearsing

with Costa at Covent Garden, we presume. Jullien had not altogether omitted to replace these admirable artists and in their place secured some executants of respectability at any rate on such instruments. Who they were did not appear; very likely of the new band at the *old* Italian Opera. The bassoon we noticed as having a remarkably fine tone. The oboe was well played and then we had three of the first rank who were just as little noticed in the programme as the strangers, viz., Tolbecque, the leader of the Italian Opera at Her Majesty's Theatre, Jarrett on the horn, and Rousselot on the violoncello. In spite of these celebrities, however, and their great conductor, the band did not go so well together, or produce that effect which we have been accustomed to look for at these concerts. Some of the music selected too was anything but good, two pieces especially, we are compelled to find fault with as far below what the same composers have hitherto given us, viz., two waltzes (valse) called a *deux temps*—one "The Olga, or Princess Valse," by Jullien, the other, "Jenny Lind," by König. The first is a sort of ugly copy or imitation of the Bridal Valse, but how vastly inferior! they are both short of melody or beauty of any kind, to our taste. We had some few pieces of good music, Weber's *Euryanthe* (spoilt by a tubby pair of drums) and Beethoven's C minor symphony, the most charming piece of the night, only stinted of strings as all Beethoven's music is at Jullien's concerts. We had also a selection from *Don Giovanni*: but come we now to the *feature* of the night, *Pischek*! our expectations had been raised perhaps too high by Jullien's puffs, consequently they were not fully realised. He is a beautiful singer and has a most exquisitely finished delivery, with a voice of amazing flexibility and compass: still we fancied we detected a tendency to vibration or tremulousness, Fornasari's besetting sin, and should have liked a little more of the *sostenuto*, the sustained manner in which Staudigl as a *basso* and Donzelli as a *tenor*, are the finest exemplars we ever heard; the songs he gave us were one from Spohr's *Faust*, "The Chimes;" "My Heart's on the Rhine; and last, not least, his celebrated "Standard Bearer;" the two last were *encored*. He comes again on Tuesday, the 13th, when he is to give "Adelaide," and Jullien is calling in the assistance of the band of the First Royals, who are stationed at our barracks, in order to give effect to his British Army Quadrille: moreover, it is announced as Jullien's Annual Benefit. Whose benefit was it on Easter Monday, Monsieur Jullien? when some five thousand persons were present and when you must have netted a *clear* £300 at least, but all conquerors must have their reward and why not so great a general as Jullien?

THE AFFINITIES.

from the German of Göthe.

Continued from page 216.

PART II.—CHAPTER IX.

SPRING had come later, but more suddenly and joyously than usual. Ottília found in the garden the fruit of her foresight; it was budding, putting forth leaves, and blossoming in the proper time. Much that had been prepared in well-arranged beds and green-houses now at once advanced towards nature, which at last worked from without, and all that had to be done and tended was now no longer, as hitherto, a mere hopeful toil, but became a cheerful enjoyment.

But she had to console the gardener on account of many a gap which had arisen among the plants in pots through Luciana's wildness, and the destroyed symmetry of many a crown of foliage. She cheered him up by saying that all would be speedily restored, but he had too deep a feeling, too pure a conception of his craft,

for these grounds of consolation to profit him much. Little as the gardener must be distracted by the fancies and inclinations of others, just as little must the quiet course be interrupted which the plant takes in attaining permanent or transient perfection. The plant resembles wilful men, from whom any thing may be got when they are treated after their own fashion. A calm survey, a quiet consistency, the doing of what is quite suitable in every season, in every hour, is perhaps required of no one more than of a gardener.

The good man promised these qualities in a high degree, and on this account Ottilia worked with him so readily, but for some time he had not been able to employ with comfort his peculiar talent. For although he was able to do to perfection all that belonged to the plantation and kitchen-garden, and also all that was required for an ornamental garden in the old style—as indeed one person succeeds more than another in this or that particular—although in the management of an orangery, of flower-bulbs, of pink and auricula cuttings he might have challenged Nature herself, nevertheless the new ornamental trees and fashionable flowers remained in some measure strange to him, while, of the infinite field of botany, which was opening with the time, and the strange names which occur in that science and were buzzing about, he had a sort of dread which made him cross. What his masters had begun to order the year before he looked upon as so much useless expense and extravagance, as he saw many valuable plants leave the premises, and did not stand on remarkably good terms with the market gardeners, who did not serve him with sufficient honesty.

After many attempts he made a sort of plan, in which he was so much the more confirmed by Ottilia, as it was properly based on the return of Edward, whose absence in this, and in many other cases, was necessarily considered daily more injurious.

While the plants went on striking root, and putting forth branches, Ottilia felt more and more rivetted to the spot. Exactly a year before she had entered as a stranger, as an unimportant being. How much had she acquired since that time! But, alas, since that time how much had she also lost! She had never been so rich and so poor. The feelings of both conditions were interchanged in the same moment, nay, intimately crossed each other, so that she knew no other resource than to seize upon what was close at hand with interest, and even with passion.

All that Edward especially liked, it may be imagined, most strongly attracted her care; nay, why should she not hope that he himself would soon return, that he would, when present, remark with gratitude the careful attention which had been paid him while absent,

But she was made also to act for him in a very different way. She had especially undertaken the care of the child, which she could so much the more immediately attend, as they had resolved not to give it to any nurse, but to rear it with milk and water. In this fine time of year, it was to enjoy the open air, and then she herself liked but to take it out, carrying the sleeping unconscious being between the flowers and blossoms, which would in future smile kindly upon its childhood; between young shrubs and plants, which by their youth seemed destined to grow up with it. When she looked around her, she did not conceal from herself to what a wealthy condition the child was born, for almost all that the eye could perceive in any direction was once to belong to it. Hence how desirable it was that it should grow up before the eyes of its father and mother, and confirm a renewed happy union.

Ottilia felt all this so purely, that she thought of it as decidedly real, and at the same time was not sensible for herself. Beneath this clear sky, in this bright sunshine, it became at once plain to her that her love to perfect itself must become completely unselfish. She only desired the good of her friend; she believed herself capable of renouncing him, even of never seeing him again, if she only knew that he was happy. But she was quite resolved that she would never belong to another.

Care was taken that the autumn should be as magnificent as the spring. All the so-called summer plants, all that do not cease blooming in autumn, and that boldly unfold themselves in spite of the cold—especially china-asters—were sown in the greatest variety, and now transplanted in all directions, were to form a starry heaven on the earth.

FROM OTTILIA'S DIARY.

A good thought which we have read, something striking which

we have heard, we put down in our diary. But if, at the same time, we take the trouble to extract from the letter of a friend peculiar remarks, original views, passing ingenious expressions, we should become very rich. We put away letters never to read them again, destroy them at last from motives of discretion, and thus the purest and most immediate breath of life vanishes irreparably for us and for others. I propose to supply this omission.

So then the story of the year is again repeated from the beginning. Again, thank God, we are in the prettiest chapter. Violets and mayflowers are like the superscriptions or vignettes; they always make a pleasing impression upon us, when we open them again in the book of life.

We blame the poor, especially those under age, when they lie about the streets and beg. Do we not remark that they are active as soon as something is given them to do? Scarcely does Nature unfold her friendly stores, than the children are at hand to commence a trade. None of them beg; every one offers you a nosegay, which he plucked while you were yet asleep, and the suppliant looks as kindly at you as the gift. No one looks pitiable who feels that he has some right to demand.

Why is the year often so short, often so long? why does it appear so short and so long in the memory? Thus I feel with respect to the past, and nowhere more strikingly than in the garden, where the transient and durable are blended one with another. And yet there is nothing so transient that it does not leave a trace—something of its kind.

We can take pleasure in winter. We fancy we can extend ourselves more freely when the trees stand before us so spirit-like, so transparent. They are nothing, but then they cover nothing. When once buds and blossoms come, we are impatient until the full leaf is put forth, until the landscape embodies itself, and the tree presses towards us as a form.

Everything perfect in its kind must go beyond its kind, must be something else which is incomparable. In many tones the nightingale is still a bird; then it rises above its species, and seems as though it would indicate to the feathered tribe what singing properly is.

A life without love, without the presence of the beloved one, is only a *comédie à tiroir*—a miserable collection of disjointed scenes. We pull them out and push them in again, one after the other, and hasten on to the next. All that appears good and important is but slightly connected. We must always begin anew, and might end anywhere.

(To be continued.)

. To prevent misunderstanding, it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

SONNET.

NO. XXIX.

When I was absent from thee, love, my mind
Form'd for itself strange visions of alarm;
Now trembling, lest some unexpected harm
Had smitten the dear treasure left behind;
In dread now, lest returning, I should find
The smile that used to welcome me less warm;
Or, that those eyes had put aside the charm
Which with such magic all my soul could bind.
That fear is gone—it was a childish fear;
And I will e'en confess it was a sin
To doubt the heart thou hast bestowed on me.
But still I know thou wilt forgive me, dear,
Learning that ev'ry anxious thought has been
Of thee alone, although unjust to thee.

N. D.

LOLA MONTEZ AND THE TIMES.

The following letter appeared in *The Times* of Thursday, which we take the liberty of transferring to the columns of our journal, as we have no doubt it will amuse sundry of our readers:—

To the Editor of *The Times*.

"Sir—In consequence of the numerous reports circulated in various papers regarding myself and family, utterly void of foundation or truth, I beg of you, through the medium of your widely circulated journal, to insert the following:—

I was born at Seville in the year 1823; my father was a Spanish officer in the service of Don Carlos; my mother, a lady of Irish extraction, born at the Havannah, and married for the second time to an Irish gentleman, which I suppose is the cause of my being called Irish, and sometimes English, "Betsy Watson," "Mrs. James," &c.

I beg leave to say that my name is Maria Dolores Porris Montez, and I have not now changed that name.

As for my theatrical qualifications, I never had the presumption to think I had any; circumstances obliged me to adopt the stage as a profession, which profession I have now renounced for ever, having become a naturalized Bavarian, and intending in future making Munich my residence.

Trusting that you will give this insertion, I have the honor to remain, sir, your obedient servant,
Munich, March 31.
LOLA MONTEZ."

This, if the letter be authentic, seems to set at rest all doubts concerning the famous dancer's birth-place, and poor Ireland must resign all claims to the honor of her natal corner. There is a chance, however, that the letter is a hoax, and that Lola Montez is in reality thorough-bred Irish, "kin to the Callaghans, Brallaghans, Nowlans and Dowlans likewise." If it be so, we trust she may send over some of her Bavarian profits to her starving countrypeople.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

(From the Family Times.)

A PORTION of our article on Saturday week, reprinted in a publication distributed in her Majesty's Theatre and to the subscribers, has given dire offence to the *Morning Chronicle*. This "champion in brass" takes up the quarrel with a smarting sense that his own weapons have been turned against him; and no greater or more pleasing proof of the efficacy of some of our wholesome hints on that occasion could be afforded, than by the restless readiness with which the *Chronicle* "hastens to the rescue." On Thursday last a whole column was devoted to counter explanation—if explanation were possible, or if not better left alone for the interests of the faction for which the *Chronicle* so energetically contends. Some playful sarcasms which we threw out, as to that gratuitous stringency in disbelief in which the morning print alluded to has indulged ever since Lind was threatened, have told. The shot has evidently gone right through its mark. There is a clean gap through the *Chronicle* sheet—as nearly spherical as the shot-hole of a long eighteen, (if the *Chronicle* be nautical he will understand the allusion), in comparison with the splintering irregularity of a bulky and elephantine carronade. If the champion be hurt, he must thank himself for his over-officiousness in making himself so prominent in upholding the impossibility of that which he had determined should not be true. Truth is powerful; but surpassing must that power be which controuls Truth!

"Magna est veritas, et prevalebit."

everywhere (except through the spectacles of smoked glass with which official duty compels that the sun of truth should be viewed) at the headquarters of the *Chronicle*. Truth is conquered in the person of the magnificent Lind—bound in chains, and fastened up to the chariot wheels of the grim *Morning Chronicle*, to be paraded before an indiscreetly tasteful public, to show that no such being is there. Rather Irish this, we will acknowledge; but

"They stumble that run fast."

and the disbelievers have proved too much—too many negatives have from time immemorial, in English, proved the affirmative. The pertinacity with which the *Chronicle* "clave to the evil thing," and now endeavour to lay the blame of, upon the poor, unoffending, ill-treated innocent Jenny, may be fine and devoted; but the world, unfortunately, seems to think it was melo-dramatically mistaken. Zeal is glorious, but "discretion tempereth these things." Hath the *Chronicle* critic ever read Barrow, or Tillotson, or any of our old divines? If not, he may, we opine, do so with some profit. Lind, however, will soon be in London, and we can fancy the puzzled air with which these sapient old gentlemen (be they few or many, or, like Mrs. Malaprop's notions of Cerberus, three gentlemen in one) will examine, and re-examine her, to see if there really be not something diaphanous in the phenomenon—something to fade away—something supernatural conjured up by the dark wit of that wizard, Lumley! We never heard Mr. Lumley called a magician before; but we should not be startled if some of our *Chronicle* philosophers, like the sceptic disputants in the fable, in "viewing" this Swedish "chameleon" (not nightingale) "o'er by candlelight," were with a shudder to announce that Mr. Lumley

"Had call'd spirits from the vasty deep,"

and imposed upon the public—a spiritual Lind! not the Lind of flesh and blood—the nightingale of nightingales—the followed, the admired—she who has performed wonders greater than Donna Lolah, and caused the hair of the *Morning Chronicle*

"To grow white
In a single night,
As men's will do with sudden fears."

but a visionary *cantatrice*, exhaling after performance, and condensing at summons before, like a musical mist, if there could be such a thing! If Jenny Lind be the *Kgeria* visiting the rapt dreams of Mr. Lumley, the critic of the *Chronicle* is the jealous Faun behind the bush, determined to make her out to the populace a visitant from the devil.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

MILAN, MARCH 26th.—The new opera of *Don Carlos*, composed by *il Maestro Bona* (the libretto written by *Signor Giacchetti*) was performed on the 23rd. instant, and pleased very much. The *Maestro* being called before the curtain seven or eight times to receive the approbation of the audience. The singers were *Marini*, *Steffenone*, *Caligolari*, *Soulerga*, and *Colmenghi*. Miss Haycs has been singing in a new opera of *Ricco's* at *Venezia*, which by the bye, has made quite a furore; she finishes her engagement with *Merelli* this autumn, and is afterwards engaged to sing at Rome, Naples, and Florence; I can safely say there has been no English singer who has made so great a sensation in Italy as Miss Haycs. We have had a new ballet at the *Scala* by *Terrot* it has pleased immensely, it is called *Odella*; I think it is the best ballet that *Terrot* has yet produced; no doubt it will be brought out at your old Opera House this season.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I am now going to speak on the final emancipation of the violin bow which has hitherto been in fettered bondage. The unsteadiness of the violin bow is found, by all, a task difficult to overcome, to remedy which many contrivances have been attempted and the best of timber selected, and even, at last, the steel bow made trial of, but all of these have failed to produce the desired effect. The bow is still, like the wild colt, hard to manage. There appeared one man, a few years ago, (*Paganini*) who was generally acknowledged as a famous artist and controller of the bow, but, I believe, there is still room to pass him, though the thing has not yet been done, nor by some thought possible to ever take place. I have heard a few of the first provincial leaders of concerts who were considered first-rate violinists, but I never much admired any of them, for I have not found any who were capable of giving the fine graceful *adagio* in such a style as I have read of *Viotti*, and a few others, giving that sort of movement. A few years ago I had the pleasure of being present at a concert given by a *Gerni*; he came nearest my expectation of any one I ever heard. It was at the very time when *Paganini* was in this country. This said German had heard *Paganini* several times and profited much by it; he declared that every time he heard him he appeared to play better and better, and that all that ever he heard besides were fiddlers, himself included, but that *Paganini* was the violinist. I have had a violin in my use about thirty-five years, and have, in course of that time, played country dances, quadrilles, &c., and likewise a second in the orchestra, also sometimes a first. The master who taught me was aware that this was as far as I could go, because of the unsteadiness of my bow. I now wish to inform you that I have, within the last eight days, made such an improvement in the bow that I could, by a little perseverance, play as delicately, forcibly, brilliantly, &c., as any one I ever heard, and all this may be done by good players in one hour's use of this bow; in fact the effort has only to be made and the thing is done. I am myself astonished at the result of the improvement. Should this bow be introduced to general use, what a revolution would take place in violin music, and what a field would it open for new unthought-of and endless varieties of most exquisite compositions. We should soon have a host of *Paganinis*. I have not let any one see the bow, and have but named it to one, a French gentleman who would feel great pleasure in making it known to his friends at Paris, whom he considers excellent violinists; however, I wish, in the first instance, to name it to you and to have your advice respecting what use might be made of this improvement. A bow on the old principle would admit of the improvement, only that it is too short from the nut downwards by an inch or two. I am, sir, yours most respectfully,

Macclesfield, April 2, 1847.

J. STEWARD, Music Dealer.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

SIR,—As an amateur in music, I have latterly wondered that among the many kindly schemes and efforts made to raise funds in the benevolent attempt to alleviate the distress and misery which abound among our fellow creatures in Ireland and Scotland, but especially the former, that it has not occurred to any of the charitable *élite* of the musical world, to put in return measures for "A Grand Musical Festival," on a large and extended scale,—such festival to be held in Westminster Abbey—that edifice being best adapted for the assemblage of a considerable audience such as would patronise a reunion of this kind, if got up in a proper style and with spirit, as also the character of the building itself would add weight and importance to the affair, which would tell considerably in favour of the receipts at the close of such festival; or, if the abbey should be inaccessible, some other *large* building. I would suggest one of our principal churches for such an object, the performance to be of course suitable to the sanctity of the edifice.

I think that if a festival could be got up consisting of two or more days performances, the music to be selections from the works of our great masters, and assisted by the splendid talent both native and foreign, with which the town is replete at the present time, and which offers such fair opportunity, I think that a meeting of this kind would go off with the greatest éclat, if managed properly, affording the greatest delight in our musical circles, and what is more, furthering the objects of a charity, which in claiming our sympathy and benevolence has no parallel.

Trusting you will publish as widely as possible the hint of a philanthropist, and that it may have the desired effect.

I remain, yours obediently,
Geo. F.

April 7th, 1847.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

ODDS AND ENDS.

MY DEAR SIR,—One of your subscribers asks this question "Has Corelli, in any passage known, violated in the slightest degree, or departed from, the prescribed laws of harmony?" Surely little experience in musical science is required to answer this question; but as "etc." depends upon your sound musical judgment, I will not presume to answer it. Is any composer free from errors? No, not one. Now as to violating the "prescribed" laws of harmony, I for one, should regret exceedingly if great masters had not, because some of them violate common sense, whilst others are so "prescribed," as to impede the progress of classical instruction.

As I am sure, Mr. Editor, you wish to do full justice to art and artists, permit me to ask whether the conclusion you come to respecting Mr. Costa is not violating the prescribed laws of logic, by inferring that that gentleman's knowledge and appreciation of Beethoven is "unworthy a musician of his standing and pretensions," merely, because he apprehended that repeating both the "scherzo and trio," in Beethoven's choral symphony would tire the audience. You say "during the choral movement there was incessant moving towards the door." Mr. Costa has a keen eye, and doubtless observed the uneasiness of the Philharmonic audience, who, *now*, seem to prefer the sound of a loud solo instrument in the midst of violins, to the flowing thoughts of either a Haydn, Mozart or Beethoven! I may be mistaken, but I conceive it natural to a disposition like Mr. Costa's, added to his knowledge and experience, to be more capable of conducting the works of the great masters than a man of sombre disposition, or the most egregious master of counterpoint. I conclude by correcting the errors of my last letter. I always lament to read of the extravagant praise awarded to some musicians, &c." "A Passacaglia need not be written in three-four (not fourths) time." It would puzzle even Taglioni, Cerito, &c., to invent dance (not chance) figures, &c." But the writers of the press being more eloquent on the subject of dancing *than* (not *those*) profound in their observations on music." Hoping you will pardon me for expressing any opinion adverse to your own,

I remain, my dear sir, your's very truly
FRENCH FLOWERS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SONS OF APOLLO FRIENDLY SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.

DEAR SIR,—Having had the pleasure last Friday of dining with the members of the Musical Society, entitled the Sons of Apollo Friendly Society of Musicians, held at the Black Horse Tavern 400 Oxford Street, when sixty gentlemen met to spend their twenty-fourth anniversary, I think this Society only requires to be better known among the Musical Profession to be in a much more flourishing state than it now is, although, it is improving and has been ever since its formation. The

worthy Secretary Mr. Baird, stated, although but eighty members, we had a stock in hand of £1700. The object of the Society is to relieve its members in case of sickness or distress. The greatest praise is due to Mr. Rippin the host, for the superior manner in which the dinner and wines were served. By your noticing this in your publication, you will oblige—Yours respectfully, A SUBSCRIBER, AND A MEMBER OF THE SONS OF APOLLO.

OPENING OF THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE long pending question has at length been solved; the practicability of establishing a second Italian Opera in London has been guaranteed by the public fiat. Covent Garden, the ancient temple of Shakspeare and his interpreters, re-opened its portals on Tuesday night, after a cessation of some years from the practice of its legitimate vocation.

Our old friend has got a new face, but he wears it bravely. He has grown bigger and taller. The hand of the mason has been upon him. Those parts of him that were diseased and worn out have been lopped off and renovated. He has been washed from head to foot, and newly arrayed in a coat of many colours. His garment is of gold and silver and blue. Quaint and costly are the devices thereof. It was murmured that he would die of the operation, like a patient under the knife of some unskilful surgeon. It was stated that an injunction would be crammed down his throat and choke him. But these were fables. Master-mason Beale knew his craft. He surveyed our old friend from head to foot, and found that he was dirty and ill-favored; that parts of him were crumbling into dust; that other parts of him were maimed and impotent; that other parts of him were inflicted with a leprosy. And Beale said "Thou shalt be cured, Oh, Convent-Garden! I will cleanse thee of the filth that defiles thee. I will lave thy aged limbs in clear water, and thou shalt arise fresh and whole, and shalt leap for main joy. The market hard by shall offer thee its fruits, and thou shalt eat thereof and be glad. I will dress thee in a fine garment; and the men shall wonder at thy dignity, and the women shall exult in thy comeliness. No more shall thy cheeks be drenched in tears by the arts of the sad Melpomene; no more shall thy sides be shook by the frolics of the laughing Thalia. Costa shall play thee an overture, and Grisi delight with a song. Apollo shall henceforth be thy deity, and Handel shall stand erect in thy corridors, where Shakspeare towered of yore. Tragedy, and comedy, and pantomime, and farce, shalt thou henceforth abandon. Jullien shall no more disturb thee with the 'sherry cobbler' of his promenades, or the midnight revels of his masquers. Opera shall be thy bride—Italian opera. Thou shalt take her to thine arms, and thy progeny shall be as the sands of the sea. Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, and Mozart shall be thine adopted, until issue shall arise from thy loins, born in the land of thy birth. Then shalt thou be again changed, and thy name shall be called ENGLISH OPERA!! Costa shall play thee an overture, and Grisi delight thee with a song." And so Master-mason Beale set to work, and hammered, and sawed, and whitewashed, and plastered, and gilded, and painted, and fringed, and hung curtains, and suspended candelabras, and what not. He sent for men cunning in these matters—Albano, and Ferri, and Verardi, *et cetera*. And Costa agreed to play the overture, and Grisi consented to sing the song; and thus, one half of Beale's prophecy was fulfilled. The other half is in the womb of Time, which will bear it in due season.

On Tuesday evening, at half-past six of the clock, we presented ourselves at the portals of the renovated temple. Our credentials were recognised, and the *Chronicle*, arrayed in his holiday dress, signified the path that we should take. We entered, and found our way to a row of seats in the centre of

the pit, amidst the glories of metropolitan periodical literature. Avoiding the precise *milieu*, we resigned the seat under the chandelier (for special reasons) to the Editor of the *Man in the Moon*, whose jibes and pleasantries made the half hours glide jocosely along. The curtain was raised and the stage was dark; bands of carpenters and henchmen were employed with hammers and nails and saws, hammering, nailing, and sawing. Sturdy decorators were carrying *caryatides* to their destinations, and explaining to them their position as supporters of the first tier of boxes. The aspect was dreary on the whole. A couple of rows of candelabras, with wax lights attached to the first and second tiers of boxes, but half illuminated the vast area—and a couple of rows of pit seats, occupied by the men of letters who had been favoured with an injunction to be an hour in advance of the public, in order that their seats and necks might be secured, gave a dreary first prospect of the audience that should fill the theatre. After a space, however, the carpenters ceased carpentering, the *caryatides* were firmly established in their places, and the curtain went down. The house was built.

Shortly before half-past seven, indications of the public's arrival were manifested visibly and audibly. Persons were shot in through the pit entrance as though they were expelled from the mouth of a cannon. They seemed to leap into their places at one bound. At half-past seven the pit was crammed full, the stalls three-parts full, the boxes half full, the amphitheatres and gallery gorged to repletion. Then arose a murmur, low but audible, against the inefficient manner in which the theatre was lighted. All admired the work of M. Albano and his brethren, but they said they should admire it the more for seeing it the plainer. On the other hand there were some who defended the obscurity, on the ground that it was the continental principle of lighting, and tended to give ten-fold vividness to the scenic illusion. In the midst of this jar of opinions a sudden burst of light flooded the whole interior, the huge chandelier suspended from the roof had been fed with its nourishment of gas, and the effect was as of the broad light of day coming immediately after an eclipse. It was impossible for anything to be more striking. The crowd, dazzled and astonished, bellowed and vociferated "like wood men." Shortly after the members of the orchestra came in, one by one, until the whole "eighty" appeared in the fulness of their glory. Of these, regardless of the influence they had exercised in the establishment of the new Opera, the public, strange to say, took no kind of notice. But when Costa, the conductor, entered, the cheers beat the roof for egress, and finding none, populated the entire space with echoes, which begetting the likes of themselves, there was, as it were, a chaos of unutterable noises. Costa bowed courteously and contentedly in acknowledgment of his reception, and again applauded more vehemently, again bowed more courteously than before.

The awful moment had arrived. Costa raised his *baton*, the overture to *Semiramide* began. The power of the band was soon felt. Excepting—excepting nothing whatever—the overture was played to absolute perfection. There was a torrent of applause but no *encore*, at least none that Costa would accept, for the last chord of the overture was to the pulling up of the curtain, as the flash of lightning to the clap of thunder—only to make the simile hold, the parts must be reversed.

The first *tableau* showed us the intentions of the Covent Garden Company in respect to scenery and decorations. The *coup d'œil* realised the conception of the poet of *Semiramide*, who has indicated "a magnificent temple in honour of Belus,"

in his stage directions. It was superb. But we recognised here, and in the after *tableaux*, the ancient *mise en scene* belonging to the short but memorable dynasty of the Kembles, when *Semiramide* was got up for the gracious Adelaide.

It is not our business here to speak of *Semiramide*. The event we are recording is the opening of the Royal Italian Opera, not the representation of a new work. For those who are unacquainted with the plot, we let these few words suffice to explain it:—After the unnatural death of Ninus, King of Assyria, his widow, the famous Semiramis, in order to satisfy the people, who are impatiently waiting the choice of a successor, tenders her hand in marriage to Arsaces, in the hopes of retaining the crown through her nuptials with the young warrior; but as the event is on the point of being accomplished, the shade of Ninus appears in the vestibules of the palace, and, like the Dane of Shakspeare, calls for vengeance on his murderer, delegating Arsaces as his avenger.

The sequel we borrow from the Royal Italian Opera programme, a *brochure* by no means so elegant as that issued at Her Majesty's Theatre, but preferable on account of its abstaining from controversy and criticism.

"The appearance of the Royal Spectre freezes with terror the soul of the guilty Semiramide, and the perfidious Assur, who, at the instigation of the beautiful Queen, and in the hope of eventually ascending the throne of Assyria, had nefariously taken his Sovereign's life. Remorse seizes on the soul of the guilty wife, and in hope of expiating her crime, she resolves on repudiating Assur, and making choice of Arsace; but she knows not that the Arsace, whom she so passionately loves, is her son. Arsace, to whom the high priest has confided the secret of his birth, swears to avenge his father's death—he seeks out Assur to immolate him to the shade of Ninus. In lieu of Assur, however, he meets Semiramide, and kills her in mistake."

The opera is in two acts. It was Rossini's first essay at *opera seria* on a grand scale, and if it may not rank among his chiefest master-pieces, it certainly contains some of his best music. Its faults lie in the redundancy of its style, exemplified in the length and frequency of uninteresting recitatives, and the constant occurrence of pieces of a trivial character, spun out to inordinate length, and utterly at variance with the sentiment of the scene. Of these the overture, many of the airs, and the majority of the duets, are instances. And yet, being written in the *ad captandum* style, the popularity of the opera holds by these pieces as an expiring swimmer by the straws that lie on the surface of the water. But the finest and most musical portions of *Semiramide* are the choruses, concerted pieces, and finales, which are conceived and executed in Rossini's highest manner. In the *finale* to the first act, there are parts to which the name of Mozart might have been affixed without danger of suspicion, and many of the orchestral effects are brilliant and magnificent. It is quite a mistake to suppose that the heaviness of which *Semiramide* has been accused, not unreasonably, derives from the serious portions of the music. On the contrary, it is the abundance of the lighter pieces, and their dramatic impropriety, which induces a *tedium* that seldom fails to arise from the ineffective and unnatural intermixture of conflicting elements. Be that as it may, *Semiramide* is now so well known as to be beyond the pale of criticism—that is, of periodical criticism, for we have strong doubts whether it will survive long enough to undergo the examination of posterity.

In the first scene, Oroë, chief of the Magi, and Idreno, King of India, introduced us to two of the Royal Italian Opera *troupe*, new to this country—Signor Lavia and Signor Tagliafico, the first a tenor, the second a bass. They are neither of them sufficiently remarkable to warrant a detailed notice, though both of them, and especially the latter, are

likely to prove useful in the subordinate parts. It is enough to say that the tenor is a tenor, and the bass a bass.

The part of Assur devolved upon Signor Tamburini, its admirable representative at Her Majesty's Theatre in the olden time. The appearance of this great dramatic singer, after four years absence from the country, was the signal for cheers, loud, unanimous, and long lasting—so generous and warm, indeed, that the artist was sensibly affected, and trembled with emotion as he bowed his acknowledgments. As by this time the stalls and boxes were all filled, and not a vacant corner was to be seen in the house, a very impressive effect was involved in this hearty recognition of an old and deserving favourite. Tamburini's voice and style have very slightly changed. Perhaps the extreme upper notes of his register, the E flat, E natural, and F, are obtained with less ease than of old, and are less clear and full; but all that facility of vocalising for which he was remarkable before, is as remarkable now as ever, and in his acting we cannot see the slightest falling off. The *Morning Post*, looking at the great artist through its opera glass, may take a different view from ours—but opinions, delivered through the medium of such a criticism as that on the Royal Italian Opera, on Wednesday morning, will have small weight with the public, and will do small good to the journal. It is enough for us to state, and the public will believe us, that throughout his performance on Tuesday evening, Signor Tamburini sang and acted like himself—and we cannot pay him a higher compliment. We must also tender him our acknowledgments for restoring one of the finest scenes in the opera (the last but one of the second act)—that in which Assur, attempting to enter the tomb of Ninus, is terrified and dissuaded by the appearance of the ghost of the murdered monarch. This scene offers a very fine opportunity for the display of the united qualities of the actor and singer, of which Signor Tamburini admirably availed himself. His portrayal of terror, despair, and a stricken conscience, was as fine as consummate dramatic art could make it. It told immensely with the audience, who recalled him on the stage with one voice.

It were a hopeless taste to attempt a verbal description of the enthusiastic acclamations that greeted the *entrée* of the *Semiramide*, the *Diva*, the admirable Grisi. Words cannot paint it, and the pen drops from the hand in despair. Looking young, beautiful, commanding and attractive as ever—full of health and energy, and spirits—Grisi, the inimitable Grisi, who may well disdain all rivalry, while she is her gracious and incomparable self—sang and acted the part of the imperious queen of Babylon, with the grandeur, animation, vivacity, and consummate art which have won for her the undisputed and undisputable title of the Queen of Dramatic Song. Her great points in this, one of her greatest parts, are well known, and we have but to say that she lost not one, but rather endowed them all with threefold force and expression. She was rapturously applauded throughout, and recalled by the audience on several occasions. In a word, Grisi was Grisi. Can we say more? No!

We have now to speak of Mademoiselle Alboni, the great novelty of the night. The debut of this lady was as brilliant as that of Rubini in the *Pirata*, many years ago, which we always count as one of the most exciting scenes our memory has packed up to be recalled when required. Mdlle. Alboni is a legitimate *contralto*. Her voice, which extends in compass from G below the stave to B flat in *alt.*, has the honeyed mellowness of quality that appertains to the *contralto* character to an extraordinary degree. Her tones are ripe, full, and sonorous. A group of notes falling from her

throat has upon the ear much the effect that a bunch of heavy, drooping, juicy grapes would have upon the eye. The mouth waters for their very lusciousness. Her execution is marvellous for a *contralto*, and her command of the upper notes, which have the same effect as the *false alto* of a tenor, is really astonishing. Her style is overflowing with passionate expression, which, in the *cantabile*, sometimes leads her into exaggeration—particularly exemplified by her excessive use of the *legato* and the *glissando* (a term we use for the want of a better) method of taking the more distant intervals—but in the *cabaletta*, where she has no time to hyperbolize, her correct expression, energetic manner, and faultless execution, her chaste and exquisite use of ornament, her finished method of rounding and completing the cadences, are worthy of the highest admiration. In her air, "In sì barbara sciagura," we observed the redundancy of expression we have noted; but in the famous duet, "Giorno d'orrore," with Grisi, we never heard more perfect vocalisation, or more irreproachable taste. The former was encored tumultuously, and the *cabaletta* of the latter, in which Grisi's inimitable *mezza voce* singing was worth a whole opera in itself, received a similar compliment. Mdlle. Alboni was recalled after both pieces, amidst deafening applause. No hit could have been more decided. The first few notes that commence the recitative, "Eccomi alfine in Babilonia," on her entry, gave indications of her rare physical qualities, and before the end of the recitative, the grandeur and finish of her style were made manifest. That at the end of the opera she had established her right to a place among the first mistresses of Italian song, was the unanimous opinion of all present.

Our general impression of the performance of *Semiramide* was highly favorable. The band was in almost all respects admirable. Signor Costa, here in his proper element, proved his supremacy by the absolute control he exercised over his forces, ensuring every *nuance* of expression from *fortissimo* to *pianissimo*, in *crescendo* or in *rallentando*, in *affretando* or in *diminuendo*, as though the entire orchestra were but one instrument on which he performed himself alone. The chorus, too, which was powerful, numerous and efficient, was equally under his control, and conjoined its efforts to those of the band, as though there were not two parties, but one. The accompaniments to the vocal solos were distinguished alike for their delicacy and decisive accentuation. Another thing to be eulogised, and for this Signor Costa is entitled to the credit, is the restoration of almost all that belongs to Rossini's score, there being nothing omitted except some scenes in which Azema, a third female character (the mistress of Arsace) of very subordinate interest, is conspicuous. The curtailment of all that relates to Azema, has, by custom, become traditional, and the interest attached to her share of the music is so small, that few will complain of the loss of it. In conclusion, we have seldom witnessed, perhaps never, a more satisfactory musical and dramatic performance than that of *Semiramide* on Tuesday night—satisfactory no less on account of its completeness than of its minute attention to detail. The opera concluded, the three great artists, Alboni, Tamburini, and Grisi, were re-called before the curtain and enthusiastically cheered, a profusion of bouquets being administered to the ladies.

After the opera, which was not over till nearly twelve o'clock, a *ballet* in two *tableaux*, the composition of M. Albert, a gentleman of high repute in his profession, was produced, but did not make so great a hit as the opera. The materials are slender enough. The caprices of Cora, the favourite slave of Prince Mirkan, who, like all oriental potentates, keeps a

harem—her infringement upon the etiquette of the harem, going so far as to break the *meerschum* pipe of the Prince—the anger of the latter—the disdain of Cora—the pretended infidelity of Prince Mirkan—the purchase of four new slaves for his harem—the dancing of these for his delight—his undelight at their dancing—the appearance of a fifth, veiled—the dancing of the fifth for his delight—his delight at her dancing—the unveiling of the unknown dancer—the discovery that it is Cora—the reconciliation of the Prince and his favourite—the purchase by Cora, and liberation by Cora of the four slaves—and the usual end of such matters. This ballet has no pretensions, but it is elegantly put upon the stage, and the dancing of Madlle. Fleury, in Cora, is exquisitely graceful and characteristic. Madlle. Fleury does not please so much by the wonders of agility as by elegance of manner and charming unaffectedness of deportment. She was greatly applauded, and with reason. Madlle. Neodot, who, like Madlle. Fleury, is already known to this country through the enterprise of Mr. Bunn, also distinguished herself highly in a *pas de deux* with Madlle. Bertin (we believe), and the *corps* of odalisques. A *pas de quatre*, by Madlles. Auriol, Delechaux, Stephan, and Demelisse, attracted some attention. But the gem of the ballet was Madlle. Fleury's *Sévilana*, a spirited national dance, performed with the utmost *naïveté* and *abandon*.

M. M. Gontier and Mobile, dancers of some pretension, also added to the attractions of the evening. M. O'Bryan, as Caléh the pirate and slave merchant, acted with great truth and intelligence, and showed himself a thorough master of the exigencies of the scene. The music, by M. Curmi, is light and sparkling enough, and the scenery, by Messrs. Grieve and Telbin, is worthy of their experienced brushes. On the whole, however, the *ballet* was not on a par with the musical department; but we expect much from a new one, announced for the *debut* of Dumilatre, who is well-known to us, and will receive a hearty welcome.

It was long past one before the performances had concluded, and half the audience had departed ere the termination of the *ballet*. But all exceptions made that can possibly be made, the opening of the Royal Italian Opera was an event that will long be fresh in the memory of the public. The novelty and splendour of the theatre itself, designed and completed in so short a space of time, and the perfection of the operatic representation in almost every respect constituted a theme for comment which is likely to endure for the life time of each individual member of the mighty crowd assembled.

On Thursday the same performances were repeated, with increased effect, the same reception and the same applause being awarded to the artists. To-night there will be no change, but on Tuesday the *Lucia di Lammermoor*, with Persiani, Salvi, and Ronconi, will be given, and a second batch of the company will be tested. The *Italiana* of Rossini is announced, a piece of news that will gratify every lover of the early compositions of the "Swan of Pesaro." Mario will make his first appearance in *Puritani* on Saturday next, with Grisi, Ronconi, and Tamburini.

Ere concluding, we may state, that the death of Mr. Moralt has raised Mr. Hill, our best tenor-player, to the part of first tenor in the orchestra, Mr. Hill's place being taken by Mr. Thomas.

CONCERTS.

MADAME DULCKEN'S MATINEE MUSICALE.—The third of these entertainments took place on Wednesday last, when Madame

Dulcken performed a selection of pieces remarkable for their variety and their excellence. There was a Quartet of Ries, Hummel's Quintet in E flat minor, Weber's *Invitation pour la Valse*, a study of Thalberg, and Beethoven's Sonata in B flat, one of the least generally known, but one of the most melodious and beautiful he ever wrote. In all of these she displayed her great command of the instrument to advantage, and her playing wanted on this occasion none of that finish for which it has often been so justly praised, while it had enough of style to prove her a first rate artist. In the concerted pieces, Mr. Blagrove on the violin, Mr. Westlake on the tenor, Mr. Hausmann on the violoncello, and Mr. C Severn on the double-bass played with their accustomed success. Mr. L Schulz executed a fantasia on the guitar, as only he could execute it, and it is happy for the art that he stands thus unrivalled, for were there many who could do on the guitar what he does, we fear it would be before long forced into the bit of musical instruments to which we cannot at present think it legitimately belongs. The vocal music was supported by Mr. Manvers, Mr. Kneipel, and Madame G. A. Macfarren, and was all accompanied by Mr. Kuhe, with the exception of a "Winterlied" of Mendelssohn, in which Madame Macfarren accompanied herself. This was a perfect gem, brimful of character, and to us quite a novelty: this fair vocalist deserves our thanks for bringing it to light, and she owes no less to the song than we owe to her, for it gave her a great opportunity for the display of her beautiful voice and true musical feeling. We must not omit to mention one of Mr. Macfarren's MS. German canzonets, which produced more effect than any other vocal piece of the morning, which was chiefly attributed to his wife's excellent singing. The *matinée* was most fashionably attended.

CLASSICAL CONCERTS, GREENWICH.—The fourth meeting of the third annual series of these entertainments, took place at the Lecture Hall on Wednesday evening, under the direction of Mr. Carte. The concert consisted of a selection from the works of Sir Henry Bishop, and was conducted by the composer. The principal vocalists were Miss Birch, Miss M. B. Hawes, Miss Thornton; and the Messrs. Lockey, Machin, Barnby, Wetherbee and Soubridge. Between the parts, Mr. Rockstro performed a fantasia on the pianoforte, and Mr. Henry Blagrove a solo on the violin. Mr. Carte, who is the head and front of these entertainments, is deserving of much commendation for the care and time he has expended on them.

MR. FREDERICK CHATTERTON'S "First Grand Concert this season,"—so entitled in the bills—was given at the Sadler's Wells Theatre last week. The Concert was certainly a Grand Concert for that neighbourhood, and must have startled the unaccustomed communities of the Islington wherrabouts by the novelty of the entertainment, as well as by the importation of so many vocal celebrities. Verily Sadler's Wells is treading closely on the steps of the aristocratic districts, and if it goes on progressing in the same ratio, we may augur of its galling the kibes of May Fair or St. James's before many seasons have run their rounds. The Concert was divided into three parts. This seems to have settled down into the proper allotment of portions in a concert by the modern *beneficiaires*, and certainly the extent of most programmes warrants or rather necessitates such a division. Formerly *quality* was the moving power of all entertainments, both musical and theatrical: now it would seem that *quantity* rather than *quality* is the requisite, or *desideratum*, especially in entertainments of music. Her Majesty's Theatre first set the example, having the first necessity, and with so infallible an authority staring us in the face, we do not feel ourselves inclined to quarrel with the introduction of LONG NIGHTS. Well, then, Mr. Frederick Chatterton's Concert was a very long one, and was very properly apportioned into three sections; but it was also a very good concert; though so long, it did not weary the audience. The chief vocalists as Miss Birch, Madame F. Lablache, *The Braham*, Mr. Harrison, Signor F. Lablache and John Parry, to which we may add the lesser lights, though not unshining, of the Misses. Allen, Steele, Moriatt O'Connor, and Mary Rose; with Messrs. Henry Smith, Genge, N. J. Sporie, and Furtado. The solo instrumentalists were Herr Koenig, (Cornet); Miss Kate Loder, (piano); Miss Day, (piano); Mr. Carte (Flute); Mr. Willy, (violin); Mr. Sedgwick, (concertina); and Mr. Frederick Chatterton, (harp). The conductors were Mr. Louis Leo and Mr. J. H. Willy. The Concert containing upwards of forty *morceaux*, our readers will perceive at once the inutility of giving more than a few selections from the performances. In the first part, we admired most the *fantasia* on the Gothic harp, very finely played by Mr. Chatterton; the "Casta Diva" of Miss Birch;

Rossini's *Tarentella*, an admirable performance by F. Lablache, and a Scotch Ballad by Madame F. Lablache. We must not omit recording our gratification on hearing Miss Mary Rose a second time in Meyerbeer's very difficult cavatina, "Robert toi que j'aime." We, however, cannot help feeling that the choice of this aria for a debutante is somewhat venturesome; nevertheless, we would not presume to dictate to so good a supervisor as Mr. Louis Leo. In part second, a duet of Donizetti's by Madame and Signor F. Lablache, a solo on the Boehm Flute, "The Return" from Roch-Albert's Maritime Melodies, for voice and cornet, performed by Miss Birch and Herr Koenig; a grand duet for two pianofortes, by the Misses Kate Loder and Day, and an aria buffa from *Cenerentola*, by F. Lablache, were among the performances most favorably received. We must not forget the patriarch Braham, who was received with thunders of applause in "The Bay of Biscay," and a duet with Miss Birch. The third part, consisting entirely of performances by the Lantum Ethiopian Serenaders, calls for no particular notice.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

DRURY LANE.—This theatre was crowded to excess in every part on Monday night, the attraction being Wallace's favourite opera, *Martina*, and the new grand oriental spectacle, *The Desert; or, the Imaun's Daughter*. The extraordinary preparation for the spectacle, so widely circulated and made known through various channels to the public, excited great expectation among the spectators. Although great attention was paid to the opera and several *encores* honoured the singers, it was apparent each anxious eye looked for the great event of the evening. Accordingly, when the curtain rose on the first scene, the feelings of anxiety and suspense, so long circumscribed, found a vent for their escape in tumultuous cheers for a very splendid scenic representation of the exterior of the Grand Temple of Mecca, illuminated by hundreds of lamps. The next scene, the Ruins of an Ancient Egyptian Tower, was equally applauded. The Desert scene was the grand *coup* of the first act. Here was observed the arrival of the caravan, escorted by troops of mounted guards, with twelve camels, conducting the litter of Princess Ipomaye, (Miss Messent) and other attendants and followers, till the stage was literally covered. The effect of this scene was brilliant and imposing, and was received with tremendous applause by the audience. The caravan halts and is attacked by Bedouin Arabs, the troops resist, and in the midst of the *mélée* the Simoon, or Wind of Fire, rises, and threatens all with destruction. The rising of the sand was managed with extraordinary effect. In the second act, the Desert (by star-light) presented one of the most beautiful scenes we have ever witnessed at old Drury, and is entirely worthy of this great establishment. A dance, of an Arabian character, called "*La Fantasia Araba and Danza delle Almee*," was introduced here, the music being selected from Felicien David's *Le Desert*. The executants comprised nearly the whole female department of the Drury Lane *ballet* company, including the Mesdemoiselles Louise, Adele, Giubilei, Les Soeurs St. Louin, &c. &c. The dance was greatly applauded. Last scene of all represented the Arch of Triumph conducting to the Euphrates, through which passed a grand procession, accompanied by a brass band, escorting the Prince of Persia, (Mr. Rafter) in a gorgeous nuptial chariot, drawn by two elephants, and attended by more than fifty horses, in conjunction with all the camels, forming altogether, as the bills truthfully indicated, one of the most magnificent cavalcades ever presented to the public. The principal portion of the music was taken from *Le Desert*, the chief vocalists being Miss Messent, Mr. Rafter, and Miss Rebecca Isaacs. Miss Messent was very happy in the *cavatina*, "Sweet Charity," which she delivered with much taste and feeling. She was also excellent in the *aria*, "Nearer as we approach." Mr. Rafter deserves honourable mention for his share in the vocal department. We

must not forget Miss Rebecca Isaacs, who sang a "Lament" very charmingly. The chorus was numerous and efficient. The story to which Monsieur David's music is wedded, and to which all the horses, the twelve camels, the two gigantic elephants, (by the way, two *small* elephants would be a greater curiosity) and the retinue, *ad infinitum*, have been appended, is taken from *Lalla Rookh*, Miss Messent performing the tulip-cheek princess under another appellation, and Mr. Rafter taking the prince minstrel, Feramorz, with merely a different cognomen, while Harley's Fuzzel Oola is no less a personage than our dearly beloved Fadladeen in disguise. We must not forget to name the inimitable acting of Harley in the old tom-fool courtier. The audience roared with laughter every time he appeared. His self-important look and swagger were exquisitely comic. We do not remember any production of this kind involving such complication of scenery, machinery, and so many intricacies of stage tactics, which went so smoothly on its first representation. Every credit is due to the manager for the care and money he has expended in getting up this really Elephantine Spectacle. We hope such liberality will meet with all the favour it deserves from the public.

HAYMARKET.—The Easter entertainment of this theatre is an entirely new and original, classical, astronomical, quizzical, polytechnical, experimental, operatical and pantomimical extravaganza, rejoicing in the title of *The New Planet, or Harlequin out of Place*. It was produced on Monday night with great splendour in the scenery, decorations, and appointments, and was very successful. *The New Planet* is indited by Mr. Planché, author of *Fortunio* and *The Invisible Prince*. The entire fable of the piece is grounded on an invitation given by the New Planet to all her brotherhood and sisterhood of the Solar System, and when they arrive, instead of partaking of refreshment, or amusement, Mother Earth invites them to see her territories, which, without any reason, they all accept, omitting Jupiter and Juno for classical reasons assigned, and Vesta for an obvious one. They all depart, and Mercury, transformed into Harlequin, shows them the London sights. This is the whole construction and interest of the *New Planet*. It is interspersed with considerably too great a quantity of music. In regard to the writing, we remember no production of Mr. Planché's more full of good things. It is quite overstocked with new and happy hits, which told very well with the audience. Several of the scenes received great applause, especially the view of London by moonlight at the Colosseum, which was an admirable specimen of scenic painting. The introduction of the Spirits of the two rival Opera houses was a happy idea, but much of its point was lost by being put to music. Miss Reynolds is much improved, sung with great taste, and was deservedly encored in her scena from *Norma*. Miss P. Horton introduced a ballad, a burlesque on "Molly Bawn," "O, Jenny Lind! why lave me pinin?" which this lady gave with careful enunciation, though we hardly say so much for her in all her music. This ballad was deservedly encored, being exceedingly well sung, and having so nicely seized on one of the noisiest topics of the day. We must not forget to name Miss P. Horton's capital singing in a travestie on "Una Voce," which was given with great effect, and in a manner that told us of great improvement in the fair artist. Mr. Buckstone was extremely amusing as Harlequin. Mr. Bland's Mars was a small part, but he made much of it. If the music was abridged, the *New Planet* would be considerably improved. The house was very full.

FRENCH PLAYS.—On Monday, we hailed with delight the return of Mademoiselle Rose Chéri. Few actresses have

succeeded in gaining popularity so suddenly, and very few have known how to draw so closely the tie which unites the artist to the public. It needs but little judgment to discover the reason of this sympathy, of this *entente cordiale* between the parties; the actress, on the one hand, is intelligent, pretty, and natural; and on the other, the public, although occasionally apt to be led away by false pathos and brilliant declamation, feels its error when the real thing is set before it, and appreciates so much the more highly what is true and unaffected. Mademoiselle Rose Chéri is not a dramatic actress, yet her efforts are decidedly dramatic; for she can draw tears from the eyes, and cause the heart to heave, without any of the straining of our ordinary melo-dramatic queens. She has all the vivacity of a Déjazet, all her humour and *naturel*, but is decidedly more lady-like in her manners. After *Le Secret du Ménage*, a three-act piece, in verse, an importation from the *Théâtre Français*, in which Madame Duluc, Mademoiselle Angèle, and Monsieur Langeval played in the most satisfactory manner, we had *Un Changement de Main*, brought out at this theatre last year, and a new piece, written expressly for Mademoiselle Rose Chéri, by M. Scribe. Both pieces are clever, the dialogue is smart, and the allusions witty and judicious. The first is an episode in the history of Elizabeth, empress of Russia, and turns upon the sudden elevation to power and favour of the unfortunate Alexis Romanouski. A slight outline of the plot may prove acceptable to our readers. Alexis has had an intrigue with the wife of a certain Count Schvaloff, minister of the police, and through the influence of the latter, is sent to a fortress; here he gains the affections of all the inmates, and is on excellent terms with the governor and his daughter, who give him an opportunity to effect his escape. He profits by it to deliver a prisoner brought into the fortress on the previous night, and who is no other than the natural son of Peter the Great, whom the zealous Elizabeth had confined in a dungeon for more than ten years. On the discovery of the prisoner's escape, the governor gives himself up for lost, but the generous Alexis steps forward and impersonates the prince; for some time the secret remains undiscovered, the false prince finds favour in the eyes of the empress, and profits by the opportunity to advance his own private affairs, by relating the intrigue of the minister's wife, and obtaining his own release from prison; but the storm at last bursts, and he is condemned to death, not so much on account of his crime, as of the jealousy which the empress had conceived against Foedora, the governor's daughter. Luckily the tables are again turned, he proves his attachment to have been nothing more than brotherly affection, and he obtains his pardon; and here the *Changement de Main* takes place. We shall not venture to explain in what the change consists, such things had better be touched with a light hand; and our neighbours are judicious enough to convey their meaning without entering into detail, still more difficult to render in English. The piece was excellently played. Mademoiselle Rose Chéri's Elizabeth was a *chef d'œuvre* of dramatic art—overflowing with humour at once—unctuous and quiet. Mademoiselle Vallée was in the highest degree graceful and attractive in the part of Foedora. M.M. Duméry and Langeval, the former especially, contributed much to the success of the piece. M. Rhozevil is decidedly one of the most useful actors attached to this theatre and there is a *distinction* in all he does that raises him far above the common. *La Protégée Sans le Savoir*, is decidedly an acquisition to the *repertoire* of the French plays. It is written with all the neatness and elegance of M. Scribe's versatile and ready pen, and abounds in wit of the most refined and delicate order. *Hélène* is an

orphan, left with no resource but her pencil, her position has been considerably ameliorated through the generosity of a benevolent nobleman, Lord Albert Clavering, who buys up all her pictures, unknown to her, at very high prices. This excites the astonishment of Durocher, her former master, and he conceives suspicion against the innocence of his pupil. He soon discovers how matters stand, and insists upon their prompt termination. This brings the parties to their senses and they now find that gratitude on one side and benevolence on the other had gradually ripened into love. Lord Albert, although engaged to another lady, offers his hand to Hélène and is accepted with joy. At this juncture he receives a letter, which reveals the ruin of the lady's father, and he finds himself bound in honour not to break his contract at such a moment, and in this he is seconded by Hélène, although she is almost broken-hearted. A certain Lord Tressilyan, who figures in the piece as an amusing English fop, had gained the affection of the lady in question and elopes with her, leaving a letter in which he offers to give any satisfaction to Lord Albert; but Lord Albert could not be better satisfied than by the news which this letter discloses and the turn which matters have taken. The marriage of the peer and the poor orphan is newly covenanted and the piece ends. M. Cartigny was admirable as Durocher, the French painter, who is not over fond of the English, but who still finds much to admire and esteem in them. The allusions were well taken by the English part of the audience and although, at times very severe, excited no feelings but those of good-humoured hilarity. Nothing could have been more exquisitely natural than Mademoiselle Rose Chéri's impersonation of Hélène, it is decidedly one of her most charming performances and embodies to the life the graceful creation of M. Scribe. In pathos and in gaiety Mademoiselle Chéri is equally effective, and her acting altogether betrays an absence of all effort which is of itself a wonderful charm. M. Rhozevil played the part of Clavering with true sentiment and gentlemanly bearing, to which M. Pascal's pleasant effrontery in Tressilyan formed a very happy contrast. Both these pieces were repeated on Wednesday to a crowded house. Among Mademoiselle Chéri's next performances will be the celebrated *Clarisse* (founded on Jules Janin's version of *Clarissa Harlowe*) which was so very successful in Paris. We are most anxious to see this charming and intelligent actress in this part. J. de C——x.

ADELPHI.—The management of this house had recourse to no novelties to uphold the festive time of Easter. It has thought it more prudent, or more politic, to adhere to the *Flowers of the Forest*, and the *Phantom Dancers*. Certain the last piece has had a long run, but nevertheless, it is still fresh as a two year old, and will rattle along for many a night yet. The splendour of its scenery, and the captivating acting of Madame Celeste, independent of its written merits, must insure frequent repetition of the *Phantom Dancers*. The *Flowers of the Forest* is one of Mr. Buckstone's best dramas, and has obtained great success for the Adelphi. The house has been crammed in every part during the week, and the two performances were visited with vociferous applause.

PRINCESS'S.—Auber's opera of the *Barcarole* was produced on Monday night at this theatre for the first time in England. Our crowded columns this week preclude us from noticing the opera at any length. We have therefore determined to postpone our review until the ensuing number.

After the *Barcarole*, the *Midsummer Night's Dream* was produced with considerable splendour, and in a style of completeness, that would reflect credit on any management. All the resources of the theatre were made available, and the operatic, serious, comic, and ballet bands conjoined their forces to make one great whole. The cast of characters was excellent. Compton played Bottom

with inimitable humour, making the part ridiculous and laughable in the extreme, without having recourse to the slightest tinge of exaggeration. We have seen nothing of the kind more exquisite than his death scene as Pyramus. Mr. S. Cowell's Flute was almost equally good. Nothing could be better than his performance of Thisbe in the play. Indeed all the "hard-handed artizans" were as well supported as could be desired. The cast of, what may be termed the serious portion of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, if not so good as the comic, was meritorious. Mr. Henry Hughes played Theseus very cleverly, though inclining a little servilely to mimic a modern actor. He read the part with correct emphasis and nice enunciation. Mr. James Vining was good as Lysander, as was also Mr. C. Fisher as Demetrius. Of the ladies, our award of prior excellence must needs go to Mrs. Stirling, who performed the charming Hermia most charmingly, and left but little to be desired. If this lady would endeavour to eschew a certain familiarity of tone and manner that pervades all her serious performances, she would, if she succeeded, find herself considerably elevated in public estimation. Mrs. Stirling is one of our especial favourites, but still there is too much of the free and easy tone in her voice and manner, to make her all we could desire, or all she might be, in the higher walks of acting. Mrs. H. Hughes, who obtained a great reception, has apparently talent, but was a deal too lachrymose in Helena. She had a tear for nearly every word, and a piteous moan for every look. This style of acting is, to us, intolerable. Mrs. H. Hughes was dressed in a style that by no means commanded our admiration. Miss Winstanley, from the provinces, made her first appearance in Hippolyta. She has a fine person, and rather an expressive countenance. She seemed natural and easy, and delivered the little she had to speak—the chief portion of this character being omitted—with point and clearness. The mythological parts were very strongly cast. Miss Sara Flower was the Oberon, Miss Anne Romer, Titania, Miss Marshall, Puck, and the Misses Georgiana Smithson, E. Honner, and L. Marshall, principal Fairies. The music was selected from Mendelssohn, T. Cooke, C. Horn, and Edward Loder. Mendelssohn's overture was performed previous to the play. The vocal music, on the whole, did not go well. Some of the *morceaux* were insipid in the extreme; some only bad, some indifferent, and some good. An aria, by Miss Anne Romer, "Come, wait upon him," struck us as being the best vocal specimen of the piece. We did not hear it previously, but from the character of its melody, and its orchestral points, we ascribe it at once to Mr. Edward Loder. It is a pity that the manager, who must have expended a large sum in getting up the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, did not bring it out with all Mendelssohn's music. The music appended to the piece, at present, has very little claim on our interest, if we except the song alluded to above, and some *petit morceaux* of Mendelssohn, scattered throughout. The scenery was most excellent. One of the scenes, a lake beside a wood near Athens, was very beautiful, as is also Titania's bower, with the water-fall adjacent. The appointments and decorations were in keeping with the scenery, while the machinery and changes were managed with great effect. The double gauze curtain, let down while Puck was leading Lysander and Demetrius astray, gave a dreamy appearance to the scene that told well. Of the vocalists, we would select Miss Sara Flower and Miss Anne Romer as worthy of great commendation; nor can we conclude without a warm testimonial in praise of Miss Marshall's Puck. The house was very full, and the performance vehemently applauded throughout.

THE LYCEUM.—A new drama from the popular pen of Mr. Shirley Brooks, was on Thursday produced at this theatre. It was called *The Creole*, and was principally founded upon those prejudices of blood and colour which exercised such a striking influence over the local passions of the Mauritius at the time that island belonged to the French government. The play touched more upon the serious than has generally been the custom with the productions of this author. The plot was carefully and neatly constructed, and what farce was introduced was in good and subdued taste. Mrs. Keeley had an eccentric serious character, which she played as Mrs. Keeley alone can play, and was admirably supported by Keeley himself, Frank Matthews, Emery, Leigh Murray, and little Mary Keeley, who sang a charming song of

Alexander Lee's, called "Waves of Gold in Music breaking," with great feeling. The scenery was beautiful and did that very clever artist, Phillips, and his coadjutors great credit. The piece, which was preceded by a pleasant overture by the composer of the song, met with deserved success.

PROVINCIAL.

MISS EMILY GRANT.—We are glad to see this young lady's *debut* at the Manchester Harmonic Society, in Haydn's "Seasons," performed on Wednesday last, at the Free Trade Hall, on the Society's last free dress concert of the season, to an audience of upwards of 2000 persons. She was most successful, and loud and enthusiastic was the encore which she unanimously received in the song "There was a Squire," though coming at the conclusion of the performances.—*Sheffield Iris*.

A NEW CHORAL SOCIETY has been organised out of the dispersed materials of the former Philharmonic (?) which, as most of our readers are aware, expired with the effort made to get out of debt by a grand performance last Summer, and from a want of harmony and unity of purpose among many of its professional members. The new society we believe, is established upon a different basis, and we hope will attain to more fortunate results. The members are to meet for practice every Thursday evening, and it is proposed to give four public concerts during the year, should there appear any disposition on the part of our resident gentry to encourage such a design. Mr. Packwood has undertaken the laborious and troublesome office of Honorary Secretary, and Mr. R. Butt that of leader.—*The Cheltenham Looker-on*.

MANCHESTER.—(From our own Correspondent.)—The eighth and last ordinary meeting of the Gentlemen's Glee Club, for its 16th season, was held on Thursday the 1st instant, when a very good selection of glees and chorusses, from the works of Atwood, Sir H. R. Bishop, T. Cooke, Clifton, Spohr, were performed by our resident vocalists; the club-room was not so full as usual, which may be attributed to the meeting occurring in Passion Week, and the unwonted severity of the weather, which was as bitter a night of snow and frost as any we had in the depth of winter. The Ladies night, or dress concert is fixed for Thursday the 22nd, for which Mrs. Sunderland is engaged.

FARNHAM.—The organ of the Church has been closed for several weeks, to admit of its undergoing thorough repair. New stops are added, and other improvements have taken place materially to the advantage of the instrument. Mr. Walker, of Francis Street, Tottenham Court Road, was employed as renovator. The Farnham organ now contains great organ stop, diapason, 2 open ditto, principal flute twelfth, fifteenth, sesquialtra, mixture and trumpet. In the swell double diapason, stop D, open ditto, principal, fifteenth sesquialtra, trumpet, and hautboy. In the choir, stop, diapason, open ditto, dulciana, principal fifteenth, cremona and flute, it has also 1½ octave pedal pipes, composition pedals, couplers, &c. and is now a very fine instrument. Mr. Thomas Baynham, the organist, re-opened the instrument on Sunday, when there was a very large congregation, who were greatly pleased and much surprised at the improvements. Mr. Thomas Baynham played some voluntaries in a masterly style, which tended in no small degree to exhibit the excellencies of the instrument.

EXETER.—(From a Correspondent.)—The Messrs. Smith, music sellers of this city, gave a grand concert on Monday evening at the Subscription Rooms, which brought together a large concourse of people. The principal attraction of the evening was Madame Bishop, whose coming was looked upon by the Exeter folk as a great treat. Our old friend, John Parry, was also engaged, and added no little to the interest of the evening's entertainment. The other singers were the Messrs. Callway, Avent, Carpenter, and Branscombe, all good men and true, and who only require their names to be more widely disseminated to be better known. Madame Bishop, on entering the orchestra, was most warmly applauded. She looked extremely well, and was most magnificently dressed, wearing a profusion of jewels, which, we understood, were presented to her by various continental Potentates. Madame Bishop's singing is highly dramatic. Her voice has a silvery quality, and is extremely clear. She executes passages with surprising facility, and is altogether a most highly finished artist. Her singing produced a great effect. She was encored three times. Madame Bishop's last performance of the evening was the grand scena from *Tancredi*, which she sang in costume, and delivered in such a manner as to call forth vehement cheering. John was of course encored in all he sung, and made the audience scream with laughter. He is a great favorite everywhere. On Tuesday the Ball, rendered memorable by the controversy between the Bishop of Exeter and the Mayor, was held in the Subscription Rooms, and was exceedingly well supported.

MEASHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The annual concert at this village took place on Monday last, when the Messiah was performed by a band and chorus of about seventy musicians. Mr. Webb, of Aston, led, and Mr. H. Dennis, of Measham, conducted on the occasion, and both ably filled the difficult positions assigned them. The latter deserves especial notice for the firmness and excellent superintendence he displayed, which added much to the successful performance of the oratorio. The principal vocalists were Messrs. Gough and Pursall, of Birmingham, and Mr. Branstom and Miss Waldrom, of Leicester. Miss Waldrom had, consequently, to undertake the whole, and was deservedly applauded throughout by the audience. Mr. Gough's bass songs also met with a similar reception. He possesses a fine voice. In the alto song, "O thou that tellest," Mr. C. Smith, of Leicester, was unexpectedly called upon to sing, and acquitted himself very creditably. The choruses went off with great force and precision. The attendance was very good, every place being filled up where a view of the orchestra could be obtained. Every one appeared to be well satisfied, and the projectors deserve great praise for the excellent arrangements in every department.—*Leicester Journal.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. D'ALMAINE.—Last week Mr. Mackinlay gave a dinner in Soho-square to a number of gentlemen connected with the musical profession, who had subscribed towards a testimonial which was presented on the occasion to Mr. D'Almaine, the eminent music publisher, on his retirement from business after a period of *fifty years*. The testimonial, which consisted of a very elegant candelabra, was presented by Sir George Smart, in a very neat address to Mr. D'Almaine, who acknowledged the honour and kindness conferred on him, in a very feeling manner. In returning thanks, after his health had been proposed, Sir Henry Bishop spoke in the warmest terms of Mr. D'Almaine's kindness to him from his earliest musical career; and he gave instances of the little acquaintance theatrical managers, in general, had with music; for his "Tramp Chorus," in the *Knight of Snowden*, the "Chough and Crow" in *Guy Rammering*, and "Mynheer Van Dunck" in the *Law of Java*, were cut out at the rehearsals; but on strong remonstrances being made, they were, at the eleventh hour, *allowed* to be sung. Need we add how universally popular these three fine compositions became. Professor Taylor, in proposing Mr. Mackinlay's health, paid him many compliments for his taste and talent, and wished him prosperity as the worthy nephew of a worthy uncle. In the course of the evening the following compositions, by Sir H. Bishop, were sung, accompanied by the composer, "Sleep, gentle lady," "Come, thou monarch of the vine," and "Mynheer Van Dunck," by Messrs. Barnby, Handel Gear, Parry, J. C. Addison, Milson, E. Taylor, and Machin; the latter sung a couple of songs extremely well, accompanied by George Kailmark, and the evening passed off most delightfully; and, to Mr. D'Almaine, it must have been highly gratifying to receive, at the hands of so many old friends and associates, such a *memento* of their respect and esteem.

MR. BRAHAM, Signor F. Lablache, Sterndale Bennett, Signor Emiliani, Miss Rainforth, the Misses Williams, Miss M. B. Hawes, and several vocalists will attend the festival of the Royal Society of Musicians, on the 19th inst., at which the gallant Lord Saltoun will preside.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.—We have heard that Madame Castellan, Madame Caradori, Miss Dolby, Gardoni, and Staudigl, will sing at the Ancient Concert, on the 21st inst., which will be under the direction of the Duke of Wellington.

It is more than probable that H. R. H. Prince Albert will be installed at Cambridge early in July; the *commencement* will begin on the 3rd, and the ode will be performed on the 6th, should the ceremony take place.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.—The first performance of Mendelssohn's "Elijah" is fixed for Friday next. The composer will direct the orchestra on the occasion.

MR. BUNN.—We are delighted to inform our readers that the enterprising manager of Drury Lane is still to govern the fortunes of the temple in Russell-street. Mr. Bunn continues the lease-ship of the theatre for a term, the length of which has not transpired. The longer the better.

MADemoiselle RACHEL.—After all the rumours industriously spread about the impossibility of the great French Tragedian coming to London this season, we are happy to state that such reports are entirely unfounded, and to announce that Madlle. Rachel will come to the St. James's theatre to fulfil her stipulated engagement with Mr. Mitchell.

MR. WILSON.—Has been giving his entertainments with his usual success in Scotland, since his return from Paris, and during the past week has been singing in Berwick, Newcastle, Sheffield, and Derby, on his way to London, where he is to commence his entertainments next Monday in his old quarters in the Music Hall, Store Street.

MRS. NISBETT will re-appear at the Haymarket Theatre 'on Monday next in Sheridan Knowles's comedy of the *Love Chase*.

HERR STAUDIGL has arrived in London.

MADemoiselle CERITO and **M. St. LEON** are hourly expected.

ADELPHI.—A new opera *buffa*, or local sketch called *Jenny Lind*, will be produced at this theatre on Monday next, in which Messrs. Wright, Paul Bedford, and Miss Woolgar will perform.

MADAME PLEYEL.—This celebrated pianist will arrive in England in the middle of the present month. She has been playing at the Court, and the *Conservatoire*, at Brussels, with her usual brilliant success.

MUSICAL CRITICISMS.—(*From Punch.*)—We attended on Monday evening last, one of those cheering *reunions* in Coventry-street which owe their existence to the energy of the celebrated virtuoso Blowaway, whose fame on the trombone is quite metropolitan. These meetings may be considered as now firmly established; and there is an indescribable charm about them, for they combine the graces of a *fête champêtre* with the most delicious banquet of harmony. The executants stand in a line, the audience forming a sort of social circle round them, so that there is none of the stiffness complained of in those great musical meetings at the Hanover Square, and other rooms hitherto confined to concert purposes. The programme of Monday was not merely promising, but it was positively luscious. It offered a rich treat to the scholar and the more dilettante, for this has been the happy medium always hit by Blowaway. The first piece was a Polka in A, B, C, from the Hop 82 of Jullien. Every note of this was deliciously rendered by the executants. Every virtuoso knows what an ophycleide is in the mouth of Brown, and on this occasion it was more remarkable than ever for breadth and largeness. Tunks on the triangle exhibited all the wonderful scholarship with which he invariably touches the tender instrument. We rather trembled for him in the magnificent scherzo, but he came out gloriously, and his fellow executants winked their approbation, in the true spirit of artists who are beyond all professional jealousy.

Blowaway's trombone passages were almost appalling from their intensity. He threw out his instrument to its fullest extent in the stupendous largo, until we fancied we were in the presence of some mighty magician, who was overwhelming us with some potent spell, which it was impossible to stand against. Rumble was a little uncertain on the drum, as if he were nervous at the outset in attacking such a work as Jullien's Hop 82; but he soon warmed up, and made the parchment tell gloriously in the tretta, though his drum-stuck became a little flat towards the end, from excess of energy. Tweedle took the piccolo in the absence of Bopham, whose neatness was much wanted in the gush of learning which opens the ninth bar, and continues till near the end of the morceau, when a perfect shower of semiquavers prepare us for the grand effect of six consecutive appoggiature, terminating in two triplets, ten arpeggios, and a bar of minims. Those only who know what Tweedle can do with the wood, when seconded by Blowaway on the brass, will be able to form a conception of this wondrous passage in the mouths of two such executants. The virtuoso were enraptured, when—Here we regret to say our criticism is brought to a close by the abrupt termination of the concert. A sudden movement in A, of the police, conducted by Sergeant Strapper, with his bâton in hand as chef d'attaque, dispersed the executants at once, to the great disappointment of the dilettanti, who were reluctantly compelled to separate.

MADAME BOURDIN has been appointed teacher of dancing to the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal. This lady was formerly instructress to her Majesty in this elegant accomplishment.

Mr. JOHN PARRY has been singing during the week, at Exeter, Salisbury, Wigan, and Manchester, and he is engaged to sing at Leicester, Liverpool, Bath and other places, next week.

Mr. JAMES M'CALLA died on Saturday last; he was a member of the Royal Society of Musicians, and has left five orphan children, whose mother died last year.

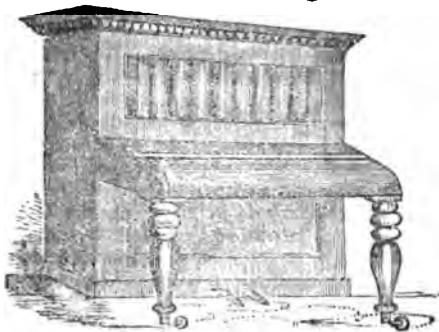
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A letter addressed to Professor Walmisley, Trinity College, Cambridge, will be the best mode of ascertaining the regulations to be observed in regard to Musical degrees.

A SUBSCRIBER, (Lincoln).—A composer has a right to a song, published on his own account, for forty-two years; and should he die before that period expires, his family will have the same right up to that time, from its first publication. Persons purchasing books or music from authors or composers, possess the same right, provided they have been published since the recent new act respecting copyright.

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Composed by M. Albert. The Music by Signor Curmi.

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Les Odalisques Pas de Deux Nouveau . . . MADLLE. DE MELISSE,

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Pas Seul Nouveau . . . MLLE. FLEURY,

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Pas de Deux Nouveau . . M. A. MOBILE, AND MDLLE. BADERNA.

Pas Espagnol, La Servillano . . MDLLE. FLEURY.

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THE Subscribers are respectfully informed, that the Opera of
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On Tuesday, April 13th, will be performed the Opera of

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR,

when Madame PERSIANI, Signor SALVI, & Signor RONCONI will make their debüt.

Signor MARIO will make his debüt on Saturday, April 17th, in the Opera of

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In rehearsal, Rossini's Opera of

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in which Signor ROVERE and Signor MARINI will make their debüt. and in which

Madlle. ALBONI and Signor SALVI will also perform.—The debüt of Madlle.

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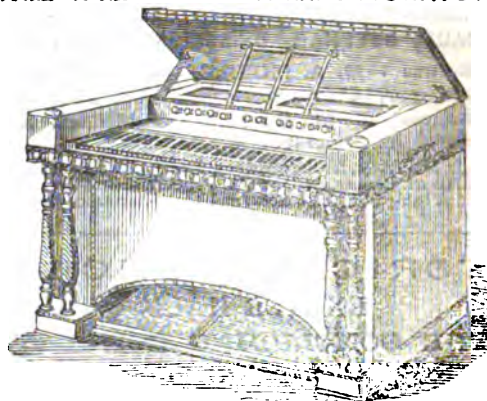
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No. 16.—VOL. XXII.

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1847.

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TO OUR READERS.

Annual Subscribers whose names are entered in the Books at our Office, and whose Subscriptions are paid in advance to Christmas next, are alone entitled to an Admission to the forthcoming Annual Concert.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE season 1847 will be memorable in the annals of music. Events of big importance, such as a century does not see twice, have happened to separate it from seasons past and future. First, the establishment of the Royal Italian Opera has broken the neck of a monopoly that has not been always wielded, and might not have always been wielded, with the discretion and enterprise that have signalized the conduct of Mr. Lumley, since he has influenced the destinies of Her Majesty's Theatre. Monopoly in a free country is a decided anomaly. Its death-blow in a popular department of public amusement must therefore be memorialized as a great fact and a sign of the times. We are progressing, and nothing can stand against the avalanche of free opinion which sweeps away old prejudices, and customs merely sanctified by age; in whatever form they may obstruct its path. Still the question remains unsolved, whether two establishments, on a vast scale, devoted to an amusement of secondary import in art, is not also an anomaly and a monopoly—a monopoly of Italian opera instead of a monopoly of the Italian Opera. We think it is, and are persuaded that it cannot last. One must fall, and that shortly. It remains for the rival directors to outwit each other. The strongest and best will endure. Not merely the strongest in opera, as our anti-Terpsichorean co-labourer, Desmond Ryan, has urged, but the strongest in ballet also; for ballet is, by tradition, inseparable from Italian Opera; and the inventions of Perrot, interpreted by Carlotta, are every inch as worthy consideration, appeal as strongly to the intellectual faculties, and tend as much to refine and civilize, as the inventions of Verdi, interpreted by Fracchini and Castellan. All the fine writing in the world cannot raise the modern Italian opera above the modern French ballet. Even the eloquence of the *Morning Chronicle* must fail to establish a distinction.

On Saturday *Semiramide* was repeated for the third time. There was nothing to particularise the performance but the indisposition of Signor Tamburini, who was suffering from a cold and hoarseness that incapacitated him from doing full justice to the vocal part of his labours. An apology was made for him, which the public received with great good humour, and no discontent was manifested about the omission of certain portions of the music, which, under the circumstances, was unavoidable. The loss, however, was compensated by the increased energy displayed in the acting of the great artist,

which was never finer than on this occasion. The ballet of the *Odalisque* followed. Madlle. Fléury danced very gracefully, and was received with high favour. A new *pas de deux*, for M. Mabilie and the clever and intelligent Madlle. Marietta Baderna, considerably enhanced the choregraphic attractions of the evening. Little Marietta danced with the prettiest abandon conceivable, and was warmly applauded. She will in all probability become as popular at the Royal Italian Opera as she was at Drury Lane, under the enterprising Mr. Bunn, who introduced her to the English public.

On Tuesday a second batch of the company was exhibited in Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*. We have recently had occasion to speak of this opera, and need not therefore enlarge upon the subject now. Suffice it, though much of the music is passionate and tender, most of it in a certain degree dramatic, and all of it vocal, fluent and agreeable, it is by no means, as the *Chronicle* insists, the master-piece of Donizetti. The full exhibition of the Italian composer's powers is only to be traced in the instrumentation, which is effective and splendid throughout. But except in the *finale* to the second act, and the mad scene of Lucia, there is nothing that can be compared to the best portions of *La Favorita*, a more equally balanced work, and finished and complete in all respects. The air for Edgardo "Tu che a dio," in the last scene, is melodious and touching, but we must insist that it is of too trifling a character for the situation. The opera was thus cast on Tuesday:—Lucia, Mad. Persiani; Sir Edgar Ravenswood, Signor Salvi; Lord Henry Ashton, Signor Ronconi; Bide-the-Bent, Signor Polonini; Lord Arthur, Signor Lavia; Norman, Signor Tulli; and Alise, Signora Bellini. The reception of Mad. Persiani, who had not appeared in England for three years, was uproarious; it lasted several minutes; it seemed as if the whole of the vast audience that crowded boxes, pit, and gallery, had but one pair of hands, so simultaneous and unanimous was the beating together of palms. Little moved, the fair cantatrice gave her "Perche non ho," and the preceding recitative, as calmly as though she were not the cynosure of universal gaze, and the present object of universal interest. In this air, and throughout the opera, Mad. Persiani displayed those marvellous peculiarities, that have placed her at the head of the florid school, with all the perfection of the olden time. If anything, her voice has improved; it sounded fuller and clearer to our ears. Mad. Persiani's faults of intonation remain unmodified. It would appear that perfect tune were incompatible with such astonishing flights of execution: but as we never yet heard the equal of Mad. Persiani, as a mistress of exuberant vocalisation—her fancy and facility being seemingly inexhaustible—we are not able to decide this question. The

misfortune is that while fully acknowledging her amazing talent the one defect will always prevent the fair vocalist from being as great a favorite with musicians as she is with the general public. In her acting Mad. Persiani appears to have gained in energy and expression. Her mad scene was very impressive and natural. During the opera she was recalled and encored several times.

Signor Ronconi is one of the greatest dramatic vocalists of the age. This has never been disputed. It is therefore the more to be lamented that the uncertainty of his physical resources so continually exposes himself and the public to disappointment. We are compelled to urge this, while awarding due acknowledgment to his very generous behaviour on Tuesday. Though suffering, as he was, severely, from influenza, induced by the change of climate, sooner than sacrifice, or risk, the interests of the establishment, he consented to sing, "in spite of his throat." An apology was offered for him, and his splendid acting made up for those defects in his vocalising, that were inevitable under the circumstances. Signor Ronconi was received with immense favour.

The great hit of the evening was, however, the Edgar of Signor Salvi. This gentleman will be remembered as having made a considerable impression, some years ago, at the Philharmonic concerts, and at Drury Lane theatre, in the last act of this very opera, of *Lucia*. But though we admired him then, we only admired him as an excellent second-rate artist. He is now decidedly a "first-rate," in every respect. His voice is a pure and legitimate tenor, possessing all the necessary range and flexibility. It is, besides, a voice of rich and oily quality. In style, Signor Salvi reminds us more of Rubini than any tenor who has followed in the steps of that great artist. Still he has peculiarities of his own that save him from the charge of being a servile imitator. The only absolute fault we can specify, is a tendency to over-refine and over-express, which occasionally manifests itself too strongly, but at the same time ensures the careful and studied accuracy of his general performance. His "maledizione," in the *finale* to the second act, was excellent—not a bit the worse for steering clear of extravagant gesture and boisterous declamation. His "Fra Poco" was perfection; but he should avoid saluting the public in such a situation of deep anguish and despair; it helps to destroy the illusion altogether. The "Tu che a Dio" was very passionate, but a trifle overdone—after the style of Moriani. However, Signor Salvi's success was decided, and his re-call at the fall of the curtain was a signal for redoubled cheering and applause.

The subordinate parts were carefully done, but Bide-the-Bent gave no opportunity to Signor Polonini (or at least none of which he availed himself) to display any other qualification than that of a very sonorous voice, which told well in the concerted music. The orchestra and chorus were admirable, but not quite so irreproachable as on the first and second nights of *Semiramide*. Signor Costa must not relax his discipline an inch. But we are not in the humour to find fault, where so much was deserving of unqualified praise.

On Thursday *Lucia* was repeated. Ronconi continuing unwell, Tamburini was announced for the part; but fate still adverse, Tamburini fell a victim also to the influenza, and a Signor Pietro Ley was substituted, whose voice being a *basso profundo*, did not so well suit the music as might have been desirable. He got through it respectably however. Persiani and Salvi were again received with enthusiasm, and the success of the latter was established beyond a question. The ballet performances remain the same. To-night we are to have *Semiramide* again. The

Puritan is deferred; so that we must wait till Thursday to hear the accomplished Mario, who will, on that evening (an extra night, which will make the fairer portion of the subscribers pout with vexation) appear in an act of the *Sonnambula*, with Mad. Persiani. We cannot afford space for the names of dukes and earls; but we may say, in a line, that the influx of aristocracy has been remarkable. The new ballet for Dumilatre is in preparation, and Fanny Ellsler has arrived.

DR. BAKER.

THOUGH the fame of this deceased musician never reached our ears, we presume that he must have been famous from the encomium which has been forwarded to us by our worthy correspondent at Wolverhampton, who introduces the subject to us in the following epistle:—

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—Being called upon by some of the relatives of the late Doctor Baker to furnish them with a brief memoir of his life, I drew up the sketch which appears in this day's *Staffordshire Advertiser*, having obtained what information I could from those relatives. It has occurred to me that this sketch may prove interesting to some of your numerous readers; I have therefore forwarded it to you; if you think it worthy of insertion. I will shortly forward to you one of the Doctor's *morceaux* for the pianoforte, as perhaps you may like to engrave it to present to your subscribers. I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,
Wolverhampton, March 20th, 1847.

G. E. H.

Hereafter follows the memoir, which our industrious and admirable correspondent took the pains to draw up. We give it verbatim. The responsibility of what it sets forth, of course, rests on the shoulders of the writer, who is well able, we are sure, to bear the burden. We cannot undertake to carry it ourselves, since, as we have said above, the fame of Dr. Baker never reached our ears:—

THE LATE DOCTOR BAKER.—In our obituary of this week we have recorded the death of Dr. Baker, the celebrated composer and organist, which event took place at the residence of his son, at Rugeley, on the 19th of last month. Dr. Baker was formerly organist of St. Mary's, Stafford, and to many of our readers, the following brief memoir will, perhaps, prove acceptable. George Baker was born in the city of Exeter, about the year 1752-3. From his mother's sister he received his first instructions, by which he was enabled at the juvenile age of seven, to perform with precision on the harpsicord Handel's and Scarlatti's lessons. His first masters were Hugh Bond and the late celebrated Jackson (at that time organist of the Cathedral at Exeter), and for the violin, Ward; which combined instructions enabled him very soon to lead the concerts in that neighbourhood. The celebrated singer, Charles Inledon, was an articulated pupil of Jackson's at the same time with Baker. At the age of seventeen, he left Exeter for London, and was patronised by the late Earl of Uxbridge (father of the present Marquis of Anglesey), and ultimately received into that nobleman's house, as director of his private concerts. The earl likewise provided him with further instructions in his art; for the violin, he had Cramer (father of the present J. B. Cramer), and Dussek, for the pianoforte. These great advantages, combined with a great natural genius, raised him at once to the highest position as regards his art, and formed that correctness and elegance of taste and execution, which he never lost in his old age. He performed his celebrated "Storm" at the Hanover Rooms, before a great number of artists and nobility, and received high commendation from Dr. Burney, the great musical writer of the day. He was appointed organist to St. Mary's Church, Stafford, on the occasion of the purchase of a very fine instrument, built by Geib, in the year 1785. It was during his residence at Stafford, that he took his degree at Oxford. In the year 1799 he married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Rev. Edward Knight, of Milwich, in this county, by whom he had seven children, four sons and three daughters. About the year 1810, he was appointed to the situation of organist to All Saint's Church, Derby; and, lastly, he obtained the situation at Rugeley in 1824, which he retained up to the time of his death, although the duties were performed by a deputy from 1839. Dr. Baker was the composer of a great diversity of music, which has been already published, and a vast quantity which rests only in manuscript. Amongst his published works we must enumerate "six anthems for 4, 5, and 6 voices," "Voluntaries for the organ," "Glees for 3, 4, and 5 voices, dedicated to the Earl of Uxbridge," "The storm at sea,"

and the *whole* of the music performed at his concert at the Hanover-square Rooms, "The overture and songs of the Caffres, a musical entertainment performed at Covent Garden theatre;" to which may be added a great number of songs, duets, &c., (many of the songs there sung by Incedon) concertos and solos for the violin, and airs with variations for the pianoforte. Dr. Baker was a person of eccentric manners, and of improvident habits, or he might have become exceedingly wealthy, having enjoyed a popularity as a teacher of music rarely paralleled. In his person he was remarkably handsome, and of an exceeding fair complexion, of which he was not a little vain. He was of a generous disposition, though of a highly irritable temper. As regarded his brother artistes, he was truly liberal, and ready to acknowledge talent wherever he found it. Like Beethoven, he lost his hearing some years before his death, which deprived him of one of the great pleasures of life; for he was enthusiastically fond of his art, and devoted the greatest portion of his time to composition. Some few months before his death, he told the writer of this sketch, "that he had devoted his time to composition *entirely*; and was engaged then on an oratorio, to be entitled "Jerusalem." He died on the 19th of February, 1847, and was buried at Rugeley, where he had resided for the last 25 years of his life. The precise date of his birth cannot be ascertained, but he considered that he was born in 1750. He had ever enjoyed most excellent health, and died from natural decay of nature. "Non moritur cujus fama vivit." We are indebted to a professional acquaintance of the late Dr. Baker for the foregoing sketch of his life.

The comparison with Beethoven will, no doubt, hold good with those who have revelled in the beauties of the Doctor's compositions, a distinction we have not enjoyed ourselves. At the same time we entertain the fullest belief in the whole of the historical part of the above memoir.

ANTICIPATORY CRITICISMS ON THE DEBUT OF SIGNORA VIETTI AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE IN TWO MORNING PAPERS.

(From the "Morning Chronicle.")

"THE unprecedented and overwhelming success of Signora Alboni at the Royal Italian Opera, doubtless urged on the management of Her Majesty's Theatre to procure a singer in that line that would compete with the great contralto of the other house, and supply the last year's vacuum of the establishment in the Haymarket. Who that has ears, or musical understanding, can forget the part of Arsace in *Semiramide* being transposed last year to suit a *mezzo-soprano*; and who can forget the mess that was made with Rossini's score and the discrepant modulation that were obliged to be had recourse to, in order to befit the music to the voice not adapted to sing it? Her Majesty's Theatre had no contralto last year. It has one this year. Signora Vietti has been trumpeted loudly in the columns of a cotemporary, whose praises, by this time, have become the very *lucus a non lucendo* of criticism, as far as all the good it does to those whom it upholds is concerned. The new contralto of Her Majesty's Theatre met with a great reception last night. She received three distinct rounds of applause, *before she sung a single note*. Rather suggestive that. In appearance Signora Vietti has some claims to personal attractions, and though by no means good-looking, she will find admirers in a certain class. She is rather masculine in shape, and though lean is not entirely bony.* Her attitudes are angular, and far from graceful, and though she possesses some energy, it wants fire and regulation. Her passion too often degenerates to rant, and in her attempts to be forcible she is sometimes ridiculous. The organ of the new contralto is limited in range, and unequal in its register. She sometimes sings passages effectively, but this is rather by art than nature. Signora Vietti is no artist. Her voice is managed with but little skill, and she has no idea of *sotto voce* singing. As a vocalist she has no pretensions to compare with the great contraltos that have been heard in England from Pisaroni down to Alboni. The *debut*

of Signora Vietti, if applause be the criterion of judgment, may be styled successful, but if truth be allowed to pronounce a verdict, we must say without the least hesitation, that the new singer is a decided failure."

(From the "Morning Post.")

"In the economy of criticism truth and justice are the pillars that uphold belief, and those who found their notions of art on conjecture will find themselves deeply wronged in their opinions. Tertullian has a saying that admirably hits off this didactic sentiment:—

"Ingeminans gliglag medias sputavit in uadas."—

which exposes those who would subvert reality at the expense of fortuity? Actualities are the safety valves that regulate men's minds, and by facts only can truth be indicated. The line of Tasso in the *Jerusalem Delivered* expresses this with great force:—

"Come raccendo il gusto il mutare esche."

The advent of a great singer to the grandest temple dedicated to the operatic muse in Europe is an event in itself. So many minds are on the stretch of impatience waiting the first appearance—so much amount of aristocratic feeling expended in hopes and suspense—so many boxes taken—not a seat was to be had a week previously. The moment she appeared the audience rose *en masse* and cheered her for ten minutes. Before she sang a single note the great artist was visible. There are three grand requisites for a female singer in England. The first is face, the second figure, and the third is dramatic and vocal desiderata. Signora Vietti is remarkably handsome, her features expressing every conflict of the tenderest and most violent passion with singular brilliancy and illumination. The form is perfect. She has beautiful rounded shoulders, low and drooping, dispensing with that *tubbiness* which so completely disfigures a modern contralto. The walk is splendid, and a certain natural grace follows her in all her movements. We never saw a more oval forehead, or hair of a more dazzling jetty hue. The eye is peculiar—of an oriental shade, reminding one of a Hindoo mother watching over her sleeping child. The dress is picturesque, and displayed the exquisite and classical proportions of her form to considerable advantage. The voice is perfect, compassing with ease every note a contralto ought to sing. Rossini called her the *contralto di troppo cotto* in compliment to her energy. She not only sings from her mouth but the voice seems to come from all parts of her countenance, scintillating from her brow, beaming from her eyes, breathing from her nose, and melting from her lips. Since the time of Pisaroni, the first of all contraltis,* the present excepted, no contralto has been in England who could stand a chance in competition with Signora Vietti. The effect she produced last night was electrical, and could not be described. The recitative is wonderful, the *sostenuto* and *rallentando* passages being given with thrilling effect. The freshness of the voice is apparent in every note. Signora Vietti completed her twenty-third year the day before she arrived in London. The voice is even and oleaginous and capable of distending itself to the evolvment of any passion, either withering you by its grasp, or dissolving you by its pathos. She is also a great dramatic singer, and seizes on the impulse of the moment to throw all her energies into one grand *coup*. The effect of this is

* Were it not that our sombre cotemporary but seldom indulges in a brisk saying, we should feel inclined to think that this sentence involved a hidden pun, and that the writer meant that Signora Vietti was not Al-boni.

* The critic forgets Pisaroni had not the two first requisites of a great singer, viz., face and figure.

astonishing. She carried away the whole house in one scene, the applause being tremendous. On the whole this has been the greatest triumph ever witnessed within the walls of Her Majesty's Theatre."

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

CONCERT AT SWINDON.

On Friday afternoon last a special train left the Paddington terminus, with Charles Russell, Esq., M.P., some of the directors and officers of the company, and a numerous party of friends, for the Swindon Station; where, after viewing the stupendous works erected by the company for the construction of their locomotive engines, the party was entertained in the evening by a concert performed entirely by the workmen connected with the establishment, some of whom, to the number of 60 (being supplied with music and instruments by the company), have formed themselves into an Amateur Musical Society, and have already succeeded in producing a most creditable result. The concert commenced with Rossini's overture "Italiana in Algeri," which was followed by "The Great Western Railway Waltz," composed by Mr. Patterson, the band master, who is employed by the company as an engine-driver; this composition, which is very pretty, was followed by a varied selection of entertainments and vocal music, amongst which was Bishop's glee the "Chough and Crow" which, in point of correctness and "ensemble," we have rarely heard better performed. The orchestra consists mainly of wind instruments, upon which the performers have obtained a considerable proficiency. The songs were well accompanied on the pianoforte by a carpenter of the establishment. In the course of the evening an address was read to Mr. Russell from the society, thanking him and the company for their liberality in encouraging their musical efforts, which was responded to by that gentleman in a very effective speech. The directors and their friends returned to London by a special train at 10 o'clock, highly gratified by their entertainment. It is with especial pleasure that we refer to this performance as reflecting the greatest credit on the habits of these workmen who, after their laborious work, prefer rational enjoyment in the noble study of music to the enervating pleasures of the public-house, and also as conferring no less honour on the directors and chairman of the Great Western Railway, in having applied some of the resources at their command in the fostering and encouraging a plan that has already had, and must continue to have, such beneficial results to all parties concerned.—*From a Correspondent.*

MR. ELLA'S MUSICAL UNION.

At the meetings of the above named society, the programme of the performances is comprised in a small half sheet of letter-press, containing the names of the pieces and executants, accompanied by preparatory eulogistic criticisms of every thing that is to be done, with anecdotes of the private life of the director, and confessions of his doctrines on musical and other matters. The preparatory criticisms leave the reporter nothing to say. He cannot be so unpolite as to run counter to the opinions placed in his hands so courteously and so conveniently by Mr. Ella; and yet if he give further publicity to them in paraphrase, or abridgement, he stands in imminent danger of promulgating a quantity, of *outré*, and not very sound notions of art and artists, which Mr. Ella is alone in entertaining. In the "record" of the last meeting (a record of a performance *before it takes place* is somewhat anomalous), Mr Ella lets the reins of his fancy loose, and his Pegasus ambles gracefully along in the region of female influence

upon art. Mr. Ella utters a number of very pretty things about the ladies, and concludes with according them an "instinct" of a "poetical temperament," (only *an instinct*, mind), which he declares to be an indispensable element of excellence in all arts." As we were considering the *quid pro quo* of this, and were on the point of muttering "Apropos des bottes," we glanced farther down the paper, and by the next paragraph were instructed that the *encomium fœminæ* was merely submitted by Mr. Ella as a proem to a diatribe against his brother musicians of England. Read the following—

"It is the absence of this divine gift," (the instinct of a poetical temperament) "among" (the absence *among*) "English musicians in general, that so often proves a barrier" (an absence proves a barrier) "to the success of their laudable attainments, whilst many a foreigner of far less mechanical knowledge," (far less than how much, or whose?) "more favourably organized, at once engages the sympathies and carries off the prize."

Music has been made a profession in England too frequently as a means of easy existence" (would that we could find it so), "without sufficient regard being paid to a favourable organization in the student."

In consenting to this, the question presents itself whether the director of the "Musical Union," in choosing the musical profession, paid regard to the favourability of his organization, or solely reckoned upon the easy life of which he speaks, and which few musicians (less gifted than himself) are enabled to find. The indefatigable critic of the *Morning Chronicle* has evidently a sort of reverence for the director of the "Musical Union," which verges on idolatry. Next to Signor Costa, Mr. Ella gets better notices in the *Chronicle* than any other favourably organized professor. The critic thus calls attention to Mr. Ella's remarks, (above cited), dignifying them with the name of "reflections":—

"We commend these reflections to the Young England professors, whose antipathies to foreign genius, and *cacoethes carpendi* are so offensively expressed in their abusive attacks upon that gifted individual, Costa, whose delicate perceptions of the beautiful and sublime in art, and untiring energies, have tended to elevate the musical character of this country, and given that local habitation and name to musical England, which it now enjoys among foreigners. The success of the Musical Union, by its admirable management, also commands *respectful opinions*; and our supposed want of musical taste is no longer the jesting topic of foreign musicians. Of the latter, were many remarkable persons" (remarkable persons of foreign musicians) "in the room yesterday, highly delighted." &c. &c.

We own the above to be a magnificent piece of writing, but we consent to none of the opinions it hides in its independent flow of words. Signor Costa and Mr. Ella have had, have, and will have as much influence on the musical character of this country as the critic of the *Chronicle* himself—and no more. How much that is we leave to the modesty of our wordy contemporary to decide.

CHURCH MUSIC.—We have much pleasure in announcing that, Mr. Surman, the enterprising and indefatigable conductor of the Harmonic Society, at Exeter Hall, has affected a long-wished-for alteration in the evening service at Trinity Church, Gray's Inn Road. In place of having the whole service performed as previously by boys, Mr. Surman, who conducts the choir at the requisition of Dr. Worthington, engaged some of our first vocalists, by whom all the verse parts are now delivered. The Misses Williams, Mr. T. Young, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. H. Phillips, sung on Sunday evening last, and it is hardly necessary to say, that the service went beautifully, much to the delight and surprise of the uninitiated auditors, who could not account for the wonderful improvement in the singers. Mr. Surman not only merits the thanks of the congregation, but has a strong claim on the gratitude of the whole parish for his efforts to introduce into the church, music and interpreters which will not by grotesque performances distract the thoughts from meditation.

THE AFFINITIES,

from the German of Göthe.

Continued from page 232.

PART II.—CHAPTER X.

CHARLOTTE on her side finds herself cheerful and well. She is delighted with the fine boy, whose promising form occupies every hour both her eye and her mind. By him she acquires a new relation to the world and to her possessions; her old activity is again brought into play; wherever she looks she sees much that has been done in the preceding year and in that she rejoices. Animated by her own feelings she goes up to the moss cottage with Ottilia and the child, and while she places the latter on the little table, as a domestic altar, and sees two places still vacant, she thinks of former times, and a new hope arises both for herself and Ottilia.

Perhaps young ladies look about modestly after this or that young man, silently examining whether they should like him for a husband, but those who have to provide for daughters, or female words, survey a wider circle. Thus was it at this moment with Charlotte, to whom an union of the captain and Ottilia did not seem impossible and, indeed, they had already sat side by side in this very hut. It was not unknown to her that the captain's former prospect of an advantageous marriage had again vanished.

Charlotte ascended higher, and Ottilia carried the child, the former abandoning herself to various reflections. There are shipwrecks even upon dry land, and it is good and praiseworthy to recover and reinstate one's self as speedily as possible. Life is, after all, only reckoned by profit and loss. Who does not form some plan and is then disturbed in it? How often does one strike into a path to be afterwards led out of it! How often are we turned aside from a goal upon which we have firmly fixed our eyes to attain a higher one! The traveller, to his extreme annoyance, breaks a wheel on his way and, by this unpleasant accident gains the most delightful acquaintances and connections, which have an influence on his whole life. Fate grants us our wishes, but in its own way, that it may be able to grant us something beyond our wishes.

Amid these and similar reflections, Charlotte reached the building on the heights, where she was perfectly confirmed in her feelings, for the prospect was much finer than one could have expected. All that offered little interruptions had been removed in every direction; all that was good in the landscape, all that nature and time had done for it stood out in its purity and struck the eye, while the young plantations, which were destined to fill up some gaps, and to form a pleasant connection between the divided parts, were already in leaf.

The house itself was almost habitable; the prospect especially from the upper rooms, was extremely varied. The longer one looked around the more beauty did one discover. What effects would be produced by the different seasons and the sun and moon! It was highly desirable to remain here, and how speedily was the wish to build and create revived in Charlotte when she found all the coarser work done to her hands. A joiner, an upholsterer, a painter, who could get on with paste-board, and some easy gilding were alone required, and in a short time the building was finished. Cellar and kitchen were soon arranged, since, being at such a distance from the castle, they were obliged to collect all necessities around them. Thus the ladies lived above with the child, and from this abode, as from a new central point, unexpected walks were opened. In a higher region they pleasantly enjoyed the free fresh air during the finest weather.

Ottilia's most frequent walk, sometimes alone, sometimes with the child, was down towards the plane trees, upon a commodious foot-path which led to the point where one of the boats was fastened, in which people were in the habit of crossing. She often amused herself by going upon the water but without the child, as Charlotte displayed some anxiety with respect to it. However, she did not fail to visit the gardener daily in the castle-garden, and kindly to participate in his care for the many young plants, all of which now enjoyed the open air.

In this beautiful season, the visit of an Englishman came very opportunely for Charlotte. He had made the acquaintance of Edward upon his travels, and was now curious to see the beautiful laying out of the grounds in commendation of which he had heard

so much. He brought with him a letter of introduction from the count, and, at the same time, introduced a taciturn, but courteous man, as his companion. While, sometimes with Charlotte and Ottilia, sometimes with gardeners and hunters, often with his companion, and frequently alone he wandered about the spot, it might be seen, by his remarks, that he was a lover and *connoisseur* of such plans, and that he himself had carried many into execution. Although advanced in years he took a cheerful interest in everything that conduced to the adornment of life or made it important.

In his presence the ladies first perfectly enjoyed the beauties by which they were surrounded. Every effect made a completely fresh impression on his practised eye, and he took the more delight in what had been created, because he had not known the place before, and could scarcely distinguish what had been done by man from that which had been effected by nature.

We may well say that the park grew and enriched itself through his remarks. He knew, beforehand, what was promised by the new rising plants. Not a spot was left unobserved by him where a beauty could be produced or added. There he pointed out a spring, which, if purified, promised to be the ornament of a whole thicket, here a cave, which, if cleared out and widened, might afford a desirable resting-place, from which, if a few trees were felled, noble masses of rocks, heaped one upon another, might be seen. He congratulated the residents that much was still left for them to do, and besought them not to hurry but to reserve the pleasure of making and arranging for the following year.

In the hours not devoted to social intercourse, he was by no means troublesome, for he employed himself, during the greater part of the day, in seizing and copying, in a portable *camera obscura*, the picturesque views of the park, that he might gain from his travels a beautiful result for himself and others. He had done this for many years in all places of importance, and had thus formed a most agreeable and interesting collection. He showed the ladies a large portfolio, which he carried with him, and entertained them partly with the picture, partly with the explanation. They were delighted, thus, while in their solitude, to travel through the world so commodiously, and to see pass before them banks and harbours, mountains, lakes, and rivers; cities, castles, and many other places which have a name in history.

Each of the ladies felt an interest peculiar to herself. Charlotte's interest was of a more general nature, and was felt for that which was remarkable for some historical reason, while Ottilia especially paused at those places of which Edward had been accustomed to speak much, where he had readily stayed and whither he had often returned, for every man has, near and far, certain local peculiarities which attract him, and which, according to his character, on account of first impressions, certain circumstances or habits are especially dear and exciting to him.

Hence she asked the English lord what place pleased him best, and where he would fix his abode if he had to choose. He was able, in answer to the first question, to show her more than one beautiful spot, and to tell her pleasantly in French (which he pronounced in a manner peculiar to himself) what had befallen him there to endear it to him and render it valuable.

But to the question, where he now usually resided, and whither he must readily return, his answer was indeed quite unembarrassed but unexpected by the ladies.

"I have now accustomed myself to be at home everywhere, and find, at last, nothing more convenient than that others should build, plant, and manage domestic affairs for me. I do not wish myself back in my own possessions, partly from political causes, but chiefly because my son, for whom I have really done and arranged everything, to whom I hoped to give it, and with whom I hoped to enjoy it, takes no interest in anything, but has gone to India, that like many others he may employ his life there in a higher manner, or rather squander it away.

"Assuredly we make far too much preparatory expenditure for life. Instead of beginning at once, by finding ourselves happy in a moderate condition, we go on pursuing something on a larger scale, that we may make it more and more inconvenient. Who now enjoys my building, my park, my gardens? Neither I, nor even mine; strange guests, curious people, restless travellers.

"Even when our means are numerous, we are always only hal

at home, especially in the country, where much to which we have been accustomed in the town is wanting. The book which we most ardently desire is not at hand, and that of which we stand most in need is sure to be forgotten. We are constantly making domestic arrangements, that we may go out again, and if we do not this from our own free will, relations, passions, accidents, necessity, and—what not besides—come into play."

The lord did not suspect how much his friends were affected by these observations. How often do all run this risk, who make a mere general observation, even in a party, with the relations of which they are otherwise acquainted. To Charlotte such a casual offence, even by well-meaning people, was nothing new; and moreover the world lay so plainly before her eyes, that she felt no particular pain, if any one thoughtlessly and inconsiderately compelled her to turn her glances towards some spot connected with painful associations. Otilia, on the other hand, who in half-conscious youth, rather surmised than saw, and was able, nay forced, to turn away her eyes from that which she would not and could not see—Otilia, by this familiar discourse, was placed in the most dreadful position; for the pleasant veil was forcibly torn from her, and it seemed to her, as if all that had hitherto been done for the house, garden, park, and the whole surrounding country, had really been in vain; because he to whom all belonged did not enjoy it, because he also, like the guest now present, was forced to wander about the world in the most perilous manner, by those who were dearest and nearest to him. She had accustomed herself to hear and be silent, but this time she sat in the most painful situation, which was rather increased than diminished by the stranger's further discourse, which he continued deliberately, and with a cheerful sort of oddity.

"I now believe," he said "that I am in the right way, for I always look upon myself as a traveller, who renounces much that he may enjoy much. I am accustomed to change, nay, it becomes necessary to me, just as in the opera people are always expecting a new scene, precisely because there have been so many already. I know what I can expect from the best and the worst inn. However good or bad it may be, I never find that to which I have been used, and in the end it comes to the same thing, whether we depend altogether from a natural habit, or from a contingency entirely of our own choice. At any rate, I am not annoyed by anything being lost or misplaced, by my every-day room becoming uninhabitable, because I must have it repaired, or by a favorite cup being broken, so that for a long time I cannot relish any other. I am exalted above all this, and if the house begins to burn over my head, my people leisurely pack everything up, and we go off to court-yard and town. And with all these advantages, when I make an accurate calculation, I have at the end of the year expended no more than it would have cost me at home."

During this description Otilia, could see only Edward. Now amid privations and hardships he was travelling on unbeaten roads, now he was lying in the open air amid danger and want, and in this uncertain and perilous condition was inuring himself to be homeless and friendless—to reject all that he might not lose all. Fortunately the party separated itself for some time. Otilia found an opportunity of weeping in solitude. No dull pain had affected her more forcibly than this clearness, which she strove to render still clearer, just as we are in the habit of torturing ourselves when once we are in the way to be tortured.

Edward's situation appeared to her so sad, so wretched, that she resolved—cost what it might—to do everything towards reconciling him with Charlotte, to conceal her pain and her love in some quiet place and to baffle them by some kind of activity.

In the meanwhile the lord's companion, a quiet intelligent man, had remarked the mistake in the conversation and had revealed to his friend the similarity of the situations. The lord knew nothing of the position of the family, but the other, whom, indeed, nothing interested on his travels more than the strange events which are brought about by natural and artificial relations, by the conflict of the legal and the unconstrained, of the understanding and reason, of passion and prejudice—the other before their arrival, and still more in the house itself, had made himself acquainted with all that had passed and was still going on.

The lord was sorry but not embarrassed at the circumstance. One must be altogether silent in society, if one would not often fall

into dilemmas of the sort, for not only may important remarks, but the most trifling expressions, accord disharmoniously with the interests of the persons present. "We will set it right again this evening," said the lord, "and avoid all general conversation. Let the party hear some of the many pleasant and significant tales and anecdotes, with which, upon our travels, you have enriched your portfolio and your memory."

But even with the best intentions the visitors did not, on this occasion, succeed in pleasing their friends with a completely harmless conversation; for, after the lord's companion had excited attention and strained the sympathy to the utmost by a number of stories, strange, important, lively, touching, and terrific, he thought to conclude with an incident which was indeed strange, but of a softer character, and little thought how closely it applied to his hearers.

(To be continued.)

. To prevent misunderstanding, it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

SONNET.

No. XXX.

I dream'd, sweet love, thou wert about to leave me,
When through me shot a sense of deadly pain,
Which fastened with such sharpness on my brain,
I call'd on Death a quick relief to give me:
For when I found that thou, love, couldst't deceive me,
And that thy promises were all in vain,
What could the rest of life be, but a bane
That ever with dull agony would grieve me?
When I awoke, how did my heart rejoice
To find that such deep misery was o'er—
That life could, as it were, begin anew.
And then I heard once more that gentle voice;
And then I saw thee smile on me once more.—
Promise me, sweet, that dream shall ne'er be true.

JULLIEN IN DUBLIN.

(From "Freeman's Journal," Sat., April 10.)

On last evening, a scene of uproar occurred in the Music Hall, such as is seldom witnessed in a place of public amusement. On this occasion, as on the previous night, boxes, body of the house, and gallery were thronged to overflowing. The first part of the concert went off with great *clat*, but in the second part, at the conclusion of Herr Pischek's celebrated martial song—"The Standard Bearer," (which he executed with a sweetness, power, and finish that enraptured the audience)—the cries of "encore, encore," were uttered most enthusiastically. The audience would not desist—neither would M. Jullien comply. Herr Pischek appeared at the door, and were we to pronounce our judgment, he was willing to comply, but M. Jullien beckoning him back, would not permit it, and the storm that ensued baffles description. Hissing, yelling, stamping, striking sticks against the floor—in short, every species of opposition was brought to bear against Jullien who was still inexorable. He came to the front of the orchestra, and was heard to say "Herr Pischek is shyck," and turning round, added—"it is all Mr. Mackintosh's fault letting in a *sixpenny mob*." This, as might be expected, dreadfully exasperated the audience, and the following observation reached us:—"Sir, you treated us the same way last season—our national theatre is deserted to patronise you, and such conduct as you have manifested does you for ever in Dublin. On the front of the dress circle, side boxes, and gallery, were in prominent letters—"Jullien's benefit to-morrow." These were severed from their fastenings, and flung at Jullien. Upwards of half an hour was thus exhausted while a waltz, a solo on the harp, and the English quadrilles were played in dumb show. At the termination still more resolute dissatisfaction was apparent. Some members of the band at the back of the orchestra used expressions which we did not hear, but the effect was, that a couple of them were roughly handled. A scuffle in the gallery was so furious that it could not be suppressed. The police were set at defiance and could do nothing. A few stentorian organs were untiring; those who rejoiced in their possession, to avoid the possibility of arrest, leaped into the pit. We finish this hasty sketch of the scene, and regret we have to record that some were so rash and excited as to pelt oranges at the porter while removing the music and instruments from the orchestra. The custom of encoring may be inconvenient, but it is not un-Irish, un-English, or disobeyed on the Continent. We therefore think that M. Jullien was in fault. We cannot, however, acquit the audience. After the provocation by Jullien's refusal, and by his observations about "a

sixpenny mob," indignation might have been expected; but it was carried too far when it degenerated into unmeasured violence, riotousness, and destruction of property. The breaking of music stands, benches, &c., was disgraceful in the extreme, and such, as we are sure, would never have taken place if the audience were not born away by the impulse of the moment.

(From "Freeman's Journal," Monday, April 12.)

The row in the Music Hall on Friday night—a brief narrative of which we gave in our Journal of Saturday—caused quite a sensation. Jullien's benefit, closing his short engagement, took place on Saturday evening, and attracted an immense audience. Some minutes before the usual time the performers assembled in the orchestra; their reception was of an unfavourable character. But, Jullien's own appearance was a signal for a unanimous outburst of indignation and demands on him to account for his outrageous insolence on Friday evening, in daring to call a respectable audience a "sixpenny mob" for the simple cause of insisting on a reasonable demand—the repetition of Herr Pischek's song of the "Standard Bearer." Neither his bows of submission nor the magic of his baton could procure silence, and he at length had recourse to words. He assured the audience solemnly "Herr Pischek" was really very *shy*, and could not undergo the fatigue of an encore. That for eight years he had been in the habit of visiting Dublin—and during that period he had always received the greatest kindness, for which he begged to express his gratitude, nothing awkward had ever occurred before; and his anxiety was, and would be, to please his Irish friends. He trusted this explanation would be satisfactory" (hisses and cheers). The concert then began with the overture to *Der Frieschutz*, which was well executed. A quadrille succeeded, and then Herr Pischek entered the orchestra. Much opposition was exhibited; he smiled, he bowed, he sang his song, and most promptly responded to an encore, substituting a Bohemian melody. This restored him to popular favour. At intervals a renewal of disapprobation was directed towards Jullien; but when the concluding piece in the concert, *The Royal Irish Quadrille*, commenced, the storm was tremendous, and we regret to add that in the fury of the moment a couple of eggs, and several oranges were pelted at Jullien. Some of the missiles took effect, one of the eggs hit Jullien on the forehead and splashed over his dress; he bore the punishment with great good humour—half the amount of self-command exhibited on the former evening would have carried him through with *éclat*—but his smiles produced no effect on his enraged assailants—the pelting continued, and after a bow M. Jullien deemed it both safe and prudent to withdraw. Each member of the band hastily followed; and the orchestra was taken possession of by a large concourse of persons who gave a loud huzza for "the sixpenny mob." We hardly remember to have witnessed such strange scenes as the proceedings of Friday and Saturday at the Music Hall gave rise to. M. Jullien seemed most desirous on Saturday to be restored to favour with the Dublin audience—but they were most obdurately resolved not to believe him sincere. The practical evidences of a desire to please given in the cheerful response to the *encores* (and everything was *encored* on Saturday) was as ineffective as M. Jullien's words. The language of Friday would not be forgotten; and in a desire to maintain their dignity the audience did not see when they had really conquered, but most unhesitatingly pressed on till they become the slaves of their own excitement, and put themselves as much in the wrong as Jullien. A numerous muster of the police was in attendance, whose conciliatory conduct was meritorious. They sought the parties who pelted the eggs and oranges, and captured some dozen or more "on suspicion." Three young gentlemen figure on the police charge sheet—one, a limb of the law—the second, a student of medicine—the third, a college—doubtless a divinity—student; and will, probably, have to appear before their worship, to account for belonging to the "sixpenny mob." Monsieur Jullien and his band, with Herr Pischek, took their departure for Liverpool yesterday morning.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

JULLIEN'S SECOND CONCERT with Herr Pischek, on Tuesday evening last, was not near so successful as the one on Easter Monday, in spite of the additional attraction of the band of the first Royals, still we believe it was well attended.—The east winds and their usual concomitant, a severe cold, confined your correspondent at home, or, we should have dearly liked to have heard Pischek's rendering of Beethoven's 'Adelaide', although it was written for a tenor voice, and although we have heard it given by a beautiful tenor voice in a style as near perfection as possible, that of Signor Mario. The *Musical World* is read with no little interest now by your subscribers in Manchester, (as well as by all your provincial readers no doubt), the long and admirably written articles on the rival Italian Operas, and the just and impartial criticisms therein are eagerly looked for each week. By the light afforded in your elegant critiques,

we may avoid running our heads against a *Post* on the one hand, or getting mystified by a *Chronicle* on the other. On reading your excellent article on the opening of the Royal Italian Opera, we could not help a longing lingering wish, that we could have been on the next bench in the pit to your D. R. and his *collaborateurs* of the press; however, time and space are something, in these days of rail-roads and express trains even, so we had to content ourselves with the vivid description of the scene presented on that memorable occasion in matters operatical, in your last number. The great topic amongst musical folks here is the coming concert of the Hargreave's Choral Society, on Tuesday next, when the great work of the greatest living composer, the 'Elijah' of Mendelssohn, is to be performed, conducted by himself. Tickets are at a premium, that is, they would be if they were to be bought at all, but they are only issued to the subscribers, who are literally besieged with applicants for them. The rehearsals are progressing most satisfactorily, and the chorusses are spoken of in the highest terms by the privileged few who have heard them, as being of extreme beauty, and striking originality yet, in admirable keeping with the sacred character of the subject. Mendelssohn, not content with the complete success of the work, at its first and only production at the last Birmingham festival when no less than seven pieces were *encored*, has since been striving if possible to render it more and more perfect, so that it would at its second performance to-morrow night at Exeter Hall, no doubt be pronounced faultless. I will render you as usual a faithful account of its production here next week. It is quite expected that the successful performance of 'Elijah,' will do more to raise the character of the Hargreave's Choral Society, than any work it has yet attempted, and it already ranks first of choral societies out of the Metropolis.

Macready attracted a brilliant and crowded audience to our Theatre Royal on Saturday last, who warmly greeted his first appearance for some years in Manchester, on a stage worthy his great talents. Macbeth was the character, delineated in such a manner as it could not be by any tragedian now on the boards, the audience manifested their deep appreciation of his effort by the most breathless and rivetted attention to his acting, and by their hearty applause. This week he is at Liverpool, until Saturday the 17th when he appears in Richelleu, and comes again for five nights on Monday, the 20th instant.

The Madrigalians hold their annual concert or Ladies' night, at the Town Hall, here this evening, but we shall not be well enough to attend.

Manchester, April 15th, 1847.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.—We have seldom witnessed a scene of greater excitement and enthusiasm, than we did on Monday evening, on the occasion of Mrs. Nisbett's return to the stage, after an interval of some years. The high degree of favour in which this most charming actress stood with the public, was not the only cause that gave intense interest to her re-appearance; the misfortunes that followed her into domestic retirement, when she left the stage, and ultimately forced her again to have recourse to the old profession, threw a halo around her that awakened sympathy and respect in no ordinary degree. The reception of Mrs. Nisbett, on Monday night, was one of the heartiest and most vehement that could possibly be imagined. The applause must have endured for full three minutes. The moment she appeared, nay before she appeared, for her merry, ringing laugh was heard just before her entrance, the audience recognising it as well as her countenance, the universal peal broke forth, "louder than the loud ocean," and the "house rose at her," as Kean said of himself on one occasion, substituting "me" for "her," and hats waved, and handkerchiefs floated wide, looking like the foam of the tumultuous sea, and hands, and voices, and sticks, and feet, and umbrellas, all were amalgamated into a roaring concert, more energetic than agreeable. Mrs. Nisbett meanwhile responded graciously to these manifestations of favouritism, and curtsied, and bent her head, and placed her hand on her heart, and went through the usual ceremony expected at the hand of those on whom the public condescend to bestow their approval. Mrs. Nisbett we are inclined to think, looked better on Monday night, than we ever saw her. Her countenance, albeit sorrow's clouds have

been dimming it of late, is still lovely, arch, and expressive. Her figure appears to us to have grown somewhat fuller than when we saw her last, and this by no means disimproves her. But how shall we find words to do full justice to her acting? It is impossible to speak of it calmly—"it forestalls criticism." We shall, nevertheless, endeavour to keep within bounds, and if we cannot, we are sure our readers will forgive us this once, seeing the great temptation that wins us from the journalist's required frigidity—*vide*—(*lucet e non lucendo*) the *Morning Post* and the *Chronicle*. The play selected for Mrs. Nisbett's re-appearance was Sheridan Knowles's *Love Chase*, to bring out the actress in her original character, Constance. The choice could not be better, as the part of Constance is greatly interesting, and exhibits to perfection the versatile powers of the artist. The comedy of *The Love Chase*, is perhaps the best drama written in our own immediate times. The female characters are drawn with great vigour and discrimination. The character of Constance is entirely new, nor do we remember any part in the drama which might be adduced as conveying a resemblance. Lydia is a beautiful picture, but may be found in numerous novels and sundry plays. The part, however, is written with taste and feeling, and acts as a powerful ingredient in the interest of the piece. We object altogether to that restricted *morale*, to which Mr. Sheridan Knowles invariably pays deferential homage in his dramatic works, which would seem to confine gentle blood and worth to a particular class, make Love himself an aristocrat, and render hearts incompatible in affection unsanctioned by equality of rank and birth. Our readers will call to mind the incident in the *Love Chase*, where Lydia, a poor dependent, is beloved by Master Waller, a scion of blood, who seeks at first her heart by dishonourable means, and being spurned by her with indignation, and discovering her superior worth, offers her his hand. Here is a beautiful incident, conveying an exquisite and pointed moral. But, says Mr. Sheridan Knowles, it will violate the aristocratic decencies of the drama to permit a nobleman to marry a serving-woman—and what will the boxes say, and the ladies who will purchase my play at five shillings. Presto, says Sheridan Knowles, and straight the serving-woman, Lydia, turns up as noble as the young nobleman, and the boxes are pleased, and the ladies like-wise who purchase the play at five shillings, and the author fancies himself a dramatic magician. Now is not this morality something akin to that which induced Nahum Tate, and Colley Cibber, to resuscitate King Lear—by the way we shall not finish the parallel, for, on second thoughts, we can perceive no analogy at all between the two cases. Well—let that pass. The character of the Widow Green is well drawn, but it owes all its colouring to Congreve. Lady Wishfort in the *Way of the World* furnishes the type of the wooing widow in the *Love Chase*. The comic portions of this play are superior to the author's previous or subsequent attempts in that line. They abound in point and touches of humour, and occasionally exhibit the liveliest sallies of wit. But we must return to Constance, whom, some lines above we delivered to the vociferations of the spectators. We never had a briefer, or easier task to accomplish than that of criticising Mrs. Nisbett's performance of Constance in Sheridan Knowles's play, or comedy of *The Love Chase*; and to show the estimation in which we hold our criticism, brief though it will be, we shall print it in capitals. Here it is. Read and believe. **MRS. NISBETT'S PERFORMANCE OF CONSTANCE FROM BEGINNING TO END WAS ABSOLUTE PERFECTION.** Another critical word after that would injure

our notice. Mrs. Nisbett was cheered tumultuously after the first scene—was called for after the first act, but did not come—was cheered in every part of her performance; and at the end when she did come on, obtained an ovation equal to that consequent on her *entree*. A greater amount of excitement we never knew pervade a theatre before. It seemed the unanimous opinion of all present that Mrs. Nisbett never acted Constance with more exquisite grace, ease, point, and finish. In some instances it was even held that the performance was superior to any former effort of the actress; to which latter opinion we should unhesitatingly offer our assent, did we not preclude ourselves by what we said above, from all further remarks of our own. Mrs. Glover's Widow Green is a consummate piece of acting. We need hardly say it was applauded tumultuously. The last scene is one of the greatest efforts of this great artist's, and must live in the memory of all who have seen it. Mrs. Edwin Yarnold played Lydia with much grace and feeling, indeed nothing could be better in its way, the part was conceived and evolved in the true artistic spirit. Mr. Stuart was excellent in the small, but pertinent part of Truworth, and Mr. Webster was admirable as Wildrake. This is one of Mr. Webster's best characters. He was extremely effective in all his scenes with Constance. Mr. Tilbury was better than usual in Sir William Fondlove. The return of Mrs. Nisbett to the stage will form in future dramatic annals one of the great events of the present century.

FRENCH PLAYS.—A continuous succession of novelties and new actors distinguishes this theatre from all our metropolitan places of amusement. The system seems to be never to allow the frequenters of the St. James's to grow tired of any actor or actress, and whether good, indifferent, or bad, (and thanks to the excellence of the management we have but little, very little of the second and none of the last), stars disappear and charming faces are removed when we love them most and fresh ones are brought forward which gradually efface the regret due to their predecessors, until they, in their turn, give way to a fresh arrival. Since our last we have to record the *débüt* of Mademoiselle Duverger, of the *Palais Royal*, in *L'Image*, a most clever and amusing trifle, brought out last year at the Princess's, and in which Madame Vestris played the heroine, now impersonated by the new actress at the St. James's. The title of the English version, if we remember rightly, was 'A Speaking Likeness.' Mademoiselle Duverger was eminently successful in her representation of the young lady disguised as a country girl, and without laying aside aught of her own native elegance and grace, she completely identified herself with the simplicity and rusticity of the part she had undertaken to play, and entirely won us over by some natural touches of feeling and by her easy, unassuming manners. We have also had *Un Roman Intime*, ou, *Les Lettres d'un Mari*, played for the first time in this country, in which Mademoiselle Rose Chéri and M. Rhozevil played together. It is in one act and consists of a few scenes between a young married couple, the wife of a somewhat flighty and romantic turn, the husband much attached to his wife, but of a more positive character, who aware of his wife's *foible* endeavours to work a reform by writing several romantic love-letters purporting to come from an anonymous admirer. This expedient produces several mystifications and is followed by the desired effect. We were pleased with both the actress and actor but confess they both have talents which merit a better field in which to display them. On Monday Her Majesty the Queen and the Prince Albert visited the theatre and *Clarisse Harlowe* was postponed to give way to

Un Changement de Main and *La Protégée sans le Savoir*, noticed in our last. *Genevieve, ou la Jalousie Paternelle*, is more sentimental than interesting, and turns entirely upon the love of a father for his daughter, so excessive that he fears every man who shows any pretensions to her hand. This leads to a variety of plotting on his part to counteract the pretensions of her lovers and more particularly a certain colonel to whom she shows a certain amount of affection, and in proposing in his room a creature of his own, Adrien, his first clerk. Everything succeeds according to his wish, and the marriage takes place. In this piece there is but little room for any great display of feeling but Mademoiselle Rose Chéri made the best of the part and earned applause by her quiet and interesting demeanour. Cartigny was excellent as the father.

CONCERTS.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The third concert took place on Monday night, in the Hanover-square Rooms. The attendance was very full, and the old form of programme was restored on this occasion, to the great satisfaction of the majority of the audience. The selection was as follows:—

PART I.

Sinfonia in D, Op. 88 (never performed at these concert)	Mozart
Duetto, "Dove vai," Mr. Manvers, and Signor F. Lablache, (Guillaume Tell)	Rossini.
Concerto, F minor, Op. 19, Pianoforte, Mr. W. S. Bennett	Bennett.
Terzetto, "Tremate," Madam Caradori Allan, Mr. Manvers, and Signor F. Lablache	Beethoven.
Overture, <i>Preciosa</i>	C. M. von Weber.

PART II.

Sinfonia in C minor	Beethoven.
Recit. "Plaisirs du rang suprême"	
Air "Celui que j'aimais" (La Muette de Portici), Mad. Caradori Allan	Auber.
Concertante, in A, Op. 48, two violins, Mr. Blagrove, and Mr. Willy	Spohr.
Overture, <i>Lodoiska</i>	Cherubini.

Conductor, Mr. Costa.

Mozart's symphony bears all the evidence of having been an early work of the composer. The Op. 88 merely refers to the order of its publication, which occurred subsequent to the death of the author. It was, nevertheless, new to the subscribers—a fact which is by no means creditable to the policy pursued by the various mis-directors, who have, from time to time, been elected to sway the destinies of the society. The score is by no means a rarity, being printed in the same form as the six great symphonies which are acknowledged out of the thirty-three that the composer produced. The symphony is in three movements, without a *scherzo*. It was most probably written for some small band in one of the obscurer German towns, and was very probably produced in a hurry by Mozart to satisfy the exigencies of life. The first movement, *allegro assai*, in D, is very simple; but there is a great charm in the transparent clearness with which it is instrumented. The first part is very long; the second part very short; the *coda* animated and effective. The subjects are pleasing, but not striking. The *andante* in F is very short and unaffected, presenting few characteristics that call for special observation. The *finale* is the most elaborate movement of the three, and is further interesting from the fact, that two passages—one from the trio in the second act of the composer's *Don Juan*, the other from the splendid *cantata* "Resta o Cora," are contained in it. The symphony was well played throughout. The *finale* was encored, but Signor Costa declined repeating it. The *andante* was not encored, but Signor Costa repeated it, we presume for his own amusement and the exercise of the band. We remarked, however, in the performance of the slow movement, the absurd exaggerations of the *rinforzando*, of which we have frequently complained, and which is one of the crying defects of Signor Costa's conducting. The duet "Dove vai," one of the finest things in *Guillaume Tell*, was spoiled by being transposed from E to E flat; but was otherwise well given by the vocalists. Why do our orchestras persist in sharpening the pitch to such an unwarranted extent? A piece written by Handel in E, is now in F at least, and must consequently lose its character; not to mention the diminution of the brilliancy resulting from the extreme tension of the strings. Sterndale Bennett's

fourth concerto is, perhaps, his best. Few better have been written for the instrument. It is full of genius, and finished with elaborate perfection. It was altogether a great treat, and the author performed it in that masterly and impressive style that has long placed him in the first rank of modern pianists. The applause was enthusiastic throughout. The light, catching overture to *Preciosa* was well played. The C minor of Beethoven, which has been terribly hacknied at these concerts, was the least satisfactory performance of the evening. There were many errors in the times of the movements, many exaggerations of expression, and not a few blunders on the part of the principal wind instruments. With all the infallibility that some critics attempts to fasten upon Signor Costa, we have heard this great symphony much better performed, not only at the Philharmonic, but elsewhere. Messrs. Blagrove and Willy played Spohr's concertante, a clever, but dry composition, capitally, and the overture to *Lodoiska*, one of the best of Cherubini's second-rates, was excellently rendered. Of the rest of the vocal music we have little more to say. The trio by Beethoven was rendered ineffective by the boisterous loudness of the accompaniments: and the air from Auber's *La Muette* had much better have been omitted, since it neither suited the singer nor the locale; out of a theatre it loses nearly all its charm. By the way, is there no such thing to be obtained as a *contra fagotto*? The ophicleide, which was substituted, half ruined the *finale* of the C minor, and was a positive nuisance. The audience commenced taking their departure at the beginning of Spohr's concertante, and continued annoying and inconveniencing those who were desirous of hearing what remained to be performed, until the whole was over. Some remedy might surely be found for these rude and barbarous demonstrations of egotism, which of late have become too frequent.

THE MUSICAL UNION.—Mr. Ella's second meeting was honored by a more numerous attendance of nobility and fashion than his first. There were also many artists and amateurs of note present. There was nothing very new in the selection, as the following will show:—

Quintet in D, No. 5, two violins, viola, and two violoncellos	Onslow.
Trio in E. flat Op. 70, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello	Beethoven.
Quartet in D, No. 10, two violins, viola, and violoncello	Mozart.
Executants. First Violin, Mr. Deloffre. Second Violin, Mr. Goffrie. Tenor, Mr. Hill. Violoncello, Signor Piatti. Viola, Mr. Pilet. Pianoforte, Mr. Lindsay.	Oper.

The quintet of Onslow, a very ingenious and equally uninteresting composition, was well played on the whole, but produced no great impression. The point of interest was Piatti's beautiful delivery of a *cantando* phrase in the slow movement, and this was well entitled to the applause it received. The trio of Beethoven is a composition of such originality and intricacy as demands absolutely three first rate players to do it justice. Mr. Lindsay Sloper is a first-rate pianist, and played his share of the trio as finely as the most fastidious connoisseur could have desired. Nothing could be more charming and unaffected than his expression, and nothing more brilliant, certain and polished than his execution. But we cannot award equal praise to his coadjutors, who, in tone, decision, style and mechanism, are somewhat in the rear of what is desirable for a composition of such elaboration, variety and energy. They are good artists, nevertheless, and it is always a pleasure to us when we can conscientiously award them that praise which justice compels us at least to qualify on this occasion. The quartet of Mozart was a performance of average quality. With such an excellent second violin as Goffrie, and such a perfect tenor as Hill, there was not likely to be much fault to find; but there seemed to us a want of that grandeur of style and irreproachable execution which the lavish encomiums bestowed by Mr. Ella (beforehand) in his "Record," would have led us to expect, had we been simple amateurs, like our excellent friend of *The Chronicle*, ready to swallow, without wincing, the tremendous doses of eulogy which the director of the Musical Union administers through the medium of that sheet. We have elsewhere discussed what we take the liberty to think a demonstration of equivocal taste on the part of that worthy and enterprising gentleman, and so shall drop the subject here. On the whole the performance gave pleasure. One of its greatest recommendations was its brevity.

THE GREENWICH AND BLACKHEATH AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY gave their third concert in the Railway Station Room, on

Friday evening, the 9th inst, providing a capital band, an admirable selection of music, and excellent interpreters. Miss Dolby and Mr. Kench were the vocalists; Mr. Benedict performed on the piano, and M. Barret on the oboe. Mr. Dando acted as leader, and Mr. Benedict conducted all the vocal music. The instrumental performances comprised three overtures, "Der Freyschutz," "Semiramide," and "Zampa," and the C minor (No. 5) symphony of Beethoven. Miss Dolby sung three songs, and Mr. Kench four; but the lady, notwithstanding, sang oftener than the gentleman, she was encored twice. The performance gave very great satisfaction. We trust this society will succeed in its endeavours to disseminate music of the best kind among the intermediate classes. By providing such entertainments as the one we have just noticed, worthy of commendation in every respect, they must progress; and we shall lend them all the assistance in our power to further the interests of their society.

WILSON'S SCOTTISH ENTERTAINMENTS—Mr. Wilson commenced a new series of his vocal illustrations of Scottish manners and character on Monday evening, in the Music Hall, Store-street. The entertainments comprised several new features, among which we may name two Irish songs, one of great pathos, and the other of great humour. Nearly every song in the first part was encored. Burns's exquisite lyric, "Go fetch to me a pint o' wine," was given with immense effect by Mr. Wilson. It was impossible to render it with more feeling and expression. The singer was most deservedly encored twice. We were much pleased with the humorous old song, "My Joe Janet," in the form of a dialogue, which was sung by Mr. Wilson with great point and vivacity. Several old friends, not the less welcome for being old, were also given during the performance, and the entertainment finished with "Green grow the rushes, O." Mr. Land attended at the pianoforte.

Mr. A. SEDGWICK, the performer on the concertina, gave a concert, in conjunction with the Apollonic Society, at the Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square, on Monday evening, the 12th instant, when he was ably assisted by Misses Cubitt, Ellen Lyon, Sara Flower, Mrs. Ellis, Messrs. Allen, Sporie, Giubelei, Shoubridge, Robinson, G. and H. Buckland, Julian, Reach, &c. The instrumentalists being Messrs. Frederick Chatterton, Zerbini, Wells, Davies, Stæssel, and Sedgwick, on the harp, violin, flute, cornet, xylorcordeon, and concertina, all of whom acquitted themselves in their best manner. The great fault was the immense length of the programme, which the enthusiasm of a crowded audience much increased by their anxiety to encore their especial favorites. Miss Ellen Lyon, who is fast rising in public estimation, gained a most deserved and hearty encore in "Even as the sun," with concertina accompaniment obligato, by Mr. Beneficiario, who received a similar compliment in his solo on Paganini's "Witches' Dance," which he answered, according to the present fashion, by substituting the serenade from "Don Pasquale." The other encores were Miss Sara Flower, Mr. Sporie, Mr. Allen, Mr. J. Kench, Herr Stæssel, and, lastly, Mr. George Buckland, in John Parry's song of "Matrimony," who responded to it by singing "Jack and the Beanstalk," a very clever song of his own arrangement. Mr. A. Sedgwick presided at the piano-forte.—*From a Correspondent.*

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday this establishment re-opened its doors to the public, after a fortnight's holiday. But, though the doors were closed during Passion week and its Easter successor, there was no cessation from labour within the walls of the theatre, as the result will show.

ON Saturday we were exulting in the expectation of the pleasure we were going to derive from Donizetti's comic masterpiece, *L'Elisir D'Amore*, with Gardoni's Nemorino and Lablache's Dulcamara; but, alas! we were doomed to disappointment, the great Lablache was hoarse and the *Elisir* could not be played. In its place was substituted *I Due Foscari*, an opera by Verdi, which had never been performed. Thought we, as we wended our way to the theatre, gloomy with anticipations of Verdi—"Surely there will be an intolerable mess—the *Foscari* can never be in a fit state for public performance—twenty-four hours is not enough to paint

the scenes, make the dresses, rehearse the music, and teach the principals—the band and chorus will be sadly at variance—Balfé will be in a rage and throw his *baton* at some unlucky chorister, or some miserable trumpeter, who shall come in a bar too soon or late—there will be confusion worse confounded." But we were out in our reckoning. The instant Balfé entered the orchestra, it was evident from the air of confidence that played upon his good-humoured countenance that all was right, and that he and his new-formed band of Huns and Vandals were ripe for mischief. So it turned out. The opera was played from beginning to end better than anything that has preceded it during the season, and the success was great, in spite of the music.

We shall say nothing of the plot of *I Due Foscari*. Everybody has read, or should have read, Byron's *The Two Foscari*. Those who have read it will know as much as we can tell them. Those who have not read it are well recompensed for their shameful indifference to one of our great poet's finest works by being left in the dark. We shall tell them nothing about it—not a syllable. We hate more trouble than is necessary, and above all abominate the task of recounting a plot; it is an intolerable bore—and, what is worse, no one reads it when it is done. (No offence to our excellent co-labourer J. de C—e, whose relations of plots are models of *writing*, and will be read, for reasons, independent of the subject involved in their discourse).

The principal characters in the opera were thus distributed:—Lucretia, Madame Montenegro; Jacopo Foscari, Signor Fraschini; Francesco Foscari, Signor Coletti; and Loredano, Signor Bouché.

Madame Montenegro, who paid a flitting visit to this country last year, produced a highly favourable sensation in the character of Lucretia, for which her handsome person, dignified carriage, and fervid manner admirably fit her. This lady's voice is a *soprano*, rather of sweet than powerful quality, of extensive range and considerable flexibility. She vocalises easily and neatly, and her style, animated and expressive, is devoid of all affectation and redundancy. In short, her Lucretia was, throughout, an unpretending and charming performance, which pleased as much by natural grace and the absence of effort, as by its truthful experience and vocal faultlessness. Madame Montenegro will always be welcome to the habitués of Her Majesty's Theatre. Her talent is of that pleasing and winning kind that is sure to attract a host of admirers, who from pure sympathy will be warm in her cause. Being, also, a lady by birth, and enjoying the advantages of education and society, there is a refined taste in all she does which is of itself a great recommendation.

Signor Bouché's sonorous voice and manly style were precisely suited to the part of the stern and uncompromising Loredano, and his performance gained him another laurel to add to those he has already won so well.

Fraschini came out in Jacopo Foscari in a style that completely won the admiration and applause of the audience. His acting was sensible and effective. His singing was entirely devoid of that exaggerated declamation that we have had occasion, hitherto, to discommend. Fraschini has found out the secret that the vociferous shouting which raises the enthusiasm of the Neapolitans will not do for the Londoners, whose more refined and severer taste asks for higher qualities of style than the mere *ad captandum* exhibitions of strength of lungs. His singing gains one hundred per cent by the change. He has proved his ability to execute the softer passages *mezza voce*—and that is a quality which was denied to his talent—unjustly, as the sequel shows.

But the triumph of the evening was for Coletti, who, in the character of the Doge, evinced the highest vocal and histrionic capabilities. Half his continental celebrity traces from his masterly delineation of this character, which would seem to have been written with an express view to display the quality and register of his magnificent baritone. There can now be no dispute about the capabilities of this artist, whose merits are so evident that even the *Morning Chronicle* is compelled to acknowledge them in warm terms. In the first two acts of the opera the dignity of the Venetian noble was finely preserved in all its unbending sternness, which made the gush of anguish and passionate tenderness in the last scene all the more effective. The air, "Questa é d'unque," was deservedly *encored*; it was very finely sung, and, indeed, the whole scene was a triumph of vocal and dramatic art. We have seldom witnessed more enthusiastic and unanimous demonstrations of approval. Signor Coletti appeared thrice before the curtain at the end; the audience seemed never tired of calling for him. The opera was applauded throughout. Not only was Coletti honoured by re-calls and *encores*, but similar honours were lavishly conferred upon the other artists—Fraschini, Bouché, and Madamé Montenegro. The success of *I due Foscari* must be attributed entirely to the principal singers, and to the complete efficiency of Balfe, his band, and his chorus, which came out with unwonted power. The music of Signor Verdi is trash of the flimsiest description—beneath criticism—it offers no one point of musicianship, no one gleam of fancy. To talk of *genius* in reference to such worthless rubbish would be downright impiety. It is utterly destitute of claims to any kind of notice.

On Thursday we had one of those varied and lengthy performances of opera and *ballet* commingled, for which Her Majesty's Theatre is famous. The house was immensely crowded. The performances included the opera of *I Puritani*, a new *ballet* for Lucile Grahn, called *Orithia*, and a *Diversissement* of sundry dances between the second and third acts of the opera. The events that signalized the performance of *I Puritani* (on the whole the least perfect representation of the present season) were the return of the inimitable Lablache in the character of Sir George, and Gardoni's first appearance in the character of Lord Talbot. Lablache's reception was tremendous, the cheering lasted for several minutes. He was in fine voice, and having quite recovered from his hoarseness, sang and acted as magnificently as ever. Poor Gardoni was suffering from indisposition. The unexpected change of the weather seems to have afflicted the Italian vocalists with an epidemic. Gardoni is not infallible, and like Ronconi and Tamburini fell a victim to the hostile temperature. Nevertheless though his power was impaired and his certainty of vocalising slightly perilled, no one could fail to be enchanted by that graceful tenderness of expression which gives so great a charm to his singing. This was exerted to eminent advantage in the "A te o cara," which was unanimously *encored*, in the duet of the last act, and best of all in the pleasing *aria*, "Ella e tremanté," which Gardoni delivered with exquisite purity and taste. Madame Castellan and Coletti, in *Elvira* and Sir Richard Forth, were satisfactory in all respects. That the lady should fail to make a great effect in one of the favourite parts of Grisi is nothing to her discredit. Madame Castellan is a careful and zealous artist, and whatever she does is marked by sensibility and intelligence. Coletti's greatest point was the noisy duet, "Suono la tromba," with Lablache, the *cabaletta* of which obtained its customary *encore*. The subordinate parts of the opera were respectably sustained, and the band and chorus were energetic and untiring. The

four principals were re-called at the fall of the curtain amidst loud cheers.

The *divertissement* between the second and third acts consisted of a *danse d'ensemble* for the *corps de ballet*, oddly designated *Deutschen Rhain*, an impossible application of the German tongue; the brilliant *pas de deux* from *Coralia*, by Rosati and Paul Taglioni, in which Rosati was *encored* in one of her variations, and a new version of the *Cracovienne*, by Marie Taglioni, called "Posnania." This was a great attraction. To see quaint little unconscious Marie in a new dress was worth a whole *ballet* of itself. Her hair too, platted, and hanging behind in two long tails, gave a new reading to her charmingly original physiognomy. And then, how coquettishly, without having a notion of what is coquetry, she wore the Polish peasant's hat, picturesque in itself, but ravishing on such a pretty little head, so odd, so unlike heads in general, and yet so thoroughly bewitching. Her dancing was quite in her own style, distinct from all other dancing, but yielding to none other in merit. It was simple, unaffected and natural, and withal a thing by itself for which it were vain to seek a comparison. What wonder, then, that the audience should re-call her as the curtain fell and applaud her vehemently as she was led on the stage by her excellent progenitor, M. Paul Taglioni, who composed "Posnania" expressly for her? It was no wonder at all, but inevitable.

The new ballet is entitled *Orithia*. The subject and its development may be gathered from the following, which we have extracted from the elegant *brochure* that is nightly distributed in the boxes and pit of Her Majesty's Theatre, and of which we have already spoken.

"It is night. We are in the camp of the Amazons and of their Queen, Marthesia. As a distant sound of the horn is heard, the warriors awake; day appears, and they salute the sun. The horn approaches; it announces the arrival of *Orithia*, the Queen's niece, who returns triumphant from her combats with the Massagetes, bearing on her arm the buckler of their chief Alceis, whom she brings a prisoner. The Queen celebrates this victory by dances, and ordains a royal chase, to the conqueror in which the buckler of Alceis is decreed. The Amazons hasten with delight towards the forest. Silence reigns once more within the camp, when the Prince Alceis enters it at the peril of his life. He loves *Orithia*, and what is peril to him if it bring him near the object of his love! His buckler, raised as a trophy, strikes his sight; he seizes it, and is about to destroy it, when the Amazons, carried by the chase towards the camp, appear. He hides himself behind a rock whence he can see without being seen. The huntresses depart. *Orithia*, still haunted by the recollection of the Prince, then arrives and contemplates the trophy, which reminds her of Alceis. She shudders at the idea that this token may become the prize of another. She is about to return into the forest, when the prince appears. The Amazon recoils affrighted. Alceis then declares his love, and to what it has impelled him. *Orithia* entreats her lover to fly from the implacable law which condemns to death every man who dares to enter the camp. Alceis refuses. *Isipathe*, the Queen's favorite, has remarked the trouble of her mistress, and, having followed her, has been a witness of this scene. At a signal, the Amazons hasten with Marthesia, who bitterly reproaches her niece for having betrayed her oath. She then orders the punishment of the captive at the tomb raised to the memory of *Argapessa*, her husband, killed by the King of the Scythians. *Orithia* supplicates; her companions join in her prayers, but the Queen is obdurate. Alceis then is doomed; but on approaching the mausoleum where he is to be sacrificed, he sees the name of his father inscribed thereon. Seizing his buckler, he pushes a spring, and the following inscription appears:—"Argapessa to his son Alceis." Marthesia is, then, his mother! The coldness of the Queen and the sternness of the Amazon give place to the warm gush of maternal love. Marthesia pardons, and Alceis becomes the happy captive of his *Orithia*.

How well this character of *Orithia*, the Amazon, is suited to the daring impetuous Lucile Grahn, may be readily imagined. Her dancing was first-rate, and in one of her most surprising steps she was *encored* with acclamations. Paul Taglioni acted and danced capitally, in the character of the

Prince. There was only one scene, the camp of the Amazons, but this was well worthy the graphic and masterly brush of Marshall. The dresses and decorations were superb. The fault in this *ballet-divertissement* is that there is too much uninteresting grouping, profitless walking about, and concerted posture-making. Half of it might be cut out with advantage. The *ballet* would gain by it, and the superb dancing of Lucile Grahn would be doubly appreciated. As it was, however, the success was unquestionable, and M. Paul Taglioni reversed the maxim "the third time is never like the rest," having achieved three triumphs in succession.

PROVINCIAL.

BELEST.—(From our Correspondent).—The legitimate drama is in the ascendant. We have the Misses Cushman here, whose exquisite performances afford us rich and rare treats. There are many actors on the stage who do not give so gentlemanly performances (no joking intended) as Miss Cushman in the male parts, with such of feeling, such passion, and yet no ranting. Miss Susan Cushman need only follow (as she bids fair to do) in her sister's footsteps, to become one of the brightest ornaments of the English stage. Miss C.'s performance of Meg Merillies was a most decided hit, and created quite a furore. Not too much praise can be given to our intelligent manager, Mr. Cunningham, who, though not always sufficiently rewarded by our good Belfast citizens, lets no opportunity pass to engage the London stars, and to make the performances here worthy of the best provincial theatre.—T. P.

DUBLIN.—(Saunders' News Letter, April 7).—The concert given last evening by the members of the University Choral Society, was a most interesting one; the selection good, the execution truly effective, and the attention of the audience continued engaged until the close of the concert. The first part consisted of Andreas Romberg's music to Schiller's "Lay of the Bell." The casting of a bell is, in Germany, an event of solemnity and rejoicing. In the neighbourhood of the Hartz and other mine districts, you read formal announcements in the newspapers, from bell-founders, that at a given time and spot a casting is to take place, to which they invite all their friends. An entertainment out of doors is prepared and held with much festivity. Schiller, in a few short stanzas, forming a sort of chorus, describes the whole process of the melting, the casting, and cooling of the bell, with a technical truth and felicity of expression in which the sound of the sharp sonorous rhymes and expressive epithets constantly form an echo to the sense. Between these technical processes he breaks forth into the most beautiful episodic pictures of the various scenes of life with which the sounds of the bell are connected. The connecting links of the chant are taken up by the "master bell-founder," which part was well sustained by the amateur who sang on the occasion, and who possesses a voice of good quality. The solo for the treble, "Hark, 'tis some birthday's joyful meeting," was sung with judgment and fervor by Master Shepperd of the College choir, and met with an encore. The tenor solo that followed fell rather listless on the ear, the vocalist who sang it scarcely making his voice audible above the accompaniment. He was more successful in the solo "Though passion may fly," The chorus "In fertile womb of earth confiding," was rendered with ability. Another chorus "The Master when the mould destroying," was rendered with fidelity and spirit. The second part of the concert opened with a chorus of pilgrims from Verdi's opera *I Lombardi*, a novelty here, and admirably rendered both by the vocalists and the orchestra, received a warm encore. In the fantasia for the violoncello, the subjects of which were selected from the opera of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Mr. Pigott displayed a facile execution and beauty of style that elicited repeated bursts of applause. One of the novelties was the appearance of Mr. Glover, a pupil of Mr. Magrath's; his voice is charming and of extensive range. His solo, "Una voce," was effective, but in the air of Sir John Stevenson's, harmonized by Mr. Magrath, "Oh, green are the groves," he was heard with greater advantage. The other parts were sustained with judgment. The orchestra was efficient, and the whole concert passed off satisfactorily.

LIVERPOOL.—Jullien's concerts have attracted as great audiences as at Manchester last week. The addition of Pischek, the German vocalist, to the regular instrumental forces, has greatly enhanced the interest of the performances. It is expected that Jullien will clear an immense sum by his trip.

LEICESTER.—(From a Correspondent).—The Musical Public are indebted to Mr. H. Nicholson the Flautist of this town, for a great treat on Monday evening last, in the engagement of the inimitable and unrivalled "John Parry," who sang his favourite songs with the greatest success. He also with his accustomed kindness sang an extra song not

announced in the programme, in lieu of one which the principal female vocalist (Mrs. Millar, who was unaccountably absent) was put down for. An orchestra of about thirty played with great spirit, the overtures to *Men of Prometheus*, Auber's *Lac des Fees*, and a grand selection from "I Lombardi." The other performers were (vocal) Miss Deacon, Mrs. Rowlett Messrs. Weykes, Banister, &c. (instrumental) Messrs. Nicholson, Gill, Adcock &c. &c. We were glad to see the room crowded.

THE HARMONIUM.—Under this name a New Musical Instrument has been introduced to the public of this city, by Mr. Julian Adams (the pianist) who has been performing on it with great success, and will continue to play during the week. The chief excellence of this instrument, consists in its *sweetness of tone* and *remarkable power of expression*, we may compare it, as to volume and richness of sound, to the organ, while in purity and delicacy, it rivals the strains of the *cremona*. Mr. Julian Adams evinced extraordinary ability in his performances, and was heartily applauded.—*Bath and Cheltenham Gazette*.

BATH.—Messrs. Green and Simms of the Pump Room, engaged Mr. Julian Adams on Saturday last, to perform in the Promenade Concerts on the patent Harmonium. Mr. Julian Adams' performances were received with great applause, as well on account of the excellence of the performance, as the novelty of the instrument on which he played. Mr. Adams played a grand *fantasia* or airs from *Norma* and an Austrian air and brilliant variations with orchestral accompaniments. Both the pieces were highly effective, and exhibited the qualities and peculiarities of the new instrument, (the patent harmonium) admirably. Mr. Julian Adams also performs at the Promenade Concerts on Tuesday, Thursday, and concludes this evening his engagement at Bath.

BRISTOL.—(From our Correspondent).—Mr. H. C. Cooper's annual concert was held on Monday evening, at the Victoria Rooms, which was thronged with all the rank and fashion of Bristol and the surrounding neighbourhood. The entertainment was excellent in every respect, comprising compositions by the great masters, with *morceaux* of a more popular kind, while the executants, vocal and instrumental, numbered some of the choicest in the metropolis. The principal vocalists were Miss Bassano, Miss M. B. Hawes, Mr. Novello, and Mr. Locket. Mr. Vincent Wallace was the pianist and conductor. Mr. Julian Adams performed on the patent harmonium. The orchestra was principally composed of the same artists and amateurs who performed with so much success at the concerts lately given by the Bristol and Clifton "Conservatoire Musique" society. Mr. Cooper's concert was held under the most distinguished patronage, including among its supporters the names of the Duke of Beaufort, the Hon. F. H. F. Berkeley, M. P., W. Miles, Esq., M. P., the High Sheriff and the Mayor, together with upwards of one hundred influential residents of Bristol, and Bath, and adjoining places. The concert opened with Beethoven's overture to *Fidelio*, well played by the band, though not altogether faultlessly. The performances must be noticed briefly. Miss Bassano, Miss Hawes, and Mr. Locket gave a very pretty trio, by Curschmann, with great applause. Mr. Locket sang deliciously. He has a charming tenor voice, and is in immense favour with us here, as well as at Bath. We have not forgotten the impression he made at the Birmingham Festival. The chief feature of the entertainment was undoubtedly Mr. Vincent Wallace's performance on the pianoforte. He excited great interest among the audience, which his personal appearance enhanced in a high degree. His playing was uproariously applauded. His execution is very brilliant and precise, and he possesses a style at once bold and dashing, which is very attractive. The "forte" passages exhibited great power in the executant, while the "pianos" were managed with singular grace and delicacy. Mr. Wallace played two "fantasias of his own composition both of which have great merit as works for the pianoforte. The "Cracoriene" fantasia is certainly one of the most striking *morceaux* we ever heard performed in a concert room. Mr. Julian Adams bore away immense applause by his performance of an air with brilliant variations. Mr. H. C. Cooper was very effective in his violin performances, and was tremendously cheered in a solo of De Beriot's. We have not much room for more. The singers acquitted themselves in their usual mode of excellence, and the concert terminated with Weber's "Jubilee" overture. Mr. Vincent Wallace conducted all the music, and Mr. H. C. Cooper officiated as leader.

DR. MENDELSSOHN'S ORATORIO ELIJAH.

It is not likely that our readers have forgotten the triumph of this greatest work of the greatest composer now living, at the Birmingham Festival, last August. Since the production of "St. Paul," the composer's first oratorio, in 1836, at the Rhenish Triennial Festival, held at Dusseldorf, no single work of any modern author, has been known to excite so much curiosity and interest as "Elijah." That "St. Paul" was a great work, the opinion of the

opinion of the whole musical community' had long before testified. The lapse of ten years, however, was likely to have produced a considerable change in the style of the composer, who, when "St. Paul," was produced, was only twenty-six years of age, and could hardly be presumed to have arrived at the meridian of his intellect. This was reasonable, and "Elijah" has proved it to be true. Though not longer than "St. Paul," the new oratorio is on a larger and a grander scale. The movements are more important and more carefully developed. To outdo "St. Paul" in loveliness of melody and freshness of idea were impossible, and in "Elijah" there is nothing impossible. But it is as the offspring of ripe maturity compared with the issue of burning and aspiring youth. Wisdom has perfected what Genius had long ago conceived. Genius is ever young, but it is not in the exercise of all its functions until Experience takes it by the hand, and points out the path that it should go.

In despite of the immense success which "Elijah" achieved at Birmingham last Autumn, Mendelssohn, not easily pleased, was unsatisfied with his work, and has employed the whole of his time from that period up to the present moment, in revising and perfecting the score. A short survey of the pieces that have been retouched, in a more or less degree, may not prove uninteresting to our readers.

The opening recitative of "Elijah," "As God the Lord," and the overture which immediately follows it, remain in their original form. The latter part of the chorus of the people, "Help, Lord!" has been re-written. The recitative chorus, "The deeps afford no water," has received some slight alterations at the close. The duet and chorus, "Lord, bow down thine ear to our prayer," remains as before. The recitative, "Ye people," and the air, "If with all your hearts," has received some trifling emendations. The chorus, "Yet doth the Lord see it not;" and the recitative of the angel, "Elijah, get thee hence," remain as they were originally. The latter part of the double quartet, "For He shall give his angels charge over thee," has been re-written entirely. The recitative of the angel, "Now Cherith's brook is dried up," has been slightly altered. The scene between the widow and Elijah, in which the woman prays the prophet to cure her sick son, and the prophet consents, has been entirely recomposed, although the prominent features of the original version may be traced throughout. A short duet, for the widow and Elijah, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God," has been added to this scene, and the improvement is manifest. The general character of the chorus "Blessed are the men who fear him," remains the same, but it has been rescored, and there are several important emendations. The recitatives and choral responses which constitute the scene between Elijah, Ahab, and the people have been altered in some particulars, and in one point, the preparation for the King's entry, we think, with deference not for the better. In the superb choruses of the Baalite priests and the intervening recitatives of Elijah, there are few if any changes—at least none that we could observe. Elijah's recitative and air, "Draw near all ye people" has been altered slightly. The quartet *Corale* of angels "Cast thy burden upon the Lord" has also been mended in several points, and the words, by Mr. Bartholomew, are entirely new. Elijah's recitative, "O Thou, who makest thine angels," is slightly altered, and the chorus of the people, "The fire descends from heaven," has been modified in detail, though none of the leading points are changed. Elijah's recitative "Take all the prophets of Baal," and the chorus of the people to the same words remain unchanged. Elijah's air, "Are not His words like a fire?" and the *contralto* air which follows, "Woe unto them," have both been re-touched. A recitative for Obadiah, "O man of God," is new. The scene for Elijah, the people, and the youth who goes to look for rain, with the stupendous chorus at the end, "Thanks be to God," is left precisely as it was before, Mendelssohn having found it impossible to improve perfection.

In the air for *soprano*, "Hear ye Israel," and the chorus which follows, "Be not afraid," the general ideas remain as before, but several parts are reconstructed and some are wholly new. Elijah's recitative, "The Lord hath exalted thee," has also received some slight emendations. The scene of the Queen (Jezabel) and the people, consisting of recitatives and choral responses has been re-written throughout, and much improved. The same may be

said of the chorus. "Woe to him," which follows. Obadiah's recitative, "Man of God," is entirely new, while the response of Elijah, "Though stricken," remains unaltered. Elijah's air, "It is enough," has been re-composed on its original plan, and the recitative, "See now he sleepeth," has also been reconstructed. The trio for angels, "Lift thine eyes," was originally a duet; in its present form it may be regarded as quite new. The chorus of angels, "He, watching over Israel," has been slightly retouched. The recitative for the angel and Elijah, commencing with the words, "Arise Elijah," has been re-written entirely. The *contralto* air, "O rest in the Lord," remains as before. The chorus "He that shall endure," ditto, ditto. The recitative for Elijah and the angel, beginning "Night falleth round me," has been altered, and the awful chorus, "Behold, God the Lord passed by" has been carefully retouched. A recitative, "Above him stood the seraphim," which follows, is quite new, and produces a very fine effect. The quartet and chorus of angels, "Holy, holy, holy," is as before. A recitative chorus, "Go return upon thy way," and Elijah's response, "I go on my way," are both new. Elijah's air, with oboe obligato, "For the mountains shall depart," has been very slightly changed. The chorus, "Thus did Elijah," has been retouched in several places. The air "Then shall the righteous" has not been altered. The recitative, "Behold God hath sent Elijah," and the subsequent chorus, "But the Lord from the north," have both been retouched in several places. The quartet "O come every one that thirsteth" remains as before. The final chorus, "And then shall your light break forth," consisting of an introduction and fugue, are entirely new, both in words and music, the first version having been discarded. We shall give a full and succinct account of the performance next week.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOSEPH JOACHIM.—After all, we have got this great violinist for this season. He arrived on Tuesday, in company with Dr. Mendelssohn, his friend and master. We trust the Philharmonic will not let him go without hearing him once more.

CERITO, ST. LEON, AND PERROT.—The choregraphic stars of Her Majesty's Theatre are beginning to shine in great number. The above three celebrities arrived in London on Tuesday.

VIEUXTEMPS, whose recent triumphs at St. Petersburg were recorded two numbers back, is expected in London to-day.

BALFE.—In eulogizing the readiness with which, "*I due Foscari*," was produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, when *L'Elisir d'Amore*, was compelled to be delayed, owing to the indisposition of Lablache, *The Times* of Monday, in an admirably written article, pays a just tribute to the merits of Mr. Balfe, the indefatigable conductor. The writer says, that "To be in such a state of forwardness with one work as to produce it directly the chance of another fails, is an instance of good generalship that might everywhere be imitated with advantage. Let a special meed of praise be awarded to Mr. Balfe, who, at the shortest notice, was able to summon round him all the persons under his direction. From the commencement of the present season, the conduct of Mr. Balfe amid circumstances of unprecedented difficulty, has been distinguished by an ability and indefatigable zeal, perhaps without parallel. His band is not only under his conduct, but may be almost said, to be of his tuition." This is nothing more than true, and nothing less than just.

STAUDIGL.—This great *basso* has arrived, and will shortly appear at Her Majesty's Theatre, with Jenny Lind.

MADAME CLARE HENNELLE.—This clever and popular vocalist will arrive in London, for the season, on the 25th inst. Her success in Paris during the winter has been unusually brilliant. She has frequently sung at the court in presence of the royal family, and at the best of the benefit

concerts her name has figured conspicuously. Her friends here will be delighted to welcome her back, for few in her calling are more privately respected, and probably esteemed, than Madame Cläre Hennelle. She will be accompanied by her charming daughter, Mdlle. Blanche Hennelle, who is also, we believe, destined for the musical profession—in which case she is sure of success, since nature has been prodigal in her favour.

MDLLE. FANNY ELLSLER AND MDLLE. DUMILATRE, the celebrated *danseuses*, both engaged at the Royal Italian Opera, arrived in London on Wednesday.

WILMERS.—Another pianist of this name, who, if report speak not false, is a second Leopold de Meyer, is going to pay London a visit during the present season.

THALBERG.—This popular gentleman has decided upon favoring London with his presence during this most eventful season. What all the pianists that are coming expect to achieve in the pecuniary department it puzzles us to guess. One only can be "lion at a time."

M. BEZETH, a talented *violinist*, and pupil of David, has arrived in London for the season.

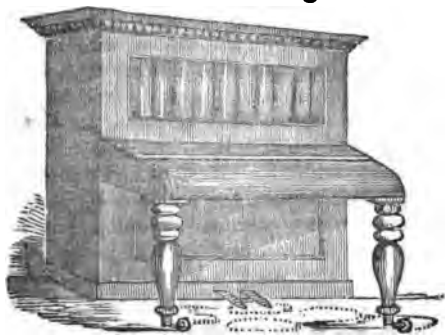
MR. JONES.—The vocalist, whose successful career, in most of the first theatres in the North of Italy, we have from time to time recorded, has returned to England, after an absence of nearly three years.

JULES SCHULOFF.—This pianist, a new star in the horizon of *pianism*, will shortly arrive in London. He gave his last concert in Paris on the 20th. M. Schuloff is known as a composer of brilliant *morceaux*, which have achieved very considerable popularity.

MADAME BISHOP terminated her second engagement with Mrs. Macready, at Bath, on Saturday last. The success attendant on her second engagement surpassed, if possible, that of her first. Madame Bishop left Bath on Thursday, for Dublin, where she is engaged by Mr. Calcraft, to re-appear for a certain number of nights. The fair artiste opens on Monday in *Norma*, and repeats afterwards, *Sonnambula*, *The Love Spell*, and *Anne Bolena*, and will also perform in Donizetti's celebrated opera, *Linda di Chamouni*, translated expressly for her. This opera, one of the author's best, has never been performed on the English stage.

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On **FRIDAY next, April the 23rd and 24th 1847,**

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ELIJAH,**

Tickets 2s., reserved seats in the Gallery 5s., in the area 10s. 6d.. All the Tickets being disposed of, except a limited number of those at 10s. 6d., for the 23rd and 24th, and at 2s. for the 24th, persons desirous of attending the performances are requested to make immediate application to the principal music-sellers; or to Mr. Bowley, 53, Charing-cross; Mr. Mitchell, 20, Charing-cross; and Mr. Rice, 102, Strand.
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HARMONIA.

(HAP. I.)

THERE are many apostles of Falsehood, but Truth is in want of disciples. The lies that are begotten by the apostles of Falsehood upon the bodies of Sophistry and Corruption are so numerous that the heavens are darkened by them. But Truth shines behind, like the sun, and it is for her worshippers to make war against the locust host of lies, and dispersing them, let the world behold the full glory of the light they have for a while obscured. We, as the humblest of Truth's disciples shall draw sword in the cause, and fight her battles against her enemies. What we shall say will offend many and hurt some; but Truth is vital to the health of art, and the interests of private individuals are as dust in the balance.

Lord Bacon, the wisest of philosophers, in his golden book, exclaims against the *idola* that blind the eye of men's judgments and prevent their beholding Truth naked. The *idola* are the *prejudices*, which are born of various parents. It is for those who would behold the face of Truth, and make it glorious to mankind, to wage war against them and destroy them utterly. They are stubborn enemies of progress; the poisonous sophists that distort and vilify. Until they are swept away, the mind cannot comprehend a simple proposition. Let it be then our task to uproot them from the soil they render sterile; let it be for us to cast them into the fire, until they be consumed and stench the air no more. Like good husbandmen, we must weed the pastures, or they will not bear fruit.

The art of music is but a type of other arts. Its growth is fostered or stunted by favourable or adverse circumstances. But it is the youngest of the arts. There is yet time to save it from corruption. From examples in the history of other arts we may know what to do, and what to eschew. Let us then study them and profit.

First, the professors of music should be brought up in the eternal principles that apply to all art. Next, the taste of the laity should be educated. If an artist do well and yet be not appreciated, it is an injury to art. If he do not well and yet be favoured, it is an injury to art. But, if when he does well he be encouraged, and when he does ill he be ad-

monished, it is a glory for art. To promote this end, for the sake of art, should be the aim of all criticism; but, to promote it requires certain learning and endowments that not many critics possess, and, indeed, at the present time, scarcely any. We shall not, by a process of logical ratiocination, endeavor to give the reason of this deficiency, but shall endeavour to make it appear as if it were an inevitable consequence of the facts that we adduce, and the observations we shall make upon them.

It will be said that we make over-much of music, and magnify its importance. But this will be an error; for, though music, like history, be not a matter of magnificence and memory, like poetry, it is a matter of refinement and aspiration. Shelley, the poet, has said, that "Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world." Translate his meaning largely, and he is right; he speaks of all poets, no matter what their medium of expression. Poetry and music address themselves to the intellect through the medium of the ear; painting, sculpture, architecture, through the medium of the eye. There is no art that addresses itself to the intellect through the organs of taste, or feeling, or smelling; therefore are the organs of hearing and seeing the greatest and most magnanimous of the senses; and the ear and the eye may be likened to carriers that bear the mind its food and riches; and, according to the manner of its nourishment and clothing is the health or sickness of the mind. The important office of these carriers cannot be over estimated; on them depend refinement and wisdom, and according to their burden is a man a barbarian or a civilian in the universal meaning. Therefore Shelley's apothegm should be written in gold, and inscribed upon the Temple of Truth:—"Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world." These are the words of an oracle.

Would the world be better, or worse had Mozart, Handel, Beethoven, never lived? This question has been often asked but never answered. I say the world would have been much worse for the want of them. For the mind, when contemplating sublime images, is admonished of its immortality. That which is body can corrupt and perish, but that which is ideal cannot be effaced; its style is not of earth but of heaven; not of the finite but of the infinite. In listening to the divine music of these mighty poets we are walking with them in the country of the infinite. Their inspiration is from God, and is a proof that man is not as the cattle; for, if man's mind can comprehend what is inspiration it can embrace the enigma of imperishability. And, surely, that which makes us feel and know we are immortal is of the highest consequence. Of how great import is it then that art should be rid of all that clogs its wings and prevents its flight upward, that it be not, as the soul in a weak body, or as the fingers on a defective instrument, unable to declare the hand that has enforced it.

The perfect accomplishments of art are the endeavours of the immortal spirit to fly up to the *anima mundi* of which it is a part. Spinoza, in forgetting art, left out what would have made his ethics perfect. He overlooked the link that binds the finite to the infinite. For, in so much as mathematics is tangible and finite, is it inferior to art which is intangible and infinite. Mathematics is the symbol for all that man can seemingly reduce to elements and know entirely, but art is the symbol of what he desires to know and cannot, being human. One is the earth we tread upon, the other the heaven we aspire to. In one we walk step by step, in the other we traverse boundless space in an instant. Reason has barriers, imagination none.

(To be continued.)

TAMBURINI.

We have seldom, if ever, experienced a feeling of deeper disappointment, than at the coldness evinced towards Tamburini by the press, in their criticisms on his first and second performances. Had this artist lost half his voice, he should still have lived in our memory as one of the greatest favorites that ever won praise from an English audience, and worthy of higher homage from our critics than that demi-eulogy which courtesy demands for the most ordinary first appearance. Tamburini left London four years ago, in the zenith of his reputation; he has since been engaged at St. Petersburg, and in other continental towns, where his successes have been great. In Berlin, the year before last, his performances caused an unusual sensation. During Fornasari's engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre, certain of the London journals, ourselves among others, perceiving the incompetency of that singer, called for Tamburini to supply his place. Fornasari was immovable, and the *Morning Post*, gave out that Tamburini had lost his voice, and was growing old. Did the *Morning Post* ever hint at Lablache growing old? No—but were the artists to change places to-morrow, Lablache, with the *Morning Post*, would be too old to play Methusalem, while Tamburini would be more youthful and powerful than ever, with his lungs purified and invigorated by the Scandinavian breezes, which did not injure Castellan. But facts are stubborn things, and here are a few which may perhaps make the critic look a little foolish. Tamburini was born in the year 1800. Donzelli was fifty the first year he came to London. Ambrogetti was older than Tamburini is now, when he appeared at the King's Theatre. Rubini was four years older than Tamburini when he left the stage, and who could say he had lost his voice? But whether Tamburini, born in 1800, be old or young, it matters little as long as a fact of more importance is before us, which simply is, that *Tamburini has not lost his voice at all*. We seldom remember having heard him sing better than on Thursday night, in the second representation of *Semiramide*. Assur is one of the most arduous parts, vocally speaking, that could be undertaken by a barytone. The music is high for this class of singers, and the part is long and trying; nevertheless, the artist was as capable and effective as ever; his intonation was faultless, and the manner in which he delivered his opening recitative, showed him equal to himself in his best days. Now, viewing all these things under one light, perceiving that no welcome could be accorded too heartily to so old and honored a favorite, that no too great leniency could be shown to the once supreme artist, even had all his power left him, witnessing his uproarious reception, witnessing the delight of the audience, we were not a little astonished to find the great artist, the

great favorite, who, on the opera boards, should have been as welcome as an old friend at a feast, overlooked, or treated with no more consideration by some of our contemporaries than if he were a third-rate singer, who was making his *debut*. Verily this passeth understanding.

THE BEETHOVEN QUARTET SOCIETY.

THE third meeting on Monday night attracted a large audience to the Beethoven Rooms. The appearance of Joseph Joachim among the executants brought back old associations; and the odour of the lately applied white-wash having fled, on the wings of the wind, to its home among the tertiary deposits, everything felt more comfortable, looked more comfortable, and smelt more comfortable. And now for the programme, which friend Rousselot had provided for his guests. It was as under:—

Quartet in C minor, No. 4,	Op. 18.
Quartet in E flat, No. 10,	Op. 74.
Quartet in A minor, No. 12,	Op. 132.

Thus the three periods of the great composer's life, and the three phases of his style, were illustrated according to the excellent plan laid down by the originators of the society. The C minor quartet was composed in 1791, and dedicated to the Prince Lichnowsky, who was lucky in having his name perpetuated by association with so many master-pieces. It was played by Joseph Joachim, Sainton, Hill, and Rousselot. The E flat quartet was composed about 1813—the precise epoch not exactly known—and appears to have been dedicated to nobody, which was a great compliment to the world at large. This was performed by Sainton, Joseph Joachim, Hill, and Rousselot. The A minor quartet was composed in 1825-6, and dedicated to the Prince Gaitzin, who, as we have already hinted, was a zealous amateur, but a sorry patron. It was executed by Joseph Joachim, Sainton, Hill, and Rousselot. Whereby it will be perceived that Joachim led the first and third, and Sainton the second.

It was worth going twenty miles on foot to hear little Joachim play the first, and one hundred to hear him play the last quartet. All those qualities which we had to commend in his style and mechanism three years ago, have now ripened into maturity; and where before we had the precocious wonder we have now the accomplished master. Who knows if the diadem of Paganini be not endangered by this boy of seventeen summers? We see it, as it were in a vision, tottering on his brow!

Sainton was admirable in his quartet,—the second, in which Hill's tenor variation in the andante, and Rousselot's violoncello bit in the *scherzo*, were highly relished by the amateurs. The performance was altogether delightful. At the next meeting four quartets will be given:—Nos. 2, 6, 11, and 17. The zealous efforts of M. Rousselot are likely to preserve the status of the Beethoven Quartet Society in all its original dignity. Vieuxtemps, who has arrived in London, will doubtless be heard at the next meeting, or the one immediately following, in case that Joachim be engaged for two.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our Correspondent.)

HARGREAVES CHORAL SOCIETY.—MENDELSSOHN'S 'ELIJAH'.—Our Free Trade Hall, so recently the scene of Jullien's triumphs, with Herr Pischek, &c., was last night the scene of a much more brilliant triumph—the triumph of musical genius of the highest order—Jullien is a great man in his *metier*, but all his greatest achievements—all his elaborate conducting—great a star as he is amongst us when he comes to give the

cheering influence of his musical light, that star pales before such as shone resplendent last night in the presiding genius of Mendelssohn! Never was Hargreaves Concert so attended before! every bench, every seat in that vast hall had its occupant long before seven o'clock, and numbers had to stand the whole evening. We never remember to have so many of our leading families present at any former concert of this Society; indeed we learn, that at the eleventh hour, many have paid a whole season's subscription for the sake of obtaining the usual number of three tickets, to which each subscriber is entitled, so eager were they to be present at the first performance, to a Manchester audience, of Mendelssohn's latest and greatest work, 'Elijah.' The Hall was literally crammed with beaming, yet eager and expectant faces, when Dr. Mendelssohn made his bow to them, precisely at seven o'clock, and his appearance was greeted with two distinct and hearty rounds of applause. We shall not attempt to give any analysis of the work, or to criticise every portion of the performance—you will have to review the composition in criticism on some of its performances at Exeter Hall—so that duty will be undertaken by more efficient and competent hands; suffice it if we give you a general idea of the style of its production here, and of its complete and satisfactory success. We must, before doing so, pay a tribute of gratitude to Mr. Surman, of Exeter Hall, to whose persevering kindness and assistance the committee of the Hargreaves are deeply indebted; and but for which, 'Elijah' would not have been produced in the way it has been, if indeed, its performance had not altogether broken down. We are told that the band parts had never been sent down to the publishers up to Friday last, and after the performance of the oratorio, on that evening, at Exeter Hall, Mr. Surman packed up the orchestral parts used on that occasion, and brought them himself to Manchester; thus enabling the band to have a first rehearsal on Saturday evening only; they had a second on Monday evening, conducted by Mendelssohn himself, when the overture and all the choruses were rehearsed; a further short rehearsal of band and principals took place on the morning of the concert. This was all the preparation the band had, or could have, for want of the music; the choir had been pretty well drilled twice a week, for the last three weeks, by our indefatigable conductor, Mr. John Waddington, the chorus part having by degrees been furnished by Messrs. Ewer & Co.

The principal singers were the same as at Exeter Hall, and were on that account, well up in their parts—they were all perfect—four better singers, or four voices better adapted to the music allotted to them, than Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, Mr. Lockey, and, tho' last not least, Mr. H. Phillips, could not have been secured. Mr. H. Phillips's fine conception, and dramatic delivery, of all the arduous part of the 'Prophet Elijah,' tended so little to the success and appreciation of the work; then Miss Birch's beautiful voice—clear, brilliant, and musical in its loftiest flight—was all that could be desired in the soprano solos. Miss Dolby delighted every body by her quiet, chaste style, and her deep tones were as heartfelt as any that have been heard here for some time. She has evidently never been done justice to before in Manchester. Mr. Lockey was already a favourite, and is vastly improved since he was here before—he gave all he had to do with good taste, and produced quite a sensation. After all, Mendelssohn was the great card, to have got up such a work—in the presence of its author—in the full zenith of his powers—and of his fame, which fills all Europe, is no slight honour to the Hargreaves Choral Society. For years to come, the concert of Tuesday night will be looked back upon with the most delightful reminiscences by hundreds. The opening recitative and overture were a most effective beginning, in fact all went smoothly; at times there were little bits of great beauty, that can be felt, but not described, too short to be specially distinguished in the usual way by a burst of applause or an encore, but dispersed through the entire work. Many of the gems would have been encored no doubt, but from the continuance of the nature of the performance, no sooner is the chorus or the air finished, which has so delighted you, than another has commenced and is going on with new beauties, before you have time to think about it, else how much should we have liked to have heard repeated the air by Mr. Lockey, "It with all your hearts," the beautiful double quartet, "For he shall give his angels," which was admirably done; five resident vocalists, Misses Kenneths, Messrs. Clough, Sheldrick, and James Lasserwood, taking part in it with Misses Birch and Dolby, and Mr. Lockey; but for their length we would have encored if we could, every one of the little episodes, the story in each is so closely adhered to, the music so dramatic and descriptive; the first betwixt the widow and Elijah, with the restoration of her son; the second, Elijah and the Barites, in which we must confess there was much apathy amongst the audience at the splendid chorus, "Baal we cry to thee," which was sung in a manner worthy of the composer—greater praise our chorus could not have or desire—in fact the choruses throughout were marvellously perfect and efficient, yet, strange to say, not one chorus was encored. The next scene, where Elijah sends the youth to look towards the sea—the response "There is nothing," by

Miss Birch, with the descriptive holding high note for the above, produced great effect; and the grand chorus, "Thanks be to God," closed the first part very capitally. In the second part we had two encores, the lovely trio of angels, "Lift thine eyes to the mountain," by the two *prime donne*; and Miss Kenneth, and Miss Dolby's air, "O! rest in the Lord," as sweet a bit of pure devotional melody, and of vocalism too, as ever we listened to. The other great songs in the second part, Miss Birch's "Hear ye Israel," Mr. Phillips's "It is enough" and "For the mountains," were very finely sung. The fourth dramatic scene betwixt Elijah and Jezebel was quite as successful as the three in the first part; and the quartet and chorus, "Holy, holy, is God the Lord," and the quartet, "O! come every one that thirsteth," were most exquisitely sung, and both narrowly escaped encores. The composer was loudly cheered at the conclusion of the final chorus, and right well did he merit the applause. His Elijah will live for ages—we like it better than his Paulus—it is more complete and perfect as a whole—there is much greater variety and contrast, by its being of a more dramatic character;—and throughout there is such *appropriateness*—every thing one hears is as it seems just what one would wish to hear in connexion with the story—there are no startling efforts after novelty, no chromatic runs after difficulty—by simple and ordinary means, Mendelssohn has produced a work abounding in originality, yet eminently vocal and natural in what has to be sung. May he be spared to a good old age, and in the autumn of his life may his genius be as fertile of its greatest work as it was with his great predecessors, Handel, Haydn, and Beethoven! All honour to the Exeter Hall Society for bringing him to this country!—All honour to our Hargreaves Society for bringing him to Manchester, and for the production of his Elijah!—All honour to our Leader—Mr. Seymour, Conductor—Mr. Waddington, Band and Chorus, for their wonderful success in its performance, considering the paucity of preparation. Elijah will be wanted again next season, depend upon it, and although we can scarcely hope to have the same principals, or the composer with us, there is no doubt the music will be better liked as it becomes better known! How we should like to hear it again on Friday next in London!

THE AFFINITIES.

From the German of G. H. F.

Continued from page 250.

PART II.—CHAPTER XI.

THE WHIMICAL NEIGHBOURS' CHILDREN—A NOVEL.*

Two neighbours' children of good family, a boy and a girl, of such relative ages as would allow them afterwards to marry, were suffered to grow up together with this pleasant prospect, and the parents on both sides rejoiced at the thoughts of the future alliance. But it was soon observed that the project appeared to fail, inasmuch as a strange repugnance between these two excellent dispositions was manifested. Perhaps they were too similar to each other. Both of them were absorbed within themselves, clear in their wishes, firm in their designs; both of them singly were loved and honoured by their playmates. They were always opponents when together, always building up for themselves alone, always destroying one another's projects when they met, not emulating each other in endeavouring to reach one goal, but always battling about one object. They were thoroughly well-conditioned and amiable, and only felt hatred, nay, malice, in reference to each other.

This strange state of things had shown itself even in their childish sports, and still showed itself with increasing years; and, as boys are accustomed to play at war, to divide themselves into parties, and to give each other battle, so did this daring girl once put herself at the head of an army, and fight against the other with such force and spite, that the opposing army would have been disgracefully put to flight, had not her single adversary shown himself very brave, and at last disarmed his opponent, and taken her prisoner. But still she defended herself with such violence, that he, to save his eyes, and, at the same time, not to hurt his enemy, was forced to tear off his silk handkerchief, and with it to tie her hands behind her back.

This she never forgave him; nay, she made such private attempts to injure him, that the parents, who had long paid attention to these strange passions, came to a mutual understanding, and resolved to

* This is the tale related by the lord's companion to Charlotte and Emma, as described in the preceding chapter.—Translator.

part the two hostile creatures, and to give up the fond hopes they had formed.

The boy, in his new position, soon distinguished himself. Every kind of instruction succeeded with him. His patrons and his own inclination both destined him for a soldier. Wherever he might be, he was loved and honoured. His excellent nature seemed only to work for the good and comfort of others, and without any distinct consciousness, he felt quite happy in himself at having lost the only adversary whom nature had provided for him.

The girl, on the other hand, went at once into an altered position. Her years, her increasing growth, and, still more, a certain inward feeling, caused her to withdraw from the violent sports which she had hitherto been accustomed to practice in company with the boys. On the whole, it seemed that something was wanting to her; there was nothing about her worthy to excite her hate. She had yet found no one whom she could love.

A young man, older than the former adversary, in her neighbourhood,—of rank, property, and importance, beloved in society, and sought after by ladies, bestowed on her all his affections. It was the first time that a friend, a lover, a servant, had troubled himself about her. The preference he gave her above others who were older, more accomplished, more brilliant, and had more claims than herself, pleased her much. His constant attention, without intrusiveness—his faithful adherence, on the occasion of many unpleasant contingencies—his suit, which though avowed to her parents, was calm, and only hoping, for indeed she was yet very young—all this prepossessed her in his favour, while habit and the external relations between them already assumed by the world, also did their part. She had so often been called a bride, that she at last considered herself one; and neither she nor any one else thought that any further ordeal was necessary, than for her to change the ring with one who had so long been reckoned her bridegroom.

The quiet course which the whole affair had taken, was not even hurried by the betrothed. On both sides, all was suffered to go on thus; they were pleased to live together, and wished yet thoroughly to enjoy the fine time of year as a spring of future and more serious life.

In the meanwhile the youth, now at a distance, cultivated himself to the highest degree, gained a well-merited step in his destined career, and came, with permission, to visit his friends. He was now again brought into contact with his fair neighbour, in a very natural, but, at the same time, very singular manner. She had, in latter times, fostered only kindly, family feelings, such as would belong to a bride, and was in harmony with everything which surrounded her. It was not worthy of hatred; and of hatred she was incapable—nay, the childish hatred, which had been but a dim acknowledgment of internal worth, now expressed itself in joyous astonishment, pleased contemplation, affable concessions, an approval half-willing, half-unwilling, and inevitable; and all this was mutual. A long separation gave occasion to longer conversations. Even their childish folly seemed as a comical reminiscence, now they were more enlightened, and it seemed as if that tantalizing hatred must at least be compensated by a kind, attentive demeanour—as if that violent mistake must not remain any longer without an express mutual acknowledgment.

On his side all remained within reasonable, desirable bounds. His rank, his position, his endeavours, his ambition so abundantly occupied him, that he received with pleasure the kindness of the fair bride as a thankworthy gift; without, on that account, considering her in any relation to himself, or grudging her bridegroom, with whom, moreover, he stood on the best of terms.

With her, on the other hand, appearances were quite different. She seemed to have awakened from a dream. The battle with her young neighbour had been her first passion; and yet this battle was, under the form of repugnance, only a violent, and, as it were, innate inclination. Even in her memory it never appeared otherwise than that she had always loved him. She smiled at that hostile pursuit, with arms in hand; she wished to recall his disarming her as the pleasantest reminiscence; she fancied that she had felt the greatest happiness when he had bound her; and all that she had planned for his injury and annoyance, seemed to her no more than an innocent means of attracting his attention. She cursed the separation—she lamented the sleep into which she had fallen—she execrated the lingering, dreamy habit by which she

could get such an insignificant bridegroom. She was changed, doubly changed, backwards or forwards, as one may please to take it.

If any one could have unfolded and shared her feelings, which she kept secret, he would not have blamed her; for indeed the bridegroom would not bear a comparison with the neighbour, whenever they were seen side by side. If to the one a certain degree of reliance could not be denied, the other inspired the most implicit confidence. If the society of the one was liked, the other was desired as a companion; and if there was any thought of a higher sympathy, of extraordinary cases, doubts might have been entertained as to the one, while perfect security was felt in the other. For such peculiarities there is in women a certain inborn tact, and they have both cause and opportunity to cultivate it.

The more the fair bride quite secretly nurtured such feelings, the less any one was able to say what might be cited in favour of the bridegroom, what the position of the parties, and what their duty might seem to counsel and command—nay, what an unalterable necessity might seem irrevocably to require; so much the more did this beautiful heart favour its one-sidedness; and while, on the one hand, she was indissolubly bound by the world and her family, by the bridegroom and her own promise, and, on the other, the rising youth made no secret of his views, plans, and prospects, only acting to her as a faithful, and not over-tender brother—his immediate departure being one of the topics of conversation,—it seemed to her that her childish spirit of former days, with all its tricks and violence, was again reviving, and was now upon a higher step of life, indignantly arming itself, that it might act more importantly and destructively. She resolved to die, and thus to punish for his want of sympathy, the one formerly hated, and now beloved; and since she could not possess him, at least to unite herself for ever to his imagination—to his remorse. He should not get rid of her lifeless image—he should not cease to reproach himself for not having known, inquired into, appreciated her feelings.

This strange fancy accompanied her everywhere. She concealed it under all kinds of shapes; and though she appeared to people very singular, no one was attentive or clever enough to discover the true internal cause.

In the meanwhile, friends, relations, acquaintances, had exhausted themselves in preparing various festivities. Scarcely a day passed in which something new and unexpected was not contrived—scarcely was there a beautiful spot or landscape which was not adorned and arranged for the reception of many joyous faces. The new comer also wished to contribute his share before his departure, and invited the young couple, with a more select family circle, to a water party. They went on board a large, handsome, well-decorated ship; one of those yachts which contain a little saloon and some cabins, and endeavour to transfer to the water the convenience of the land.

They went along the great stream with music. During the greatest heat of the day, the party had assembled in the places below to amuse themselves with games of wit and chance. The young host, who could never remain inactive, had placed himself at the rudder to relieve the old captain, who had fallen asleep, and indeed the waking man had need of all his foresight, when he approached a spot where two islands narrowed the bed of the river, and while they extended their flat pebbly banks, now on one side, now on the other, formed a dangerous shallow. The careful and sharp seeing steersman was almost tempted to waken the master, but he took courage, and went towards the strait. At this moment his fair enemy appeared upon deck with a wreath of flowers in her hair. She took it off, and threw it upon the steersman. "Take this as a remembrance," she cried. "Do not disturb me!" he cried in return, while he picked up the wreath; "I have need of all my powers and my attention." "I will not disturb you any more," cried she; "you will not see me again." So saying, she hastened towards the fore part of the ship, from which she sprang into the water. Some voices cried, "Save her—save her—she is drowning!" He was in the most frightful perplexity. The old master wakened at the noise, and wished to take the rudder, which the young man wished to give him, but there was now no time to change the mastership. The ship was stranded; and at the same moment, casting off the heaviest articles of his dress, he leaped into the water, and swam after his fair enemy.

Water is a kindly element for him who is familiar with it, and knows how to treat it. It bore him, and the accomplished swimmer governed it. He had soon reached the fair one, who was borne on before him; he caught her, and managed to raise and carry her. Both were borne along forcibly by the stream, until they had the islets far behind them; and the river began to flow kindly and commodiously. It was not till now that he took courage, and recovered from the first pressing necessity, in which he had acted only mechanically, and without reflection; he looked round with lifted head, and according to the best of his ability, steered towards a flat, bushy spot, which pleasantly and opportunely extended into the river. Here he set his lovely prize upon dry land; but no breath of life was to be found in her. He was in despair, when a beaten path, which ran through the bushes, flashed upon his eyes. He loaded himself anew with his dear burden, soon saw a solitary dwelling, and reached it. There he found good people—a young married couple. The misfortune, the urgency of the case was speedily told. What, after some reflection, he required, was afforded. A bright fire was burning; woollen coverlets were spread over a couch; furs, skins, and other articles of warmth that were at hand, were speedily brought. Here the desire of saving surmounted every other consideration. Nothing was omitted that could recall to life the beautiful body, which was half-stiffened and naked. They succeeded. She opened her eyes, saw her friend, and embraced his neck with her heavenly arms. Thus she remained for a long time, a torrent of tears streamed from her eyes, and completed her recovery. "Wilt thou leave me," she cried, "when I find thee so again?" "Never!" cried he—"never!" and he did not know what he said, nor what he did. "Only take care of thyself," he added; "take care of thyself! Think of thyself, for thine own sake and mine."

She now thought of herself, and remarked, for the first time, the situation in which she was. She could not feel ashamed before her beloved—her preserver; but she willingly dismissed him, that he might attend to himself, for all that was about him was wet and dripping.

The young married pair held a consultation. The husband offered to the youth, and the wife offered to the maiden, the wedding-dresses which were hanging up, and were quite complete, so as to fit out a couple from head to foot. In a short time the two adventurers were not only dressed, but adorned. They looked charmingly, gazed at each other when they met, and fell with unbounded passion, though soon smiling at their disguise, into each other's arms. The strength of youth, and the excitement of love perfectly restored them in a few moments, and nothing was wanting but music to summon them to dance.

To have passed from water to earth, from death to life, from the family circle into a desert, from despair to rapture, from indifference to affection, nay, passion, all in one moment—this the head was not sufficient to bear; it would burst, or be perplexed. The heart must do its best, if such a mission was to be borne.

Quite absorbed in each other, it was not till after some time that they could think of the care and anxiety of those left behind; and, indeed, it was not without uneasiness that they thought how they should meet them again. "Shall we fly? Shall we conceal ourselves?" said the youth. "We will remain together," said she, as he hung from his neck.

The countryman who had heard from them the history of the stranded ship, hastened to the shore, without further enquiries. The vessel happily came sailing up; it had been set afloat with much trouble. They were sailing about with uncertainty, in the hope that the lost might be again found. Therefore, when the countryman, by shouts and signals drew the attention of the people in the ship, ran to a spot where an advantageous landing place appeared, and did not desist from his signals and shouts, the ship turned towards the shore—and what a spectacle there was when they landed! The parents of the betrothed couple first pressed to the bank—the enamoured bridegroom had almost lost his senses. They had scarcely learned that the dear children were saved, than the latter, in their singular costume, came out of the bush. They were not recognized till they came quite close. "Whom do I see?" cried the mothers—"Whom do I see?" cried the fathers. The rescued ones then threw themselves at their feet. "Your children," they cried—"one pair." "Forgive us!" cried the girl—

"Give us your blessing," cried the youth—"Give us your blessing," cried both, while every body gazed in silent wonder. "Your blessing!" was heard for a third time—and who could have refused it?

(To be continued.)

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SONNET.

No. XXXI.

When I recal the hist'ry of our love,
And bring its various incidents to mind,
Such times of bitter agony I find,
I wonder how against despair I strove.
Then I find other passages, which prove
That e'en when all around look'd most unkind,
Love some transporting rapture had design'd,
Which ev'ry thought of anguish could remove;
And plainly in that hist'ry can I see,
How by some secret pow'r our love was fated,
Binding us heart to heart with subtle charms.
I did not seek thee, and thou sought'st not me,
But suddenly we found our souls were mated.
And that our home was in each other's arms. N. D.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.

THE second took place on Wednesday night, in the Hanover Square Rooms. The attendance was good. The Concert was under the direction of the Duke of Wellington, who provided the following programme.

PART I.

Chorus, Domine Jean Christe, (Requiem in C minor,) solos by Miss Messent, Miss Dolby, and Mr. Lockey,	Cherubini.
Air, Where'er you walk, (Semele,) Mr. Lockey,	Handel.
Aria, Verdi Frati, (Alicina) Miss Messent	Handel.
Air, In infancy, (Artaxerxes) Miss Dolby,	Dr. Arne.
Aria, Guardami un poco, (La Scuola del Mariti) Madame Caradori,	Martini.
Air, In diesen heiligen Hallen, (Zauberflöte) Herr Staudigl,	Mozart.
Solo and Chorus, Non toccan campana, (national) Madame Caradori	Mozart.
Aria, Deh vieni, Dile. Jenny Lutzer,	Stradella A. D. 1690.
Paraphrasi Pietà, Signor Gardoni	
Trio and Chorus, Sound the loud timbrel, Solos by Madame Caradori, Miss Dolby and Mr. Machin	Alston.
Chorus, Worthy is the Lamb, (Messiah,)	Handel.

PART II.

Overture (Henri Quatre),	G. P. Martini.
Air and Chorus, Charmante Gabrielle, (Henri Quatre) Madame Caradori,	
Glee, Since first I saw your face, Miss Dolby, Messrs. Lockey, Barnby, and Machin,	Ford, A. D. 1690.
Solo and Semi-chorus, Lieti fiori, (Proserpina,) Madame Caradori,	Winter.
Recit., And God said,	
Air, Now heaven in fullest glory shone, } Creation Herr Staudigl,	Haydn.
Aria, O cara immagine, (Il Flauto Magico,) Signor Gardoni,	Mozart.
Recit. Crudele, ah! no, } Dile. Jenny Lutzer,	Mozart.
Aria, Non mi dir	
Chorus, Let their celestial concerts, (Samson)	Handel.

There was little or no novelty in the above, and the entire absence of instrumental music, with the exception of Martini's very poor overture, made the selection monotonous in the extreme. Among the best things in the first part was Mr. Lockey's air from *Semele*, which that rising vocalist gave with infinite taste. Miss Dolby's "In infancy" was also a charming and irreproachable specimen of quiet and expressive singing. Staudigl was splendid in the air from *Zauberflöte*. Signor Gardoni produced a most favourable impression in the quaint old air of Stradella, which he rendered with consummate taste and purity. Dile Jenny Lutzer, whose retirement from public life has been a matter of so much regret, and whose return will give so much pleasure to all who are moved by good singing, was heard to the greatest advantage in Mozart's beautiful "Deh vieni," in which she displays immense feeling, and a style that may truly be termed classical. This lady is a singer of the right school, and we trust, will be a frequent attraction at our concerts during the present season. In the second act we were much pleased with Ford's beautiful glee, "Since first I saw your face," which was

excellently sung. Standigl's air from the *Creation* was a great treat; few songs are better suited to the voice of this great basso. Gardoni, in Mozart's beautiful "O cara imagine," showed the stuff that was in him. The oftener we hear this young and accomplished singer the more we like him, and our prejudice in his favour is not likely to be weakened by hearing him leave Bellini and Donizetti for a while in favor of the incomparable Mozart, whose most lovely song could not have been interpreted with more tenderness and truth than by the popular Italian tenor of Her Majesty's Theatre. Mdle. Lutzer also won golden opinions in the magnificent "Non mi dir," which she delivered with wonderful animation and skill; it was altogether a most charming and truly artistic performance. Of the rest of the concert we have nothing to say. On the whole it was a dull selection. Sir H. Bishop conducted, and Mr. Lucas presided at the organ. The chorusses were more noisy than correct, and the band was not so steady as it might have been. Among the auditors was Jenny Lind.

CONCERTS.

CHORAL HARMONISTS.—We attended the sixth meeting of this Society, at the London Tavern, on Monday. The selection consisted almost entirely of extracts from Beethoven and Mendelssohn, evincing the desire of the committee to maintain that pure taste for art which was originated some twenty years ago in the city, by the establishment of a Society entitled "The Classical Harmonists," and of which the Society whose performances we now record is the successor. The first part consisted of Beethoven's "Mount of Olives." There was no particular defect in its performance beyond a general want of finish which an efficient rehearsal would have obviated. After Converso's madrigal, "When all alone," 1575, which commenced the second part, and was encored, came a selection from Mendelssohn's music to the "Midsummer's Night Dream." The overture and scherzo were played by the band with less precision than we have been accustomed to. The duet and chorus of fairies, "Ye spotted snakes," was well sung; but the *notturno* and wedding march was remarkably deficient, out of time, out of tune, and altogether wrong. The last piece in the selection was the solo and chorus of fairies, "I thro' this house give glim'ring light," which was effectively rendered. Mr. Lockey sang next Mendelssohn's canzonet "The garland," with a chasteness of style, beauty, and pronunciation, which won for him an unanimous encore. Miss Williams sang an Italian song, by Rossi, "Ah verdimi," and then a cantata by Mendelssohn, translated by Mr. Bartholomew, called "O sons of art," was performed. This cantata was written expressly for one of the great open air German meetings, we believe the one at Bonn, some two or three years since. It consists of a movement in B flat major for chorus (male voices only throughout) and quartett in common time *andante maestoso*, an *allegro* in three-four time in F, concluding with a fine *vivace allegro* movement in the original key. It is a magnificent work, but not adapted for the concert room, all the accompaniments being written for the brass. These instruments, moreover, were horribly out of tune, and we don't know when we listened to a composition of Mendelssohn's so badly performed as this was. The selection from Beethoven's opera of "King Stephen," which closed the evening was not much better performed, and in concluding this account we are bound as impartial critics to record this meeting as having made a decided retrograde movement. However much we respect a society professing such good objects as does the Choral Harmonists, we cannot allow slovenliness in their performances to go unproved, especially when the materials are good and only require a little proper care and attention to be well developed. The Misses Williams, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Machin were principal singers. Mr. Dundo led the band, and Mr. Westrop conducted as usual, both gentlemen using their endeavours to redeem the erratic disposition of their forces, but without effect.

EXETER HALL.—The fourth concert concluded the proposed series which Mr. Hullah's pupils have dignified by the epithet "Historical." The programme was selected from the works of

Crotch, Attwood, W. Russell, Webbe, Shield, S. Smith, Dibdin, Calcott, Storace, Stevens, Horsley and Bishop. On the whole this selection suited the popular ear much better than the other three, as the numerous encores testified. It contained very little novelty, but we presume that novelty was not essential to the development of the intention of these performances. The execution of the choir was far more finished and far more energetic than at the preceding concerts. The glees, sung in full chorus, were more effective than glees are usually. The principal vocalists were Miss Dolby, Mrs. Weiss, Messrs. Manvers, Seguin, Novello, Clifford, Gill and Kench. We cannot praise them so unequivocally as the choir. Though there were many encores, few were entirely deserved, and the majority were attributable to the popular style of the music. Mr. Seguin's bass solos in Horsley's glee, "Cold is Cadwallo's tongue," is entitled to all commendation, and we have never heard a purer and lovelier specimen of ballad-singing than Miss Dolby's "Nod that died at sea," one of Dibdin's most exquisite inspirations. The other demands for repetition were decidedly injudicious, and hurtful to the general effect of the performance. The mania for encoring everything has of late become a perfect nuisance. If you go to a concert now, you must hear enough for half a dozen, or leave before it is half over. Mr. Oliver May was the accompanist and Mr. Edward May the conductor of the evening. Both did their duties ably, and Mr. Willy's select but efficient little orchestra was of the highest utility in the course of the performances. Now that the series of "Historical Concerts" is concluded, it may not be out of place to say a word or two on the manner in which their proposed object has been carried out. We regret to be compelled to urge that the title assumed has proved altogether a misnomer. The selections from the dead composer have been ill balanced, unfavourable for the most part as specimens of their styles, and manifestly incomplete. The name of Pinto, one of the greatest geniuses this country has given birth to, has not appeared once in the four programmes. And yet Pinto's canzonets are little inferior to Haydn's in beauty and ingenuity. The selections from Purcell, for the most part, have been made from his least interesting and least masterly productions. The specimens from the cathedral writers have been bald and scanty; and yet herein consists the glory and richness of our early school. Wesley, one of the best, was omitted altogether. The prominence accorded to such insipid and worthless compositions as those of Henry Lawes and others, was ill considered and detrimental to the end proposed, that of illustrating the history of the English vocal school by the best specimens of the best writers. But the most incomplete and absurd of all the programmes was the fourth and last, which, assuming to illustrate by examples the works of our latest composers, leaves out nine tenths of their names from the programme. In the entire list we find but two names of living composers, Horsley and Bishop. Where were Samuel Wesley, Charles Horn, John Barnett, Balfe, Wallace, Macfarren, Sterndale Bennett, Edward Loder, Rooke, Lucas, Henry Smart, Charles Horsley, Mudie, Rodwell, Alexander Lee, &c., &c., the least of whom is as much entitled to consideration for his productions, in respect to their influence upon the English school of vocal music, as the majority of those whose names figured so conspicuously? And what business had Storace in the programme, who was not an Englishman, but a pilferer from Martini, Piccini, Paisiello, and other of his Italian compatriots? The truth is, that the attempt to illustrate a subject of so much interest and importance, in four concerts, was altogether preposterous. Twelve concerts would no more than suffice for its ample consideration. Under these circumstances it behoves us to pronounce the "Historical Concerts" a failure. That they may have materially assisted the funds dedicated to the foundation of a new music hall for Mr. Hullah, we hope and have little doubt—since the attendances have been numerous. This object was praiseworthy and creditable to Mr. Hullah's pupils, who doubtless felt much gratitude for the good that has been effected by that gentleman in the introduction of the Wilhem method of vocal class-teaching to this country. But a good cause is damaged by a flag that bears false colors; and the designation of "Historical Concerts" being fictitious, was injudicious and detrimental.

FEMALE AMERICAN SERENADERS.—When the London public had been surfeited *usque ad nauseam* with the sable vocalists of

transatlantic regions. and at the moment when it was supposed that want of interest in their performances would have hurled them for ever into oblivion, up starts a new troop of candidates of the same dark complexion, pretending to similar efforts, but having a totally different claim on the popular sympathies. The new American Serenaders are composed entirely of the fair sex, and are exhibiting at St. James's Assembly Rooms (late Crockford's): a temporary theatre being erected in the large room for their performance. The Company consists of sundry vocalists, the principals, who sing solos, or in concert, and a band of female choristers. The entertainments differ but little from those given to the public at the St. James's Theatre and elsewhere, but they are rendered infinitely more interesting by their being presented by members of the gentle sex. Perhaps the ladies have something of an advantage over the gentlemen in their performances, these being less brusque, and more euphonious. The Female Serenaders have been evidently well instructed, for their voices blend together capitally, and the chorus chimes in with great effect. The Assembly-room has been crowded day and night since their first appearance, and most of the nobility and gentry of the metropolis have already visited the Serenaders. Their performances will well repay a visit to the Rooms in St. James's Street.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.—*The School for Scandal* was repeated on Thursday before a crowded and elegant audience. Sheridan's comedy is always a *bonne bouche* both to the "old school" and to "Young England." The former will nevertheless sigh and exclaim, "Ah, I remember when the *School for Scandal* was the *School for Scandal*. I remember Miss Farren, Mrs. Abington, Mrs. Jordan, and dear Mrs. Davison in Lady Teazle—ah! there was acting. Where now is your Lewis, your Elliston, your Jones, your Dowton? We shall never see such actors again! However, I must say Mrs. Nisbett is very, very handsome, she is full of good spirits and vivacity, and her laugh is certainly deliciously joyous and fresh, and she dresses and looks the Lady Teazle to perfection; and Mrs. Glover, dear, delightful Mrs. Glover, there never was a better Mrs. Candour than Mrs. Glover's, and I will allow Farren, yes, Farren, to be an excellent Sir Peter, his screen scene is an inimitable piece of acting, and Hudson, too, makes a good rattling Charles, and young Lester, I will say is the best Sir Benjamin I have seen for many a long day, he both looks and acts the part inimitably, and so take it altogether I suppose I must not grumble any longer;" to which "Young England" agrees, and says "he is quite content to see the *School for Scandal* as now acted, and that he will certainly recommend all his friends to go and see and enjoy it as he has done, and intends to do, every night that the bills of the little theatre in the Haymarket are headed with "This evening will be performed Sheridan's comedy of the *School for Scandal*."

PRINCESS'S.—On Thursday evening this theatre was densely crowded to witness the *début* of a lady who has been known for some time in private circles as an elegant and accomplished ballad singer. She is sister to the celebrated pianist, Osborne, and has been latterly studying for the stage with great assiduity. The part chosen by the fair *debutante* was Amina in *Sonnambula*, and, if we may judge from a first appearance, we must say, no better part could be selected to exhibit her vocal and histrionic capabilities. Her performance of Amina was highly creditable, and as a first attempt, must be considered excellent. Her voice is a *mezzo soprano* of good quality and great flexibility, which she manages with perfect ease. She has fine capability of expression, and her method of vocalization is founded in the best school. As an actress she promises to stand very prominent. There were portions of her performance which were really great, and

proved she had the highest requisite for tragic acting—abstraction. For a first endeavour we have seen no artist more perfectly at home on the stage. The fair *debutante* is lady-like in appearance, and possesses a countenance of great intelligence and expression. She may be pronounced decidedly handsome. The applause she obtained throughout the evening was uproarious, and she was called for at the fall of the curtain, and received with every demonstration of enthusiasm. The opera has been performed so frequently of late at the Princess's and undergone so many criticisms from our pen that we do not think it necessary to dwell upon the performance in this case. We may say that Mr. Allen played Elvino in his usual artistic style, and that the other executants were as hitherto respectable in their several parts.

SURREY THEATRE.—The new nautical drama in two acts, from the prolific and experienced pen of Mr. E. Stirling, entitled the *Anchor of Hope or the Seaman's Star*, continues to attract crowded houses. Mr. E. Stirling as the Jew Pedlar, and Mr. J. T. Johnson as Tom Topreef, a true British tar, are both capital in their respective parts. The ladies too are excellent. Mrs. Ware's Mary Wheatly and Miss Vaughan's Emily Dunmore merit considerable approbation. The drama is likely to have a long run and to bring lots of money to the treasury, and to add another to the many triumphs of Mr. E. Stirling's versatile dramatic talent.

FRENCH PLAYS.—Mademoiselle Rose Chéri still continues to attract crowded houses, even Her Majesty the Queen submits, nothing loth, to the charm of her empire. On Monday last Her Majesty arrived at the theatre at eight o'clock, accompanied by Prince Albert, and remained to the end of the performance. *Un Roman Intime* was given for the last time, and, considering that Mademoiselle Rose Chéri and Monsieur Rhozevil have alternately, alone, and together, to fill up rather better than an hour, it requires no small degree of talent in both the actors to do this without creating ennui or being monotonous. This piece was followed by *Irène*, or *Le Magnétisme*, by Messrs. Scribe and Lockroy. According to our Parisian contemporaries, we expected to find one of those neatly constructed, elegant, and interesting pieces for which M. Scribe is so celebrated, and which were the foundation of his reputation; we expected moreover to find a part peculiarly adapted to Mademoiselle Rose Chéri's capabilities, and which, written expressly for her own peculiar talent, would bring it forward in bold relief. We were disappointed in both our anticipations; not that we consider the piece bad, but rather hung on a rotten impossible frame-work, and clumsily put together. Magnetism has never had any hold on the public mind in England; it has suffered from the ridiculous exaggeration of its professors, or it may be dupes, from the cheats and tricks played off in public rooms, and the scandalous scenes enacted in private assemblies. Even were it a thousand times more real than it pretends to be, the public mind is closed against it, and fifty miracles would not raise it from the dead. Such is the subject chosen by Messrs. Scribe and Lockroy, or rather written by the latter, for we prefer taking it for granted that the former merely lent his name, and had nothing further to do with the matter. M. Scribe has too much tact and judgment to render his principal actress ridiculous, and that too in which she declares her love so pure, so disinterested, so ingenuous, and devoted. Fancy Monsieur Rhozevil in the position of a Dupotet, or the empire of the notorious Alexis; his hands outstretched, pawing the air, and enticing a young girl along a gallery, down a staircase, into an arm-chair; there questioning her as to whom she loves, what is his name—his name *Je le veux*—

and she, after the customary struggle, breathing forth vows of love and tenderness and exalted plans of reform for her dissipated lover.—Nonsense!—such a scene is enough to jeopardise a reputation less firmly established than that of Mademoiselle Rose Chéri. There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and, unfortunately, here the limits of sound discretion were overstepped. Such a scene repeated in the second act, could not have been written by M. Scribe. Otherwise there is some smart writing, although rather *hasardé* at times. The character of *La Baronne de Saint Savin*, well played by Mademoiselle Angèle, is an amusing and witty conception, and gives rise to some laughable incidents. Her romantic display of affection for her admirers, her talent in making them believe that she never lived before and must die if their attachment be not eternal, although she has more than one intrigue to answer for, and a husband still alive into the bargain, served greatly to enliven the play. The acting was generally good, Mademoiselle Rose Chéri, in spite of the imperfections of her part, was charming and interesting in the extreme; M. Rhozevil played the part of the repentant rake with warmth and much feeling. M. Langeval is a careful actor, and, considering that his is all up-hill work, having to enact for the most part either a heavy father, or a tyrannical husband, or a despot of some sort, he displays much talent, and never spoils any thing. Mademoiselle Céline Fouquet made a sprightly and coquettish little *aubergiste*, and added much to the success of the piece by her bustling gaiety and hearty, merry laughter. Rebecca is a Jewess, who has fallen in love with a certain Count Pallavicini, and who is beloved by Ascanio; both the gentlemen are in prison; and Ascanio at the request of his relations who wish to prevent his marrying the Jewess. The count, who is condemned to die, marries the Jewess, intending to bequeath her to Ascanio, but a revolution takes place, and he is obliged to solicit a divorce to get rid of his wife; but in the meanwhile, falls in love with her, and on his discovering that she loves him and not Ascanio, he revokes the divorce, and all is for the best, with the exception that Ascanio is done out of his wife. The piece is rather heavy, and would lead us to believe that, even as Homer occasionally sleeps, according to Horace, so M. Scribe may sometimes be caught napping. Mademoiselle Rose Chéri dressed and looked the devoted, innocent Jewess to perfection. We must not omit to mention a scene between her and Mademoiselle Duverger which, although bordering at times on the *scabreux*, was well received, and excited much merriment in the house.

PROVINCIAL.

THE MANCHESTER MADRIGAL SOCIETY.—This society's annual assembly took place at the Town Hall on the evening of Thursday last. The auditory was numerous, and, of course, highly respectable; and the concert was in every way calculated to afford the friends of the members considerable gratification.

PROGRAMME—PART I.

Motet, "O Lord, incline thine ear," from the Gregorian Mass "Pro Angelis." Madrigal, "Spring returns," Luca Marenzio, 1570.—Ditto, "The white delightful swan," Urazio Vecchi, 1580.—Ballet, "Dainty fine sweet nymph," Thomas Morley, 1595.—Madrigal, "Ye pearls of snowy whiteness," Giov. Croce, 1590.—Ditto, "Ladies I fain would warn ye," Giov. Feretti, 1575.—Motet, God who madest earth and heaven." Ogden, Madrigal, "Stay, Corydon," John Wilbye, 1600.—Glee (full choir), "When winds breathe soft," S. Webbe.

PART II.

Anthem, "God is gone up," Dr. Croft, 1734.—Madrigal, "Die not, fond man," Job Ward, 1612.—Ditto, "No din of rolling drum," Ales. Striggio, 1580.—Ballet, "You that won't," Thom. Morley, 1595.—Evening Hymn, "The night is Henry Purcell, 1678.—Madrigal, "Where'er my Cynthia," Giov. Palestrina, 1580.—Ditto, "Come again sweet love," Jno Dowland, 1597.—Ditto, "Lady, John Wilbye, 1598.—Ditto, "All creatures now," John Bennett, 1600.—Let us sing, "Jerusalem Saville, 1667.

the society's clever *maestro del coro*, conducted the Thursday, and by a due observance on the part of the

vocalists of the various signs and marks employed by their author, tended to produce that light and shade, which render the madrigal so pleasing and so powerful withal in its operation upon the senses. The applause bestowed by the audience at the conclusion of each piece, was ample evidence of their satisfaction, and served to illustrate the argument, that both the quaintness of the plain counterpoint, and the elaborate character of the *ricercate* parts of the madrigal, may be fully appreciated where madrigals form the substance of a musical performance. The madrigals "Stay Corydon," &c., by Wilbye; "Die not, fond man," &c., by Ward; and "No din of rolling drum," &c., by Striggio, were excellently given.

MACREADY'S RICHELIEU.—"Circumstances deprived us of the pleasure of seeing Mr. Macready's *Richelieu*, on Saturday evening. The following is furnished by a critical friend, on whose taste we have the fullest reliance:—"On Saturday evening, Mr. Macready appeared in this arduous character; and though Richelieu himself finished his career of caballing and intrigue, of imprisonment, deprivations, and executions, as early as the age of 58, being then only thirteen years after he had (according to Voltaire) received his patent of prime minister, yet it appears that he had been the victim of a disorder, which ultimately ended fatally. And hence we think Mr. Macready represented the cardinal as feeble from his malady—but still retaining all the vigour of his mind, which had only been excited and strengthened, not weakened nor subdued; and from the nice discrimination evinced in the exhibition of the contrast between bodily weakness and mental power, we think that his conception and personation were just and faultless. Whether we give precedence to his more tender recollections of the friendship between himself and the father of his ward, and his unceasing efforts to protect and promote the happiness of Julie, the irritability and contempt which Richelieu evinced to royalty itself, or the generous pardon of Adrian De Mauprat, and the accompanying expression of his varying countenance as an echo to the words, all was equally effective. The scenes that were the most prominent and the most awful (such is the appropriate epithet), were that in which he bids defiance to the order of the king for the appearance of Julie before his majesty,—when the Carnival draws the hallowed circle of the church around his charge,—when he summons up all his energies to breathe defiance to the mandate of the imbecile Lewis;—and, when the auditor is fearful that the great actor has either overstepped the bounds of nature, or must bring the climax to a rant,—he sinks, exhausted and powerless. In dignity, he reminded us of John Kemble's Lear, in his better days; or Edmund Kean's Othello when he uttered, in his deep melancholy, distracted manner, 'Othello's occupation's gone;' and in the final scene of all, where, after playing once more the 'old fox,' and regaining the power of prime minister from the king, he re-assumes the bodily capacity to govern, to punish, and avenge, and revels in the luxury of retaliating upon his enemies,—with what sarcasm he treats Gaston d'Orleans,—with what contempt he banishes Sieur Beringhen, as if unworthy of the honour of an execution,—and with what playful dexterity he wards off the sycophantish applications of his former instruments. It is nearly invidious to select, where all are so perfect, one scene from the rest, for though one may exhibit more physical capability than another, the whole was characterised by such propriety and adaptation of voice, manner, and action, that we once more pronounce Mr. Macready in the very first range of all actors, living or dead; and this opinion was ratified by the plaudits of a very full house. It were unjust to omit the chaste performance of Mrs. Charles Gill, in Julie. Perhaps her happiest effect was in the scene with the cardinal, where she dissipates his fear, contained in his enquiries if she had yielded to the importunities of the king. Her answer was conveyed in the finest expression of indignant, womanly innocence. Mr. Brooke also sustained his part with ability and judgment."—*Manchester Guardian*.

GUILFORD.—The Choral Society gave, on the 15th instant, a very interesting performance of Sacred Music, which, as usual, was well attended. Among the concerted pieces were anthems and motets including Weber's, "When winds breathe soft," and Dr. Crotch's "Methinks I hear the full celestial choir." The former was well rendered by the members of the society and the latter, being performed by the chorus in an anti-room while the solo was sung in the open hall, had an excellent effect. Miss E. Byers and Miss Duval were the only professional who gave their assistance on this occasion. Miss B. gave Mendelssohn's "Jerusalem, Jerusalem," in a sweet and effective manner: it met with great applause and was re-demanded. "The Last Day," a descriptive hymn by Mrs. Lemare, the conductor, was also well rendered by this lady. Miss Duval, who has a fine contralto voice, sang "But the Lord is mindful," also from St. Paul, while the duetts, introduced for these ladies, were delightfully executed. Crotch's anthem, "Hear my Prayer, O, God!" was among the best performances of the evening, the interesting programme closing with Haydn's chorus, "The Marvelous Works." The concert did not terminate until a later hour than is usual at the society's meetings, but the audience were well pleased to sit attentively to the last. A review of the performances of the Guilford

Choral Society will show that from the complete oratorio every description of choral writing is in due course by them brought under the notice of the locality, while for the general accommodation both morning and evening concerts are given.

BATH.—Mr. and Mrs. Millar's Soirées, are about being brought to a close for the season, the soirée on Wednesday last being the last one of the series. On that occasion some delightful compositions were executed by Mr. and Mrs. Millar and Miss Perry; and Mr. Julian Adams, at the request of Mr. Millar, obligingly performed two fantasias on the piano-forte. It may not, perhaps, be out of place, or uninteresting to our readers, to mention here, that Mr. Millar had only that day returned from Leeds, where he had been officiating, on Monday, as *primo tenore* at a concert given in honour of Sir H. R. Bishop, at which a programme consisting of some thirty pieces selected from the writings of the talented composer, was performed in the presence of an immense auditory, conducted by Sir Henry Bishop himself, attired in his gown as a *Mus. Bac.* Mr. and Mrs. Millar's last soirée takes place on Wednesday, the 28th instant.—*Bath Herald*.

BATH.—The last concert of the season, at the Pump Rooms, came off on Saturday morning last, and was very fashionably attended. The band under the direction of Mr. Salmon, performed several overtures and pieces with great effect. The Lessees, Messrs. Green and Simms, also provided a novelty, in engaging Julian Adams, the Pianist, to perform on the new instrument (*the Harmonium*), whose performances were received with immense applause. This instrument, although occupying less space than a cottage piano, possesses (when the full swell is applied) a power of tone equal to a large organ, and the mellifluous softness of the flute, the silvery tone of the violoncello, and the depth and power of the double bass, are added to, and blended with the brilliant tones of the piano. The instrument has a single row of keys, to the extent of *five octaves*, but by a management of the stops, *two* additional octaves are produced. The manipulation of the keys, the working of the bellows with the pedals, and the constant use of the various stops to give effect to the music, makes the performance on this instrument a matter of no slight difficulty, and this will probably militate against its becoming as general in use as the piano, notwithstanding its being even more admirably adapted for the drawing room. Mr. Julian Adams performed several solos of his own arrangement, with orchestral accompaniments, and the Harmonium had every possible advantage in the full development of its powers, under his skilful management. *Bath Herald, April 1st, 1847.*

MUSIC AT COVENTRY.

(From a Correspondent.)

THE Committee of the Mechanics' Institution gave a concert of vocal and instrumental music on Monday evening in St. Mary's Hall. Our good old town was all astir at the announcement for some days previously, and much interest was taken in an entertainment which might fairly be termed a novelty here. The friends of the Institution also were anxious about the concert, and exerted themselves to the utmost. The consequence was, that every seat was occupied long before the performance commenced, and the audience appeared really bent on enjoying the entertainment about to be presented to them. Our orchestra was small but select. Among the principal performers in the band, I may mention Gill, of Leicester (first violin); Shargool (second violin), from the Birmingham Concerts; Mc Ewan, of Hinckley (tenor); Lewis, of Leamington (violoncello); H. Elliston, of Leamington (double-bass); Douglas, (flute), all good men and true. The programme was capital. Among the instrumental performances we had Beethoven's Symphony, No. 1, Op. 16; Quartett, No. 5, Op. 18; of the same composer; the first movement of Haydn's No. 5 Symphony, and the overture to Oberon, all of which were played in a most creditable manner. The vocal performances were confined to two ladies from the Metropolitan Concerts, viz. Miss Lincoln and Madame G. A. Macfarren. Their singing afforded the utmost satisfaction, and fully justified the Committee in engaging them. Miss Lincoln has, I should think, a *mezzo soprano* voice, not remarkable for power, but under admirable management. She was encored in a German song of Kucken's, "We met by chance;" and also in a canonet, and in Macfarren's duet, "The Fairy ring." In Grisi's song from *Puritani* she was hardly so good, at least not so effective, but acquitted herself respectably—and that is saying not a little in so difficult a *scena*. Madame Macfarren, *cara sposa* of the celebrated composer, created a great sensation. She has a fine contralto voice, which she uses like a real artist, and shows that she has learned in the very best school. Her singing of Rossini's eternal, but never-tiring *aria*, "Di Tanti Paljiti," was chaste, expressive, and highly dramatic. In recitative Madame Macfarren exhibits the superiority of her teaching. In the exquisite song from *Don Quixote*, "Sweet were the hours of infancy," she was encored with acclamation, and repeated it with increased effect. She was also encored in a song of Sterndale Bennett's,

which she sang in German words. I should have preferred hearing it in English. There is every apology for a musician of any nation to write to Italian words—the language woos the muse—but none but a German should write to German words. I should have preferred infinitely having heard Madame Macfarren sing Mr. Bennett's song with Irish words, it would have been more euphonious. The feature of the entertainment was decidedly the old English ballad of "Cruel Barbara Allen," sung by Madame Macfarren with the greatest possible taste and expression. Of this old ballad, Goldsmith says, "that the most refined music he ever heard was dissonance, compared with the effect produced upon him by a carter singing 'Barbara Allen.'" The poetry is very beautiful, and involves a story of singular pathos. To this poetry Macfarren, the composer, has written music at once simple, tender, and melodious. Indeed the ballad, as sung by Madame Macfarren, on Monday evening, presented the audience with one of the most delicious songs they ever heard. Much is due, doubtless, to the plaintive and expressive manner in which the lady rendered it, but, nevertheless, what we have stated of the music must be true. It went right home to the heart of every individual in the Hall. The ballad was rapturously encored. The concert wound up with "God save the Queen." I have rendered a faithful account of the concert which gave unqualified delight to all present, and the getting up of which reflects no small credit on the Committee of the Mechanics' Institution. Now that music has obtained a footing in our town, and has been recognised as a great source of entertainment, it is to be hoped that the projectors will not halt on the threshold, but persevere in so good and useful a cause.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR EDITOR.—For the voluntary "movement," (in the Corelli question) which your French florid correspondent has done me the honour to make, I beg very sincerely to thank him, although it must be confessed that his answer to the original question, viz., "Has Corelli in any known passage violated or departed from the laws of harmony," is not quite so satisfactory to my sceptical antagonist, as it would have been, if a single passage (bearing proof of the violated laws of harmony) in either the solos, concertos or sonatas of the erudite contrapunctist alluded to, had been pointed out. Your very agreeable "French Flowers," will very much oblige by opening a little wider in some convenient corner of the "Musical World" of next week.—I am, my dear Mr. Editor, with every apology for troubling you, yours truly, ZETA.

REVIEWS ON MUSIC.

"The Lord is King." Anthem, for two voices and chorus, with accompaniment for organ or pianoforte, composed by JOHN LODGE ELLERTON, Esq.—C. LONSDALE.

The author exhibits much skill in composition. The voice parts are well written, and the arrangement is good. If there is little inspiration in this work, there is, nevertheless, a good deal of merit and excellent intention. The anthem is written for tenor, bass, and chorus.

"There is a tongue in every leaf," Recitative and Aria, S. M'MURDIE, Mus. Bac. Oxon.—T. BOOBY.

We can speak in terms of great eulogy of this composition. But there is an air of pretension about it we do not like, and the author does not seem to follow out his own intentions. There is apparently little difference between the aria and the recitative, and both might change place without any disadvantage. Musically speaking the song is well written, and the accompaniments are those of a scholar.

"Promenade Waltzes for the piano," RICARDO LINTER, —D'ALMAINE and MACKINLAY.

Mr. Linter is one of the popular waltz writers of the day. He has a certain amount, and a certain quality of tune in his compositions, which will always insure him success with a majority of the public. In the absence of any particular merit as a musician he may lay claims to the possession of that which will render him a favourite with a particular class. To that class we strongly recommend the above waltzes as possessing great merit of their kind. The frontispiece to these waltzes is a magnificent drawing done in gold and rich colours, and is certainly worth the whole price of the work.

"*Fontainebleau Quadrilles*," by RICARDO LINTER—D'ALMAINE and MACKINLAY.

Another set of Mr. Ricardo Linter's compositions, adorned with another magnificent frontispiece, if not so gorgeous, more beautiful, and in far better taste than the last. The Fontainebleau Quadrilles are light and lively, and would become popular if heard in the right place.

"*The Sea Nymph's Song*," written by S. F. SMITH. The music by J. BARNETT.—D'ALMAINE and MACKINLAY.

One of the most pleasing songs of the author of the *Mountain Syph*, we have seen for some time. The words are not very in spirit, but Mr. Barnett has created the poetry and music both together.

"*Happy days gone by*" Ballad, written by Miss MARIAN BROFDEN, sung by Miss CLARA NOVELLO and composed by J. CRONIN.

A neat, unpretending song, with a flow of tune not entirely free from the trite and the vulgar. Mr. Cronin steers clear of any novelty of effects in the or arrangement. The words of Miss Brofden have merit, but they are deficient in poetical skill. The feeling is very amiable.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

SINCE our pen was last employed in recording the proceedings at this establishment, Mr. Lumley, the director, has returned from his travels in search of the Swedish Nightingale. Mr. Lumley has not travelled in vain, for Jenny Lind is here. She arrived on Saturday, a few hours later than Mr. Lumley himself, and appeared that same evening in a box at the Opera, looking out for the beauties of Verdi's *I Due Foscari*, which was repeated on that occasion for the third time, Coletti being more effective than ever in the *Doge*. Jenny Lind seemed much amused with the opera, and also with Lucile Grahn in the ballet of *Orithia*, of which she remained to see the greatest portion. Jenny Lind was also evidently pleased with Rosati and Marie Taglioni, both of whom danced between the second and third acts of the opera. The house was very full. So great was the curiosity about the Lind, that for once that an opera-glass was directed to the stage it was thrice directed to the box in which she sat, accompanied by a cavalier and a dame. So many eloquent pens have lately attempted to describe her that it will appear presuming in us to follow their example and emulate their failure. Nevertheless, for the sake of gratifying our excellent friends in the provinces, who glean all their Opera information from our pages, we shall not quake before the task we have set ourselves—that of drawing in some half dozen lines, the picture of an artist who has caused more commotion previous to her appearance (as the angry moon breeds storms, looking so calm the while) than all the foreign luminaries put together, who, for the last half century, have lent their light to this country in the period of the harvest time.

Jenny Lind is young—of the middle height—fair-haired—blue-eyed—neither stout, nor slender, but well proportioned—neither fat nor thin, but enough of the one for comeliness, and enough of the other for romance—meek-looking when her features are at rest, full of animation and energy when they are at play—like *Fate* when she frowns, like *Love* when she smiles—in short, the very maiden of the German poet's dreams, the *jungfrau* of Schiller's *Ideal*. Jenny Lind is neither handsome nor plain, neither pretty nor ugly, but something that hovers about the abstract qualities of everything, catching a portion of them, but resembling them in nothing. Her face is like the water, ever-changing its expression according to the influence that troubles it from without; but it is fairer than the water, for the spirit that lives within is, an ineffable spirit, restless and unstable withal,—now dancing, in her eyes, like light, now playing on her lips

like an unbodied joy, now lying cosily in the dimples of her cheek and chin. But what madness to attempt a description of that which is not to be described. As well might you count the sun-beams—with as much profit embrace a wave as it flows to its annihilation. Jenny Lind is what neither you nor we, Reader, can account for. The expressions of her countenance are as the fleeting shapes which the golden clouds of sunset will assume; look at them, and if you be a Turner, catch them as you look; but, if you turn aside and look again, they are gone for ever—others succeed, but not the same—they may live in the memory, but they have fled from the face of the outward world. But with all this Jenny Lind is a simple German maiden, who talks and laughs, and eats and drinks, and shakes hands with you (the sensation this gives you is rather indefinable, by the way), and does everything else but sing like all the rest of the world. How she does this will be for us to tell before many more suns and moons have risen and set, and the hours that entertained them have fled away, like the dark arrow in the noon.

Now, Reader, we have attempted to describe Jenny Lind, for your pleasure, and have failed as utterly as our amiable friend of the *Observer* and the rest of them—but we hold ourselves entitled to your gratitude for having made an exposition of our incompetency. We have exceeded the half-dozen lines—but the subject expanded as we went on.

On Tuesday a series of mishaps turned all the entertainments topsy-turvy. *Ernani* was announced, but when we arrived at the theatre a bill was placed in our hands, pleading the sudden indisposition of Madame Castellan, as an excuse for substituting two acts of *I due Foscari*. But here again we were to be disappointed. Madame Montenegro was indisposed, and Madame Solari was compelled to act as proxy for her in the prominent character of Lucrezia. Nevertheless, all went favourably. Madame Solari, a well-looking dame, with a pleasing voice and unassuming manner, sang and acted better than could have been anticipated under the circumstances; and Fraschini and Coletti put their shoulders to the wheel, and pushed the cart of Time on pleasantly enough. Then, entirely to restore good humour, the admirable Perrot, groaning under the weight of laurels won from the Milanese, in company with Fanny Ellsler, made his first bow this season, and was received with the enthusiasm due to the author of *Emeralda*, *Catarina*, the *Pas de Quatre*, the *Pas des Déeses*, and so many masterpieces. Perrot had composed a *pas de deux* for the occasion, for himself and the *svelte* Rosati. As a composition it was worthy the genius of the prince of ballet-masters, and its execution was worthy of the feet of Perrot and Rosati. Little Marie Taglioni then came on, unconsciously, and unconsciously danced the *Posnanian*, which being encored with acclamations, was unconsciously repeated by the unconsciously bewitching choreograph. How divinely this little inexplicable paradox would mime and dance the *Somnambulist*! We would go a mile to see her walk in her sleep—albeit, she could hardly be more evidently unconscious than in her waking. The remainder of the entertainments comprised a scene from *La Favorita*, in which Gardoni sang with his wonted elegance and feeling; and the picturesque ballet of *Théa*—Rosati and Marie Taglioni the fairest flowers in the Terpsichorean bouquet. The house was well filled, and the audience was pleased, in spite of disappointments.

Thursday was a long Thursday, but not a bit too long for Mr. Lumley's public, who are used to such feasts as would shame the banquets of Trimalchio, recorded by Petronius in his *Satyricon*. The first course consisted of *L'Elisir d'Amore*,

the best of all the comic operas of Donizetti. It was thus cast:—Adina, Madame Castellan, Nemorino Signor Gardoni, Belcore Sig. F. Lablache, Dr. Dulcamara Signor Lablache. The delay which Lablache's temporary indisposition necessitated had an advantage. Out of good came evil. The *Elisir* was deferred, but it doubtless gained another rehearsal, and a rehearsal, under the vigilant and sensitive Balfe, is of no small value to all concerned. At all events, we never heard an opera more perfectly rendered in all its departments. It was a splendid realisation of the *Opera buffa* of Italy in its best days, and as the music of Donizetti is quite worthy of Cimarosa, the illusion was complete in all respects. Lablache was incomparable, Gardoni delicious, F. Lablache admirable, and Castellan all but irreproachable. A printed paper was handed to us at the beginning of the evening, requesting indulgence for the lady, on the plea of indisposition; but whatever might have been her ailment, it was very slightly observable. Gardoni was unanimously encored in "*Una furtiva lagrima*," which he sang with exquisite feeling. His *influenza* has nearly left him, and ere long he will be quite himself, and in condition to *prendre sa revanche* in the *Puritani*. At the end of the opera, Castellan, Gardoni, and Lablache were all recalled, and cheered "to the echo."

The re-appearance of Cerito was the next event of importance. This charming *danseuse*, the originator of the "Realism" apostrophised by the eloquent writer of the *Times*—or rather explained by him, for to his philosophical acumen we owe the classification of Terpsichorean achievements into schools—the originator of the "realism" of which Marie Taglioni is a fascinating disciple, made her *rentré* in a *divertissement* from the last year's *ballet* of *Lalla Rookh*, and was welcomed with acclamations in the *pas de shawls*. But this was only an inauguration. It was not till later in the evening, in the justly celebrated *pas de quatre* from the *Lac des Fées* (the only feature of that forgotten *ballet* which the *edax rerum* has not swallowed), that Cerito was her inimitable self—we say inimitable, for *sui generis* she has no competitor. In this her frolicking *abandon*, her airy and astonishing vaults and bounds, and her classical and exquisite *poses*, worthy of being immortalised by the chisel of a Baily, excited the usual admiration. St. Léon, the happy spouse of the fair *danseuse*, was the partner of her feats, and was received with the warmth due to his great merits, and leaped and twirled round with the elasticity of Indian rubber, and the celerity of a teetotum in full spin. The famous *step à deux*, in which Cerito and St. Léon traverse the stage in a succession of incredible bounds, cutting capers, as the term goes, in bottomless space, was vociferously encored, and the whole dance excited continuous plaudits. Mdles, Cassan and Honore, those admirable *coryphées*, were efficient supporters of the subordinate parts of the *pas*, and ambitiously emulated the achievements of their renowned sister of the dance. Previous to the *pas de quatre* we should have stated that Marie Taglioni executed her famous *pas de Rosières*, from *Coralie*, with her usual success, being loudly encored in her revolving variation, which she performs with such winning placidity and unconcern.

The last course of this lyric and choregraphic banquet consisted of the *ballet* of *Orithia*, of which we have already rendered account. Lucile Grahn danced with her accustomed fire and animation and was rewarded with the applause she never fails to elicit. A new *pas de deux*, composed by M. Paul Taglioni, for Rosati and Marie Taglioni, was named in the bills, but did not occur while we were present. Rosati, indeed, was absent the whole evening, which, perhaps, was a tribute paid to the *rentré* of the celebrated Cerito.

The house was brilliantly attended. Her Majesty, Prince Albert, and *suite*, were present, and what is quite as important, the much talked-about Jerny Lind, whose appearance is looked forward to with a frenzy of excitement.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

We have received innumerable letters, extolling our impartiality as exhibited in our notices of the two Italian Operas. We may here be permitted to express an opinion that there is nothing whatever to extol in our humble efforts to present the readers of the "Musical World" with a true history of the doings at both theatres. We are the partisans of neither, and we are in the pay of neither. Though we hold to the opinion we have all along expressed, that two large establishments for the representation of Italian music and French ballet exclusively, are more than even London can desire, and more than even London can afford to support, and that the one least ably directed must ultimately go to the wall, we are not the less zealous in our *hope* that both may succeed, since their success involves the well-being, and even livelihood of so many deserving persons and artists of various denominations. That this hope is unaccompanied with faith in the result, is not the fault of our scepticism, but the offspring of analogical reasoning, not to be overpowered by any argument *contrathat* has up to this moment been broached. But, once for all, in declaring our intention to proceed as we have begun, we lay claim to no other reward than what is naturally accorded to all faithful and unbiassed chroniclers:—that of the confidence of the public in what we find occasion to record, and reasonable deference for the opinions we are led, by circumstances as they may occur, to advance.

The performance on Saturday began with Rossini's *Semiramide*, given for the fourth time during the present season. Grisi both sang and acted magnificently, better than we have yet heard her, even during the present season, the absorbing circumstances of which have wound up her admirable talents to the highest pitch of exertion. We never saw her looking more beautiful, or more fully in possession of health, energy, and all those faculties that have combined to constitute her the queen of her divine art. The presence of Her Majesty and Prince Albert, who for the first time honoured the Royal Italian Opera with their presence, seemed to have put the inimitable artist on her mettle, and the bursts of approbation that continually greeted her exertions showed how entirely the audience (the most brilliant of the season) appropriated her transcendent capabilities. Alboni, whose position as a first-rate *cantatrice* is now placed beyond discussion, displayed all those excellencies that stand recorded in our pages. It is a very well to talk of Pisoni, but when talent reaches a certain condition of perfectness, it is not possible to go beyond it; and this we confidently state to be the case in respect of Alboni, than whom, with infinite respect for the past-worship and the "*laudatores tempora acti*" sneered at by Horatius Flaccus in his *Ars Poetica*, we do positively assert, and do faithfully believe, that a more admirable *contralto*, both naturally and artistically, never adorned the dramatic arena. The *largo* of her *cavatina*, exhibited with all the oily richness of voice that we have hitherto remarked—and, happily, a shade less redundancy of style, was encored, and a similar compliment was paid to the *cabaletta* of the duet with Grisi, in which both singers were as perfect as natural gifts and consummate art could make him. Tamburini, though still suffering from hoarseness, acted splendidly, and sang very little the worse for his indisposition. The orchestra and chorus, under Costa, were almost faultless—to say quite

faultless would be to outrage truth—for it is in humanity to err sometimes, and all that skill and industry can effect is to render that erring as infrequent as practicable. The *Odalisque* followed, in which Fleury, as usual, danced very gracefully. But we hope to see her soon in something more attractive. To vie with Her Majesty's Theatre in the ballet department demands something more than the Royal Italian Opera would appear as yet to have dreamed of.

Tuesday night will be long remembered by those who were present at the Royal Italian Opera. The admirable Mario made his *rentrée*, and a new ballet of the right sort was introduced for the *début* of Dumilatre, a graceful and clever *danseuse*, already known to this country through the medium of the spirited Mr. Bunn. The opera for the occasion was *La Sonnambula*, the masterpiece of poor Bellini's graceful talent. Persiani was the Amina; and whether it was the presence of her redoubtable rival, Jenny Lind, about whom the whole world is in arms at present, or the influence of *La Diva*, Grisi, who was conspicuous in a private box, beaming with beauty and intelligence, or whether it was the stimulus of acting with the accomplished Mario—or one, or all, or none of these incentives to exertion—we know not, but certain it was, that she never, in our recollection, sang so divinely. Her execution of the "Come per me sereno," in the first scene, and the "Ah non giunge," in the last, was absolute perfection. The graces and *fioriture* she introduced, varying them in the encore with surpassing facility, were astonishing. Jenny Lind appeared to observe her with intense interest, and no doubt said within herself, "This is a rival not to be despised—Amina is one of my pet parts, and I must look out for my laurels." But we opine that Jenny Lind's stronghold, in this respect, will be her dramatic ability, in which particular, beyond a certain quiet grace and unaffected earnestness, Madame Persiani does not shine.

Mario, the pleasant, welcome Mario, must have a paragraph to himself. His appearance, as the Elvino of the evening, was welcomed with acclamations, loud and long continued. Three salvos of applause were not considered enough to honour him, but a fourth must perforce be added. The first few notes he uttered proclaimed the voice of the graceful tenor as full toned and grateful to the ear as ever. Throughout the evening Mario sang in his very best style, which, it is needless to say, is a style approachable by few other artists. In the *finale* to the second act (the opera being distributed in three acts, contrary to Bellini's intention), his passionate and truthful expression was the theme of general admiration; and in the air, "Ah perche non posso," he touched all hearts by the pathos and sensibility he infused into the *andante*, which, contrary to precedent, was unanimously encored—a compliment ordinarily reserved for the *cabaletta*, and to which Mario's beautiful singing on this occasion entitled it strongly as ever.

Tamburini quite delighted the audience by his graceful and natural acting in Count Rudolpho, to which part he gave a prominence that rarely accompanies it. His "Vi ravviso" was sung as finely as could be, and was received with loud applause. It was honourable to this great artist to have thus consented to give importance, by the prestige of his name, and the excellence of his talent, to a part of subordinate interest.

Our readers will not have forgotten Mlle. Corbari, in whose favour we waged, last year, a crusade against the critic of the *Morning Chronicle*, who was inveterate in his hostility. Things have now changed, and we are happy to compliment the zealous advocate of the Royal Italian Opera or the handsome manner in which he has recognized Mlle.

Corbari, in her new position, as one of the contraltos of that establishment. To do other than praise the young artist for the charming and ingenious manner in which she sang and acted the not very agreeable part of Lisa, rescuing it by her agreeable manner from much of its unpleasantness, was not possible, and the *Chronicle's* appreciation has our hearty concurrence. We even go so far as to quote his words:—

"Madlle. Corbari was received also with much applause. She has a beautiful voice, and has gained ground as a singer since her *début* last season, but she still lacks stage ease and experience."

We do not perceive the "lack" complained of. We admired the unobtrusive acting of Mlle. Corbari, no less than her fresh voice and agreeable method of using it. She has wonderfully improved in *confidence*, and her talent has now full play. The air of Donizetti which she introduced is sufficiently effective for the purposes of the scene, although, with the *Chronicle*, we are uncompromising enemies to all interpolations, omissions, abstractings, or remodifications of the original scores of no matter what composer—even Verdi. A composer, to be justly condemned or praised, must be allowed to speak for himself. If you cut him short, or cram words into his mouth that he would not, or could not himself utter, you have no right to complain that he has not spoken to the purpose. At the end of the opera, Persiani, Tamburini, and Mario reappeared before the curtain, amidst loud cheering. Corbari might decently have accompanied them, but we suppose the fair young artist was not sufficiently presuming. But why did not her more experienced comrade, Madame Persiani, bring her forward? It would have been a graceful action on her part.

We have small room left to record the entire success of the new ballet of M. Albert, which, under the title of *La Reine des Fées*, was entirely and deservedly successful. A sketch of the story is not possible here. Let it suffice, that it is the wedding-day of Teresa and Robert, and that festivities consequent thereon are taking place. There is a haunted house, and a terrible baron. Argant, the terrible baron, is in love (desperately) with Flora, a beautiful fairy (*La Reine des Fées*) whom he has "seen in flashes of lightning," as the ballet-book has it. But Ulrich, a young hunter, falls among the fairies by some accident, sees Flora in a dream, gets by some accident into the haunt of the fairies, in the tower, loves Flora, is loved by Flora, makes love to Flora, is accepted by Flora, and persuades Flora to leave fairy-life, and resigning immortality and etheriality, to become mortal and substantial in the shape of his earthly wife. The scenery and decorations of this ballet are worthy of the Royal Italian Opera, which sits on the throne of old Covent Garden, famous of yore for its scenic wonders. Grieve has outdone himself in a couple of *tableaux*, representing the descent of the fairies, and the home of the fairies, which are ingenious, novel, and beautiful. They were acknowledged by loud plaudits. "If," as a humorous companion remarked, "Dumilatre had not made the *ballet*, the *ballet* would have made Grieve." But Grieve did not want making; he made himself, years ago, by his ball-scene in *Gustave III.*, at this very theatre. The dancing of Mlle. Dumilatre in Flora, the Fairy Queen, was in the highest degree, elegant and poetical. If not a rival to the more agile of the great dancers, Dumilatre yields to few of them in the grace and variety of her *poses*, and the floating elasticity of her movements. She was received throughout with the warmest applause; a tribute justly due to her refined and ingenious performance. Petipa, from the *Académie Royale*, in Paris, also appeared in the part of Ulrich. He is a good dancer, and a clever mimist, and was much applauded in a

brilliant *pas de deux* with Dumilatre. The dances and groupings were all artistic and effective. The *pas de deux* of Mdle. Bertin and M. Mabile deserves a word apart, for the skill with which it was executed, and the applause with which it was greeted. The *ballet* was entirely successful, and Dumilatre and Petipa were forced to reappear at the fall of the curtain. The music of M. Curmi, by the way, is sufficiently showy and tuneful. M. Mellon, the conductor of the *ballet*, may be commended both for zeal and ability. He will soon get used to his part, which is one of no slight importance.

One line must suffice for the long Thursday. The performance included an act of *Semiramide*, and an act of *Son-nambula*. The singers were Grisi, Alboni, Tamburini, Mario, Persiani, Corbari, &c., &c. The new ballet followed with increased effect. The house was crowded. In a future number, we shall have a word to say about this fragmentary representation which hardly consorts with the spirit of the Royal Italian Opera Programme.

MADAME BISHOP IN DUBLIN.

(From our Correspondent.)

WEDNESDAY NIGHT, 11 O'CLOCK.

I have just returned from the Theatre Royal, and the post leaving to-morrow morning at 6, I have only time to say a few words, and to inform you, that Madame Bishop is once more amongst us, and that she performed *Norma* to-night with immense success. She was received by a very crowded house, with deafening cheers, which continued so long, that the orchestra commenced playing several times, and were obliged to give way to the hurricane. I have not time at this hour to speak critically of the performance of the *prima donna*, who was visited during the evening with great applause, received several encores, and was called for at the fall of the curtain with a repetition of all the previous manifestations of enthusiasm. Madame Bishop has certainly worked her way right into the hearts of the Dublin folk. She is decidedly one of the greatest favorites that has appeared in this city. I have not time to write more.

C. R.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EXETER HALL.—We cannot afford our readers an account of the second performance of *Elijah*, which took place last night, as no tickets were sent us. This is entirely independent of our promised analytic notice of Dr. Mendelssohn's Oratorio. We may state as matter of information, that Her Majesty, Prince Albert, and suite, attended the performance at Exeter Hall last evening.

MR. J. COHAN.—We perceive by our advertisement sheet, that this gentleman purposes giving a recital of piano-forte music, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on which occasion, he will perform part of a piano-forte sonata of his own composition; a sonata of Beethoven for piano and violin, in conjunction with Blagrove. Miss Dolby and Miss Birch are among the vocalists engaged.

MADAME VESTRIS AND MR. CHARLES MATHEWS concluded their engagement in Dublin on Tuesday last. It proved a very unprofitable speculation for the manager.

MDLLE VERA.—The vocalist and her brother, M. Vera, the composer and accompanist, have arrived in London.

MADemoisELLE FANNY ELSSLER will make her first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera on Saturday next, in a new grand ballet written expressly for her.

VIARDOT GARCIA.—The Berlin Journals are loud and incessant in their eulogiums on the merits of this artist. Her voice and execution are extraordinary, and have created a sensation almost unparalleled in the annals of the lyric stage. The enthusiasm with which she is constantly greeted seems to prove the reiterated opinion of the Prussian journalists, that the mantle of her illustrious sister Malibran, has appropriately fallen upon her. Alice, in *Robert le Diable*, is a task for the powers of even a first *cantatrice*, and for this part Madame Viardot Garcia was on a late occasion announced. Mademoiselle Tuezck, the Isabelle of the evening, was taken ill, an event which would have set the opera aside, had the principal part been in any other *prima donna's* hands; Madame Viardot Garcia, however, rather than allow any disappointment to the audience, actually undertook and played the two parts!—changing her costume with each change of scene, and representing in one opera, the two opposite characters of a princess and a peasant!!! The enthusiasm of the audience was at its height, and she was vociferously called for at the end of each act; when the curtain fell, the house rose *en masse*, and greeted her with an absolute storm of uproarious applause, richly earned, not only in the performance of so unexampled a feat, but even more in the unaffected readiness with which it was undertaken. As it is justly observed in the German papers, far from lowering her dignity by the condescension, Madame Viardot Garcia has added to it, and she will doubtless find its just appreciation in the public patronage and applause.—(From the Royal Italian Opera Programme.)

MDLLE. MOLINA DI MENDI.—This young vocalist, a cousin of the late Mad. Malibran, and of Pauline Viardot Garcia, the living, has arrived in London.

VIEUXTEMPS.—The celebrated violinist and composer, has arrived in London for the season, and will play at the next meeting of the Beethoven Quartet Society.

HERR HOELZEL.—This esteemed German *basso*, and agreeable vocal composer, has arrived in London for the season.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP arrived in Dublin on Saturday last. She appeared in *Norma* on Wednesday and not on Monday as we announced. She will shortly appear in *Linda di Chamouni*, in the principal character of which she created so much sensation at Rome and Naples.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Meyerbeer's grand Opera, *Roberto il Diavolo*, has been prepared for this Theatre, and is in active rehearsal. The cast will embrace nearly the whole strength of the Operatic Company. The principal characters, we understand, will be sustained by Mesdames Grisi and Persiani, with the Signori Mario, Salvi, Marini, and Ronconi, or Tamburini.

MRS. BUTLER, late Fanny Kemble, makes her first appearance in London for several years, on Monday evening, at the Princess's Theatre. She will perform Julia, in the *Hunchback*, and on Wednesday she will appear in Juliet, the part in which she won her first favors with the public.

HAYMARKET.—A new five-act comedy is in rehearsal at this theatre.

SPANISH THEATRICALS IN LONDON.—The Spanish Company who are performing with great *eclat* at the Opera-house in Paris, have been engaged by Mr. Bunn, and will appear in due course at Drury Lane. The Spanish Company consists of two troops, the comedians and the dancers. The choregraphic corps are spoken of in terms of great admiration, their performances being novel in the highest degree. *Cachuchas*, *boleros*, *tambourine* and other national dances are exhibited, and display extraordinary powers of agility in the members of the troop. It is said that the *balero* and *cachucha* will be seen for the first time in England, and that the dances under these names at present exhibited on the operatic stage and elsewhere, are no more the national dances of Spain, than the jig or waltz. We await the coming of the Spanish double company with much curiosity.

SIGNOR SPEFANOSKI.—The celebrated violoncellist has arrived in London.

GODEFROID.—This eminent harpist, whose success in Paris during the winter has been immense, will arrive in London for the season on the 25th. The harp had grown quite into discredit among the Parisian *dilettanti*, but Godefroid has restored it to favor, and such has been his vogue that the stiff and stately *Conservatoire* itself was compelled to engage him for its recent concert. His own concerts have been brilliant and crowded. The public, *blasé* with pianist and violinists, found something novel and exciting in the harp, as developed by the agile fingers and agreeable fancy of Godefroid.

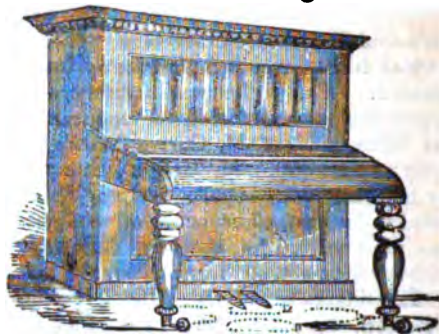
JULIAN ADAMS.—This popular performer upon the patent harmonium and pianoforte has arrived in town for the season. Mr Adams performed upon the patent harmonium at a *soirée*, given expressly for him by the Earl of Mount Edgecombe, on Friday evening last, at the noble earl's residence at Bath. The patent harmonium, from its original capabilities, will doubtless prove a novel and interesting feature at the London concerts this season, more particularly at the nobility's *soirées*, for which it is so peculiarly adapted.

BATH HARMONIC SOCIETY.—A superb French clock, bearing a suitable inscription, has been presented by a committee of members of the above society, to Mr. Bianchi Taylor, in acknowledgment of his eminent talent, and of his great, indefatigable exertions.

M. and MAD. OURY had the honor of a private audience with his Holiness the Pope previous to their departure from Rome, where they were also elected honorary members of the "Congregazione ed Accademia di Santa Cecilia." After visiting Naples, Genoa, Florence, Bologna and Venice (where they performed at two *soirées* given by the Duchess of Berry, in presence of the Imperial Court), they gave their last concert on the 20th of March at the Scala in Milan, and have arrived in London.

POSES PLASTIQUES.—The *Tableaux Vivans*, as now exhibited, are far from being the novelty generally supposed. M. Toqueville in his history of the reign of Louis XV. relates that "the Regent invited the Duchess de Berry to his suppers, and he adds, that one evening after the wine had been freely circulated, he took a conceit to represent the Judgment of Paris; the Duchess de Berry played Venus, and two of the Regent's mistresses Minerva and Juno, appearing in the costume which the fable ascribes to them when they appeared before the son of Priam." The only difference is, that the exhibitions of the Regent were private, while those of our day are public.

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SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1847.

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Annual Subscribers whose names are entered in the Book at our Office, and whose Subscriptions are paid in advance to Christmas next, are ALONE entitled to an Admission to the forthcoming Annual Concert, which will be given in June or July next.

This week our Subscribers are presented with a NOTTURNO for the PIANO FORTE, composed for the Musical World, by Mr. E. H. LINDSAY SLOPER.

FELIX GODEFROID.

We have much pleasure in translating for our readers an article on the above excellent artist from the *Feuilleton* of the *Constitutionnel* of April the 15th. The comments of the writer, P. A. Fiorentino, are accurate, as far as regards M. Godefroid, but his ideas become hyperbolised and vague when he attempts to reason on matters musical. Our readers will perceive this before they reach the end of the article.

"I have now to speak of Felix Godefroid, one of those rare artists who recompense us for the misery to which we are condemned by being forced to hear concert after concert for three months every year. Godefroid is on the harp what Paganini was on the violin, Thalberg on the piano, and Servais on the double-bass. I have heard him frequently, during his stay at Paris, and at each performance he revealed to me some wonder of the harp, which I had not perceived before. Like all superior artists, Godefroid, commenced by rendering his instrument perfect. He enlarged the strings, and by this simple means quadrupled the sonority of the harp. Instead of dividing between the two hands, passages of *arpeggio*, as his predecessors were invariably wont to do, as they used also frequently in passages embracing the common scale, he confines these entirely to the right-hand, and his left remains entirely at his disposal to complete the harmony, and to increase, or diminish the power of tone, and to add, at his will, *morceaux* commenced and continued alternately by the two hands at once. M. Godefroid has discovered new effects, enharmonic combinations of extraordinary richness and power by various managements of the pedals, of which King David himself had not the knowledge. Add to these, novelties of mechanism, a limpidity, an amplitude, an equality of sound most admirable; add rapidity, neatness, vigour of execution in passages ascending and descending in place of slurring them over without force or accuracy; add above all the inspiration, the *verve*, the genius which shape and fashion all great artists, and you will still have but a feeble notion of the talent of Felix Godefroid. His studies are charming. If Godefroid were not a virtuoso rare as intelligent, he would shine in the first rank among composers. There is nothing more serial, or more vaporous than his *Danse des Sylphes*; nothing more touching, or more sweet than his *Melancholie*, and his *Rêve*. There is in this last *morceau* a song sustained by the right hand, with harmonics in imitation of the violin, surrounded with a quantity of the most delicate and light *broderies*, which have a ravishing effect. His *fantasies* upon *Robert le Diable*, and the *Freyshutz* are models of arrangement, skill, and taste. His *Carnaval de Venise*—for since the time of Paganini all artists of the first rank have their *carnaval*—commences with a motive after the Italian manner,

and finishes with such a profusion of ornaments, showers of pearly notes, so exquisitely treated, that you might say with good reason, that before Godefroid's time, one could not tell why arch-angels and seraphs preferred the harp to all other instruments. The life of Godefroid has been more replete with adventure than a romance of Dumas, or a drama of Soulié. His father, an honest merchant of Namurs, having in his commercial transactions lost everything, except his honour, turned for consolation to music. A musician in instinct and feeling, without having learned anything, he sang, composed, and played on every instrument. In a few years he redeemed his fortune: but the money he had gained by the flute was soon lost in traffic, and Dieudonné Godefroid, having no heritage to bequeath to his children, made artists of them. Jules, the first-born, whose death has been a cause of so much regret in the musical world, acquired on the harp a prodigious talent, and obtained a distinguished name among composers. Another son became a tenor singer. Mademoiselle Godefroid, at an early age was engaged as *prima donna* at Douay. As for the little Felix, he followed the same career as his sister at the age of seven, and made his *débüt*, with *eclat*, in the characters of Leontine Fay. He gained a real triumph in the *Fée Carabosse*. But though his career was brilliant, it could not long enchain his adventurous spirit, and in a few months he learned to play in a superior manner on the piano, the violin, the harp, and, I believe, even the bassoon. In everything he undertook the young Godefroid displayed so fervent a will, and so remarkable an aptitude, that his father decided on sending him to Paris. Admitted without difficulty into the *Conservatoire*, he profited by the instruction of Naderman, the illustrious master of Labarre, and Bocha the greatest harpist of the day. At the age of fifteen having nothing more to learn, the little Godefroid found himself suddenly thrown on his own resources in the streets of Paris, possessing marvellous talent, but dying of hunger, like many other victims of a government that would fain pretend to patronize art. His family, overwhelmed in difficulties, could not assist him. He fell into the most frightful distresses, like Chatterton, Gilbert, and many poets and musicians, who were too proud to beg, or to stoop to artifice and entreaty to procure them a livelihood. He composed romances which no one would purchase; he offered to copy music, to sing in churches, to play at public balls: he could gain no employment. He spoke to the porter of the house in which he had his miserable apartment to procure him pupils for the piano, at such a trifle, per lesson, as would be ridiculous to mention. The porter, a good man in the main, had a daughter who took lessons on the piano, but she had no master, and, moreover, the talents of Godefroid inspired neither father nor daughter with any great confidence. They refused the proffered services of their young lodger, but to soften their refusal, they admitted him to their intimacy and their table. These kind folk lived somewhat at their ease and practised hospitality after the ancient manner. The porter occupied his leisure moments in working at the business of a locksmith. The daughter displayed some ability on the piano and guitar. Godefroid not being able to render himself useful as a musician, wished, at least, to make himself useful to his host in his trade. So it was—the hand that drew sounds from the harp which since so often delighted and astonished the public, had recourse to beating iron on an anvil and blowing the bellows. The bells of the *Hôtel de l'Univers* were partly

fashioned by Felix Godefroid. In the mean time his brother Jules died, and the regret he heard pronounced on every side for the death of the celebrated artist, added poignancy to his grief. "I too," said he to himself, weeping, "would become celebrated, if they would but hear me." By some fatality of circumstance no one would hear him. Erard, the providence of artists, gave way to the vulgar prejudices, which would not admit that in the same family there could exist two young artists of such rare endowments. He consented at length to hear the young Godefroid. But, obstacles of another nature retarded their interview—obstacles which never fail to compromise the advancement of the artist. Godefroid had not clothes, sufficiently decent, in which he could with propriety appear at the house of his protector. At last, by the assistance of his kind landlord he was fitted with a dress, and forthwith repaired to the *Rue de maille*. He was received in that mansion of universal hospitality with affectionate cordiality. As usual a large auditory was assembled. The domestic brought a harp and the young artist was requested to try the instrument. What passed that moment in the heart of poor Godefroid those only can understand who have set their whole life on the cast of a die. He preluded with sufficient courage, but his hands began to tremble; the tears gushed from his eyes, and he no longer knew what he was doing. The company at first listened to him with some interest; to interest succeeded indifference; to indifference distraction; then followed conversation in an under tone, and the poor executant was no further minded. At this moment Franz Liszt entered. He saluted Madame Erard, shook hands with the master of the house, and spoke of the weather and other interesting topics, as though Godefroid and his harp had never existed. The poor harpist continued his performance, not daring to exhibit his annoyance at the interruption, nor to cease playing his *sonata*. On a sudden Liszt stooped short in the midst of a sentence, listened for an instant, and springing up, cried aloud, "This is an admirable artist;" then, approaching Godefroid with that burlesque familiarity, which is one of the principal traits of his character, "My friend," said he, "what are you doing at Paris? What are your occupations?" "I work with a smith and make bells," answered Godefroid with simplicity. The spectators regarded each other in astonishment, believing the young man had lost his reason. Liszt alone understood him. "Will you come to London with me?" he asked. Godefroid did not know how to reply. He turned his troubled looks from Liszt to the harp, and from the harp back again to Liszt. "Accept," said Erard to him, "this instrument which has proved to you so dear a friend;" and, at the same time, he slipped into his hand a bank bill for a thousand francs. The next day Liszt and Godefroid departed for London. When Liszt's first concert was announced, the name of Godefroid figured on the bills in as gigantic letters as that of the *beneficiaire*, whether from chance, or a generous feeling of the pianist, we cannot say. The English who measure the talent of an artist by the size of the letters of his name, ran in crowds. This was for the young harpist a grand ordeal and a grand triumph. The talent of Godefroid no longer stood indebted to large letters for a proof or attestation. On his return to Paris the artist had only to be heard to take his position at once in the first rank of living artists. The poor and modest young man who was compelled to drudge as an assistant to a smith, is, at this moment, one of the most prized, most fetéd, and most *gâtés* of all the artists in Paris. Everywhere he plays, his success is enthusiastic, and the English *millionaires* who swooned away at his last concert, will purchase at their weight in gold the bells of the *Hotel de l'Univers*."

The above biography of Felix Godefroid is exceedingly interesting, for which reason we have given it insertion. The article of the *Feuillitoniste* would be entitled to a space in our journal for another reason also; viz., to exhibit a fair specimen of that inflated and plethoric style of writing, which too often is found occupying the columns devoted to criticism on music in the French papers. We, by no means, include in this censure the writings in the Parisian journals whose pages are exclusively devoted to the art. We have softened down the article as well as we could, nevertheless, enough remains to show the hyperbolical style of the author.

The notice of M. Florentino exhibits as profound an ignorance on matters musical, as on matters *Anglican*. We forgive the sapient critic his witless remarks on English *millionaires*, gigantic capitals, and the purchase of bells at their weight in gold; but we would pray him, when he next indites the biography or sketch, of a musician, that he would confine himself to the statistics with which he may be furnished, and not involve himself in the mysteries of an art, concerning which he displays as little knowledge in the explication, as a school boy in the fourth form might be supposed to do of the dialectics of Aristotle.

MEDELSSOHN'S ELIJAH.

In *St. Paul* Mendelssohn achieved the greatest work of its class since the *Mount of Olives*. In *Elijah* he has accomplished the greatest work since *St. Paul*. It is something for a composer to have produced the two finest masterpieces of his time; and this Mendelssohn has done in the two oratorios here mentioned. The *St. Paul* was first performed at the great triennial Rhenish Festival, held at Dusseldorf, in 1836. The *Elijah* was first made known to the world at the Birmingham Festival, in August, 1846. Thus ten years elapsed between the appearance of these two *chef d'œuvres*, which period the composer employed in the production of a vast number of works, in almost every style, not one, the smallest of which, has escaped celebrity.

A long analysis of *Elijah* appeared in the *Musical World*, at the epoch of the Birmingham Festival. In resuming the subject now, we are, consequently, spared a quantity of technical detail, which, those who require it, will find in one of our September numbers of last year. We shall at present merely endeavour to give some notion of the general design of the oratorio, and the poetical spirit in which the subject has been treated by the composer.

The original version of *Elijah* is in German. We owe the English translation to the able and experienced pen of Mr. W. Bartholomew, a gentleman well known to the literary and musical world.

The oratorio begins with that part of the history of Elijah, the prophet, in which he prophecies the drought, as a sign of God's anger and vexation at the idolatry and multifold transgressions of his chosen people. Mendelssohn has happily introduced the prophecy, in a recitative, "As God, the Lord of Israel liveth," for Elijah, whose music is written for a bass voice, which is in consonance with the gravity and solemnity of the prophet's character. The opening recitative in Handel's *Israel*, where the Israelites complain of the cruelty of the Egyptian task-masters, will be recalled here. But Mendelssohn has refined and developed this idea by the solemn character of his instrumental accompaniments. The recitative leads to a long and elaborate instrumental movement, in which is depicted, with powerful truth, the train of thought which might be supposed to arise in the bosoms of the erring nation, under the influence of so awful a denunciation. This movement is in the fugued style—a grave subject, in the minor key, led off by the *basses-piano*, and worked throughout by a kind of gradual *crescendo*, until it arrives at a *fortissimo* of the whole orchestra, when a sublime passage of simple harmony leads to a *pedal*, in which the violins rush with impetuosity into the subject of a chorus of the people, "Help Lord, wilt thou quite destroy us?" This is a gloomy and magnificent composition. It is in two parts, the second subject being set to these words, "The harvest now is over." The expression of the whole is that of extreme despair. It is in the same key as the overture—D minor. A recitative chorus, "The

deeps afford no water," a very effective employment of choral means, leads to a duet and chorus, "Lord bow down thine ear to our prayer," in A minor, the characteristic of which is the continual appearance of a melancholy phrase of supplication on those words, which the chorus sings as a kind of *refrain*-accompaniment to the melody of the duet, delivered by the two principal voice parts on the words, "Zion spreadeth her hands for aid." The art of the composer is here shown in the disposition of the *refrain*, which appears in almost every part of the bar, and generally unanticipated. The effect is delicious, and the whole is rendered still more lovely by the peculiar quaintness of the orchestration, which is in excellent keeping with the tender melancholy of the tune. The contrast of this duet, half sorrow, half prayer, with the terrible despair evidenced in the overture and opening chorus is very fine. But still more grateful and refreshing is the tenor recitative of Obadiah, "Ye people rend your hearts," which conducts to the heavenly air, "If with all your hearts." The key of E flat, in which this is written, produces an exquisite contrast to the heavy gloom of the minor modes that have hitherto prevailed, and the devotional and unadorned style of the air itself, with its soft and reposeful accompaniment, fills the mind with hope and faith in the mercy and goodness of the Almighty. Nothing can surpass, in poetical beauty, the effect of the first few notes of the recitative, to which the tenor quality of voice administers a sort of comfortable effect—let the term pass—of which we cannot find words to convey a notion to those who have not heard it. But the eloquence of Obadiah is transitory. The people are still afraid, they are conscious of having greatly erred, and are fearful of the consequences. This is splendidly developed in the first part of a chorus in two divisions. The opening, in C minor, is angry, petulant—nay, almost scornful. The people cry, "Yet doth the Lord see it not; he mocketh at us." The second division of this chorus, however, depicts a better feeling. It is a kind of *chorale*, in C major, "For He, the Lord our God, is a jealous God"—and embodies the justice and mercy of the Almighty; how he will punish the evil doer, and reward those who keep his commandments. The music is sublime—the whole orchestra streams forth in a glory of magnificence, and the tones of the organ peal out in solemn grandeur.

An angel then tells Elijah, in a recitative for a *contralto* voice ("Elijah, get thee hence"), to go to the brook of Cherith—a well-known passage in scripture. A double-quartet, for two choirs, of four female and four male voices, "For he shall give his angels charge," then develops the intention of the Lord to uphold and protect Elijah. It is written in the key of G major. The melody is exquisitely pure, and the part-writing masterly and flowing. We may refer to the first entrance of the tenor voice, the *reprise* of the first motive, and the *coda*, as exquisite points of art, worth all consideration.

The brook of Cherith being dried up, an angel tells the prophet, in another *contralto* recitative, to depart, and go to Zarephath. *En passant* we may remark, that all the recitatives with which the oratorio is interspersed, are very melodious and beautifully constructed: moreover, their expression of the words is sometimes wonderful. We would cite the phrase which, in low impressive terms, accompanies the words, "And the barrel of meal shall not waste, &c." in the recitative just mentioned, as one instance from a hundred of their poetic beauty. The scene between Elijah and the widow is one of the most masterly passages in the oratorio. The supplications of the widow for the salvation of her son—

the appeals of the prophet to heaven—the ultimate recovery of the sufferer, and the overflowing gratitude and veneration of the mother, are all expressed with fervour and vivid truth, in a kind of fragmentary duet, consisting of an air, several accompanied recitatives, and a short *codetta*, in the form of a *duettino*. The air in which the widow pours out her anguish, in E minor, is absolutely heart-rending. The high soprano tones of the voices, the shrill piercing notes of the oboe, which has a prominent place in the orchestra, the *forzandos* of the tenors and violoncellos on single notes, which seem like sudden darts and throbs of pain, all combine to make a wonderfully graphic picture of anguish and despair. The solemn strains that accompany the prophet's words contrast most beautifully with the murmurs of distressed humanity. The widow's sudden hope and joy at the indications of her son's revival, the increased majesty and grandeur of the prophet's words, accompanied by the sonorous voices of the trombones and horns, and the united exultation of the two, at the end, when the son's life is ensured, are all depicted with graphic power. The whole is climaxed by a chorus in G major, "Blessed are the men who fear Him," apostrophizing the glorious attributes of God, his goodness, wisdom, power, and mercy. If ever faith was robed in splendour, it is in this truly exquisite outpouring of melody and harmony. Nothing can be more devotional and tender—nothing fuller of hope and more soothing. The manner of the instrumentation strengthens the peculiar character and loveliness of the melody, which ever flows on and on, like faith that endures and dies not. The restless movement of the violoncellos gives the notion of a hope newly born, that stirs the mind to fresh exertion, and invigorates the frame with health and strength. It is truly a divine hymn, and worthy of being addressed to heaven.

(To be continued.)

MENDELSSOHN AND THE PHILHARMONIC.

THE visits of Mendelssohn to this country are festivals to the musical community. England has reason to be proud that it was she who first accorded to the genius of this extraordinary man the full amount of recognition that was its due. The fact cannot be overlooked that Germany, the land of his birth, was slow to perceive, and slower to applaud that talent which, now that it has attained its full maturity, ranks among the greatest phenomena of the age. Some writers will have it that England is quicker to comprehend than to create. The reproach that we are a commercial country, and not an Art-country, is a standing subject with our neighbours. The English, say they, have no time to produce, and so, to cut the matter short, they purchase. It is a stale retort that our poets are the greatest poets, but it is a hard one to get over, nevertheless. In poetry, at least, we have no care to purchase—not even on the labour-exchange system of Robert Owen. True we have our periodical dearths, like the rest of the world, and we apprehend that the present moment is one of them. One small farmer, Alfred Tennyson, possesses the only stock of any value, and deals out morsels here and there to some poor labourers that still continue to dig in the soil of poesy. But it is not a time of dearth for our painters—at least for our landscape-painters, about whom the Germans and French may rail, if it so please them; for railing is one thing, and proving a fact is another. However, in music, we will give up the question for the present. Our time of plenty has not yet arrived—so there is time enough to wait for the dearth. Meanwhile let us go on purchasing. It will not be denied that we have been in the habit of purchasing the best materials; and out of these—selected, as they are, from all

parts—we may one day make a stuff of our own, which, combining their most striking qualities, shall present a whole surpassing any of them.

But whatever may be said of England, it cannot be urged that her musicians do not appreciate Mendelssohn. The boasted Conservatoire of Paris is now only beginning to find that he is the greatest composer of his age—a fact that has been known to England for ten years and more. When, fifteen years ago, young Mendelssohn (that sounds more musical than “young Verdi”) came to England, with some MS. compositions, he immediately obtained a hearing from the Philharmonic Society, which has never been known to pass over the claims of the great foreign musicians when they have deigned to pay us a visit. His first symphony, in C minor, was played; his first pianoforte concerto was played, himself at the piano; his overture to “*A Midsummer Night's Dream*” was played—besides other works from his pen. Since then few opportunities have been neglected by the Philharmonic to make his works known, as soon as published, to the subscribers. On this point we can afford almost unqualified praise to the Society. We say almost, with a recollection of that disgraceful occurrence, some three summers past, when Mendelssohn, engaged to direct the last six concerts of the season, was insulted, on some miserable pretext, by certain members of the orchestra. It is not easy to forget such a stain upon our honour as a musical nation, and we must confess that it was with as much surprise as pleasure that we saw Mendelssohn's name announced in the advertisements of the concert we are about to review. Her Majesty and Prince Albert attended the concert, and it is to the taste of the latter illustrious personage, we understand, that we are indebted for the following magnificent programme:—

PART I.

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|---|---|------------------|
| Sinfonia in F (No. 8) - | - | Beethoven. |
| Duetto, “Quis est homo,” Miss A. Williams and | | |
| Miss M. Williams (Stabat Mater) - | - | Rossini. |
| Concerto in G, Pianoforte, Dr. Mendelssohn | | |
| Bartholdy - | - | Beethoven. |
| Aria, “Ah! rendimi quel core,” Miss M. Williams | | |
| (Mitrane) - | - | F. Rossi, 1686. |
| Overture, Euryanthe - | - | C. M. von Weber. |

PART II.

- | | | |
|---|---|--------------------------------------|
| Sinfonia in A Minor (No. 3) - | - | Mendelssohn Bartholdy |
| Duet, “Come be gay,” Miss A. Williams and | | |
| Miss M. Williams (Der Freyschutz) - | - | C. M. von Weber. |
| Overture - | - | |
| Scherzo - | - | |
| Song, with Chorus, “You | | |
| spotted Snakes,” Miss A. | | |
| Williams, and Miss M. | | |
| Williams - | - | (A Midsummer } Mendelssohn Bartholdy |
| Notturmo, March, & Finale | | |
| Chorus - | - | Night's Dream.) } |

It is not to be wondered at that the room was crowded, and that the anti-chamber off the right wing, so convenient, at times, to the directors, should have been open to the public, and crowded, too. To have rendered this programme unassailable, the duet from the *Stabat Mater* should have been omitted; it was unworthy enrolment in such a catalogue of *chef d'œuvres*.

The symphony of Beethoven was admirably played, on the whole. The *rallentando* of the second subject in the *Allegro* was well managed by Signor Costa. The *intermezzo* in B flat was played with great delicacy, and just at the proper speed. It was encored, but not repeated, the presence of Majesty involving a certain *etiquette*, more to be admired for its loyal intention than for its musical feeling. The Minuet and Finale went excellently. This symphony was considered

by Beethoven as one of his best, and we entirely sympathise with his preference. It is a song from beginning to end. The best part of Rossini's duet was the cadence of the Misses Williams.

It will be recollected by the readers of the *Musical World*, that Mendelssohn played the G concerto of Beethoven, three years ago, at the Philharmonic. For our opinion of the work, and of the player *quoad* his interpretation of it, we refer those who care about it, to our review on that occasion. Here we have only space to say that all we felt then, we felt doubly on Monday night, and in recording the fact, we would fain double our expressions of enthusiasm, but that language fails us. In a word, it was the most transcendent performance we ever listened to; in a word, the concerto is the loveliest of Beethoven's concertos; in a word, Mendelssohn is the greatest pianist in the world.

Miss M. Williams was very effective in the clever and expressive song of the old *maestro*, Rossi, scored for the orchestra with great ability by Signor Costa, and the overture to Euryanthe went like a whirlwind; but not like a musical performance. *The Times* found many parts of it “inarticulate,” and many parts of it “a scramble.” We must confess that though, like Jezabels courtiers in *Elijah*, “we heard it with our ears,” we could not distinguish, except in the slow rhapsody *con sordini*, the *coupe* of a single passage for the stringed instruments. This is called *energy* by some critics. We cannot find a word that suits it so entirely as the Fudge of Goldsmith's Birchall, in the *Vicar of Wakefield*.

All that was in the second part of the Concert has been criticised by us over and over again. To add a word to the masterly analysis of the A minor symphony, from the pen of Mr. Macfarren, which our readers will remember in the series of papers published under the head of *The Estimator*, would be an act of presumption, of which we should be sorry to be guilty. All that can be said of that brilliant and magnificent work—the orchestral triumph of Mendelssohn—is there set forth with a power of reasoning and a felicity of diction beyond our ability to emulate. It is enough to say, that this and the selections from the gorgeous and picturesque music of “*A Midsummer's Night Dream*” were performed to admiration; the occasional mistakes, and the prevalent want of finish in some of the principal wind-instruments, forming the sole drawbacks to the general excellence. But we are in too good humour with the general performance to stop to specify this in detail. A word or two in conclusion, however, would not be out of place, here, in respect to our notion of the difference between the mode of conducting adopted by Signor Costa and Dr. Mendelssohn, but that “comparisons are odorous.”

THE AFFINITIES.

from the German of Göthe.

Continued from page 265.

PART II.—CHAPTER XI.

The narrator made a pause, or rather had already finished, when he could not help remarking that Charlotte was in the highest degree moved. She even rose, and with a silent apology, left the room, for the story was familiar to her. The event had actually occurred to the captain and a female neighbour,—not exactly as the Englishman had told it, but it had not been altered in the principal features, only having been finished, and embellished in the details, as generally happens with stories of the kind, when they pass first through the mouth of the multitude, and afterwards through the fancy of an ingenious and tasteful master. At last nearly all and nothing remain as they were.

Otilia followed Charlotte, as the two friends themselves desired,

and the lord, now in his turn, remarked that perhaps a fault had been again committed, and that something known to the family, or connected with it, had been narrated. "We must take care," he said, "to do no more mischief. In return for the good and pleasant things we enjoy here, we seem to bring the lady-residents little happiness. We will endeavour to take leave in a becoming manner."

"I must own," said his companion, "that I am rivetted here by another circumstance, without the explanation and closer knowledge of which, I should be unwilling to leave the house. Yesterday, my lord, when we went through the park with the portable *camera obscura*, you were too much occupied in selecting a truly picturesque point of view to remark anything else which was taking place. You turned out of the high road, to arrive at a rarely penetrated spot by the lake, which presented you a charming *vis-à-vis*. Otilia, who accompanied us, did not wish to follow, but asked to go to the place in a boat. I seated myself in the boat with her, and took delight in the skill of the fair navigator. I assured her, that since I had left Switzerland, where the most charming girls convey us on the water, I had not been so agreeably rocked in the waves. At the same time, I could not forbear asking her, why in fact, she had refused to take that side-path; for certainly, in shunning it, she had shown a sort of painful embarrassment. "If you will not laugh me out of countenance," she answered kindly, "I can give you some information on the subject, although even with respect to myself, some mystery prevails. I have never entered that by-way, without a peculiar shudder, which I never feel elsewhere, and which I cannot explain to myself. I therefore rather avoid exposing myself to such a sensation, especially as it is immediately followed by a head-ache on the left side, from which I repeatedly suffer." We landed, Otilia conversed with you, and I, in the meanwhile, looked out for the spot, which she had plainly pointed out to me from a distance. But how great was my surprise, when I discovered a very evident trace of coal, which convinces me, that with some digging, a fertile *stratum* might perhaps be found, at a certain depth.

"Pardon me, my lord; I see you smile, and know very well, that as a wise man and a friend, you merely regard with forbearance, my passionate interest for these matters, in which you have no faith; but it is impossible for me to depart hence without making the lovely girl try the vibrations of the pendulum."

When once this matter came under discussion, the lord was sure to repeat his opposing reasons, which the companion heard with modesty and patience, but still, in the end, adhered to his own opinion and wishes. He also repeatedly declared, that the matter was not to be given up, because such experiments did not succeed with anybody, but should on that very account, be considered more seriously and profoundly, for then certainly would be revealed many relations and affinities of inorganic beings among each other, and of organic beings with respect to them, and also among each other, which are now concealed from us."

He had already spread out his apparatus of gold rings, marcasites, and other metallic substances, which he always carried with him in a handsome box, and let down for experiment, pieces of metal, which vibrated upon threads, over other metals, which were laid beneath. "I concede to you, my lord," he said, "the wicked pleasure, which I read in your face, because with me, and for me, nothing will stir. My operation is, however, only a pretext. When the ladies return, they will be anxious to know what strange things we are about."

The ladies returned. Charlotte understood at once what was going on. "I have heard much of such things," she said, "but have never seen an operation. Since you have got all so neatly laid out, let me try whether it will not succeed with me."

She took the thread in her hand, and since she was in earnest, held it steadily, and without any mental emotion, but not the slightest vibration was to be observed. Then Otilia was invited. She held the pendulum still more calmly, dispassionately, and unconsciously, over the metals beneath. But at the instant, the suspended body was carried on in a decided whirl, and, accordingly as the pieces below were moved, turned now to one side, now to another, now in circles, now in ellipses, or took its swing in a straight line, so as to equal, nay surpass all the expectations of the companion.

The lord himself was somewhat struck, but with the other, there was no end of desire and curiosity, and he kept demanding a repetition and multiplication of the experiments. Otilia was obliging enough to consent to his wishes, until she at last, kindly besought him to release her, as she was again attacked by the head-ache. He amazed, nay transported, assured her with enthusiasm, that he would perfectly cure her of this malady, if she would trust his method. For a moment, they were in a state of uncertainty, but Charlotte, who quickly understood of what they were talking, refused the well-meant offer, because she was not disposed to suffer, in her society, that for which she had always felt a strong apprehension.

The strangers had departed, and although they had produced emotions of a singular kind, they left the wish behind them, that they would be found somewhere again. Charlotte now employed the fine days to return visits in the neighbourhood, which she could scarcely bring to a conclusion, since the whole country round, some from true sympathy, some from mere custom, had hitherto concerned themselves about her. At home she was enlivened by the sight of the child, which was certainly worthy of every love and every care. It was looked upon as a wondrous, nay, miraculous child, extremely charming to the eyes, from its size, symmetry, strength, and health, and what created still more surprise, was that double resemblance, which developed itself more and more. In features, and in the whole form, the child became more and more like the captain, while the eyes differed less and less from the eyes of Otilia.

Led on by this strange affinity, and perhaps, still more by the fine feeling of women, who with tender affection, embrace the child of a beloved man, even if another has borne it, Otilia was as much as a mother to the growing creature, or rather another kind of mother. If Charlotte retired, Otilia remained alone with the child and the nurse. Nanny, jealous of the boy, on whom alone her mistress seemed to bestow her affections, had left her for some time, in a refractory mode, and had returned to her parents. Otilia continued to carry the child into the open air, and accustomed herself to walk to a greater and greater distance. She had with her the milk bottle, to give the child its aliment when required. She seldom failed to take a book with her at the same time, and thus reading and wandering with the child on her arm, she made a very graceful *Penserosa*.

PART II.—CHAPTER XII.

THE chief object of the campaign had been attained, and Edward, crowned with marks of honour, left the service with glory. He at once betook himself to the little estate, where he heard accurate intelligence of his family, whom without their observing or knowing it, he had caused to be closely watched. His quiet abode appeared to him most charming, for during his absence, much had been arranged, improved, and advanced according to his orders, so that the laying out, and the environs, made up by that which was internal, and might be immediately enjoyed, for what was wanting in length and breadth.

Edward, accustomed by a more hurried course of life, to more decisive steps, now proposed to carry out the plan, which he had had sufficient time to consider. First of all he called the major.* The joy at the meeting was great. Youthful friendships, like family ties, have the important advantage that errors and misunderstandings, of whatever kind they may be, never inflict a fatal injury upon them, and that the old relation is always restored after a time.

In his joyous greetings, Edward asked after his friend's circumstances, and learned how perfectly fortune had favoured him according to his wishes. In a half-jesting confidential tone, Edward then asked, whether a good alliance was not in a state of progress? His friend answered in the negative, with significant seriousness.

"I cannot, and may not keep back anything," continued Edward, but must communicate to you my feelings and plans. You know my passion for Otilia, and have long understood that it was she who plunged me into this campaign. I do not deny that I wished to

* The reader will not forget that our old friend the Captain has been promoted, and is now a Major.—TRANSLATOR.

get rid of a life, which without her, was no longer useful to me, but I must, at the same time confess, that I could not make up my mind utterly to despair. Happiness with her, was so beautiful, so desirable, that it was impossible for me to renounce it entirely. So many consolatory forebodings, so many cheering signs, had confirmed me in the belief—in the fancy, that Ottilia could be mine. A glass, marked with our initials, and thrown into the air, when the stone was laid, was not broken to pieces; it was picked up, and is again in my hands. ‘Thus of myself,’—I cried, when I had passed so many delightful hours in this solitary spot,—‘of myself will I make an omen, in the place of this glass, to try whether an union is possible or not. I will go and seek death, not as a madman, but as one who hopes to live. Ottilia shall be the prize for which I fight; she, it shall be, whom behind every hostile array, within my trench, within every besieged fortress, I hope to conquer. I will do wonders with the desire of being spared,—with the view of gaining Ottilia, not of losing her.’ These feelings have guided me, have assisted me through all dangers, and now I feel myself as one who has reached his goal, who has surmounted all obstacles, and in whose way nothing more is standing. Ottilia is mine, and whatever lies between this thought and the execution of it, I cannot look upon as of any importance.”

“With a few strokes,” replied the major, “you cancel all that could and should be advanced against you, and yet it must be repeated. I leave it to yourself to call back your relation to your wife, with all its force, but you owe it to her and to yourself, not to mystify yourself on this point. How can I think that a son is given you, without declaring, at the same time, that you are born for each other, that for the sake of this being, you are bound to live together, that united, you may provide for his education and future welfare.”

“It is a presumption on the part of parents,” answered Edward, “when they fancy that their existence is so necessary for their children. Every living thing finds nourishment and assistance, and if the son, after the early death of the father, has not so easy, so commodious a period of youth, he gains perhaps, on this very account, a more rapid training for the world, by a timely conviction that he must accommodate himself to others—a lesson which indeed, sooner or later, we all must learn. Besides, there is no question of this sort. We are rich enough to provide for several children, and it is by no means duty or kindness to heap so many benefits upon one head.”

When the major thought, with a few traces, to recall Charlotte’s value, and Edward’s long attachment to her, Edward hastily interrupted him: “We have committed a folly, which I but too plainly see. He, who at a certain age, wishes to realize the earlier wishes and hopes of youth, always deceives himself; for every period of ten years in a man’s life, has its own happiness, its own hopes and views. Woe to him, who is tempted by circumstances or by fancy, to grasp either backwards or forwards. We have committed a folly; shall it then be for a whole life? Shall we, from any kind of scruple, deny ourselves that, which the social usages* of the time do not refuse us. In how many things does a man retract his intentions or his acts, and is that not to take place just in this instance, when the question is about the whole, and not about a matter of detail—not about this or that condition of life, but about the whole structure of life.”

The major did not fail to represent to Edward, in a manner as skillful as it was impressive, his different relations to his wife, to the families, to the world, to his property, but he did not succeed in exciting any sympathy.

“All this, my friend,” replied Edward, “has passed before my mind in the midst of the tumult of battle, when the earth was trembling with the continuous thunder, when the balls whizzed by, when my comrades fell down right and left, when my horse was shot and my hat pierced,—it has passed before me by the silent watch fire, beneath the starry vault of heaven. Then did all my ties pass before my mind. I have thoroughly thought them over—felt them. I have weighed my whole position, have repeatedly, and now for ever, come to terms with myself.

“In such moments, how can I conceal it; you also were present—you also belonged to my circle; indeed, have we not for a long time belonged to each other? If I have owed you anything, I have now come to the position of paying it with interest; if you

have ever owed me anything, you are now in a condition to make it good. I know that you love Charlotte, and she merits it. I know that you are not indifferent to her, and why should she not recognize your worth? Receive her from my hand—conduct me to Ottilia, and we are the happiest persons on earth.”

Just because you would bribe me with such precious gifts,” replied the Major, “I must be the more circumspect and rigid. This proposal, which I silently respect, instead of making the matter more easy, rather renders it more difficult. The question now concerns me as well as yourself, concerns both the destiny, and the good name and honour of two men, who, hitherto without reproach, run the risk, by this strange act—not to call it otherwise—of appearing to the world in a very singular light.”

“The very fact that we are without reproach,” returned Edward, “gives us a right to allow ourselves to be reproached for once. He, who during his whole life, has shown himself a man to be relied on, also inspires confidence with respect to an act, which in others would appear equivocal. As for what concerns me, I feel by the last trials which I have imposed upon myself, and by the arduous, perilous deeds I have done for others, justified in doing something for myself also. As for what concerns you and Charlotte, let us leave it to the future, but as for me, neither you, nor any one else, will restrain me from my project. If a hand is offered me, I am ready to do anything, but if I am left to myself, or opposed, an extremity must arise, come what will.”

The Major deemed it his duty to resist Edward’s plan as long as possible, and he now employed a dexterous turn against his friend, by seeming to comply, and only discussing the form and business routine, by which this separation and these unions were to be effected. So much that was unpleasant, troublesome, unseemly then presented itself, that Edward felt himself put into the worst humour.

“I see,” he at last exclaimed, “that what one desires must be taken by storm, not only from enemies, but also from friends. That which I wish, which is indispensable to me, I keep firmly in sight. I will seize it, and assuredly soon and readily. Relations of the sort, I well know, are not destroyed and formed without the fall of much that already stands, without the yielding of much that would keep firm. Such a matter is not brought to an end by consideration; to the understanding, all rights are alike, and an equipoise can always be placed in the rising scale. Resolve therefore, my friend, to act for me, for yourself—for yourself, for me, to disentangle, solve, and unite anew our positions. Do not let yourself be restrained by any considerations; we have already made the world talk about us; it will talk about us once more, and then, like every thing else which ceases to be new, forget us, and let us do as we can, without giving itself any further concern about us.”

The Major had no other expedient, and was at last forced to allow Edward to treat the affair, once for all, as something admitted and pre-supposed, while he discussed in detail, how all was to be arranged, and dilated upon the future in the cheerfullest mood, even in jest.

Then again becoming serious and thoughtful, he continued thus:—“If we resigned ourselves to the hope, the expectation that all would come right again of its own accord, that chance would favor and conduct us; it would be culpable self-delusion. In this way, it would be impossible to save ourselves, and restore peace on all sides, and how could I console myself, when I, though innocently, am guilty of all? By my own urgency, I prevailed on Charlotte to take you into the house, and Ottilia only came among us in consequence of this alteration. We are no longer masters over that which has resulted, but we are masters so far, as we can render it harmless, and make the relations conduce to our own happiness. If you turn away your eyes from the beautiful and kindly prospects which I open; if you impose upon yourself, and upon us all, a sad self-denial, as far as you think it possible, as far as it may be possible; even then, if we purpose to return to our old condition, must we not transfer with us, much that is unseemly, inconvenient, and annoying, without anything good or cheering resulting from it? Would the prosperous condition, in which you find yourself, afford you any joy, if you were hindered from visiting

* This refers to the facility of divorce in Germany.—TRANSLATOR.

me,—from living with me? And after what has passed, it would be more and more painful. Charlotte and I, with all our property, would only find ourselves in a melancholy situation. And if, with other men of the world, you believe that years, that absence, will blunt such feelings, will efface marks so deeply engraven, the question is about those very years, which we wish to pass, not in pain and self-denial, but in joy and comfort. And at last, to speak out what is most important, even if we, from our own external and internal condition, should be able to expect this, what would become of Ottilia, who would be forced to quit our house, to do without our care in society, and painfully to make her way through the cold, accursed world? Depict to me, a situation, in which Ottilia, without me, without us, could be happy, and then you will have uttered an argument, stronger than any other, and which even if I do not grant it, and cannot conform with it, I will readily think over, and consider anew."

This problem was not so easy to solve, at least no sufficient answer occurred to the Major, who could only repeatedly inculcate his opinion, how important, how critical, and in many senses, how hazardous the whole project was, and that at least, the most serious deliberation was required, as to how it should be commenced. Edward submitted, but only on the condition, that his friend would not leave until they had come to a perfect agreement as to the affair, and the first steps had been taken.

(To be continued.)

* To prevent misunderstanding, it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

SONNET.

No. XXXII.

Surely the whole of life is dull and drear,
Except the moments love has call'd his own,
Making them by a glitt'ring halo known,
So that they ever shine to mem'ry dear.
These moments are small isles of radiance clear,
Scantily o'er the broad dark ocean strown;
On them the heart, by raging billows thrown,
May rest awhile, and gain new strength to bear.
The moment, when thou said'st that thou wert mine,
The moment, when thy smile most softly beam'd,
The moment, when our lips most fondly met,
The moment, when thou took'st my hand in thine,
The moment, when those eyes most brightly gleam'd—
Let me remember these,—all else forget.—N. D.

LETTERS UPON MUSICAL ART.

No. I.

Music, as an art, having now taken a high, and I doubt not, permanent position amongst us, a few reflections upon its purposes as an element of civilisation, in order that the true mission of the artist be understood and his calling respected, may not be out of place. Firstly, it is necessary to regard the art of music, not as a gratification of mere sensual feeling, but a thing of higher and holier influence, emanating from and addressing itself to the heart. Music of the highest order is the very soul of poetry. "Geist fordr'ich vom Dichter aber die Seele spricht nur Polyhymnia aus." The voice of genius in every art is still the voice of truth, and all truth can emanate but from one source, the soul; and the work, if true, is as imperishable as the soul itself. It is necessary to say thus much, because there are many short-sighted and prejudiced people in this country, who still persist in asserting that the fine arts are not only useless, but that their influence is even demoralising. To those persons I reply, that anything which refines and ennobles the mind must improve it, and anything which improves the mind must be useful. Everything which gives evidence of mind, as opposed to mere materialism, which reveals the combinations of ideal beauty which live only in the soul, and proves the existence of that divine faculty which we call inspiration, must be of a spiritual and even religious nature. That music is merely suggestive I do not attempt to dispute; on the contrary, I claim for it no higher privilege. But of what is it suggestive? Of ideas. But of what kind of ideas? They will depend upon the nature of the music itself. If the composer was inspired with elevated thoughts when composing, the same thoughts will inevitably be conveyed to the mind of the auditor. All works of art may be judged by the emotions and ideas they excite in the cultivated mind. In the first place, they must be true—that is, they must be the offspring of natural feeling. The artist must feel deeply before he can hope to strike the electric chain which connects the souls

and sympathies of all mankind. Admitting, then, music, as an art, to be a powerful element of civilisation, does not its cultivation among us become a matter of public importance? Admitting that, in music, as in every other art, low class works tend to vitiate the public taste, and excite in the mind a low train of ideas, is it not of paramount importance that a high taste should be cultivated? People complain of the bad taste of the public! But what forms the public taste? In a country where music had never been heard, the people would not have a bad taste, but no taste at all. The bad taste of the public has been formed by the bad works of composers wanting in genius or conscience, and fostered by the musical ignorance and cupidity of theatrical managers and music publishers. "You must write for the million," say the "friends of art." Most true; but who are the writers for the million? Those small ephemera who are called into existence by a momentary ray of sunshine, soon to be withdrawn, or those whose works go down to the remotest posterity, and are the delight of all ages? Which of these are the writers for the million? Whose works gratify and instruct the greatest number? The true writers for the million are Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, &c., and the writers for the few are so-called popular men of the day. But, "we must have tune," say the "friends of art." Most true; but let not the necessity of writing popular tunes be offered as an excuse for the display of artistic ignorance and vulgarity of mind. What tunes are more popular than those of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Rossini, Auber? But in these writers we have tune united to profound knowledge and elegance of expression. The progress which music has made of late in this country must be highly gratifying to every true lover of art. The progress it has made, in spite of the ignorance and ballad-mongering prejudices of publishers and theatrical managers—in spite of the exclusiveness of certain societies supposed to be national—in spite, "though last not least," of the absurd criticisms of certain newspapers—the art has kept the even tenour of its way, and is still progressing. A grand school of art is forming, in the only way in which it ever could or ever has been formed, by the study of the works of the great masters, and an investigation of the principles upon which they were written. The result of such an investigation is the knowledge of who the great men really are, and why they are great. In other words, what fine music really is, and in what it consists. If we pronounce a thing to be good, we must have some reason for doing so, and things must always be good for the same reason. If a symphony of Beethoven is said to be good, because it possesses all the finest qualities of music, any other work possessing the same amount of fine qualities must be equally, or, if it possess a portion only, relatively good. It is not mere contrapuntal skill, the melodic faculty, form, design, or any one quality that can make a composer truly great, but an assemblage of *all*, such as we find in the works of Handel, Haydn, &c. Much has been said about a "national school," and some of our young composers have been reproached by certain "eminent critics" with anti-national tendencies for endeavouring to emulate Mozart and Beethoven; these gentlemen, with much less wisdom than Solomon, are consequently much more difficult to satisfy; they must have something totally new, something in itself excellent, yet totally different to everything else that is excellent. Our composers are expected to produce fine works, but are still to be totally unlike Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, &c., who are great, not because they were called Handel or Haydn, but because they have discovered the universal and immutable principles of the sublime and beautiful, and the secret of applying those principles to their art. But to those deluded beings who are suffering under this morbid veneration for the great masters, and are vapouring away their existence in endeavouring to emulate them, the advice of our "eminent art critics" is not wanting. One proposes that instead of emulating Mozart and Beethoven our composers should arrange their own national tunes after a new fashion, and that, says he triumphantly, would be English music, and lead to the formation of an English school! Another suggests writing in the manner of—that is, imitating—Shield, Arne, Calcott, &c., and that, also, would be *original* English music! It thus appears that when English writers imitate each other, imitation is not imitation; but if they imitate great foreign writers, imitation is imitation. The logic of this is curious. After all, what is meant by "nationality," "difference of schools," "English music," "French music," and "originality?" These fine deceptive words and imaginary distinctions can be of no use to the true progress of art, but rather tend to retard it. The aim of an artist must be to be great, and not national. Nationality in art means absolutely nothing. A work, to be great, must speak in the voice of universal and immutable truth to the higher soul-qualities and sympathies of mankind, which are the same everywhere. It cannot be circumscribed or bounded in its movements, it acorns the fetters of space or time. The only national feeling recognised in matters of art is that evinced by a people who support a native artist when he has produced a fine work, of which they feel proud, and which adds to the glory of their country. The "difference of schools" consists in nothing but the relative amount

of fine qualities possessed by different writers; one is conspicuous for one fine quality, one for another, while the greatest works, possessing all the fine qualities are universal—of all schools and of no school. Originality or individuality of style in a work of art springs, not from studiously avoiding the works of other writers, as some have asserted, but from having studied them all deeply. Originality is nothing but the faculty of combining and throwing into new forms the materials with which the head is stored, and the images and impressions which the mind has received from the study of great works. Individuality of style should be termed universality, since it is nothing but the faculty of combining the most striking points of every work we may have studied, and throwing them into new forms. Without all this it would be possible to produce something "very original," but certainly not a work of art, as all experience demonstrates. I have said there is a right feeling amongst our young composers, which must inevitably lead to great results; but I am afraid there is a very bad one amongst those persons whose duty it is to foster and encourage their genius. Let me not be supposed to join in the "native talent" cry, which I consider very ridiculous, and calculated to do more harm than good. An artist is not to be upheld merely because he is English, but because he is eminent in his art; if he cannot stand his ground against foreign writers, then let the foreign writers have the preference. I ask for justice, and not favour; it cannot be urged that there is any want of encouragement on the part of the public, for whenever any work by an English writer is brought before them, they receive it generally better than it deserves. No; the true enemies to the progress of music in England are chicanery, ballad-mongering, and conventionalism, of which more anon.

HOWARD GLOVER.

JENNY LIND AND MR. BUNN.

THE following letter appeared in the *Times* of Thursday. As any thing respecting the "Swedish Nightingale" seems at this moment to be engrossing the sympathies of the entire musical world, the letter will doubtless be acceptable to the great majority of our readers.

"Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, April 19:

"Mademoiselle, — Up to the present moment of your arrival in England, the losses occasioned me by your violation of the contract you entered into with me are unrepaired, and the misrepresentations under which I have suffered, remain unrefuted; the result of my long and expensive journey to Berlin to effect the engagement you there signed, ending thus far in your being the gainer of a princely income from another theatre, and I the complete victim.

"Without any motive but the proper vindication of my rights, without doing any injury, or committing any offence to others, I have been mercilessly assailed week after week, by the adherents of that theatre, and the common privilege of self-defence altogether denied me.

"It is true that towards the reparation of these losses you have offered me 2000*l.*, and that as respects the pecuniary question between us, I have accepted that offer; but as it was, and is, of moment to me that the cause of your repudiation of your engagement with me should no longer be misrepresented, I required you, in my letter of the 16th of last month, to sing three times at this theatre. You have not answered this letter, and I beg, therefore, to say that, in order to prove to you this proposal was not a merely interested one, I will be satisfied, instead of those three representations, with your written assurance that you were not deterred from appearing on the Drury-lane stage by any other motive than the one assigned in your letter of October 17, 1845, wherein, on asking me to cancel our agreement, you offered me ample indemnification should you ever appear at Her Majesty's Theatre.

"I make this final proposal to restore our former good understanding, to avoid further litigation, and to dispense with any further public discussion—of course without prejudice.

"I have the honour to be, Mademoiselle,

"Your obedient humble servant,

"Mademoiselle Jenny Lind.

"A BUNN."

We sincerely hope that Mr. Bunn may receive the £2000 he has condescended to accept; that Jenny Lind may shake hands with the Manager of Drury Lane, after complying with the requests contained in the above epistle, and that the long disagreement may end happily and satisfactorily to all parties.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

DRURY LANE.—Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, Princess Alice, and Prince Albert Edward, attended a morning performance at this theatre on Thursday. The

Royal children manifested great delight at the sight of the elephants, camels, and splendid troop of cavalry used in the procession.

PRINCESS'S.—A full, but by no means a crowded auditory, assembled at this house on Monday evening to witness the return of Mrs. Butler (Fanny Kemble) to the stage, after a retirement of fourteen, or sixteen years. The play of *The Hunchback* was announced, Mrs. Butler taking her original part, Julia. Mr. Creswick, from the Theatre Royal, Dublin, and late of the Sadler's Wells, was specially engaged for the part of Master Walter, and Mr. J. Webster, also from the Sadler's Wells, was engaged for the part of Sir Thomas Clifford. The cast of characters was somewhat strong. Besides Mrs. Butler, and the two gentlemen just named, in the three leading personages of the drama, we had Mrs. Stirling in Helen, Compton in Modus, J. Vining in Lord Tinsel, Ryder in Heartwell, C. Fisher in young Lord Rochdale, and Cowell in Fathom. As the stage is now furnished, this was really a capital cast of parts, and we have seldom seen *The Hunchback* better performed as a whole. The entrance of Mrs. Butler was the signal for a tremendous burst of applause, which lasted for upwards of two minutes. The lady seemed completely overcome, and could hardly proceed with the first words she had to address to Helen. Mrs. Butler's first scene impressed neither ourselves, nor, apparently, the audience, with the most favourable sentiments towards the actress. Mrs. Butler's appearance is not improved since last we beheld her on the boards of Covent Garden theatre in the zenith of her youth and her fame. Time and the canker, care, have been busy with her, and their traces are but too apparent in a small theatre like the Princess's. She is evidently not so much at her ease as she used to be, and her attitudes, which were never graceful, are now rigid, enforced, and angular. In her playful scenes with Helen, Mrs. Butler exhibited too much artifice, and produced but a feeble impression on the audience. Throughout the two first acts, and a portion of the third, the fair artist did not display any proof of those extraordinary talents which would warrant her in demanding one hundred pounds a night for a performance; and the majority of the spectators, who came to behold something very wonderful, were manifestly disappointed. Not that during this time Mrs. Butler did not occasionally show her great capabilities, and exhibit the energy and feeling, added to the nice and delicate discrimination in embodying the various emotions of the poor bewildered Julia, for which formerly she obtained so much renown, and which placed her above all other actresses of the day; but there was so much want of ease, grace, and nature in the level passages, so much affectation of attitude, and so much effort in the bye play, that the public would have lost all interest in the performance, were it not that they were upheld by the *prestige* of a great name, and were urged to further attention by those occasional glimpses of power that broke through the surrounding darkness like flashes of lightning. In the fourth act the audience were literally taken by surprise. Here the tragic actress found herself in her true region of passion, and felt herself inspired, as though she were a Pythoness standing on her tripod. From the moment she enters, exclaiming, "What's to be done?" to her interview with Master Walter, when he leads her out half fainting in his arms, the acting of Mrs. Butler was worthy of a great artist. Here all affectation was thrown aside: no effort was made to look particularly graceful, or particularly attractive in glance or attitude; but nature stood paramount, and tore all conventionalities away, giving place to feeling the most impulsive, and passion the most real. We have never

witnessed on the stage anything more life-like, more fearfully earnest, and more powerful than Julia's warning to Master Walter against plunging her into a marriage with Lord Rochdale, as given by Mrs. Butler on Monday evening. It was worthy the best acting of Mrs. Siddons, in her best days. Through the whole of this scene the actress was superlatively great, and the applause she wrung from the spectators was as enthusiastic as any of the kind we have heard at this theatre, or indeed elsewhere. She was equally fine in the last act, leaving nothing to the critic to award but praise and admiration. Mr. Creswick, who made his first appearance here, played Master Walter excellently, exhibiting sound judgment, and a nice appreciation of the various phases of the character he personified. An occasional tendency to rant, in passages that required no violent display whatsoever, was the only charge we can lay to his performance. Mrs. Stirling was very happy in Helen, playing the part with infinite *naïveté* and spirit, and looking both natural and winning in the extreme. The scene with Modus, in the last act, where she entices him to a declaration of love, was, mayhap, a little too forward for the maiden, who, however wild, is still gentle at heart, and who is merely induced to turn wooer from the sheer simplicity of her lover. Compton, though dressed somewhat extravagantly, was admirable as Modus, and played the part as the author himself would have loved to witness. The character, nevertheless, is sufficiently preposterous, and exhibits in Mr. Sheridan Knowles that idiosyncrasy of portraiture in which he delights to indulge when he draws gentle maidens as wooing and winning the merest simpletons. It is no complement to the fair sex to make them fall in love with fools, but when to the falling in love there is added an exhibition of importunate courtship on their part, our feelings are forcibly constrained from all sympathy with them, however vividly and dramatically their characters may be delineated. It is poor excuse for an author that it is nature who errs. Woman, in the higher walks of comedy, should be represented as she ought to be, not as she is, or else the moral is pointless. Nothing could be better than Mr. Vining's Lord Tinsel. In all the extravagance of the part, he never once overstept the bounds of decorum. Of Mr. J. Webster's Sir Thomas Clifford, as we cannot offer one word in praise, we shall say nothing. The part is difficult, and demands from the actor requisites bodily and mental, to which Mr. J. Webster can lay no claim. The small part of Fathom was very well played by Mr. Cowell. Mrs. Butler was called for at the end, and was received with the most vociferous cheers; and subsequently Mr. Creswick and Mr. Compton were summoned, both of whom gained hearty applause. The scenery and dresses were excellent. Taking it altogether, *The Hunchback* was as well performed as any piece that has been produced at the Princess's.

Mrs. Butler made her second appearance in *Romeo and Juliet* on Wednesday. The character of Juliet requires still greater variety of qualification in the actress than that of the heroine in *The Hunchback*. It further demands more intensity of passion, and a loftier poetical conception. In the passion and the conception Mrs. Butler rose with her author, but she failed to vivify those delicate and almost evanescent traits which distinguish Juliet from all other dramatic heroines. In the earlier scenes of the play, the actress did not fulfil our highest expectations. She was too formal and studied in her playful scenes, and the same faults of attitudinizing we have noticed in her Julia, were still more observable in Juliet. Mrs. Butler can by no means assume the girl with ease and grace, and her looks and bearing no longer possess that juvenility which threw such a halo round her performance when

she first appeared on the stage. Redundancy of action another fault in the actress which we did not remark on Monday night. This was noticeable in the balcony scene, where every metaphor and simile was illustrated by some motion of the hand, or some conventional posture, which reminded us of our own declamatory flourishes in our school-boy performances. Was the heaven mentioned—Mrs. Butler pointed significantly upwards: was her love alluded to—a deep pressure on the heart conveyed the sentiment: was fear or doubt hinted at—a deliberate shake of the head elucidated the feeling. All told too plainly that the actress imbibed no sympathy from the scene, and thought more of exhibiting her art, than of following the dictates of nature. We have summed up all the faults of Mrs. Butler's Juliet, we shall now notice its excellencies, which were indeed of the highest order. From the moment when Juliet hears of Tybalt's death to the closing scene of the tragedy, Mrs. Butler was grand and impressive. The speech to the Friar, "Oh, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris," was given with fine judgment and energy; and the scene where she takes the potion was wrought with a power and reality scarcely surpassed in our memory. Still finer was her scene—a previous one—with the Nurse, when the latter recommends her to marry Paris, now that Romeo was banished for ever from Verona. It was exquisitely beautiful and truthful in the extreme. Mrs. Butler's look of mingled horror at the request, and despair at being deserted by her last mainstay in her earthly affliction, was depicted with a fearful reality, to which no words can do adequate justice. Here the great artist stood pre-eminent, and asserted her supremacy in the grander walks of tragedy. The death scene formed a splendid climax to the performance. Our impression, upon witnessing Mrs. Butler in the two characters in which she has now appeared, is, that the actress has decidedly mistaken her *forte*, and that her true power lies in the sterner and loftier ranges of the tragic drama, and not in the softer and more juvenile. She has yet to be seen in parts which will bring out her genius in its real force. In Lady Macbeth, Constance, Queen Katherine, and characters of that kind, Mrs. Butler, we have little doubt, would, from sympathy and physical capability, create an immense sensation in the dramatic world. The fair actress, should she read our humble, but honest criticism, may not receive our notice in a complimentary light, but we are assured we speak the wholesome truth; and we feel confident, if Mrs. Butler would follow our suggestion, she would have to thank us, lowly be it spoken, for our candour and our judgment. The other characters in the play were indifferently supported. Shakspeare seemed a little above the power of the company. Mr. Creswick, who made a favourable impression in the earlier scenes of Romeo, by exhibiting taste and judgment, nullified the feeling entirely by his injudicious ranting in the more passionate parts of the character. His death was a complete burlesque. Mr. J. Vining, as Mercutio, was light and buoyant enough, but failed to delineate the petulance and fire appertaining to the part. Of the remainder of the characters, nothing occurs to us to speak. Mrs. Butler received repeated bursts of applause during the performance, and, as a matter of course, was called for at the end, amid great acclamations. The house was full and fashionably attended. A more elegant or discriminating audience we have seldom observed at any theatre. The play of *Romeo and Juliet* was listened to throughout in breathless attention. The last scene, thanks to the good example set forth by Miss Cushman at the Haymarket, and the applause that ensued thereupon, was restored in all its purity and simplicity from the text of Shakspeare.

FRENCH PLAYS.—Of all the pieces in the *repertoire* of Mademoiselle Rose Chéri, none has pleased us so much as *La Belle et La Bête*. A piece that hangs with her cannot be a good piece, with the proviso, of course, that the part be adapted to her powers; but it does not at all follow, because she is successful and enthusiastically applauded, that the piece is good. In the present case, the authors, Messrs. Bayard and Varner, our French friends, invariably hunt in couples, have admirably understood the forte of Mademoiselle Rose Chéri, which lies more in the gentle, unpretending, placid display of those softer emotions of the soul, which charm and sooth the heart, whilst they elevate the mind and impart to it a feeling of kind and genial benevolence, than in violent action or forced and exaggerated sentiments. They have been more fortunate than M. Scribe in this respect, especially in his *Irène*; or, *Le Magnétisme*, having sought for no complicated situation, no clap-trap, or quackery, but have applied themselves to one of those ordinary, every-day occurrences, which bring forth, in broad relief, the purest and most sacred feelings of our nature. Fraternal love, the sacrifice of a sister, who, to save her brother from dishonour, consents to live under the roof of a violent and surly misanthropist, and by her gentleness and modesty so works upon his rude and rugged temper as entirely to change his nature, and metamorphose the bear into a being assimilated to herself. Such is the theme chosen by the authors, worked out into a neat and clever two act comedy-vaudeville, and illustrated by Mademoiselle Rose Chéri and Monsieur Langeval, and, we may add, powerfully assisted in the details by Mdles. Duverger and Leyder, and Messrs. Duméry and Rhozevil. Mademoiselle Rose Chéri was listened to with breathless attention. From the moment she appeared to beg for her brother's pardon, she gained the same favour with the audience as with *Vaucheron*, the *bête*, when he begins to distinguish the exquisitely sweet tones of her voice and the beseeching language of her eyes, rudely ordering her sisters to stand aside, and commanding her to continue to speak. Even at this early stage her influence insensibly envelopes him, he is charmed by the witchery of her language and the transformation commences. Here he stipulates that she shall remain with him for one month, and when to save her brother she falls on her knees before him, and utters the words, "*Je reste*," the house fully appreciated the pathos and heroic resignation which she conveyed in these few words, and the curtain fell on the first act amidst a thunder of applause—to rise again, after a few seconds, for her to receive the congratulations and cheers of a delighted and grateful public. The second act presents *Vaucheron* as an altered man. By degrees she has induced him to confer benefits where he had intended to use violence and contumely, persuading him so gently and so artlessly, that the form is merely changed, although the intentions are the same, that we now feel assured she will be quite successful. His name formerly hated is now blessed, but the month has expired and she is about to leave him; but, on finding that her former lover had evinced suspicions of her conduct, she throws him off as unworthy of her and gives her hand and heart to the misanthropist. This scene was exceedingly well played by M. Langeval all through; his mute sorrow at the prospect of the solitude which awaited him, his passionate declaration of love and silent anguish at her refusal, and his speechless joy and gratitude when she alters her mind, were faithfully rendered. Decidedly, we have not seen this gentleman in any piece in which we like him so well. M. Duméry was very good as an oily-tongued flatterer, and M. Rhozevil, as the lover, was efficient and did

his part with good taste. Mdle. Duverger deserves a word of praise to herself, she is decidedly pretty and *piquante*, and earned applause in the small part entrusted to her. *La Mère de Famille*, although not possessing the attractions of the piece we have just mentioned, is written in a kindly spirit, and met with well deserved success. In this play Mademoiselle Rose Chéri plays the part of an elder sister, to whom her mother on her death-bed has entrusted the care of her brothers and sisters. This she does most efficaciously, immolating her own affections to unite her sister to the man beloved by herself, and rescuing her brother from bad company, and elevating him to her own level. The solicitude of the sister, thus invested with maternal duties, was admirably portrayed by this great actress. Every sentiment, every word of advice or reproof, of praise or condemnation, all came from the heart, and struck a corresponding chord in the bosoms of all who listened to her. Mademoiselle Vallée played the part of *Thérèse* in her own graceful and unassuming style, and pleased us much, especially in the scene where she relates her love to her sister. M. Duméry was capital as the wild, rollicking, Parisian workman; his collection of songs, if not correct, was at any rate fluently rattled off; and his idea of going to Algiers and catching Abdel Kader, with a new triumphant march, in the style of Spontini, made the house ring with laughter. On Wednesday Mademoiselle Rose Chéri took her benefit, which we have no doubt fully answered her expectations, the house being crowded in every part. The only distinguishing feature was the part of *Jeanneton*, in the piece of *Jeanne et Jeanneton*, which, like everything she does, was perfection. M. Cartigny also created a favourable impression in a part hitherto filled by M. Lafont. He did not at all suffer by the comparison; this is saying a great deal. His *Galuchet* was a rich piece of comic acting. On Friday Mademoiselle Rose Chéri made her last courtesy for this season. Alas! that such a favourite should ever leave us.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday the performances commenced with Rossini's *Italiana in Algeri*, an opera, seldom performed than its merits (weighed in comparison with more popular and oftener heard works) demand. The *Italiana* is one of Rossini's earliest works. In style it closely resembles the operas of Cimarosa and the writers of his day, but it has not the continuous inspiration which characterizes the best productions of the composer of *Il Matrimonio*. The chief interest of the opera was centered in the fact of its introducing a third section of the Royal Italian Opera company—viz., the pure *buffo*. The *debutantes* were Signor Marini, a *basso profundo*, and Signor Rovere, a *baritone* of a peculiar kind. We are necessitated to be brief on this occasion, but we promise our readers a detailed account of *L'Italiana* on its next performance. Marini has a voice of exquisite quality and is a manly straight-forward actor; but he laboured under such evident indisposition that it would not be fair to pronounce an opinion of his merits until we have heard him a second time. Rovere is undoubtedly a man of talent, and sings more like a musician than any *buffo* of his class that we have heard. But his humour is, as yet, unintelligible to the English auditory, who are not sufficiently up to its peculiarities to appreciate it. But those capable of judging and there were many in the theatre, declare that he is one of the greatest artists of his class—and we are bound to believe them. We shall, nevertheless, take another occasion to pronounce a more decided opinion. Alboni, who sang the music originally executed in this country by Pisaroni,

was perfection in all she had to do; and Salvi, in the tenor part, was not a whit less commendable. A Mdle. Angelini made a slight sensation in one of the subordinate parts—but of her also anon. The orchestra and choral were irreproachable. Alboni, Salvi, Rovere, and Marini, all re-appeared at the fall of the curtain. The Queen and Prince Albert were present, and the house was crowded in every part.

On Tuesday night the *Lucia* was repeated, the chief feature of the performance being Ronconi's Enrico, the artist who had entirely recovered from his indisposition, producing an impression upon his hearers altogether unexpected. Signor Ronconi, now that we may fairly proffer our opinions of him, is a very superior artist, both in a dramatic and vocal point of view. His voice is not remarkable for sweetness of tone, or roundness, but it has great power and compass, unusually great for a barytone, and in the *mezza voce* it is managed with exquisite taste. The reputation of Ronconi as a declamatory singer has long stood preeminent on the continent, and from this decision or judgment we see no reason to dissent, his singing on Tuesday evening fully entitling him to the place of honour awarded to him. He introduced the scena with Edgardo in the last act, in which the effective dramatic duet for tenor and bass takes place. This scena has been usually omitted. On this occasion both Salvi and Ronconi were recalled after the duet. The singing on both sides was very fine. Signor Ronconi was received throughout the performance with great applause, and had to answer to several recalls. He realized a veritable triumph. Madame Persiani appeared labouring under a slight cold, yet sung with her usual grace and finish, eliciting frequent bursts of applause. Signor Salvi was in fine voice, and rather increased our favourable impression on his first appearance. His death scena was beautifully given, his singing and acting both exhibiting the most superior taste and judgment. The house was crammed to excess.

On Thursday the *Puritani* was produced for the first time this season with a cast of characters not altogether consonant to the intention of the management. First of all it was announced with Grisi, Mario, Ronconi, and Tamburini for the principals. Then Ronconi gave way to Marini in Georgio; then the latter was taken ill, and at the last day, Tamburini undertook to play Georgio at a moment's notice, and Tagliafico, who had played Sir Richard in Paris, assumed Tamburini's part. And thus the *Puritani* was brought out on Thursday. Certainly the chief labor and responsibility of the evening rested on Tamburini's shoulders, who at a short notice volunteered to perform a character out of his line, and which he had never played before. But it would appear from the performance of Thursday night, that no part could come amiss to the great artist, or that no restriction of time could thwart his efforts, for his assumption of Georgio in the *Puritani* was as excellent as that of any part in which he had hitherto appeared. The manner in which he made up for the old man was admirable. Indeed so well was he disguised, or fashioned into the new character, that many did not recognise him for some time. His singing throughout the opera was very fine, and obtained for him on several occasions applause and bravos. Signor Tagliafico played Ricardo with taste and judgment. His appearance is much in his favor, and he treads the boards with perfect ease. His voice is a high barytone without much power, but not deficient in expression. Grisi was heartily welcomed when she appeared. Her Elvira, if not one of her grandest, is certainly one of her most beautiful performances. On Thursday night she sang and

acted inimitably. The *polacca* was given with all exquisite grace and finish of old, and the "Qui la voce, was warbled and thrilled as divinely as ever. In the mac scene she appeared greater than we remember to have seen her. In this scene Grisi's acting and singing is far beyond anything we have seen on the modern stage. Mario was in fine voice, and appeared to great advantage as the elegant Cavalier: His Arturo is certainly the best since Rubini has retired. He was encored in "A te o cara," which he sung most beautifully, and also in the great scena in the last act, which he gave in such a manner as to rouse to enthusiasm the somewhat frigid audience of the Royal Italian Opera. More splendid and exquisitely finished singing we have seldom heard. The four artists were recalled at the end, and received with immense applause. The beautiful ballet, *La Reine des Fees*, still continues to be a great source of attraction. The graceful Dumilatre yet reigns the queen of the fairies, and surprises and delights the spectators with her ethereal movements, and her poses. The last pas of this delightful danseuse is one of those rare terpsichorean feats which excites by its novelty as well as its beauty. The manner in which Dumilatre bounds over the heads of her sister fairies is astonishing for its elegance, lightness, rapidity, and accuracy. To night a new change comes o'er the spirit of the Ballet at the Royal Italian Opera. Fanny Elssler is to make her first appearance in a new divertissement. To the great Fauny we shall devote an entire column or two next week.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE approaching debut of Mdle Jenny Lind, who has been announced for Tuesday evening next, makes all other doings at the Theatre for the present a matter of secondary interest. Our remarks this week, will therefore be sufficiently brief. We are, moreover, justified in this by the fact that there has been little or no novelty since our last. On Saturday the performances included *L'Elisir d'Amore*, a *Divertissement* for all the principal dancers, and the first *tableau* from *Lalla Rookh*. On Tuesday *I due Foscari*, a *Divertissement*, a selection from *La Favorita*, with *Orithia*. On Thursday, *I Puritani*, a *Divertissement*, a *tableau* from *Lalla Rookh*, and *Coralia*. In *Puritani*, Gardoni having recovered from his indisposition, sang with all his power and sweetness, and added to his already brilliant reputation. In the ballet department, a pas from the forgotten ballet of *Rosida*, for Cerito, St. Leon, &c.—a dance, called *La Manola*, for Cerito, and a new pas de deux for Rosati and Marie Taglioni, were the novelties and the attractions. We shall speak of these matters more at length in our next.

We omitted to mention that the quality of Balfe's band was tried one evening last week, by a performance of the overture to *Der Freischutz*. This was at Balfe's instigation, and the result was honourable, both to himself and his orchestra. It was a very fine performance, and the spirited and intelligent manner in which Balfe directed it, proved how thoroughly he was acquainted with the score, and how deeply he felt its beauties.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER, APRIL 28.

As the season in London advances, and musical celebrities are being weekly announced as having arrived from the Continent (until London is so full as it surely never was before of musical talent), we in the provinces are gradually closing our season. Even those quiet reunions, the Glee Clubs and the Madrigal Society, are having their final meetings and ladies' nights. The concluding concert for the season of the latter society was duly recorded in last week's *Musical World*. On Thursday the 22nd, the Gentlemen's Glee Club, had its dress concert, with which the season terminates. That of the Chorion-on-Medlock club takes

ace this evening. The Hargreaves Society have one more concert to come off in May, a miscellaneous one; and then until September there is a barren interregnum, as to music meetings, unless it be that Jullien should appear like a meteor to dazzle us with some of his matchless solo players. The scheme of the Gentlemen's Glee Club being worthy of recording is here subjoined:—

FIRST PART.—Chorus, "Now to the forest," *Str H. Bishop*. Canon, "Within this panting breast," *Beethoven*. Glee, "Hohenlinden," *T. Cook*. Trio "Night's lingering shades are wasting," *Dr. Spohr*. Madrigal, "Now is the month of Maying," *T. Morley*, 1595. Quartet, "Oh! hills, oh! vales," *Mendelssohn*. Solo and Chorus, "My task is ended," *Balfe*.

PART SECOND.—Chorus, "From yonder dark forest what horseman advances?" *Weber*. Glee, "In this fair vale," *Wm. Horsley*, *M. B. Glee*, "Haste, my boy, the goblet bring," *Dr. Smith*, of Dublin. Solo and Chorus, "Methinks I hear," *Dr. Croft*. Trio, "Oh, listen! 'tis the nightingale," *Str H. R. Bishop*. Glee, "Cold is Cadwallor's tongue," *Horsley*. Chorus and Sextet, "Hail, happy day!" *Beethoven*.

There was a good attendance of ladies and gentlemen, but the club room was not so crowded as we have seen it on some former occasions. Mrs. Sunderland, who was to have appeared, but was in Scotland, we were told, so her place was supplied by Miss Kenneth, the other singers being the usual vocalists at the monthly meetings of the club. Beethoven's canon requires nice singing, and is very seldom heard to advantage out of its place in the opera. The same may be said of the closing piece, the glorious finale to *Fidelio*, which, in a Glee Club concert, loses so much in not having the splendid orchestral accompaniments. The glees selected were admirable specimens of their various schools, and were well sung. Still the concert went off heavily, with two exceptions—Morley's ever popular Madrigal, and Balfe's scena and chorus from the *Enchantress*, both of which were *encored*. There is a dress concert announced for Friday next, at the Concert Hall, when some of the recent German importations will be heard here for the first time; viz.—vocalists, Madame Jenny Lutzer, Madame and Herr Knispel, and Herr Holzel; solo violinists, Herr Hellmesberger, Herr G. Hellmesberger. Who they are, or what their fame or talent, we know not. Query—Are we to have a series of *Jenny's*, now that Jenny Lind has come at last to this country? as when *Madame Anna Thillon* made such a noise in the world, it afterwards brought us a *Madame Anna Bishop*. By the way, we should much like to see and hear the last named lady on the boards of our Theatre Royal. The production of operas last summer was not very successful—*Acts and Galatea*, which was splendidly got up, and fairly cast with Laffer as Polypheme, and Miss Isaacs as *Acts*, being a dead failure. The proprietors did better afterwards with Miss Rainforth, Allen, and Stretton, in *Maritana*; and with Thillon—the much and justly-praised Thillon, in the *Crown Diamonds*: but whether he will venture upon operas again remains to be seen; else, as we said before, we should like to see the *Maid of Artois* got up and Madame Bishop in it, in order that the sceptics in Manchester might have an opportunity of judging of her talents both vocal and instrumental. However, *le bon temps viendra*. Meantime the managers are reaping a rich harvest this week with Macready—crowded houses every night.

MR. BUNN AND DRURY-LANE.

THE following letter appeared yesterday in the *Morning Chronicle*. We have given it insertion in our leading columns, as we cannot separate matters operatic and musical from the management of Drury-lane, under Mr. Bunn:—

"SIR,—The committee of the Theatre Royal Drury-Lane had done me the honour of accepting me as their tenant on a renewed lease; but having been subsequently apprized that I stood in the way of overtures from others differing from me in their views of management, I have solicited them to open their property to competition, assuring them of my readiness to renew our negotiations when the course of such a step shall be known. "I have the honour to be your very faithful servant,
"London, April 27, 1847." "A. BUNN."

We are naturally anxious that the present management should continue to rule over Drury-Lane, as our national opera is mainly dependent thereon. Mr. Bunn is not the first lessee of the theatre who has been treated by the committee most scurvily.

GLASGOW MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

On Wednesday evening last the Musical Association, under distinguished patronage, gave their fourth grand annual concert in the City Hall; and whether as respects the pieces that were selected for the occasion, or the effective way in which these were interpreted by the Association themselves, or by the distinguished vocalists from a distance, who were engaged to appear, we have no hesitation in saying, the performance was, upon the whole, the best they have yet given.

The programme comprised Handel's oratorio of "Judas Maccabæus," and selections from the "Messiah;" from the *Dettingen Te Deum*, and the "Creation." The chorus was very effective. The fugues were all taken up with distinctness and precision; and in the tutti passages, which were given with remarkable spirit and firmness, the effect was overpoweringly grand. Of the solos it would be difficult to particularise any of them as having been better rendered than the rest. Mrs. Sunderland (soprano) gave most effectively the air, "O Liberty! thou choicest treasure," from the *Judas Maccabæus*, and the air from Haydn's *Creation*, "With verdure clad." The sweetness and rich mellowness of her voice were brought out in the air, "From mighty Kings." Miss Whittall, of Liverpool (contralto), gave, to great advantage, the air, "Father of Heaven;" and in the duet, "Oh! lovely Peace," with Mrs. Sunderland, both voices blended most charmingly, and produced a decided impression upon the audience. Mr. Peasall, of the Ancient Concerts and Lichfield Cathedral, who has a beautiful tenor voice of great compass, made his first appearance in this city, and made a very favourable impression: he gave Haydn's air, "In native worth," exquisitely. His "Sound no alarm," from the *Judas Maccabæus*, was excellent. We hope to have him here again. Signor Serra (basso), and Mr. Reeves (tenor) also executed creditably the pieces which were entrusted to them. Herr Dreschler, second violincellist, and chamber musician to his Highness the Duke of Anhalt-Deßau, gave a solo on the violoncello—he displayed great command of the instrument, but lacks the tone of Lindley.

We were glad to see the hall so well filled in every part, and hope that after paying the expenses, there will be a large surplus left for the public charities.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

JULLIEN AT DUBLIN.

To the Editor of "The Musical World."

SIR,—It appears to be the practice of some of the public journals, to take every opportunity of attacking M. Jullien, and by erroneous and exaggerated statements, endeavour to destroy the popularity he has so successfully acquired. For instance, what could be more unjust than the paragraph, which appeared in the Dublin papers, relative to the disturbance that took place in the Music Hall, on the second night of M. Jullien's Concerts? No doubt can exist as to the intention of the writer! What could it be but to traduce M. Jullien in the estimation of the public? fortunately his character is too well established to be undermined by such weak and futile attempts. From the liberal patronage the public have at all times bestowed on the enterprises of M. Jullien, clearly proves he must be a great and deserved favourite, and his character, so well known for honour and integrity, has gained him the respect and esteem of all those *artistes*, who have been connected with him during his professional career. The article, before referred to in the Dublin paper, is an excellent specimen of absurdity and incongruity, and might, from these causes, have passed harmlessly, while confined to its own limits: but, as several respectable journals have inserted in their columns, (no doubt with a belief in its authenticity), it is now high time the public should be no longer misled, but made acquainted with the *true* statement. As the old adage goes, "a story never loses by telling." This paragraph has received copious additions and embellishments which, if not contradicted, would tend greatly to injure M. Jullien; and, by doing so, must seriously affect a large portion of the musical profession, who are engaged by him for his concerts in town and country, as M. Jullien, from a consciousness of his own integrity, has obstinately refused (though urged by his friends), to vindicate himself against these untruths. The gentlemen of the orchestra, on that occasion, feel it incumbent on them, as a duty they owe M. Jullien, to come forward and exonerate him, by contradicting the statements of these would-be critics, who shield themselves behind their own privileges. The authenticity of the following statement is vouched by the undersigned gentlemen.—The concerts were held in the Music Hall, and to judge from the numbers there assembled, M. Jullien had not decreased in public favour. All appeared on the tip-toe of expectation for the appearance of the *Lion* of the evening, Herr Pischek, whose performance elicited the most rapturous applause. On the second night's performance, after his singing two more songs than he was advertised for, another *encore* ("The Standard Bearer,") was most vociferously demanded. On his leaving the orchestra, after singing the above song, M. Jullien hastened to inform him, of the wish expressed by the public for a repetition, and urged him, if not too much fatigued, to comply with their request. "Herr Pischek assured him of his utter inability to sing again, as he had exerted himself very much and had been suffering all the evening from severe indisposition," (the effects of the voyage) and said, "He felt most anxious to return to his hotel, requiring rest to recruit himself for the next day, when he had to sing at two concerts, a morning and an evening one."

After this explanation, M. Jullien returned to the audience to solicit their kind indulgence, but was unable to obtain a hearing. He then appealed to them by dumb show, to express Herr Pischek was ill and required rest; but, all of no avail, they were inexorable. M. Jullien then continued the concert trusting the audience would be pacified. The *Olga valse* was played without a note of the music being heard—it was a trial—*Discord versus Harmony*, in which the former succeeded, though trumpets and drums were played, *fortissimo*, they were unable to be heard through the din of discord, yells, and noises. In such a state of things it was impossible the concert could proceed, so M. Jullien, wisely, desisted; this appears to have been the signal for a preconceived attack from several persons, who had been noticed during the evening, expressing (*without cause*) symptoms of disapprobation. Numbers now rushed on the scaffold and in the scuffle music-stands were broken, a mirror shared the same fate, all was confusion; in fine, "a scene of disgraceful tumult." The gentlemen of the orchestra were obliged to make a hasty retreat to save themselves and their instruments from the missiles thrown from several parts of the house. The respectable portion of the audience were fast quitting the Hall, evidently alarmed and disgusted with the few disreputable persons who were the originators of this scene of *outrage*; with the assistance of the police the building was cleared and thus ended this eventful day. On the following morning, the paragraph complained of appeared, giving a most exaggerated and untrue account; amongst other things, stating: M. Jullien had said, that the disturbance of the previous evening was caused by the *sixpenny* mob, and that Herr Pischek would have sung again, but was prevented by M. Jullien. This M. Jullien denies; stating, it was very improbable he should speak in terms of disrespect of that large portion of the public, to whom he was indebted for his prosperity and success. At the evening concert the belligerents mustered, evidently coming prepared to attack, as an egg was thrown into the orchestra, which narrowly escaped *befouling* Herr Koenig. On M. Jullien appearing, he was assailed with vehement hisses; many who had been neutral on the former evening, now joined in the *melee*, evidently influenced by the erroneous statements circulated. M. Jullien came forward amidst cries of "No, no!" "Hear him," &c. He endeavoured to speak, but was interrupted by "Give us a song, Jullien!" from one, "How about the French soup!" from another. At last these facetious gentlemen fairly exhausted themselves, and M. Jullien, who had all this time stood with the patience of a martyr, smiling good-humouredly at their pleasant sallies, was enabled to give an explanation. After this, quiet was restored, and the concert proceeded, though a few persons endeavoured to irritate the audience by occasional hissing and noises. After Mr. Richardson's solo, a GENTLEMAN in the promenade, ("not one of the *sixpenny* mob!") threw an egg at M. Jullien, which struck him on the head; cries of "Shame, shame!" and "Turn him out!" was vociferated from all parts of the house, he was immediately seized, by some gentlemen in the promenade, who would, had it not been for the police, have severely chastised him on the spot; he was taken to the Station House, where he remained in *durance vile*, until Monday morning. Several gentlemen now surrounded M. Jullien, assuring him he need not fear, and expressing their strong disapprobation at such a disgraceful course of proceeding: they advised him, for the safety of the ladies present, to bring the concert to a termination. The cry, then was for Mackintosh (the renter of the hall), who responded to their call, and after their confusing him with a multitude of questions, they appeared to be satisfied with his explanation, for gradually the numbers decreased and this commotion terminated, fortunately, without an accident. As the cause of the disturbances appears to have originated, in the erroneous impression of M. Jullien using the expression *sixpenny* mob, and refusing to allow Herr Pischek to sing again, we trust that we have clearly proved how guiltless M. Jullien was of these accusations, and that we have removed any impression detrimental to him. From a knowledge, sir, that your valuable columns are always open to render justice to the *accused*, we, the undersigned, humbly trust, that the explanation we have endeavoured to give, will receive your kind indulgence, and the favour of insertion in your most excellent paper.—We remain, sir, your obedient servants.

W. H. WAUD,
CHARLES GRIENSBACH,
B. G. BARNETT,
R. C. HART,
J. COX,
T. W. DAVIS,
A. WINTERBOTTOM,
H. S. WAUD,
J. HORTON,
P. VANHAUTE.

F. HUGHES,
M. ESENBAUM,
H. COLLINET,
— JACQUIN,
— SONNENBERG,
W. STREATHER,
JOSEPH RICHARDSON,
J. T. JENNINGS,
CONRAD BAND,
A. C. ROWLAND,

G. THOMPSON,
HERMANN KENIG,
J. SCHMIDT,
— ANTOINE,
R. H. WADE,
J. WINTERBOTTOM,
G. GILES,
G. CURITT,
SAMUEL CHAPMAN,
THOMAS BAKER.

DR. SPOHR has announced to the Committee of the "Sacred Harmonic Soc." his intention of arriving here early in July.

(To the Editor of "The Musical World.")

MR. EDITOR,—Allow me to correct a mistake of your intelligent and very flattering correspondent from Coventry; who, in speaking of the beautiful old English ballad of "Barbara Allen," which Madame Macfarren sang at the concert in that town on the 19th, states: that "to this poetry Macfarren, the composer, has written music, at once, simple tender, and melodious." Now, sir, I perfectly agree with your correspondent in the opinion he expresses of this beautiful national melody; but, as I do not wish to have past generations rise up in judgment against me, I feel in duty bound, to disclaim the great merit of having written it, and to assure your correspondent, that it is a traditional tune and the same of which Goldsmith writes when he tells how his "dairymaid sang him into tears with 'Johnny Armstrong's last good night,' or the 'Cruelty of Barbara Allen.'"—I am, the Editor's ever obediently,
53, York Terrace, Regent's Park, April 26, 1847. G. A. MACFARREN.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.—(*The want of space precluded the insertion of the following last week*).—The one hundred and ninth anniversary dinner of this Society took place on the 19th ult., Lord Saltoun in the chair. About 170 gentlemen dined in the Freemason's Hall, and there were upwards of a hundred elegantly dressed ladies present. In the course of the evening, Miss M. Williams sang Knight's "Soldier's Daughter," and Miss Rainforth was loudly eulogized in a Welsh ballad, "In a secret fertile valley," accompanied by W. L. Phillips. Mr. Braham gave "The death of Nelson," amidst the cheers of the Company. Horsley's glee, "Come, gentle Zephyr," and Spofforth's "Come, bounteous May," were well sung. Apologies were made for Miss Hawes and Signor F. Lablache, both suffering from hoarseness. Signor Emiliani gave a brilliant solo on the violin, accompanied by Sterndale Bennett; and W. H. Holmes played Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith" with variations, excellently. Mr. Horsley, in proposing the noble chairman's health, paid him many high compliments. A list of donations and subscriptions was read, including £30 from the King of Hanover; £25 from Prince Albert; £10 from the director of the *Musical Union*; 10 guineas from Mr. Walker; 10 guineas each from Mad. Grisi and Sig. Mario; 5 guineas from Sig. F. Lablache; and the like sum from Sir A. Barnard; W. Curling, Esq.; R. Palmer, Esq.; W. Horne, Esq.; and Messrs. Addison and Hodson: 10 guineas each from Mr. Ollive, Miss Penn, and Mr. Withall; and one hundred pounds from the liberal house of Broadwood, being the 10th donation. There are claimants on the funds of the Society at present, 9 members, 33 widows, and 13 children; and the sum of £2291 odd was appropriated during last year, to the purpose for which the constitution was founded in 1738, namely, the support of aged and infirm members, their widows and orphans.

MENDELSSOHN will perform an extemporaneous fantasia on the organ, and a concerto by Bach, on the pianoforte, at the concert of Ancient Music, on Wednesday, which will be under the direction of Prince Albert, who has engaged Mesdames Castellani, Alboni, S. Novello, M. Williams; Signori Mario, Gardoni, Tamburini, Lablache; Messrs. Lockey, Machin, and Staudigl.

THE CONCERT OF THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY OF DUBLIN, announced to take place on Monday evening next, the 3rd of May, has been postponed, in consequence of the severe indisposition of His Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant, President of the Society.

MRS. GEORGINA F. PLUMMER has lately been singing with success at various concerts. We have no doubt of her soon being a useful acquisition to our concert-rooms. She has a rich voice, agreeable manners, a good method, and an evident ambition to progress.

MR. C. MUHLENFELDT, the able pianist and composer, has announced his annual *soirée musicale* for Wednesday week.

JENNY LIND AT DRURY-LANE (From *Punch*).—Mr. Bunn has certainly kept faith with the public, by presenting the long-promised **JENNY LIND** on this stage, though in the shape of an elephant. She is undoubtedly the greatest creature that ever trod the dramatic boards, and stands higher than any other member of the profession. Her compass is extraordinary, for she can reach to the middle of A flat without any difficulty, and in a slow movement her *aplomb* is truly wonderful. We do not think she excels in rapid passages, but her run, if she were to give full vent to it, would, no doubt, make a powerful impression on her audience.

AN ENGLISH VERSION of *Linda di Chamouni*, translated expressly for Madame Bishop, will be produced this evening, at the Theatre Royal, Dublin. The manager has gone to great expense to produce the opera in a style of splendour and completeness.

MELODISTS.—There was a very brilliant meeting of the Melodists Club, on Tuesday; the Duke of Cambridge in the chair, supported by the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Saltoun, Sir A. Barnard, &c., &c. The latter having offered a prize of ten guineas for a Druidical Ode, three candidates sent in compositions, which were excellently sung by Mr. Machin, accompanied by Sir H. Bishop. The prize was awarded to Mr. Blewett; and premiums of five guineas each, the gift of Messrs. White and Hopkinson, were presented to Mr. J. L. Hatton, and Mr. C. Horn, for the second and third odes. The brothers Hellmesberger played a concertante violin duett, accompanied by Mr. Benedict, capitally, and were loudly applauded. Herr Holzel sung a German song, also a portion of Scheller's song of the "Bell," accompanied by the adelphi Hellmesberger, which had a most excellent effect. Several songs and glees were sung in the course of the evening, and the royal president announced, that he would give a prize of ten guineas next season, for a cheerful glee, the candidates to be confined to the musical members of the club, who devote their time and talent to its service.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISS L. B.—(Reading).—We are sorry to be at variance with our fair correspondent. Our notions of the work she condemns are precisely the contrary to those she expresses. We think it one of the master pieces of one of the most illustrious poets and philosophers that the world ever produced.

M. A. P.—(Gloucester).—We do not recollect to have received our correspondent's first letter. Of the published duets by Macfarren, we recommend the *symphony in C sharp minor*, and the *overture to Don Quixote*, as the most efficacious and the finest music. The *overture to Don Carlos* is not published yet. Mendelssohn was eighteen when he wrote the *overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream."* We do not know the precise date, nor the year of the composer's birth. The number of the Musical World shall be looked out and forwarded.

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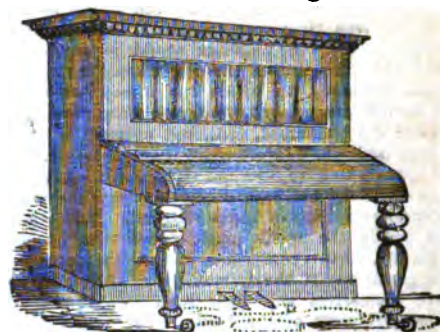
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invites gentlemen to inspect the process of currying on his own premises, whereby alone they can depend on bark tanned. Old harness taken in exchange.

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On **TUESDAY NEXT, May 4, 1847.**

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In this Country, will take place

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ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO,

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Isabella, Madame Castellan—Roberto, Signor Fraschini—Ramboldo, Signor Gardoni, Sacerdote, Signor Bouche—and Bertram, Signor Staudigl (his second appearance in this Country.)

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On **WEDNESDAY, MAY 12th,**

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Tickets Half-a-Guinea each, to be had at all the principal Music-sellers, and of Mr. MÜHLENFELDT, 6, Albany Street, Regent's Park.

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Adagio and Scherzo, from "Grand Sonata in A flat."

Martial Fantasia, "Greek Revolution."

Burlesque Variations on the "Carnival of Venice,"—together with

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Beethoven's Sonata in F for Piano and Violin.

The following EMINENT VOCALISTS will assist:—Miss BIRCH, Miss DOLBY, and Mrs. SEGUIN.—Mr. E. HART, Mr. SEGUIN, and Mr. JOHN PARRY.—INSTRUMENTALISTS—*Pianoforte*, Mr. J. COHAN, Mr. W. H. HOLMES, and Mr. NOBLE.—*Viola*, Mr. BLAGROVE. Tickets may be procured at the principal Music Publishers, and of Mr. COHAN, at his residence, 36, Soho Square.

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INSTRUMENTALISTS—*Piano Forte*, Madlle COULON and M. BENEDICT.—*Viola*, M. ALEXANDRE BOUCHER & M. SAINTON.—*Violoncello*, M. ROUSSEL OT. *Oboe*, M. BARRETT.—*Bassoon*, M. BAUMANN.

Conductor..... M. BENEDICT.

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MENDELSSOHN'S ELIJAH.

(Continued from our last.)

AFTER this vigorous and lovely chorus the scene changes to the court of Ahab. Elijah reproaches Ahab with his idolatrous iniquities. The three years of drought expired, according to the prophecy, the man of God declares his intention to solicit the Almighty's mercy, for rain, to moisten the parched earth and refresh the thirsty people. Ahab reproaches the prophet, as "He that troubleth Israel." Elijah retorts the charge upon Ahab, whose sins have brought the drought as a sign of God's anger. He challenges Ahab to test the power of Baal, by a sacrifice, summoning the prophets of the false idol, and those "of the groves," to assist. It is agreed that each party shall supplicate his god to send fire to consume the sacrifice, "and the god who by fire shall answer, let him be God."

The priests of Baal first call upon their idol. Their repeated solicitations, accompanied by the ironical encouragement of Elijah, to "call Him louder," and to make use of their ordinary idolatrous ceremonies, are all in vain—no god answers, no fire descends, the sacrifice remains unconsumed. Elijah then invokes all the people to come near to him, and prays the "Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, to manifest his power. Angels, looking on from above, encourage him and strengthen his supplication by their entreaties. The true God answers—the fire descends and consumes the sacrifice. Elijah orders all the prophets of Baal to be taken and slain—the people obey him, and not one is left alive. Elijah then preaches the glory of God, and apostrophises the awfulness of his anger. An angel echoes his words, but in a meeker and more compassionate tone.

Mendelssohn has made one masterly *tableau* of the whole of this. The conversation between Elijah and Ahab is illustrated in accompanied recitatives, intermingled with choral responses of the people. The dramatic intensity with which all this is imbued is singularly appropriate and happy. Ahab's entrance is prefaced by a striking *crescendo* passage for the orchestra, which is the indication of a marked change in the character of the music, from holy quiet to pagan recklessness. The accompaniments give a character to the whole which is highly exciting. The low tones of the oboe have a wild and unearthly character. This new treatment of the oboe, for which composers generally write high in the scale, was first suggested by Mendelssohn in the introductory *andante* to his

symphony in A minor, and by its frequent employment becomes a marked feature in the instrumentation of *Elijah*. The choruses of the Baalite priests are picturesque and magnificent. They are full of variety, while the absence of all feeling of religious tranquillity in their development is finely in character. The first, "Baal we cry to thee," in F major, is in two parts,—the theme, a voluptuous melody, set forth with the accompaniment of wind instruments only. It is a double chorus and the quick responses of the opposite choirs produce a splendid effect. There is a feeling of undisturbed confidence in this part of the chorus, that plainly declared the faith which the Baalite priests entertain in the divine power of their idol. But the second part is more restless and energetic. The idolaters find that their appeal is not answered so promptly as they had anticipated; the increased emotion, and the evidences of coming disappointment, are strikingly exemplified in the use of the relative minor key, and the disturbed nature of the orchestral accompaniments. The violins and tenors have a rapid moving passage, in full harmony, which is developed with masterly power, while the organ helps out the voices, as they sing in unison. The other instruments are well employed in heightening the colouring, and the whole dies away, at last, in the original major key—suggesting the notion that the Baalite priests are out of breath with their exertions, and are inclined to give up the point in despair. But the mocking encouragement of Elijah leads them to renewed exertions, forcibly expressed in the recitative—and another chorus, "Hear our cry, O Baal," follows. The character of this is savage and ferocious. The voices sing in full harmony, while the principal instruments of the orchestra perform a strange passage in unison, which is carried on to the end. This chorus is in the key of C sharp minor, and is introduced, by a fine change of harmony, after the recitative of Elijah. The continued scorn and pretended encouragement of the prophet, following the sudden arrest of this chorus, is answered by a third and last appeal of the Baalites, developed in another chorus of wonderful character. The unusual key of F sharp minor heightens the depth of despair which this chorus pretends to convey. The voices sing a wild melody, with reckless *abandon*—typifying the hopelessness and shame of the idolaters. The violins are employed in passages of fearful rapidity, and the general character of the orchestration presents a fine musical picture of the rage and anguish of the priests, who are supposed to make use of all the ceremonies they are accustomed to employ when they desire to avert the anger of Baal. The transition to D major, on the words "Hear and answer," and the cadence in which this phrase is echoed and re-echoed by the opposing choirs, are magnificent points. The long pauses, where the Baalites are

supposed to wait anxiously the answer of their god, and the sudden breaking off of the sopranos and tenors, on the interval of the fifth, have also an extraordinary effect. Elijah's recitative, "Draw near, ye people," immediately following this chorus, is among the most beautiful points in the oratorio. The sudden change from the hopelessness of idolatry to the comfortableness of the true faith, could not be more completely expressed than by the few notes with which it opens. But the thing that follows, "Lord God of Abraham," is less to our liking. It is calm and undisturbed, but the melody is not clearly designed, while the instrumentation, though elaborate, is without a clear purpose. In fact, there is an approach to dullness in it, that we cannot elsewhere find in the whole work. However, "Dormitit Homerus" sometimes—and why not Mendelssohn?

The quartet of angels that follows, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord," in C major, is written in the form of a *chorale*. It is exceedingly lovely, and the combination of the organ and violin, in the accompaniment, is equally beautiful and new; the high notes of the violins, sustained through the concluding harmony of one phrase and the harmony with which the next phrase commences, have a streaming silvery effect that is positively enchanting. Elijah's recitative, "Oh, thou, who makest thine angels spirits," is in a tone of earnest supplication suited to the exigency of the prophet's appeal for a demonstration of divine power. The chorus of the people, which answers this, "The fire descends from Heaven, the flames consume his offering," is finely descriptive of the surprise and exultation of the people at the celestial manifestation; the full power of the orchestra is employed with good effect; and the second part, to the words, "Before Him upon your faces full," is in the highest degree solemn and magnificent. Then comes the recitative of Elijah, responded to by the people in a short unison chorus, commanding the slaughter of the priests of Baal—"Take all the prophets of Baal," &c. The style of these short fragments is quite characteristic of the situation. Elijah's bass air, "Is not His word like a fire," is, perhaps, the grandest and best developed song in the whole oratorio. The melody is angry and impetuous—the movement quick and agitated; the continuous *tremolando* of the violins, with the fierce and restless motion of the basses, with which the voice frequently travels in unison, and the distribution of the other instruments in the orchestra, help to depict more vividly the zealous rage of the prophet at the indignities which have been offered to the Almighty, by the apostles of filth and Paganism. This superb song will slightly remind the hearer of "Why do the nations," in the *Messiah*, and "Consume them," in *St. Paul*—but the resemblance is only in feeling, while in elaboration and construction it is perhaps superior to either of those noble efforts of genius. The key of this song is A minor, and the passages require more flexibility than belongs to the majority of bass voices. A lovely contrast is produced by the quiet desponding character of the *contralto* air which succeeds, "Woe unto them that forsake him." This plaintive and heart-touching melody is in the key of E minor, and expresses the words with exquisite felicity. The instrumentation is judiciously sparing, and as a point of consummate art, united to the most natural simplicity, we would cite the *reprise* of the subject, which surprises the ear by its novelty, while it satisfies the mind by its beauty.

The remainder of the first part of Elijah is combined in a scene of the highest musical and dramatic interest. The prophet Obadiah, and the people, implore Elijah's intercession in their behalf. Elijah appeals to the Lord, to open the

heavens and send rain. The people echo his prayer. Elijah then sends a child to the sea shore, and tells him to look if there be any sign that the Lord has listened to his prayer. The youth returns and says "There is nothing—the heavens are as brass above me"—Elijah renews his prayer, with increased fervor, the people joining him, and again sends forth the youth, who again returns with an unfavourable answer, "There is nothing—the earth is as iron under me." A third time Elijah prays, and with intense earnestness and a fulness of faith that never leaves him. The youth once more sets forth, and returns with better news,—“Behold a little cloud ariseth now from the waters; it is like a man's hand! The heavens are black with clouds and with wind; the storm rusheth louder and louder!” Elijah and the people offer thanks to God, the storm bursts forth, and the thirsty land is flooded and refreshed.

Mendelssohn has treated this scene in a spirit of transcendent poetry that is inferior to nothing in the whole range of art. The prayer of Elijah, in A flat, is full of devotion, and the burden on the words, "Open the heavens and send us relief," echoed in chorus by the people, involves one of the most soothing and enchanting phrases of melody that ever was listened to. A great charm is produced by the change of harmony in the choral response. The recitatives for Elijah and the youth are indescribably beautiful. The contrast between the earnest belief of the prophet and the ingenuous unconsciousness of the boy is finely conveyed in the instrumental accompaniments. While Elijah speaks there is a motion in the orchestra that strikingly suggests the inward feeling in the holy man's mind that rain is at hand, and that God is preparing to listen to his prayer. This increases at each resumption of his supplication, and at length becomes so perturbed, that the poetical idea of waters, striving to burst from their hold, is strongly conveyed. To Elijah, full of faith, the rain comes when the prayer is uttered—his soul drinks of the streams ere his body is aware of their presence. In the youth quite the contrary. Total ignorance and total absence of belief, is indicated by the bare and solitary accompaniment of the oboe, which plays a single note, high in the scale, in combination with the soprano tones of the youth. The effect is new and picturesque, but no words can give a notion of it to those who have not been lucky enough to hear it. The youth's description of the appearance of the little cloud, and the gradual indications of the approaching storm, is conveyed with masterly art. The *tremolando* of the violins, on high notes, and the gradual *crescendo*, in which the tenors, violoncellos, and wind instruments, come, one after the other, to increase the body of sound, until a change of harmony employs the whole power of the orchestra on the words, "Thanks be to God for all his mercies," uttered exultingly by the people, involve something beyond mere art. Nothing but inspiration from above could have suggested these—the recitative of Elijah in praise of God, which, for a while, stops the current of the multitude's enthusiasm—and finally, the overpowering and magnificent chorus in E flat, "Thanks be to God," in which the full flow of violent delight and heart-felt gratitude is displayed, with a might that defies contemplation, and sets criticism at defiance. The subject of this chorus, overflowing with rapturous exultation; the entrance of the second theme on the words, "The stormy billows are high," with the heaving of the basses in passages of rolling impetuosity; the awful and tremendous modulations in A flat, thence to D, and thence back to E flat, the original key, on the words, "But the Lord is above them and Almighty;" the sudden pause of the whole mass of

voices and instruments, with the exception of the violins, which descend in a scale passage *fmo.* with a novelty of effect that has no precedent; and the crash upon the dominant harmony of the relative minor of the key, with which the subject is resumed and climaxed; all these are evidences of power, that, had Mendelssohn produced nothing else, would have given him an indisputable right to a place by the side of the greatest composers the world has produced, who, in their moments of highest aspiration, never aspired more loftily, or achieved more wonders than are presented in this superb chorus—a worthy climax to the first part of *Elijah*.

(To be continued.)

[Our notices of the four performances at Exeter Hall, and the two at Manchester and Birmingham, at all of which we were present, will be comprised in the body of the general remarks with which we intend to conclude this notice.]

THE BEETHOVEN QUARTET SOCIETY.

THE fourth meeting was very fully attended. The attractions were strengthened by the co-operation of the justly celebrated Vieuxtemps, one of the greatest living masters of the violin, both as a player and as a composer. The programme consisted of two of the earlier quartets—No. 2, in G. major, and No. 6, in B flat major, from op. 13, both composed in 1792, and both dedicated to the Prince Lichnowsky; of No. 11, in F minor, op. 95, composed in 1815-16, and dedicated to Zmeskall von Domanovetz; and finally, of No. 17, in F major, op. 135, composed between the years 1823 and 1826 (the precise date not ascertainable), and dedicated to Herr Johann Wolfmeyer. The first and third were led by Sainton, the second and fourth by Vieuxtemps. The tenor and violoncello were, as usual, in the hands of Hill and Rousselot. The performance was worthy of the Beethoven Quartet Society. The two first quartets are known to all amateurs, and need no panegyric, their freshness, natural beauty, and masterly ingenuity having long ago placed them among the classics of art. The F minor, which Mendelssohn has pronounced to be the most thoroughly Beethovenish of the seventeen quartets left us by the master, is one of the most elaborate, fantastic, and difficult to understand. But its deep meaning and recondite beauties grow upon you with every hearing. It was very finely interpreted by Sainton and his coadjutors, and delighted all the amateurs present. The F major (No. 17) is not so captivating a composition by any means. It has some great points, especially in the *allegretto*, and the *lento cantante* in D flat; but its general character is of such a capricious nature as to set musical rules and musical taste at defiance. We are convinced that had Beethoven lived, he would not have consented to its publication. It bears strong evidence of having been the freak of one of those wayward moods to which the irritable and passionate temper of the composer frequently subjected him, and was never intended by him as a work of art to be dedicated, like the greater number of his compositions, to immortality. But, like other fragments which the composer would have disdained, it was sold by his greedy relatives to the music-publishers, who, after the great man's death, hungrily snatched at every scrap of manuscript that was to be found scattered about his room, or carefully laid aside in his portfolio, for rejection or reconsideration. The innumerable violations of all harmonic proprieties which this quartet presents could not possibly have been sanctioned by so profound and correct a musician as Beethoven, and nothing can dissuade us from the belief that the majority of them are the offsprings of the engraver's carelessness—as in the instance of the grand fugue in B flat, which formed the finale to his last quartet, and was afterwards replaced by one of the loveliest

inspirations of his inexhaustible fancy. All that good playing could effect was effected in the interpretation of this quartet, by Vieuxtemps and his fellows; but no playing in the world can make it musically acceptable.

On Tuesday afternoon the Beethoven Quartet Society paid an appropriate compliment to the celebrated composer, Dr. Mendelssohn Bartholdy, by inviting him to hear a performance of some of his own works. The Beethoven Rooms were crowded with the friends and patrons of the Society, anxious to obtain a last look at the illustrious musician, who was to leave England immediately for Frankfort. The performances were altogether of the most interesting and exciting nature. They commenced with the quartet in D major, one of the set of three recently composed by Mendelssohn. This ingenious and beautiful work was exquisitely performed by Joseph Joachim, Sainton, Hill, and Rousselot; the first three movements especially, which went to perfection. The *finale* was somewhat unsteady. The *romanza* in B minor, one of the most delicate and lovely emanations from the genius of the composer, was executed with a nicety of detail, and a purity of expression, that went to the hearts of all present. Mendelssohn was then invited to take his place at the piano, and performed, *d l'improviste*, the charming melody in A flat, from the fourth book of his *Lieder ohne Worte*, and Beethoven's 33 variations, on an original theme, in C minor. The first was a refined specimen of poetical expression, the last a masterly display of vigorous and faultless execution. The audience rose *en masse*, and cheered the great musician. The next piece was Mendelssohn's second trio in C minor, interpreted by the composer at the piano, with Sainton and Rousselot at the violin and violoncello. This trio promises to become as popular among musicians as the first in D minor, which is on the desk of every pianist of any pretensions to taste. The *allegro* is energetic and splendid; the entrance of the second theme *fortissimo*, on the harmony of the 6-4-2, has a new and surprising effect, and the working of the two themes throughout is powerful and striking. The slow movement is a pretty *romanza* in E flat, 6-8 time, in which the violin and violoncello are constantly singing in concert the most ravishing strains of melody, accompanied by the piano which occasionally takes the theme, for variety, in *arpeggio*, or otherwise. The *schizzo* is in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* school; a rapid and ever-restless movement, in *moto continuo*, exciting and interesting to the highest degree. The entrance of the trio in the major is astonishingly fine, and the whole construction of the movement is in the composer's most Mendelssohnian, and consequently, happiest manner. The difficulties of this movement, owing to the extreme rapidity of utterance, are prodigious, the qualities of each of the three performers being taxed in an equal proportion. It was splendidly executed. The pianoforte playing of Mendelssohn was beyond all praise. The velocity, force, and sureness of his fingering—the impetuosity with which he delivered the passages of energy—the refined and passionate sentiment he infused into the *cantabiles*—the extraordinary precision and certainty of his octave-playing, with both hands—in short, the surpassing excellence of the whole performance was nothing short of inspiration. Sainton and Rousselot followed each movement of the composer's ever-changing expression with the ease and quickness of the most practised master. It is impossible to describe in words the enthusiasm engendered by this wonderful performance. Greatest of all pianists, as Mendelssohn undoubtedly is, we question if ever his supremacy was so triumphantly established. The last item of this most interesting programme was the famous *Otello* in E

flat, for stringed instruments, which, albeit it was produced at the early age of fifteen, ranks high among Mendelssohn's achievements, and among the noblest monuments of musical genius that the whole range of art can furnish. This astonishing work was performed—we need not say how superbly, when we record the names of its executants—Vieuxtemps and Sainton, first violins; Joachim and Steveniers, second violins; Hill and W. Thomas, tenors; Piatti and Rousselot, violoncellos. Those accomplished artists proved themselves worthy their renown by their interpretation of this glorious work, in presence of the gifted composer. Mendelssohn, who had never heard Vieuxtemps before, expressed his satisfaction in unmeasured terms. Never was the grand style and masterly execution of that consummate violinist displayed to greater advantage. In the large expression of the *allegro*, the romantic dejection of the *andante*, the effervescent sparkle of the *intermezzo*, and the sweeping majesty of the *finale*, Vieuxtemps was equally at home, equally the great master which the world has long declared him. The other players were scarcely less admirable. Hill's tenor came out in various passages with magical effect, and the violoncellos of Piatti and Rousselot gave double force to the energetic points of the fugue. With this almost faultless performance the meeting terminated, and those who assisted may congratulate themselves on having heard the *Ottetto* of Mendelssohn performed, for the first time in this country, with the accuracy and spirit necessary to the full expression of its manifold beauties.

THE AFFINITIES.

from the German of Gütke.

Continued from page 283.

PART II.—CHAPTER XIII.

Persons who are perfectly strange and indifferent towards each other, when they live for a time together, mutually reveal their inmost feelings, and a certain confidence must arise. So much the more may it be expected, that with our two friends, while they lived together, and were daily and hourly in each other's society, nothing remained hidden on either side. They recalled the memory of former times, and the Major did not conceal the fact, that when Edward had returned from his travels,* Charlotte had destined Ottilia for him, meaning, in the course of time, to give him the beautiful girl for a wife. Edward, transported even to embarrassment at this discovery, spoke without reserve of the mutual inclination of Charlotte and the Major, which, because it happened to be pleasant and favourable to him, he painted in lively colours.

The Major could not quite deny nor quite confess; but Edward became only the more fixed and determined. He looked upon every thing, not as possible, but as having already taken place. It was only necessary that all parties should consent to what they wished; a separation was certainly to be effected; a speedy union was to follow; and Edward wished then to travel with Ottilia.

Of all things which the imagination paints as pleasant, perhaps nothing is more charming than when lovers, or a young married couple, hope to enjoy their new fresh connection in a new fresh world, and to prove and confirm a durable bond by so many changing situations. In the meanwhile, the Major and Charlotte were to have unlimited authority, so as to manage all that belonged to possessions, property, and desirable worldly arrangements, and conduct it according to equity and fairness, that all parties might be satisfied. But the point on which Edward most of all relied, and from which he seemed to promise himself the greatest advantage, was this—that as the child was to remain with its mother, the Major could educate it according to his views, and develop its faculties. It was not in vain that the name of Otto, which was common to both the friends, had been given him at his baptism.

* This project, which Charlotte entertained of marrying Ottilia to Edward, before she thought of marrying him herself, is mentioned in the first part.—Translator.

The whole plan was so complete, as far as Edward was concerned, that he did not like to wait a day in approaching its execution. On their way to the estate, they came to a little town, where Edward possessed a house, in which he wished to stop, and await the return of the Major. However he could not prevail on himself to alight there at once, and accompanied his friend through the place. They were both on horseback, and being occupied in important conversation, rode further on together.

All at once they discerned in the distance the new house on the heights, the red tiles of which they saw glittering for the first time. An irresistible desire seizes Edward; he wishes to have all settled this evening. He will remain concealed in a neighbouring village; the Major is to represent the affair urgently to Charlotte; take her prudence by surprise; and, by the unexpected proposal, compel her to make a free revelation of her feelings. For Edward, who had transferred his wishes to her, only thought that he was meeting her own decided wishes, and hoped for a speedy consent from her, because he himself could have no other will.

Joyously he saw the happy result before his eyes, and that this might be speedily communicated to him, while he was watching, cannon were to be fired, and, if it were night, rockets were to ascend.

The Major rode to the castle; he did not find Charlotte, but learned that for the present she resided in the new building, and that now she was paying a visit in the neighbourhood, from which, probably, she would not soon return in the course of the day. He went back to the inn, where he had put up his horse.

Edward, in the meanwhile, impelled by unconquerable impatience, glided out of his retreat by solitary paths, known only to hunters and fishers, to his park, and found himself towards evening in the vicinity of the lake, the surface of which he now saw, for the first time, in its perfection and purity.

This afternoon, Ottilia had taken a walk along the lake. She carried the child, and, according to custom, read as she went. Thus she reached the oaks at the place of crossing. The boy had fallen asleep; she sat down, laid him by her, and continued to read. The book was one of those which are attractive to a tender heart, and do not allow the reader to leave off. She forgot time and hour, and did not think that by land it was a long way back to the new building, but sat absorbed in her book—in herself so lovely to behold, that the trees and shrubs around her should have been animated, and endowed with eyes, for the purpose of admiring her, and taking delight in her. And a reddish streak of light from the sinking sun just fell behind her, and illumined her cheek and shoulder.

Edward, who had hitherto succeeded in pressing forward so far unobserved, finding his park empty, and the spot lonely, ventured further and further. At last he broke through the bushes by the oaks—he saw Ottilia—she saw him—he flew to her, and was at her feet. After a long, mute pause, during which both endeavoured to collect themselves, he explained, in a few words, why and how he had come. He had, he said, sent the Major to Charlotte, and their common fate was, perhaps, decided at this moment. He had never doubted of her love, and certainly she had never doubted of his. He begged for her consent; she hesitated: he implored her; he wished to avail himself of his old privileges, and clasp her in his arms—she pointed to the child.

Edward saw it, and was astounded. "Great God!" he cried, "if I had cause to doubt my wife and my friend, this form would bear fearful witness against them. Is not this the image of the Major? Such a likeness I never saw."

"Nay," said Ottilia, "all the world says it is like me." "Is it possible?" said Edward; and at that moment the child opened its eyes—two great, black, penetrating eyes, deep and kindly. The child already looked on the world with so much intelligence, it seemed to know the pair who stood before it. Edward cast himself down by the child, and knelt a second time before Ottilia. "It is thyself!" he cried; "these are thine eyes. But, O, let me only look into thine own. Let me cast a veil over that evil hour which gave existence to this being. Shall I scare thy pure soul with the unhappy thought, that human beings can press each other to the heart, while mentally estranged, and thus profane a legal tie by ardent wishes. Or, rather, since we have gone so far—since my connection with Charlotte must be dissolved—since

thou wilt be mine—why should I not say it? Why should I not speak out the hard word? This child is the fruit of a double adultery! It separates me from my wife, and my wife from me, even as it should have united us. Let it then bear witness against me; let these fine eyes tell them that I belonged to thee, while in the arms of another. May'st thou feel, Otilia, truly feel, that I can atone for that fault—that crime, in thine arms alone!"

"Hark!" he cried, as he sprang up, and thought he heard a shot as the signal which the Major was to give. It was a hunter, who had fired among the neighbouring mountains. Nothing further ensued; Edward was impatient.

It was not till now, that Otilia saw that the sun had sunk behind the mountains. "Retire, Edward," cried Otilia. The sun still glimmered, for the last time, from the windows of the upper edifice. "Retire, Edward," cried Otilia. "So long have we practised self-denial—so long have we endured. Reflect, what we both owe to Charlotte. She must decide our fate; let us not anticipate her. I am thine, if she permits it; if not, I must renounce thee. Since thou thinkest the decision so close at hand, let us wait. Go back into the village; there the Major expects thee. How much may happen which requires an explanation! Is it probable that the rude report of a cannon could announce to you the success of his negotiations? Perhaps he is looking for thee at this moment. He has not found Charlotte, I know, but he may have gone to meet her, as it was known where she was. How many cases are possible! Leave me. She must be coming now. She waits for me and the child up yonder."

Otilia spoke in haste. She summoned together all possible contingencies. She was happy in Edward's presence, and felt that she must now remove him. "I beseech, I entreat thee, my beloved," she cried, "return and wait for the Major."—"I obey thy commands," cried Edward, while he looked upon her, for the first time, with passion, and then folded her closely in his arms. She clasped him in her's, and in the tenderest manner pressed him to her bosom. Hope soared over their heads, like a star, which falls from heaven. They fancied, they believed, that they belonged to each other; for the first time, they exchanged free, decided kisses, and then forcibly and painfully parted.

The sun had set; twilight had already begun; and there were damp exhalations about the lake. Otilia was moved and perplexed; she looked over towards the house on the mountain, and fancied that she saw Charlotte's white dress on the balcony. The circuitous route by the lake was long, and she knew how impatiently Charlotte was expecting the child. She sees the plane-trees opposite; only a piece of water separates her from the path, which at once leads to the building. The danger of venturing upon the water with the child vanishes in the emergency. She hastens to the boat, she does not feel that her heart is beating, that her feet are tottering, that her senses threaten to leave her.

She jumps into the boat, seizes the oar, and pushes off. She is obliged to employ force; she repeats the push; the boat totters, and moves some distance into the water. With the child in her left arm, with the book in her left hand, with the oar in her right, she also totters and falls in the boat. The oar slips from her hand on one side, and while she tries to support herself, the child and book drop one after another into the water. She snatches at the child's dress, but her inconvenient position prevents her from raising herself. The right hand, which is free, is not sufficient to twine itself round—to lift itself. At last, she succeeds—she draws the child from the water; but its eyes are closed—it has ceased to breathe.

At the moment all her presence of mind returned, but so much the greater was her pain. The boat is impelled almost into the middle of the lake; the oar floats afar off; she sees no one on the bank; and, indeed, what would it have availed her, if she had seen any one! Severed from every thing, she floats upon the faithless and inaccessible element.

She seeks aid in herself. She had so often heard of the restoration of the drowned. She had even witnessed it on the evening of her birth-day. She undresses the child, and dries it with her muslin dress. She tears open her bosom, and, for the first time, exposes it to the open air; for the first time she presses to her naked breast a living thing—which, alas! is not living. The cold limbs of the unfortunate creature chill her bosom to the inmost

heart. Infinite tears flow from her eyes, and communicate to the surface of the stiffened form an appearance of life and warmth. She does not remit her exertions; she envelops it in her shawl, and by rubbing, pressing, breathing, kisses and tears, she thinks she can supply the place of those remedies which are denied her in this lonely position.

But all in vain! Without motion, the child lies in her arms; without motion, the boat stands upon the surface: but, even here, her beautiful soul does not leave her helpless. She turns her thoughts above. Kneeling, she sinks down in the boat, and, with both arms, raises the stiffened child over her innocent heart, which resembles marble in whiteness, and, alas! in coldness also. With tearful eyes she looks upwards, and calls for aid from that place where a tender heart hopes to find the greatest fulness, if it is wanting everywhere else.

She also turns herself, not in vain, to the stars, which already begin to shine forth one by one. A soft wind arises, and impels the boat towards the plane-trees.

(To be continued.)

. To prevent misunderstanding, it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

SONNET.

No. XXXIII.

My better angel, always hover near me,
And with the tender glances of thine eyes,
Scatter the gloomy thoughts which in me rise;
With the soft lustre of thy countenance cheer me.
Oh, have they told thee thou shouldst never hear me,—
That in my words some deadly poison lies,
Which carries mischief wheresoe'er it flies?—
They know me not, who say that thou shouldst fear me.
To me thou seem'st some spirit from above,
Looking serenely upon passions wild,
Though thy dear heart with love is flowing o'er.
Thou shunn'st all earthiness, but shunn'st not love;
Checking each outbreak with a look so mild,
That while I hope the less, I love the more.—N. D.

MADAME BISHOP IN DUBLIN.

THE production of *Linda di Chamouni* on Tuesday evening, at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, has, it would appear, from the notices of all the journals, created a powerful sensation. We shall extract an article from the *Pilot*, which, however warmly it speaks, is certainly frigid, compared to the comments of many of its cotemporaries on Madame Bishop's acting and singing. The journal alluded to speaks as follows:—

"Since *La Sonnambula* was translated and produced on the English stage, we do not recollect any foreign opera which pleased so much, or deserved better, and received more enthusiastic success, than *Linda di Chamouni*, performed last night (for the first time) for the benefit of that accomplished artiste, Madame Anna Bishop. The interest and simplicity of the story (which is of a domestic nature), the beauties of the music, one of Donizetti's best, and, above all, the exquisitely touching manner in which the gifted *beneficiaire* represented the innocent and loving Maid of Chamouni, could not fail to delight the crowded audience, whose applause throughout was almost incessant. We admired much the good taste and modesty of Madame Bishop, in bringing forward with her, when she was unanimously called for after the opera, all the principal vocalists who supported her, and the public rewarded the successful *troupe* with the loudest acclamation. Pressure of matter prevents us giving, as we should wish, full details of the plot of the opera (which is taken, we believe, from the admired French comedy, *La Grace de Dieu*), and noticing the many *morceaux*, which struck us as being eminently dramatic and beautiful; but we cannot omit to speak of a most effective religious chorus opening the first act—the light and pretty song of Madame Bishop which follows (and which was vociferously *encored*)—an exquisite duet between Linda and Carlo (T. Bishop), containing a simple and bewitching melody, which is often repeated through the opera; and the rondo finale (also *encored*) in which Anna Bishop performed some feats of vocalization quite stupendous. Our decided opinion is, that Anna Bishop, in the part of Linda, is equal to any *artiste* we have ever seen, in point of acting or singing; and last night she proved herself to be an O'Neil and a Malibran. Her mad scene was admirable; and her forlorn aspect in the third act, when she returns to Chamouni destitute

and insane, was true to life. The two Corris, Mr. T. Bishop, the Misses De La Vega, &c., acquitted themselves well in their respective arduous roles, although a few more rehearsals for them would not have been amiss. The choruses and orchestra, under the able direction of the talented leader, Levey, went off admirably. To-morrow evening Madame A. Bishop has consented to repeat the Linda for that night only."

We should be much pleased at having an opportunity of hearing Madame Bishop in an opera so well befitted, in every respect, to her genius and capabilities. By all accounts, Linda is by far the greatest part in which Madame Bishop has yet appeared. The opera, we understand, has been admirably adapted to the English stage. *Linda di Chamouni*, in point of music and dramatic effect, is one of Donizetti's happiest and best constructed works. It was done, for the first time in an English form, on Tuesday evening, at the Dublin Theatre. No doubt we shall have an early letter from our kind Correspondent in Dublin, R. C. explaining the performance at greater length.

CONCERTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The second concert took place on Saturday, at the Hanover Square Rooms. We can do little more than cite the programme of the performance, which certainly did not bear out the notions we have a right to entertain of what such a public exhibition of academic progress should be. There was not one composition by a pupil, and the whole selection, as will be seen by the following, was a series of fragments.

PART I.—Selection from the opera of "EURYANTHE."—Introductory chorus,—"All hail the morn." Waltz, Romance.—"Near thy Bay, when day is closing." Mr. HERBERT. Song.—"Morn is now breaking," Miss COLE. Duet.—"Joy, Joy, he still is mine," Miss HOLROYD and Mr. WETHERBEE. Song.—"Home of my Childhood dear," Mr. GARDNER. Finale to First Act. "Quartet."—Miss RANSFORD, Miss SALMON, Mr. GARDNER, and Mr. WETHERBEE, with CHORUS.—Weber. Song.—"O too lovely," Miss SALMON. (*Arioso*) Dr. ARNE. "Adagio and First movement from Concerto in D," Violoncello, Mr. HORATIO CHIPP, *Romberg*. Aria.—"Elena O tu mi chiami," Miss D'ERNEST, (*La Donna del Lago*) Rossini. "Andante and Rondo in B. minor," Pianoforte, Miss D. WATKINS, *Mendelssohn*.

PART II.—Overture.—"Egmont," Beethoven. Duo.—"Io vi perdona, O stella." Miss HOLROYD and Miss E. HOLROYD. (*Zadig ed Astarte*) Vaccai. Concerto.—"B. minor, First movement," Pianoforte, Miss M. E. SMITH, (*King's Scholar*). Hummel. Duo.—"Pray leave us but a moment," Miss D'ERNEST and Miss RANSFORD, (*Jessonda*). Spohr. Madrigal.—"Lady, your eye my love enforced," Weekes. Aria.—"Di placet," Miss SOLOMON, (*La Gassa Ladra*). Rossini. "Introduction to Guglielmo Tell."—The principal parts by Miss SOLOMON, Miss RANSFORD, Mr. HERBERT, Mr. WETHERBEE, and Mr. WEEKES. Rossini. Harp.—Mr. THOMAS.

Among the vocal performances we noticed the singing of Miss Ransford, in the quartet from the *Euryanthe* finale, which was neat, spirited, and in good taste. The *encore* of this movement was mainly indebted to the exertions of this very improving vocalist. Miss Cole also earned distinction by her interpretation of the song, "Morn is breaking." This young lady's voice is good, and experience, under proper tuition, may do much for her. There was nothing else to specialize in this department, but the fact that Mr. Wetherbee, one of the best voices and one of the most promising singers in the institution, had no *solo* to show what progress he has made. This was not fair to so good a pupil. The violoncello playing of Mr. Chipp demands a word of strong eulogy. His tone is good, his execution neat, and his style unaffected and agreeable. Misses D. Watkins, and M. E. Smith, the two lady pianists, exhibit promise—but the latter scarcely enough for a King's Scholar. The band played the overture to *Egmont* very well, but the chorus was not quite what it should have been in the introduction to *Euryanthe*. This was not a concert to advance the interests of the institution nor to give the pupils a proper reverence for the classical forms of the art. There is nothing more pernicious than this habit of giving fragments of works. Much better would it be to treat the patrons of this institution with the efforts of one or two really efficient pupils, than to the crude attempts of many, which can do no good to the students themselves and little credit to the institution. Where is all the talent for composition that was wont to signalize the Academy so honourably? Is it all fled? It would really appear so by the obstinate persistence in presenting concert after concert, with scarcely one note from the pen of a student.

THE MUSICAL UNION.—Mr. Ella, the Director, has now begun

to set to work in right earnest. His third "*seance*" was more interesting than either of its predecessors. The programme was in itself, good; and combined an agreeable novelty in the department of the executive, in the shape of two young German violinists of considerable repute—the brothers Joseph and George Helmesberger. The selection was as follows:—

"Quartet in G, No. 78," Haydn. "Andantino and Rondo," (two violins). Spohr. "Quartet in F, No. 1," Beethoven.

Haydn's Quartet, one of his best, was performed by the elder Helmesberger (Joseph), Deloffre, Hill, and Hausmann. We have seldom heard one of the works of the patriarch of the quartet more effectively played. The *finale*, in G minor, an ingenious and masterly movement, was rendered with great accuracy and the nicest perception of expression. M. Deloffre was a capital *violino secundo*. The quality of the elder Helmesberger's playing was at once declared to be of the right sort, combining classical feeling and excellent mechanism. The *Andantino* and *Rondo* of Spohr, from his Second Concertante, Op. 88, was well adapted to test the skill of the young Helmesbergers, and to manifest the perfection of their *ensemble*. It was a masterly performance on both hands. Lindsay Sloper's pianoforte accompaniment was perfection. Nevertheless, we cannot accept the excuse, proffered by Mr. Ella, for only giving a fragment of this work. If it were too much fatigue for the elder Helmesberger to lead the two quartets, why could not one have sufficed? so as to have rendered Spohr the justice of performing his *concertante* entire. There is no possible excuse in concerts of such pretensions as those which Mr. Ella offers to his patrons, for presenting any composition, by a great master, in fragments. The Rasoumofsky was capitally played, and showed Herr Joseph Helmesberger to be a thorough proficient in the highest branch of quartet-playing—equally a master of difficulties and of style. The tenor and violoncello playing of Hill and Hausmann was admirable. On the whole, the impression produced by the Helmesbergers was quite up to the mark of their Viennese reputation. Their style is more remarkable for its charm than its vigour, for its finish than for its passion. Jules de Glimes christened them "*les femmes de Joachim*"—and, perhaps, a happier definition than that applied by the spiritual Belgian musician could hardly have been applied. We shall have further occasion, shortly, no doubt, to criticise the talents of the Helmesbergers—meanwhile we proffer our obligation to Mr. Ella for having accorded us the opportunity of hearing them. Willis's large room—a sorry medium for sound, by the way—was filled with fashionable on the occasion, and, among the *dilettanti* present, was, H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge. The *seance* took place on Tuesday the 27th ultimo. *Vieuxtemps* will play at the fourth and Joseph Joachim at the fifth meeting.

MESSES. GOLLMICK AND CHARLES OBERTHUR'S CONCERT.—This came off, in the Hanover Square Rooms, on Friday evening, the 30th instant. The concert-givers are Germans—Herr Gollmick a pianist, and Herr Oberthurs a harpist. They have both considerable pretensions. Herr Gollmick exhibited his powers in a *fantasia* by Thalberg, and in the same composer's *Norma* duet, for two pianos, with a Mlle. Le Coq. He has also much facility as a violinist, which he proved by taking the violin part in Hummel's Quintet, with Madlle. Le Coq at the piano, Herr Rückner at the tenor, Herr Hausmann at the violoncello, and Mr. G. Flower at the contra-basso, altogether an excellent performance. Herr Oberthurs executed two of the clever *harp-fantasias* of Parish Alvars very neatly and effectively. Some vocal compositions of merit by both the concert-givers were also introduced in the programme. Those by Herr Oberthurs were from a MS. opera, called *Love's Counterplot*, and exhibit no small share of musical knowledge and feeling. The other instrumental features were a violoncello solo, admirably played by Herr Hausmann, and a clarinet solo by Herr Schott, of the Queen's band, an artist who ought to be heard much oftener. He has a fine tone, facile execution, and musician-like style, all of which qualities he exhibited very effectively in a solo by Bärmann. The vocalists were, Miss Eliza Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, Mr. F. Kingsbury, Miss Sabilla Novello, Miss M. O'Connor, Herr Krauz, Mr. A. Novello, Madame Santa Croce, and Signor Alessandro Galli. Miss Eliza Nelson is a promising young artist and won an *encore*, which she well merited, in a pretty *cavatina*, by her father, Mr. S. Nelson, the well-known composer, called, "Oh come to my fairy home."

The vocal selection was good and varied enough, but one half too long. The conductors, according to the programme, were M. Benedict and M. Jules de Glimes, but our excellent and witty friend, Jules, did not make his appearance.

Mr. F. KINGSBURY gave a concert at the Manor House Assembly Rooms, Hackney. Mr. Kingsbury was assisted by the Misses Williams and several other popular vocalists, including John Parry. The instrumentalists were Mr. F. Kingsbury, Pianoforte; Mr. C. A. Patey, violin; Mr. W. L. Phillips, violoncello; altogether the concert gave general satisfaction, and no doubt Mr. Kingsbury will find it advantageous to give another concert in the same locale.

CHORAL HARMONISTS.—The last meeting of the season took place on Monday evening and was very fully attended. Want of space prevents us giving an analytical notice of the performance which consisted of Beethoven's Mass in C, tolerably well performed; a very dull madrigal of Bennet's "Come, Shepherds," 1599; Weber's overture to "Der Freischütz;" Hummel's well known graduale "Quod quod in Orbe," and Handel's "Acis and Galatea," concluding with "God save the Queen." The principal vocalists were Miss Lockety, Miss Cubitt, Mr. Lockety and Mr. Machin.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

DRURY LANE.—This theatre closed on Monday night for the season 1846-7. In reviewing the operations of the past campaign, we find that the management has been more enterprising than for many years previously. The first speculation was the engagement of Madame Bishop, who, by being native born, and by being a great artist in every sense of the word, had a double claim on the English public. Madame Bishop's success was, undoubtedly great; but, we hardly believe that Mr. Bunn displayed his usual forethought and acumen in the performances he selected for the *artiste*. Madame Bishop's voice is a pure *soprano*, yet the first opera selected for her appearance was one which was written for a *contralto*. The *Maid of Artois* was not suited to exhibit Madame Bishop in her most captivating colours, Mr. Lavenue's opera, *Loretta*, produced for the first time, was not altogether of a character to befit the brilliant style of the fair *cantatrice*, who was wont to revel in the dazzling *floriture* of the Italian school. This opera was not written for the singer. Madame Bishop, however, created an immense impression, and proved herself the great artist, both in her style and method. With this opera ended Madame Bishop's performances, and the London public had absolutely no opportunity of witnessing the vocalist in those characters in which she won her continental fame. Had *La Sonnambula*, *Linda di Chamouni*, *L'Elisir D'Amore*, or Mercandante's *Leonora*, been produced for Madame Bishop at Drury Lane, we have little doubt that the singer would have won ten-fold the favour she did, great as it was, from her audiences; and that the manager would have boasted of a more pregnant treasury than he did at the last moment. *Loretta* performed some thirty nights, or thereabouts, was necessarily withdrawn with Madame Bishop's secession from the theatre. Balfe's new opera, *The Bondman*, next had a successful run of nearly fifty nights, and added a fresh laurel to the composer's coronal. It had a triumphant career, and was pronounced, by the best judges, Balfe's *chef d'œuvre*. Subsequently, treading close on the kibes of *The Bondman*, came Wallace's *Matilda of Hungary*, and elevated the name of the composer of *Maritana* still higher in public estimation. Thus we had three new, original, and native operas, produced at Drury Lane, within the space of four months. Can anything more eulogistic be spoken of the manager? Are not British musicians under deep obligations to Mr. Bunn? To be sure those whose operas have not been produced may have cause to grumble, and may deprecate the want of taste and judgment that led to others being preferred to themselves;

but, from such objurcation no manager ever was free; and, notwithstanding, these outcries and fancied grievances, we repeat, Mr. Bunn is deserving of thanks from our native composers. But, as no operas can be greatly successful without singers of pre-eminent talents, so the success of *The Bondman*, and of *Matilda*, at Drury Lane, did not fulfil the highest expectation. The first grand requisite for an operatic performance is the vocalist: the next is the music. If there be no superlative artist who can enchain the public by his, or her singing, the composer, had he written a *Don Giovanni*, or a *Guillaume Tell*, must rest satisfied with a moderate success. Such a state of things is to be deplored: it is, however, but too true. Mr. Bunn, finding the resources of his operatic establishment by no means as attractive as he could desire, had recourse to a very questionable mode of soliciting the favour of the public. Nevertheless, in engaging the Monster Menagerie for his theatre, the manager was instigated by necessity, not by choice; and they, who abuse him most, for his desecration of Drury Lane, would, undoubtedly, have been driven to the same course of management if the theatre had been submitted to their direction under like circumstances. The entertainments, on Monday evening, were given for the benefit of Mr. Harley. The opera of *Guy Mannering* was revived, Mr. Harley playing the Dominie with "prodigious" effect, and the veteran Braham once again undertook his old part of Tom Tug in *The Waterman*. It did our hearts good to witness the uproarious reception Mr. Harley received. It demonstrated to the fullest extent the high favouritism in which he stands with the public both as manager and actor. Mr. Harley's Dominie Sampson is a delicious *morceau* of mingled comic and pathetic acting. He was greatly applauded throughout the performance. At the end of the piece—we cannot designate *Guy Mannering* an opera—Mr. Bunn came forward, amid the most tremendous hurricane of applause, and delivered the following address:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen—At the end of a long and eventful season, I appear before you in my wonted position, to give you some slight account of my stewardship. I say a 'long' season, because a period of about 170 nights is entitled to that appellation; and when I look back on its events, my wonder is that it ever reached 70, to say nothing of the 100 [laughter]. The distress which has swept over the country, the unprecedented fluctuation of weather, the incessant sickness arising therefrom (which at one time led to our closing for an entire week), and, in addition to other causes, especially that of another Italian Opera, the want of co-operation on the part of some, who, dependent altogether on public pleasure, do all they can to deprive the public of enjoying any, are matters detrimental to the interests of a theatre, and positive impediments to its progress [cries of 'hear, hear']. It may be expected that I should say something respecting a popular *artiste* recently arrived in this country. I have been lustily abused for endeavouring to make that lady fulfil her contract, and having failed in such endeavour, I can only say that were she singing here, and drawing the money she will elsewhere, our season would terminate with great profit [cheering]. So much for the past. As respects the future, permit me to assure you that the perfect good understanding which has so long existed, still exists with the committee of this theatre and myself—a body of gentlemen actuated at all times by the utmost liberality and best feeling [much applause]. They renewed my lease of their theatre, and when I asked them to cancel the renewal, to enable those (who continue to excite the doubtful question of the legitimate drama) to compete for its possession, their assent to my request was conveyed with an expression of great regret. If the theatre, from such competition, should pass into other hands, I shall meet you elsewhere; if not, I shall once more meet you on this scene, where I have had so often to acknowledge those favours which I shall never cease to remember with the deepest gratitude."

The entertainments concluded with Mr. Hughes's Mammoth Establishments in the new grand spectacle, and then old Drury closed its lids for another session.

HAYMARKET.—The performances of this favourite little theatre have offered us nothing of late in the shape of a new

production. The much-talked of five act comedy is in rehearsal, and will be brought out with the whole strength of the company. It is, we read, from the pen of Lady Dufferin, or, as we hear, from that of Lady Dacre. Now, whether our reading, or our hearing, stand as in truer stead, remains to be discovered. There is one thing we can safely pledge our veracity to, which is, that the new comedy is, undoubtedly, written by a title, but whether the title be Lady Dacre, or Dufferin, we cannot aver. Perhaps, after all, it may not be of such vital consequence to inquire as yet. Mrs. Nisbett plays four times a week and continues to draw immensely. She has appeared in nothing new since our last report. *The New Planet* is still culminating on the Haymarket meridian, and is not likely soon to hasten to its declination.

PRINCESS'S.—Mrs. Butler has appeared in Mrs. Beverley, in the *Gamester*, a play with which we have so little sympathy, that we would fain dispense with all notice whatsoever of the performance, did not justice urge us to speak in high terms of praise of Mrs. Butler's acting. The piece, though devoid of a glimpse of power or poetry, has scenes in which the energy and feeling of the actor is taxed to the uttermost. In these scenes of passion Mrs. Butler displayed her tragic capabilities in an unmistakable manner, and drew down reiterated acclamations. As we have already said, it is in depicting the conflicting and stormy emotion of the mind, that the artist is happiest and most at home, and having so many opportunities in this drama of horrors, yclept, *The Gamester*, she did not fail to produce an immense impression on the audience in the character of Mrs. Beverley. The next play in which Mrs. Butler is to appear, is, we understand, Sheridan Knowles's *Wife, a tale of Mantua*.

FRENCH PLAYS.—“*Sans Nom*,” was given on Monday last. It is an extravagant *charge*, intended to ridicule the pomposity and absurd sentimentality of our modern novelists. The *vague*, the *incompris*, the sympathetic and disgustingly horrible are impersonated by turns and held up to sarcasm. The idea is a good one, and was well carried out. M. Dumery as *Félix Bonhomme* was admirably *moyen-âge*, as the French Romantics and young Englishers style themselves, and made the house roar with laughter at his eccentricities and the awkward predicaments into which his abhorrence of his family cognomen, and his attempts to escape therefrom, precipitate him. We have also to record the *début* of Mdlle. Denain and of Monsieur Regnier. We of course give precedence to the lady; she is pretty, has a fine figure, a clear and melodious voice, perfectly distinct pronunciation at all times, a great desideratum in any country, but particularly so in England, where the French language is universally but most imperfectly cultivated. Mademoiselle Denain dresses uncommonly well, and her deportment is a model of elegance and ease; she is not what we should call a great actress, but she makes up for any lack of power by the care she takes even in the most minute details, both of voice and gesture. In genteel comedy, she will be found an acquisition, and her modest and lady-like manners cannot fail to make her a universal favourite. Monsieur Regnier has a great reputation and deserves it; his acting is easy, dignified and natural, he speaks his part as written, without attempting to add any buffoonery of his own, and is consequently always effective; nothing is overdone or strained with him, no ranting or tearing a passion to tatters. The play chosen for the *début* of Mdlle. Denain and M. Regnier was Alexandre Dumas's comedy in five acts entitled *Les Demoiselles de St. Cyr*, curtailed by the bye into four. Alas! these are sad times, gradually everything changes around us, poets and authors

share the common lot, and, if we go on improving at the present rate, we shall soon have nothing left to improve upon. Epic poetry we have given up long ago; there is but one mortal who dares to write dramatic lyrics, and he is ridiculed for his pains; *the light of other days* is indeed *faded*, as this identical person insinuates in one of his melancholy moments, when indulging in melancholy forebodings on the future, and regret for the past. Tragedy is extinct except amongst *Les ailes de Pigeon* of the French Academy, young gentlemen of eighteen, fresh from Oxford, and a few well meaning enthusiasts who stick up for the legitimate at any price: but it will not do, they find no one to re-echo the cry; even comedy is going to the dogs at a rail-road pace; people vote five acts of any thing a bore, a nuisance; or if they permit the infliction, it is only on condition, that each separate act shall be a farce of itself, and totally independent of the others. No one will deny that Alexandre Dumas is a *racy* writer; we never yet found the man that had not something to say against him in some shape or other, but at the same time all read him and feel interested and amused; yet, he too has shared the common lot and has been cut down to four acts. *Les Demoiselles de St. Cyr* was carefully got up as regards the decorations, and well cast; the piece is too well known to need any explanation; the *two pensionnaires* were charmingly played by Mesdemoiselles Denain and Duverger. M. Regnier was richly humorous in the part *Hercule du Couloy*; the situations are well arranged, and the actors made the best of them. Nothing could be better than the scene in which the two gentlemen endeavour to discover to which of the ladies the Duke d'Anjou is attached. *Le Mariage Forcé*, or rather a few scenes of it were played in order to exhibit the volubility of a learned argumentative doctor who reasons upon every thing, anything, or nothing, waxes wroth at his opponents applying the word *forme* to a hat, and insists that the proper term should be *figure*; and then launches forth into an everlasting speech, on the cause and nature of things in general, leaves the stage, and appears at the balcony, where he continues his discourse, although pelted with stones by Sganarelle from the street. This was uncommonly well done by M. Regnier; so much so, that the public remained waiting for the second act, even after the actors had left the house, and nothing but extinguishing the gas could persuade them that all was over. We must also briefly notice that *Le Mari de la Campagne* was given on Wednesday; the part of Colombet, the husband who is ever out of town, and never leaves it, was capitally done by M. Regnier; Mademoiselle Denain made a charming Ursule. Mademoiselle Vallée was highly entertaining in the small part of Pauline, and Mademoiselle Fouquet made a lively and piquante *femme de Chambre*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

SATURDAY was the epoch of a great event for the Royal Italian Opera—the appearance of Mademoiselle Fanny Elssler, after an absence of, we believe, five years from this country. During this period the glorious *danceuse* has turned the heads of half America, and ravished Italy and Allemanyne. This to Fanny was an easy task. People said, “the Yankees know nothing of great dancing, and so they won't understand Elssler.” But Fanny appeared and conquered New York with a *pirouette*, and each city of the United States with an *entrechat*. With a smile—and is there not infinity in her smile?—she enslaved Vienna, and Rome, and Naples, and Milan; and all the Northern, Southern, Eastern, and Western cities of the two great lands of song. France yet felt its influence—*elle aussi, elle avait passé par là*—the lapse of years had but softened

down its fire to the calmer light of a lamp that burns eternally. And now Fanny has returned to conquer over again her rebellious subjects of England, who, since her flight over the broad Atlantic, have owned the allegiance of other queens of the dance—of the swan-like Taglioni, of the Hebe-lipped Cerito, and of the dove-eyed, slopy-winged Carlotta. And, not these alone have been worshipped, but the daring Grahn, the quick-footed Rosati, the astonished Marie Taglioni, have won their moments of empire—the first with a bound; the second with a forget-me-not sown by the feet; the third with a look of most expressive inexpression. But Fanny has returned to her dominions, charioted in fame, and has resolved to regain the footing she has lost. On Saturday her fickle, faithless admirers assembled, in vast multitudes, to scoff at her pretensions. Fanny appeared, robed in the splendour of eternal youth. Never looked she more coquettish, more pretty, more archly *mutine*, (mutinous, don't hit it). She defied the vain-glorious rebels to resist her. But their hearts at first were as stone. Seldom has a colder reception been accorded to an immortal *artiste*—for Fanny is immortal if there be divinity in twinkling steps.

Nothing daunted, Fanny mimed and flitted about the stage with a *nonchalance* that was combined of coquetry and art, and seemed to care, for the nonce, for nothing so little as for the audience. She cast a pretty look of disdain at the muddy-pated crowd, as they fixed upon her their vacant eyes, fit outlets for the emptiness of their hearts, with apparent unconcern. But Fanny had made up her mind to shame them at one *coup*. She spied out little Perrot, who sat in one of the boxes, gazing at her with a look of mingled sympathy and astonishment—sympathy for the great creature who stood before him unacknowledged, astonishment at the pig-like stupidity of the mob. She spied out little Perrot, and she said within herself—"Perrot is my audience—he is the greatest artist in the world—he alone understands me—and to Perrot alone will I dance." And with wonderful respect for Perrot, wonderful contempt for the audience, and wonderful unconcern for herself, this creature of a thousand triumphs, this fruitful mistress of the dance, Terpsichore's chosen emissary, the incarnation of the conglomerate attributes of all the Graces, moved leisurely to the back of the scene, and made her ready, in a *pose*, to accomplish her first step in the *pas de trois*. She danced! There was one hand to clap—one mouth to cheer! It was the hand and the mouth of the whole crowd, that, as some gigantic animal, roared and shouted with an ecstasy of delight. *Encore! Encore!! Encore!!!* was the unanimous cry. But no—Fanny was not such a butterfly. There must be time for her heaving bosom to subside—there must be time for her throbbing heart to cease its knocking. The excitement of resolve had for awhile stayed the anger and vexation that beat vainly their prison doors for egress—but that over, the triumph won, the infidels abashed, the fame retrieved, the talent avenged of the insult that had humbled it—and like strong waters stayed by an artificial dam, the dam removed, Fanny's blood rushed in torrents to her heart—her dead feelings burst their cerements and rose again to vigorous life, almost choking her with utterance. For awhile, she stood moveless and resolute, hardly deigning to acknowledge, by the slightest inclination of her charming head, the clamorous acclamations of the multitude. Fanny's soul thirsted for revenge, and she drank of the overflowing cup until she had emptied it to the very dregs. Then by degrees her bosom ceased its heaving, her heart its knocking, her blood its rushing, her pulse its blazing—then by degrees composure came over her like a soft vision, and its tranquil light beamed upon her expressive

features. At first a pout of pretty irony—then a smile of sweet complacency—then a little frown that curled itself up in a corner of her brow like one of the good-natured devils of the German mythos—then a look that flashed the full consciousness of victory—and then she condescended to repeat the dance. A more complete and astounding triumph we never witnessed. And—Reader—if you could have heard little Perrot applaud, and have seen the content that sat upon his face, it would have done your heart good.

The *divertissement* produced for the appearance of Mdle. Ellsler is called *La Bouquetière de Venise*. It is slight and pretty. There is no attempt at a plot, and we shall, therefore, make no attempt to describe it. It served to exhibit the excellencies of the *danseuse*, and that was enough and a feast in all conscience. The principal dances were of course those in which Fanny Ellsler took a part. The first, a *Pas de trois*, contained the step we have recorded, in which the great *artiste* put the unfeeling mob to shame; the second, a *Grande Pas de Masque*, gave Fanny an opportunity of acting as well as dancing; and in teasing and perplexing an unhappy suitor, she displayed all the coquetry and graceful pantomime of which she is so consummate a mistress. The moment of throwing off the mask and discovering her identity, was glorious—the moon, emerging from behind an envious cloud, is not more beautiful than was Fanny at that instant. In short, Fanny Ellsler, both as a mimist and a dancer, is all her incomparable self. She never looked better, danced better, or acted better; and those myriad sparkling steps, "like light dissolved in star-showers," which characterise her style, and have long been, and must for ever be the despair of all who would emulate her excellencies, were there in all their ancient glory. Her pointing is miraculous as of yore; her gestures are as graceful and as full of meaning; her invention is as fertile and inexhaustible; her movements are as agile and quick; her looks as intelligent and fascinating as ever. The time is yet far distant when Ellsler shall find her rival. That she will endow Carlotta Grisi with her mantle we have little doubt, but that the enchanting Esmeralda may have a long time to wait is our earnest wish, and we have little doubt *her own*—for there is no jealousy or envy in the etherial Giselle!

The *ballet*, or *divertissement*, which was the great event of the evening, was preceded by the *Puritani*, with the same cast as on the Thursday. Her Majesty, Prince Albert, and suite were present, as was also His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, who exhibited unmistakeable symptoms of delight at the singing of Grisi, Mario, and Tamburini.

On Tuesday the *Italiana in Algeri* was repeated, and Signor Marini having recovered from his indisposition, we had an opportunity of judging of his true merits. This artist possesses one of the most exquisite bass voices we ever listened to. It is rich, full, and mellow, and calls to mind, strongly, the quality of Zuchelli's voice, in the best days of that once popular singer. Signor Marini is an excellent artist in every respect, and although performing a part foreign to the line assigned him when engaged as a serious *buffo*, in the role of Mustapha he exhibited capabilities of a rare kind. His manly person was seen to great advantage in the Turkish costume, and his deep, full-toned, and flexible voice was of the greatest possible service in the concerted music. Signor Marini displayed admirable taste in his singing of the favourite duet, "Se inclinassi," with Signor Salvi, by the manner in which he adapted his voice so as to make it blend in the piano passages with those of the tenor. It showed that the clever *basso* had no desire to exhibit the power of his voice to the detriment of the music, and at the expense of

the more delicate singer; a practice, we are sorry to say, too often indulged in by those who could afford to be modest on such occasions. Of Signor Rovere we can merely refer to what we have already said, leaving to another opportunity, when we have heard and seen him in a character, which will more legitimately tax his vocal and histrionic power, to discuss his merits at greater length. Signor Salvi was as excellent as on the first night; and Alboni more wonderful than ever. It is impossible to speak in exaggerated terms of the qualifications of this accomplished artist. Her *cavatina* in the second act was one of the most perfect specimens of vocalization we have ever heard. The opera was admirably rendered as a whole, the efficiency of the orchestra and chorus enhancing the general effect.

The opera was followed by the *Bouquetiere de Venise*, in which Fanny Ellsler was as incomparable as ever; and by the last act of the *Reine des Fees*, in which the elegant Dumilatre displayed her graceful talent to the greatest advantage. On Thursday, *Semiramide* was repeated for the fifth time, by general desire. Grisi was in magnificent voice, and never sang more splendidly. Alboni was equally fine, and both the great artists obtained repeated recalls during the performance. Owing to the length of the opera, the ballet performances were confined to *La Bouquetiere de Venise*; but the inimitable Fanny Ellsler is, in her own charming person, equal to a whole ballet, and she never danced better than on this occasion. Though it was the second appearance of Jenny Lind, at Her Majesty's Theatre, the house was immensely crowded.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday, *I Due Foscari* was given for the last time during the present season. For the sake of the music we are glad of this; but for the sake of Coletti we are sorry. The Doge is his great part, and we know of few things finer than his singing and acting in the last scene. Fraschini is also heard to very great advantage in this opera, and has gained considerably on the public since its production. Madame Montenegro is scarcely less to be admired for her impersonation of the character of Lucretia, a performance in which energy and grace are happily combined. The usual honours were accorded to the principal actors, and at the fall of the curtain Coletti reappeared, leading on Madame Montenegro. A *divertissement* followed, in which was combined the *pas de cinq*, from Cerito's own ballet of *Rosida*, produced, as our readers will recollect, last season, in which the fair *danseuse* was assisted by M. St. Leon, Mdles. Cassan, James, and Honoré; a grand *pas*, composed and executed by Lucile Grahn, supported by the same triad of *coryphées*, and the characteristic dance called *La Manola*, performed with admirable spirit by Cerito and St. Léon. A selection from *La Favorita* followed, in which Gardoni and Bouché officiated, and the picturesque ballet of *Théa*, with Rosati, Marie Taglioni, and Paul Taglioni, as the chief exponents, concluded the entertainments of the evening.

Tuesday was the evening fixed for the first appearance of Mademoiselle Jenny Lind. The excitement which heralded this important event beggars description. The prices offered and paid for boxes and stalls were fabulous. Some speculators evidently outdid themselves, for on the evening there were some dozen or more boxes empty. We were not sorry to see this, for we hold it to be unfair that the public should be obliged to pay through the nose for every good thing, while it has been paying the regular prices for matters less attractive. On our way to the theatre we were impeded at every step by

the crowds of idle gazers anxious to catch, if possible, a glimpse of the Swedish Nightingale as she entered at the stage door. The Haymarket and the adjacent streets were actually gorged with vehicles, from the armorialised carriage of the aristocrat to the humble cab of the plebeian. It was with no small difficulty that we forced our way in—but when we arrived, the sight that welcomed our eyes well repaid the trouble we had found in penetrating to the interior. The house was one living mass of souls, and on the face of every individual present was the expression of one thought, of one idea—they were going to hear Jenny Lind—they were going to see the Nightingale of Sweden. The part selected for her *debut* was that of Alice, in Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, an opera to which the composer chiefly owes his fame. The music of this opera is well-known in England, and we are spared the pains of an analysis, but a word or two about Meyerbeer himself may not be out of place here.

Meyerbeer's art career has been a singular one. A fellow student of Carl Maria Von Weber, under the notorious Abbé Vogler, he commenced by imbibing the stiff and pedantic notions of that brilliant but superficial empiric. His first operas exhibited abundant dryness and a false show of depth. These neither moved the heart of the populace nor excited the respect of the truly learned. Like the early operas of Weber, they were vapid inflations, without melody, or soul. That they are now forgotten is hardly to be regretted, since they contained nothing worth remembering. As dramatic compositions they were feeble and insipid, and as displays of contrapuntal profundity as worthless as the productions of the Abbé Vogler himself, who in the manufacture of his overture upon a subject of three notes, (so rabidly extolled by his disciples) simply manifested his inability to find an agreeable melody that should consist of more. Both Weber and Meyerbeer, who have since become illustrious, suffered irredeemably from the defective mode of instruction, adopted by this eccentric system-maker—a kind of musical Paracelsus, but without the genius of that coaster on the borders of philosophy. Even their masterpieces show it, in vagueness of form, want of connection, and superfluous redundancy of style. Meyerbeer, a man of less faith than his celebrated fellow-pupil—who was true to his principles, hollow as they were, to the last—soon found occasion to throw off his allegiance to the Abbé Vogler, and thoroughly to change his style. Enchanted with *Tancredi*, and some of the earlier operas of Rossini, his mind became filled with new ideas and new notions of art. As impressionable as water, and as unstable, the talent of Meyerbeer will ever reflect the form and colour of whatever outward influence may predominate for the time. The originality which he seems to possess is not the offspring of spontaneous feeling but the result of a certain obstinacy of volition, which by long exercise has enabled him to make old forms wear the aspect of novelty, by exaggerating their characteristics, or by omitting some points essential to their symmetry. Thus, in his hands, a melody that would at first sight appear but a vulgar tune, affects a kind of exclusiveness on the strength of a quaint turn of cadence, an unusual distribution of a chord or two in the harmony, or absolute oddity in the orchestral arrangement. Innumerable examples of this kind of treatment, scattered over the surface of a large work, such as a grand opera, endow the whole with a distorted *something* which is not originality but its shadow. Meyerbeer is for ever straining for effect. His melodies are rarely fresh and genuine; they do not, like Mozart's, flow from the soul, as water from the hidden springs. His effects are seldom vigorous and natural illustrations of

sentiment or incident, but, like the images which delirium paints upon darkness, vague, incoherent, and without manifest purpose. Yet, with all this, Meyerbeer is a remarkable man. Influenced, himself, by the brilliant models of his time, he influences others in his turn, and may be said to have originated a school, at the head of which stands Halévy, the French composer. After writing one or two operas, however, under the temporary influence of the "Swan of Pesaro," with whose sensuous fancies he was for the time intoxicated, Meyerbeer became bitten with the modern German style, which may be regarded as the actual *eclectic*, albeit it is but a poor representative of the universal. *Il Crociato in Egitto*, the second best opera of the composer, was the result of this new mania. There we find the Italian *cantilena* without its sentiment, the French *tune*, without its sparkle, and the German harmony without its depth. But the instrumentation is entirely Meyerbeerian, and the whole has a charm that is not easily definable. The next *coup d'essai* of Meyerbeer was at the *Académie Royale de Musique* in Paris. The successes of Spontini and Rossini at this institution—erst the temple of Gluck, Méhul and Cherubini, and since the arena of Auber's most dazzling triumphs, *La Muette de Portici*, and *Gustave III.*—had been followed by a dearth, exhibited in the failure of several grand operas consecutively. Meyerbeer was called to the rescue. His *Robert le Diable* had been composed with an eye to the great singers who were then the stars of the *Académie*—Falcon, Cinti Damoreau, Nourrit, and Levasseur. It was the work of long and arduous toil. Meyerbeer was conscious that his *chef-d'œuvre* was now in his portfolio; and it was resolved on all sides to bestow the minutest care on its production. Nine months were devoted to the rehearsals, during the whole of which period it was the unanimous topic of public interest and conversation. At length it was produced, and in a style of splendour unexampled even at the *Académie*. The *mise en scène* was gorgeous and magnificent, and the celebrated Taglioni, then in the zenith of her popularity, was the principal *danseuse* in the *ballet* scenes. Great as had been the success of *Il Crociato*, that of *Robert* was far greater. It was Meyerbeer's grand triumph. He gave, from his own pocket, a sum, little short of twenty-five thousand francs, towards the expenses of getting it up. Crowds flocked to the Opera, and the fortunes of the *Académie* were completely renovated. *Robert* was shortly afterwards brought out in London, at both the national theatres—Bishop presiding at Drury Lane, and Rophino Lacy at Covent Garden. Subsequently, in 1832, it was produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, when under the management of Mr. Monck Mason, with the original French company, and in the French language—but, strange to say, its success was less brilliant in that fashionable theatre than at the more plebeian temples of the drama. *Robert le Diable*, in a short time, became known in every musical town of Germany and France, emasculate Italy alone being deaf to its elsewhere irresistible attractions. Its melodies were the delight of *salons* and the aliment of the *orgues de Barbarie*. The popularity hinted at in the *Crociato* was confirmed in the *Robert*, and Meyerbeer was forthwith installed among the musical "Penates." The *Huguenots*, the only opera he has since produced at the *Académie*—albeit there are still two new ones that remain in manuscript in his portfolio—has not increased his fame. It has not the strong dramatic interest, the picturesque melody, nor the vigorous freshness of the *Robert*; while it abounds in experiments of harmony and orchestration that are decided failures, and in fantastic passages only remarkable as convulsive efforts at originality, ending in the result of

being musically disagreeable. The *Robert* must, unless the *Prophète* or the *Africain* snatch away its laurels, remain the acknowledged masterpiece of Meyerbeer. But for the King of Prussia, at whose command Meyerbeer, Director of the music at the Opera of Berlin, wrote the *Camp of Silesia*, the composer of *Robert* would have remained silent unto this day. The cause is easily explained. Meyerbeer is a wealthy man, and writes *con amore*. His sensitiveness verges on the ridiculous. He is never satisfied with the resources that are placed at his disposal, and fifty rehearsals of an opera are not enough to content him. Of the singers who have recently figured at the *Académie*, Duprez, the famous tenor, at their head, Meyerbeer has no opinion, and he has consistently declined to trust either of his *MS.* operas to their interpretation. The manner in which he writes places his arias altogether out of the reach of ordinary vocalists, and the massive fulness of his orchestration demands lungs of brass to strive against. This is the defect of modern opera, which must shortly decay for want of singers to interpret it. The style of voicing and instrumentation that has prevailed in Italy and France, since Rossini ceased to compose, is gradually destroying all the available voices. The legitimate *canto* of the operas of Mozart and Cimarosa, which also characterises the early and mediæval operas of Rossini, Mercadante, and Donizetti, is now fast fading into oblivion; but, it is much to be feared, that what has usurped its place is neither so natural nor so musical. If Verdi continue writing successfully, there will not be a voice in all Italy in ten years. Is not this inevitable consequence of the present mode of voicing worthy the consideration of composers? Without voices there can be no singers, and without singers no operas. But, we have little doubt, that modern opera, as it now stands, will speedily die of its own excess, and that a new and healthier form of dramatic composition, combining the imperishable principles established by Mozart, with modern form and colour, and modern taste and sentiment, will arise, Phoenix-like, from its ashes.

However, the public interest, on Tuesday night, was not in Meyerbeer's opera, but in the representative of Alice—Madlle. Jenny Lind. The opening chorus of knights, spirited as it is, was listened to with apathy by the immense crowd—all anxious for one thing—all bent upon one object. Raimbault's pretty ballad, "*Jadis régnait*," although sung by the especial favourite, Gardoni, passed equally without notice. Staudigl's mysterious ones in Bertram, and Fraschini's valiant bearing in *Robert*, were equally overlooked. There was but one desire in the bosoms of all present—and when that was gratified, as Alice was forced on by the pages of *Robert*, demanding protection and appealing for pity, the one shout that burst spontaneously from three thousand throats made the roof of the edifice vibrate and tremble. It was a multitude of insensate madmen, in a sea of hats and handkerchiefs. We never recollect such a sight within the walls of a theatre, or without them. The object of all this enthusiasm, though evidently moved by its exhibition, responded to it modestly and humbly, saluting and bending to the audience with a girl-like grace, that, before she sang a note, conquered the suffrages of at least one-half of the audience. The other half—the stony-hearted ones—waited to hear, and then to judge. There was little in the music by which the vocalist could distinguish herself previous to the romance, "*Va dit-elle*." Yet she found means to thrill her hearers by the earnest pathos with which she declaimed the recitative, wherein Alice confides to *Robert* the news of his mother's death. Her "*Piu non vi lice, nè vederlo, nè udirlo*" went to every heart,

and at once proclaimed the presence of a great artist, and a soul full of poetry. The romance sung, gave us an opportunity of forming some notion of Jenny Lind's qualities as a vocalist, although the repeated interruptions of the excited crowd, and the nervousness attendant on so critical a moment, stood much in the way of the possibility of arriving at a sound opinion. The exquisite purity, and bell-like fullness of tone, with which the first five sustained notes of the romance—B, E, G sharp, B, E—were delivered, at once gave us a notion of the beauty of that voice, in the praises of which so much of the ink of criticism has been used, and so many of Rumour's tongues have wagged. The general reading of the romance was as delicately pure as it was fervent and natural. The cadences at the end of each couplet were quite novel, and executed with the utmost taste and finish. The second couplet was prefaced by a long shake, and another cadence of singular elegance. All these ornamental matters, and the general excellence that marked the entire interpretation of the romance—impaired as it was, slightly, by a nervousness that was inevitable under the circumstances—threw the audience into such a paroxysm of rapture, that they continued shouting, clapping, bravaing, and waving hats and handkerchiefs about, for upwards of three minutes. Our own opinion, however, albeit we were irresistibly compelled to join in the applause, was not quite formed on the subject. The remainder of the scene with Bertram, which is all comprised in recitative, was admirably declaimed and acted. The moment at which Alice perceives Bertram, and starts back affrighted, exclaiming, "Cielo chi veggo," was exquisitely embodied by Jenny Lind. Her declaring that he resembles a likeness of Satan that she has seen in a picture, still frightened, and yet half-ashamed of her weakness, was equally good. Not less admirable was her exit, shuddering as she passes near to Bertram, yet irresistibly compelled to turn back and gaze at him as she slowly glides away. Her disappearance was followed by long and reiterated applause. In the mind of the audience, Jenny Lind was, almost, if not quite, confirmed the Jenny Lind of Fame's repute; albeit her talent as yet had been but half disclosed.

The second scene in which Alice appears—that of the glen among the rocks of St. Irene—completely set doubt at rest, and proved Jenny Lind to be all that has been said of her by those who speak without raving in unintelligible hyperbole. The way in which she twice repeated the name "Rambaldo," as she wound her way down the rock's side, swelling the note gradually into *forte*, and then as gradually diminishing it to the nicest *piano*, was truly charming. At the close of the recitative of which this forms the commencement, she introduced a *cadence* so entirely new, and at the same time so intrinsically elegant, and executed with such finished delicacy, that it drew down peals of applause. Her delivery of the first part of the ballad to which this leads, "Quand je quittai la Normandie," seemed to us unfinished; she did not stay long enough on the first B flat, and took the G and F that terminate the first half of the first half phrase somewhat abruptly, thereby damaging the even flow of rhythm which is one of the chief charms of this simple melody. These spots in an ordinary singer we should have passed without noticing, but every note that is uttered by Jenny Lind has sufficient value to be criticised. The rest of the song—excepting the cadence at the end of the first couplet, which was less elegant than most of her cadences, and was executed with less absolute facility and perfection, admitted of nothing but unqualified admiration. The *pianissimo* echo of the flute phrase on the words "Ahimè! l'attendo ancor," was delicious. The *cadenza* with which she prefaced the second couplet,

holding a high F for a long time, and increasing the volume until it filled the whole theatre with vibration, and then, when you thought she had finished, and no more breath was in her, taking the G above as the first note of a florid and elaborate flight of vocal display, leading ultimately to the *reprise* of the theme, was little less than astounding. The *cadenza* with which she terminated the second couplet was even more beautiful and more wonderful; and the *pianissimo* shake on C, D, leading to the concluding notes, was executed with a clearness, equality, and perfection for which we should in vain seek for a precedent. Mdle. Lind begins the shake on the highest note, and rounds it off with wonderful finish and completeness, calculating the exigencies of rhythm and accentuation to a nicety. It is unnecessary to speak of the applause with which this delicious display of vocalisation was greeted. In fact, it would be somewhat difficult to find words big enough for the task, and we are tired of recording the raptures of an audience that so often indiscreetly lavishes its enthusiasm on mediocrity. Suffice it that both couplets were encored unanimously, and both fully merited the compliment. Jenny Lind's triumph was now complete, and it did not require anything more to establish her in the highest opinion of the best judges assembled in the house.

But we have many more things to praise. The acting of the whole of this scene proved Mdle. Jenny Lind to be as great a histrionic as a vocal artist. Her terror on discovering the horrors of the cavern was impressive in the extreme. In the duet with Bertram her acting was as fine as the finest efforts of Rachel or Grisi, those twin mistresses of the dramatic and lyric stage. As passages recalling themselves forcibly to the memory, we may specialise the half-stifled cry with which she uttered the words, "A mezza notte-misero," and further on, "Quale orrore! mi reggo appena," when she overhears that at midnight her foster brother, Robert, must be sacrificed to the powers of evil. And when Bertram seizes her by the wrist and savagely asks her what she has seen and heard, her answer, "Nulla nulla," was terrible in its truth. Her fragile form quivered with emotion, and the words seemed to force themselves involuntarily from her lips. Her fleeing to the cross for protection, at the approach of Bertram, was wonderfully fine; and her attitude betokening a mixture of terror and resolution, was singularly picturesque and beautiful. Nor can we pass over without mention the earnest devotion with which she pronounced the words, "Il Cielo è meco," and the startling intensity that marked her exclamation of "Vien Roberto," at the approach of her foster-brother. Her singing in this duet—which, by the way, is one of the best compositions in the opera—was quite as fine as her acting. The *cadenza a due* was so perfectly intonated, and delivered with such animation and boldness, that the effect was quite electric. In the unaccompanied trio, "Crudel momento," with Robert and Bertram, we remarked with what extraordinary facility Mdle. Lind played with the high notes, dwelling upon C in alt. with the utmost ease, and then taking D above it, as the commencement of a florid passage, without the slightest appearance of effort. Her acting after this trio—involving her determination to stay by Robert and brave the danger, and her subsequent hurried exit—was beyond praise.

Alice's next and final appearance is in the grand trio of the last act, the best piece of music in the opera. Here Mademoiselle Lind's acting and singing were of a piece with the rest of her performance. If we must specialise points where all was great, let us refer to the impressive manner in which she addressed Robert while tendering him

his mother's testament:—"Roberto, prendi, figlio ingrato,"—her impassioned fervor in the prayer, "S'è in te pietade, o Cielo," and the heavenly enthusiasm with which she shrieked out the words, "Mezza Notté! ah! che il Cielo lo salvò!" when she hears the roll of the midnight drum, and knows that Robert is saved. Again, and to conclude, no words can convey the infinite meaning of her gesture in the last scene, when seeing Robert kneel at the altar, she gives vent to her delight at having been the instrument of saving her foster-brother from destruction, conveying, without a word, by the mere poetry of motion, as much as could be conveyed by all the eloquence of a poet's inspiration. The curtain fell amidst a torrent of enthusiasm, and Jenny Lind was called forward again—no less than three distinct times. But of this we take little account. We should have been equally delighted had her performance not received a single hand.

Judging, then, by her performance in *Robert le Diable*, it will be easy to perceive, that our opinion of Mdlle. Jenny Lind differs materially from that which we felt constrained to offer upon her *Norma*, two years and a half ago, in a letter addressed to this journal from Cologne. We then considered her vastly overrated; we are now of a totally opposite opinion. Whether it be that *Norma* is a character out of her speciality, or that she has made wonderful progress in the time that has elapsed since we then heard her, we are not prepared to say; but that one or the other is the case, we have too much reliance upon our own judgment, when formed after calm consideration, to doubt. Certain it is, that as an actress Mdlle. Lind now ranks amongst the highest—and that as a singer few can compete with her. The exquisite purity, fulness, quality, and flexibility of her vocal organ—the consummate art she possesses in the *leggere*, which the Italians rightly prize as the greatest vocal requisite—her almost irreproachable intonation—her prodigious facility in executing florid passages—and the numberless beauties of her style and expression, proclaim her right to associate with the greatest mistresses of the art of singing that the world has produced.

Of the general performance of the opera, on Tuesday night, we would rather say nothing. From this implied censure we can make few exceptions. But there was much to palliate the imperfections of the execution. The fatigue of constant and long rehearsals, and the excitement dependent on the issue of so important an event, upon which hung the ruin or renovation of a great and magnificent establishment, being enough, in all conscience, to excuse the artists and the subordinates, who naturally felt deeply interested in the matter. It is but just to state our opinion, that with any other conductor than the talented and indefatigable Balfe, the opera would never have proceeded to the end without a dead stop.

On Thursday, matters wore a different aspect. Mdlle. Lind renewed her triumph of the previous night, and the other artists seemed to have recovered all their lost composure. Staudigl, whose engagement at this theatre has been one of the wisest steps of the administration, was magnificent. He is undoubtedly the best living representative of Bertram, and his acting and singing on this occasion were worthy of his name and reputation. Fraschini was far better in Robert than we had anticipated. Gardoni's Rambaldo was exquisitely natural, and his duet with Bertram, "Ah l'honnête homme," was inimitably acted, and sung with the most finished art. The opera, as it stands, is but fragmentarily represented. We suggest, therefore, as a further curtailment, the excision of the whole of the third act, in which poor Madame Castellan has to sing to great disadvantage. How much better would it have been to have given the opera

entire, with a *ballet soigné*, in which Mr. Lumley's whole choregraphic force might have been employed. The performance would have lasted long enough to preclude the necessity of an after-ballet, and Meyerbeer's dignity would not have been offended by the mutilation of his acknowledged *chef d'œuvre*. It is to be hoped that the run of *Robert* will have concluded, ere the celebrated composer makes his promised appearance in England, or we would be loth to answer for the consequences. To a certainty, Meyerbeer would turn Covent-Gardenite forthwith. However, the band and chorus were much more like the thing on the second night, and with Mr. Balfe's vigilance and ability we have hopes that the third performance will be still better. At all events, Jenny Lind has saved the fortunes of Her Majesty's Theatre, and that is everything. Her Majesty and Prince Albert were present on both occasions.

The *ballet* on Tuesday and Thursday consisted of a *divertissement*, called *Une Soirée du Carnaval*, in which the talents of Cerito, Lucile Grahû, St. Léon, and the principal *coryphées* were employed in the exposition of various dances.

REVIEWS ON MUSIC.

"An English Harvest Home," the words by G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Esq. the Music composed by GEORGE DIXON. "The Stricken Oak," song written by JOHN DUMAN, Esq.; the music composed and dedicated to his pupils, by GEORGE DIXON.—COVENTRY & HOLLIER.

Mr. George Dixon's two ballads are very nicely written, and have pleasing tunes. They are easy for the voice. "The Stricken Oak," in 3-4 is the best of the two. The poetry in either is barely tolerable.

"I wander o'er moorland and lea," song of the Zephyr, written by R. W. HAMMOND, composed by L. LAVENU—CHAPPELL.

Very simple and very pretty. Mr. Lavenue has hit the words admirably. His ballad throughout is as light and aerial as the Zephyr itself. The poetry is neat.

"The Wood Nymphs," duet, sung by the Misses BIRCH and E. BIRCH, written by A. W. HAMMOND. Composed by G. A. MACFARREN.—CHAPPELL.

An exquisitely graceful effusion, full of musical points of interest, admirably voiced, and entirely expressing the sentiment of the words. Mr. Macfarren is now our most successful composer of chamber duets and the present charming specimen is, in every respect, worthy of his reputation. Simple, natural, and flowing, as is the melody, it does not prevent the accomplished musician from giving us some new and beautiful points of harmony that declare no common hand to have been at work.

"Theory of the New Patent Diatonic Flute; by ABEL SICCAMÀ. B. A. Patentee, CRAMER, BEALE, & Co.

The work before us is not a mere key to the newly invented flute, whose peculiarities and essential properties it lays down and explains at large, but enters philosophically into the theory of sounds, and elucidates with sufficient clearness the causes, harmonically speaking, that have long stood in the way of rendering the flute perfect in its tone in every key. There is much good musical discourse struck out in the introduction, and the author is evidently a man who has looked beyond flutes and their stops. To the flute player, and to such as are anxious about obtaining perfect intonation on that instrument, *The Theory of the Patent Diatonic Flute* will be found extremely interesting, if not highly useful in the perusal; and to such we may honestly recommend the work. Of the Patent Diatonic Flute itself we can say nothing, never having heard one.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MUSICAL MOUSE.—A few days ago a gentleman, residing in South Moulton Street, sent for a tuner to put his piano to rights, which had suddenly taken it into its head to lose nearly all its tone. Upon removing the sound-board, lo! a

mouse had built its nest beneath the wires and had brought forth four young ones. The leather of the hammers were nearly all eaten away.

Mr. Wilson's ENTERTAINMENTS.—The fourth of these interesting soirées was given on Monday evening, in the Music Hall, Store-street. Mr. Wilson introduced several novelties, including "O! Waly, Waly," "Despairing Mary," and the lament "McLeod of Dungevan." The latter is quite a gem, and was exquisitely sung by Mr. Wilson; indeed we seldom recollect to have heard him in better voice. Mr. Land presided at the pianoforte with his accustomed ability.

Mr. VINCENT WALLACE, the popular composer, purposes taking a Benefit at Drury-lane, on the 17th inst., on which occasion one of his recent operas will be performed, and afterwards a grand concert, in which he will be assisted by several eminent artists, and the Beneficiaire will play a grand fantasia for the pianoforte, of his own composition. The *Dedication* of Mr. Wallace's opera of *Matilda of Hungary* has been graciously accepted by the *King of the Belgians*. This opera is to be produced at Vienna in August next. Mr. Wallace, in consequence of the delicate state of his health, purposes taking a tour this summer through Italy and Germany, during which period he will be occupied in the composition of two new operas. He will locate himself in Vienna in August, to superintend the production of his opera of *Matilda of Hungary*, which is to be produced in great splendour in that city.

HUNGARIAN INSTRUMENTAL VOCALISTS.—Among the greatest novelties of the day, we are assured that the four Hungarians, Messrs. Weis, Zorer, Schwarz, and Grunzwag stand conspicuous. If we are to accredit the French and German journals, they are the wonder of the age. Their success in Paris has been so great that Louis Philippe, before whom they performed, honoured them with an especial recommendatory epistle to Queen Victoria on their departure for England. In compliance with, or in compliment to the French King, the Hungarian Vocalists have been already honoured with a hearing by Her Majesty and Prince Albert, both of whom evinced, we are told, great delight at their singing. Their first public performance takes place this morning at the Haymarket theatre, when a grand concert will be given, in which the Hungarian brothers will sing solos, concerted pieces, and give their imitations on wind and stringed instruments. We shall speak of these artists more at large when we have heard them.

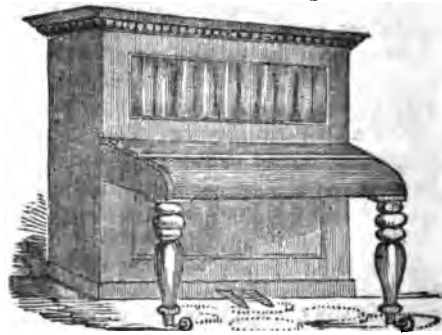
MISS EMILY GRANT gave a farewell *soirée musicale* at the Music Hall, Sheffield, on Friday evening, April 30th, under the immediate patronage of the Mayoress and ladies of Sheffield. The Hall was very much crowded on the occasion, the fair artist being supported by her numerous friends and admirers. The programme comprised some capital music, selections being made from the best masters, and the performance, on the whole, was highly satisfactory. The beautiful recitation and aria from the *Orfeo* of Gluck, "Che faro senza," was given with great judgment and expression by Miss Grant, and gained her considerable applause. Miss Grant was equally good in the grand scena from *Fidelio*, "Sweet Hope, I have no friend but thee." She was also extremely happy in several other pieces, in the majority of which she was rapturously encored. Miss Grant is a very great favourite with the good folk of Sheffield, who step forward on all such occasions as the present to pay homage to her as an excellent artist. The rest of the performance demands no particular notice, if we except the singing of Miss Seale, a pupil of Miss Grant's, who made a very promising debut.—*From a Correspondent.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. E.—To the first query of our Correspondent we can return no answer, the information required lying beyond the sphere of our knowledge. To the second we answer, decidedly Mr. JARRETT.

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NO. 20.—VOL. XXII.

SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1847.

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Our Subscribers will be presented with No. 22, an IMPROMPTU, composed expressly for the "Musical World," by CHARLES LUDERS.

A FRENCH CRITIC IN LONDON.

THERE being nothing to talk about in art-matters at Paris, a daily journal, called *Le Constitutionnel*, has dispatched its *feuilletoniste*, Monsieur P. A. de Fiorentino, to London, for the purpose of going everywhere and describing everything, in a series of letters, called "*Lettres de Londres*." This is the first visit M. Fiorentino has paid to England—but, doubtless, in less than six weeks, *Le Constitutionnel* will be enlightened thoroughly on the state of music, the drama and the fine arts, in this country. The French critics, especially those of Paris, have a marvellous facility in exploring the short roads to knowledge, and in respect to *swallow*, are decided ecclectics. M. Fiorentino is one of the liveliest and most pleasantly loquacious of the body, and combines, in his own literary person, the brevity of Janin, the solidity of Achard, the vivacity of Fétis père, the ingenuousness of Gauthier and the musical depth of Henri Blanchard; the whole smoothed down and rendered palatable by that compound of modesty and a desire to learn which is the character of Italian critics in general. We shall, therefore, look for much agreeable reading in the "*Lettres de Londres*," and have little doubt of being enabled, from time to time, to present our readers with divers epistolary *bonnes bouches* for their peculiar relish. While on the subject, however, let us implore M. Fiorentino not to be too severe on us poor English. Every word he says will have its weight, and as we do not wish to stand in a worse light than is necessary before the nations of the world, we hope he will be indulgent, and not swamp us in an epigram. We know that in matters of art we are far in the rear of French acquirement; and that in profundity we are, to the Parisians, as a bowl of soup to a bottomless well. But we make so bold as to remind M. Fiorentino that the mere fact of his coming amongst us for the purpose of showing us up to the consideration of the volatile country which he has made his own, argues that there is something in us worth noticing. That he may criticise us tenderly and charitably is our earnest petition.

The first letter of M. Fiorentino has missed us, or rather we have missed it, and can, therefore, say nothing about it. The second is *d'propos* of the *début* of Jenny Lind. The description is eloquent, complete, bustling, and readable. M. Fiorentino is in raptures with the Swedish Nightingale, but

abuses everything else. This may be excused, on the plea that the letter was written at two o'clock on Wednesday morning, as is shown by the words with which it opens:—"Il est deux heures de matin: je vous écris en sortant du théâtre pour ne pas perdre une seule impression de cette longue et curieuse soirée." But as the main interest of the letter hangs upon Jenny Lind, we shall proceed, at once, to quote M. Fiorentino's opinions on that point, for which, as they are all favourable, Mr. Lumley will, no doubt, feel obliged to us. The brilliant *feuilletoniste* thus describes the manner of her reception: (We give it in plain English, with many apologies to M. Fiorentino for the lameness of our translation).

"To describe the welcome accorded her were impossible. The explosion lasted twenty minutes (!) and was only arrested, at intervals, to be resumed with increased violence. At last the *cantatrice* felt wholly at a loss how to express her feelings and her thankfulness; she bowed to the earth, joined her hands together, lifted her eyes to Heaven, advanced to the foot-lights, turned towards the boxes with an expression of modesty, gratitude, and happiness, which sat very well upon her mild and candid countenance. Jenny Lind's features are not regular; but she has very beautiful hair of a light brown colour, and blue eyes which sparkle and flash whenever her physiognomy becomes animated. Her voice entirely fills the theatre; not the lightest tone of it is lost. The whole of her upper octave is of surpassing beauty, purity, freshness, and brilliancy. The middle notes, slightly veiled at the beginning, as soon as the voice is exerted, become as beautiful and pure as the higher ones. Jenny Lind must have an admirable talent to sing as she sang, amidst the emotions of an evening the like of which will not present itself twice in her entire artist-life. Could you but have heard her first romance, 'Va dit elle!'—what taste, what refinement, what elegance in the minutest details, what firmness of style, what truth of intonation, and with all this what a comprehension of the scene, what passion, what fire, what soul!—for Jenny Lind is such an actress as was Falcon in her best days. The sceptical said, before her *début*—'Wait and hear; her voice, which is enchanting in a small room, will not fill a large space; she will not gain in London, or in Paris, the prodigious successes she has obtained in Germany.' But now the experiment has been made; in London and Paris, as in Italy and everywhere else, Jenny Lind will inflame the crowd and captivate the artists. Though previously unacquainted with the Italian language, she acquired it in three weeks (Ky.) and pronounces it to perfection. Her organization is one of the richest, happiest, and finest endowed that I ever remember in the dramatic world. Heaven has been prodigal towards this child of the North, and Art has charged itself with the accomplishment of what Nature has so well begun."

The compliment to *Mdlle. Lind's* Italian is the more flattering since it proceeds from one who is an Italian by birth, a translator of Dante, an editor of the *Corsaire-Satan*, and a *feuilletoniste* of the *Constitutionnel*. But M. Fiorentino has not yet done with the fair Swede. Further on he remarks:—

"Jenny Lind was admirable, beyond all expression, in the duet, and trio of her great scene. You should have seen her clinging to the cross, with a terror that was quite real; raise herself upon her feet, stand erect and thunder-strike the cursed one, with a faith sublime. She was obliged to repeat, three times, the couplets; 'Quand je quittai la Normandie,' a masterpiece of delicacy and grace, and they would have been

again re-demanded, but for the energetic cries of, 'No—no—shame—shame!' that proceeded from one part of the audience. It was, indeed, a shame thus to impose upon an artist."

Still further on, M. Fiorentino describes his impressions of Jenny Lind in the last act:—

"Jenny Lind re-appeared, amidst the plaudits of the house, and the horizon once more looked bright. She acted and sang in the final trio—that struggle for supremacy between the genius of evil and the angel of gentleness and innocence—with a power of inspiration, a flow of tenderness, an accent so appealing and irresistible, that the public did like Robert, and threw itself at the feet of the songstress. Meyerbeer himself, in this moment of exultation, would have pardoned everybody. Then the curtain fell, and Britannic enthusiasm was enabled to vent itself with all its strength; clapping of hands and feet, re-calls, showers of bouquets, waving of handkerchiefs, *hats thrown into the air*" (Qy.—a custom exclusively Neapolitan); "in short they were at a loss what more to do or to imagine to fête the young *cantatrice*. I have witnessed few examples of a like phrenzy. To conclude, the triumph of Jenny Lind was one of the most brilliant and well-merited in my recollection."

With Jenny Lind the enthusiasm of M. Fiorentino is at an end, and with a few more passages, taken at random, our review of his epistle must end also. Of the general performance of *Robert* he speaks in terms of unqualified censure. He pummels the band and pummels the chorus. Of the latter's execution, in the drinking chorus of the first act, he asserts, that "it was enough to turn wine into poison, so *aisé*ment and so falsely was it sung." Of Fraschini, M. Fiorentino thus delivers his opinion:—

"Fraschini is *un assez beau garçon*, of the middle height, muscular and robust; he has a magnificent voice and sings à *pleine poitrine* with extraordinary facility and power. But the part of Robert is precisely the one which least suits him, and he had to learn it and play it in *ten days*. (Qy.) Fraschini is no actor; he comes on and goes off the stage like a man sadly embarrassed with his person, and this evening, in particular, his habitual restraint amounted to an absolute torment. He has never seen *Robert le Diable* performed; he has neither the *esprit* nor the traditions of his part; he therefore confined his exertions to the occasional utterance of several loud notes, and in the concerted music only was he enabled to display the resources of his admirable tenor voice. After the drinking chorus, Fraschini rose and directing his goblet to the public, exclaimed—'Illustres chevaliers, c'est à vous que je bois.' But the public did not appear to relish his toast, and applauded only with the finger-tips, out of mere courtesy."

Of Staudigl we have a criticism somewhat more elaborate. It runs thus:—

"A moment afterwards, Bertram addresses Robert, in an under-tone, with these words:—'Votre ingrate patrie.' The whole audience appeared to have waited for this point to acknowledge the presence of Staudigl, the celebrated German *basso*. Applause and prolonged bravos issued from all parts. Staudigl rose slowly from his seat, placed his hand upon his heart, and made two steps towards the foot-lights. His costume was simple and severe; his head-dress was not wanting in originality; it was arranged almost on the top of the skull, the front being nearly bald, a black lock pointing *Mephistopheliquement* to heaven, as a sign of revolt and pride; moustachios thin and pointed, and beard *en fer de lance*, gave a sinister length to the visage, and to the lower part of the face a diabolical expression of irony and malice. Staudigl has a voice of rare compass; it descends to the low E flat, and mounts to the G of the tenor" (say A, or B flat of the *barytone*, friend Fiorentino) "with surprising facility; he has two octaves and a half of perfect equality, fulness, and tone. But he appeared so miserable under the obligation to sing in Italian, that it would be cruelty to judge him by this first essay. His pronunciation is truly comic, and the English, who have not the right to be difficult on the point of Tuscan accent," (why not?) "were themselves scandalised."

Concerning the popular and admirable Gardoni, we have this brief sentence:—

"Gardoni, whom the public, and the women in particular, have taken under their powerful patronage, was long and noisily applauded on his *entrée*, and sang his ballad and the comic duet in delicious style."

Perhaps no artist will quarrel with the strictures M. Fiorentino thinks proper to make upon the mutilated condition in which Meyerbeer's *chef d'œuvre* was represented. Let us extract some passages:—

"After the triumphs and re-calls of the first act, I expected Madame Castellan, with a certain degree of inquietude. To sing the air of Isabelle, by the side of Jenny Lind would have been a rough trial for the most proved and confident talent. But judge of my astonishment when the curtain rose upon the third act. An entire act was suppressed without ceremony, and not one voice from among the audience was heard to protest against this incredible mutilation. Oh, Meyerbeer! you did well to remain at Berlin."—"The scene of the nuns had been singularly modified by the Lord Chamberlain. First, the nuns are no longer nuns, but simple *dames*, who, by the way, appeared to me charming. The *corps de ballet* is very agreeably composed, and I saw no specimens upon the stage of those *figures heteroclitiques*, designated in Paris by the *sobriquet* of 'Rats,' for want of a more courteous appellation to suit them. Moreover, the tombs were suppressed, for the English public would never have tolerated such a profanation." (Had M. Fiorentino made inquiries he would have ascertained the fact that the profanation was tolerated, by the English public, at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, some years, by-gone). "The nuns issue from the two side scenes, upon their *chemin de fer*," (a remarkably slow-paced one!) "and the Abbess and Robert are reduced to the extremity of playing at dice upon the ground, much to the annoyance of poor Fraschini. The part of the Abbess, who is no longer an Abbess, but a simple *châtelaine*, is filled by Mlle Rosati, a Milanese *danseuse*, of admirable talent and high promise. Mlle. Rosati has a very pretty face, very intelligent, and very expressive; she dances with much lightness, vivacity, and *entrain*. The *haut du corps* is well formed and is shaped with natural grace. Some of her points were remarkable for precision and vigor. At Paris Mlle. Rosati would be greatly relished. The fourth act has been revised, corrected, and considerably augmented;—I know not by what Vandal, and if I knew the name of the offender I certainly would not point him out for the just vengeance of M. Meyerbeer. Here we stumble upon an old acquaintance which we missed on our way—the air of Isabelle—and, from the style in which it was executed by Madame Castellan, I perfectly understood why it was cut out of the second act, but I could not understand why it was replaced in the fourth. In short, from beginning to end of this unhappy act, Madame Castellan and Fraschini, assisted by the orchestra and chorus, played at who should most effectively plunge a poignard into the bleeding heart of Meyerbeer; and I am sure, for the honour of the country, the Lord Chamberlain will, for the subsequent representations, order the excision of the whole of this act, which can only be regarded as an act of high treason."—"To conclude, the execution of the opera was pitiable. The parts were neither studied nor rehearsed. Staudigl, embarrassed by the Italian tongue, which he mangles frightfully, was far beneath Levasseur, or even Alizard. Fraschini, who walked through this infernal drama with the most candid astonishment, did not understand the first letter of his part. Madame Castellan knows very well what she intends, but her forces betrayed her. Gardoni is a charming Raimbaut; but he has nothing but a ballad and a duet to sing, after which he appears no more in the opera. The choruses reconciled me with those of the *Salle Ventadour*. I will not speak of the orchestra because I hope that Balfe will finish by *en avoir raison*. By the way, I forgot to tell you what was the part of Sacerdote, so pompously announced in the programme. In the final scene, Bouché sang with the chorus behind the scenes, 'Gloire à la Providence, &c.' I am not aware whether it be the Lord Chamberlain, or any other lord, who, for these few words, has christened Bouché, 'High Priest'—but, at all events, I have no intention to offer any opposition to it."

The undue severity of this criticism may be tested by our positive assurance that we have frequently witnessed a much worse execution of *Robert le Diable* in Paris than that memorialized by the hyper-zealous *feuilletoniste*—and, worse still, we have listened to works of a still more exalted order, such as *Guillaume Tell*, *Der Freischütz*, (*Robin de Bois*), and *La Muette de Portici*, (*Masaniello*), mangled in such a villainous manner, that, in comparison, the exhibition at Her Majesty's Theatre was absolute perfection. The candid critic should first pick the mote out of his own eye, and then begin to examine his brother's. Of all cities in the world, the vaunted Paris is the one in which we have presided at the vilest musical desecrations. Moreover, M. Fiorentino, in judging so severely the band of Her Majesty's Theatre, might have found a little oil to pour into his salad of abuse, extracted from the fact that one third of that band is Italian; one third, French; one sixth, Belgian; and one sixth English. We should like to see the renowned Habeneck

at the head of such an army and find what he could make of it—whether, like our spirited Balfe, he would have the courage to marshal them to victory, or, like the redoubtable Sir John Falstaff, refuse to march with them through Coventry. If M. Fiorentino would like his own musical criticisms examined with the same severity, we are ready to do it for him—let him but give the word.

One or two more extracts and we have done. The following paragraph admits of a retort somewhat awkward for the epigrammatic champion of the French:—

"The orchestra was conducted, as usual, by Mr. Balfe, who gave himself infinite trouble to make it go properly, and, in spite of his skill, knowledge, and zeal, he only half succeeded. *Robert le Diable* was got up in ten days and the musicians had but four rehearsals."

In Paris *Robert le Diable* was got up in NINE MONTHS, and the musicians had nearly TWO HUNDRED REHEARSALS, with the composer always at hand to tell them how dull and stupid they were and what a number of blunders they committed. With this in his eye, Mr. Balfe, and his hybrid orchestra may laugh at the sneers of adverse criticism *d'outre mer*. It would have been amusing enough to hear the French *Robert* after four band rehearsals! *Quelle brouhaha infernale cela aurait été!!* A word more and we have done. What does the lusty *feuilletoniste* mean by the following?—

"Meyerbeer, whose arrival had been announced with loud flourishes, and who was himself to have conducted the orchestra, on this solemn occasion, remained at Berlin, contenting himself by writing five or six letters a week to Jenny Lind, letters in which the illustrious master indulges in a new method of signature:—*in place of his name he writes, on every occasion, a new point d'orgue.*"

We own ourselves at a loss to comprehend this. Can it be possible that Jenny Lind, whose musical organization has been lauded with such extreme enthusiasm, whom Mendelssohn himself has extolled to us (so we can vouch for it) before any other singer—can it be possible that a creature, thus gifted, is incapable of inventing that which demands so small a modicum of invention as a *point d'orgue*—or, in other words a *cadenza*? The notion is preposterous, and yet, if not that, what does M. Fiorentino mean? He, of course, can readily explain, since Jenny Lind has, doubtless, *shown him* the letters and permitted him to peruse their contents—or, how could he describe them thus minutely, even to the peculiarity of the signature? At the same time, we must confess to hold it rather strange, that Mdle. Jenny Lind, who, (influenced by some unknown and mysterious restraint) has forgotten even to leave her card upon ourselves—in spite of what *we know* that her friend, the Chevalier Meyerbeer, would have desired, for her sake and for ours—should, with so little difficulty have laid before the witty *feuilletoniste*—who never saw her before her *début* at Mr. Lumley's theatre, and, moreover, is not in any way acquainted with her—the contents of her most *private*, valuable, and intimate letters. Nevertheless, it *must* be true, or M. Fiorentino would not insinuate it.

In conclusion, we are glad to see M. Fiorentino amongst us, and hope that his "*Lettres de Londres*" will amuse his readers in Paris as much as we are sure they will amuse his readers in London. We can assure him that since his arrival here, we have looked for the *Constitutionnel* almost as regularly and anxiously as for *The Times*. In short, we cannot enjoy our breakfast without it.

MENDELSSOHN'S ELIJAH.

(Continued from our last.)

THE second part opens with an air and chorus, in which the Lord God declares his readiness to stand by and help the faithful, no matter what adverse circumstances may beset

them. The air is in two parts, written for a soprano voice. The first part, in B minor, "Hear, ye Israel," is conceived in a style of tender reproach, as though while chastising for the sake of chastening, the great Creator felt pity for the weakness of his creatures, and gave expression to it through the mouth of a beneficent angel. It would not be easy to combine beautiful melody, originality of instrumentation, and pathetic feeling, more happily than in this. The second part, in B major, "Thus saith the Lord," involves the encouraging admonitions of the Lord, and is marked by a more stirring character of melody, and an additional fullness of orchestration in fine keeping with the modification of the text. The continuousness of healthy fresh and vigorous tune is as remarkable in this second part as the exquisitely plaintive phraseology of the first. Altogether the song is one of the most elaborate and important in the oratorio. The chorus, "Be not afraid," is the climax to this powerful expression of benevolence and encouragement. It is in the key of G major, and the unceremonious manner in which the new key is taken, without modulation, by the whole force of the choral and instrumental orchestra, has a noble and inspiring effect. This chorus is long, and written with masterly power. It abounds in splendid effects, and one in particular, which occurs at every *reprise* of the theme, gives a peculiar character to the whole:—we allude to the unanticipated transition from the chord of B major to that of G major at each reoccurrence of the original subject, the B major occurring in the chorus as a half close upon the dominant of the relative minor of the key. The chorus is varied by an episode in E minor, on the words, "Though thousands languish," which is agitated and desponding, full of deep thought and impassioned energy. This also leaves off upon a half close on the chord of B major, which is uttered by the entire power of the brass instruments, the basses descending gradually to G, when the first theme is resumed in all its majesty of pomp, on the words, "Be not afraid." In this magnificent chorus, which is absolutely inspiring, from the wonderful feeling of hope and mental energy that it excites, the changes of time and measure from the first part to the episode, and thence back again, must be nicely indicated and intelligibly enforced by the conductor, or confusion is certain to ensue, as in the first performance at Exeter Hall.

A scene of great power and considerable importance in the conduct of the oratorio then occurs. Elijah reproaches Ahab for his idolatries and his iniquities, and threatens him with God's anger. The expression of the concluding words, "And the Lord shall smite all Israel, as a reed is shaken in the water," is wonderfully fine; the continuous *tremolando* of the violins on high notes, and the solemn tones of the bass voice underneath, denouncing the wickedness of Ahab, have a most grand and imposing effect. Jezebel, the Queen, incensed at the boldness of Elijah, throws herself upon the people, and recounting one by one the offences of the prophet, incites them to agree to his destruction. This is expressed in a series of accompanied recitatives between Jezebel and the people. The *contralto* solos of the wicked queen and the choral responses of her subjects are finely contrasted. The gradual increase of intensity, in the expression of the feelings of vengeance generated in the minds of the people by the queen's words, is rendered with graphic power; first the low muttering tones with which they exclaim, in answer to Jezebel's enquiry, "Have ye not heard he hath prophesied against all Israel"—"*We heard it with our ears*"—and then the swelling, as of distant thunder gradually coming near, with which the words, "*He shall perish*," are ejaculated, are vivid demonstrations of

genius. The Queen's last recitative, "So go ye forth and seize Elijah," is wonderfully energetic, and works the people up into a frenzy of rage, which is powerfully and terribly expressed in a chorus, in E minor, "Woe to him, he shall perish," which climaxes this dramatic and masterly scene. This chorus is conceived in the same style as the "Stone him to death," in *St. Paul*, but much more elaborately developed. It begins with a kind of muttering, as of an infuriated crowd resolving upon some act of ferocity, and swells suddenly to a loud burst, as from a thousand voices. The unison passage at the end, "So go ye forth, seize on him, he shall die," is awful and tremendous. No part of the *Elijah* is more interesting, more exciting, or more terribly true than the whole of this fine scene.

Obadiah now warns Elijah of his danger, and incites him to seek the wilderness for safety, in a tenor recitative, which ends with an exquisite phrase of melody on the words, "The Lord thy God doth go with thee," full of consolation and promise. Elijah, in a short recitative, consents, and departs on his way; but the strength of the prophet fails him—his spirits are exhausted, and he longs for death. This is musically expressed in a song of great intensity and beauty, "It is enough, O Lord." The key is F sharp minor, and the instrumentation is characterised by passionate phrases allotted to the violoncellos, which sing throughout the first part, and the *reprise* of the theme, as though in sympathy with the prophet's anguish and distress. There is a second part to this song, which is of a more agitated and exciting character; it occurs upon the words, "I have been very jealous for the Lord God of Hosts," and by the contrast it ensures obviates the monotony that might arise from the profound melancholy of the first part. This song is built upon nearly the same plan as the "O Lord God have mercy," in *St. Paul*, the pathetic loveliness of which it emulates, if not surpasses. Angels come to comfort Elijah: they tell him to look towards the mountains, for the Lord cometh to help him; they reproach him for languishing under his trials, and cite God's watchfulness and unsleeping care for Israel, as an example for the prophet to follow. This is comprised in a tenor recitative, "See how he sleepeth under a juniper tree;" a *trio* of angels, in C major, "Lift thine eyes to the mountains," for three female voices (a *soprano* and two *contraltos*), without any accompaniments; and a chorus of angels, in G major, "He watching over Israel." The *trio* is simple and unaffected, but not the less captivating. The effect of female voices, without accompaniments, is most happily calculated, and after the gloomy excitement of what has just preceded it, comes like the first breath of a fresh breeze on a burning summer day, when the sky is as copper—or as the sight of a green tree in a desolate waste. The chorus is beautiful beyond all possible description. Melody never assumed a more enchanting form, and Harmony never arrayed it in more dazzling beauty. The instrumentation is transparently lovely—voluptuous as the fragrant breath of the south—soft as the gently undulating surface of a peaceful lake, or as the bosom of the one beloved, rocking and cradling the melody as a mother its child, exciting it with undefinable pleasure, while scarcely seeming to disturb its slumbers. This chorus might be played in heaven to the angels, so pure is it, so full of meekness, gentleness, and love. Like a maiden that glows and blushes as though ashamed of her own beauty, it unfolds its hidden graces with a certain coyness that is more ravishing than all the unblushing splendour of the sun. It implores you by its beauty, and not strikes you—but you are the easier and more surely conquered! (*To be concluded in our next.*)

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THE fifth concert took place on Monday night, in the presence of a very crowded audience. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.

Sinfonia in G Minor, Op. 59	-	-	Haydn.
Romanza, "Ciel che feci," Signor Salvi (Oberto di di St. Bonifazio)	-	-	Verdi.
Concerto, Violin, Herr Joachim	-	-	Beethoven.
Recit. "Trascorsi è l'ora,"	} Made. Persiani (Ines Aris, "Quando il cor," de Castro)	-	Persiani.
Overture, "Oberon"		-	C. M. von Weber.

PART II.

Sinfonia in A (No. 7)	-	-	Beethoven.
Duetto, "Ah si tu per gli occhi tuoi," Madame Persiani and Signor Salvi (Guglielmo Tell)	-	-	Rossini.
Overture, Les Deux Journées	-	-	Cherubini.

Haydn's symphony has not been played for more than ten years; it therefore came out with all the freshness of novelty. As a whole it is one of the composer's inferior works, and though a collection would be incomplete without it, it is not of sufficient importance to occupy a place in an annual series of concerts, during which not more than sixteen symphonies can be performed. The first movement, *allegro spiritoso*, is bold and masterly. The themes are short, well contrasted, and ably developed. The *andante* is trivial in construction and *rococo* in style, while its instrumentation is meagre and ineffective; with the exceptions of here and there a phrase or two for the oboe, clarinet, and flute, the stringed quartet has all the work to do. The *minuet* is lively enough, and contains a striking unison passage for the stringed instruments; but the *trio*, confined chiefly to a common-place flute solo, has little or nothing to recommend it. The *finale* is in the *rondo* form—the subject a jig tune, with no other characteristic than its extreme vulgarity. Nor is this last-named movement remarkable for the scientific treatment which so frequently redeems the *rondo-finales* of Haydn from insipidity. A bold progression of harmony, anticipating the first *reprise* of the theme, is the only point worth noting. The exhumation of this symphony was very injudicious on the part of the directors, who seem bent upon regaling their subscribers with the weakest specimens of Haydn's genius. Haydn wrote many symphonies for particular occasions that he would have been loth to rest his fame upon, and this and the one in B flat (played at the first concert) are among the number. Nor did the excellence of the performance excuse the feebleness of the composition. Not merely were there many wrong notes uncorrected in the parts, but the general character of the execution was slovenly and unfinished. The symphony was followed by something of a very opposite nature:—the magnificent violin concerto of Beethoven, which, as Signor Salvi had not arrived to his time, was played before the *aria* of Verdi. Beethoven wrote but one concerto for the violin, and even this was originally intended for the pianoforte, and was adapted by the composer for the former instrument at the instigation of a music-publisher. It is, nevertheless, a noble work, and superior to almost anything of the kind that has been written. The *allegro* in D is large, expressive, and passionate, and instrumented with as much grandeur and variety of effect as most of the symphonies of the master. The slow movement is a kind of serenade; the subject, tender and soothing, is relieved by an episode, *cantabile*, of exquisite grace and playfulness; the orchestra being employed with the utmost fancy and ingenuity. The theme of the *finale*, a *rondo*, treated by any other hand than that of Beethoven, would be considered ordinary, if not vulgar; but the masterly style in which it is developed, the felicity with which it is varied,

appearing at every *reprise* in some new and happier form, entirely redeems it from common-place. This concerto—like the pianoforte concerto in G, played by Dr. Mendelssohn at the last concert—should only be attempted by an artist who is equally a musician and a finished executant. The general complaint that it is not written for the display of the violinist's peculiar powers, abounding rather in passages and *tours de force* than in *canto*—the latter being principally developed in the orchestra—is not altogether without truth. But the zealous musician will bear in mind that Beethoven should be interpreted at any sacrifice, and that in giving expression to his immortal inspirations the egotism of self-display is irrelevant and unartist-like. What Beethoven has written must be performed as it is written, and that in faith and humbleness. Joseph Joachim is one of those who best understand and most willingly accept this condition. He knows and feels that in giving a tongue to Beethoven's thoughts he is glorifying his art, and he has too much modesty to regard himself at such a moment. But he has the secret of so interpreting the great master as to produce more effect than the most practised performer of fantasias could arrive at in the execution of never-so-brilliant and flighty a bravura-piece; and this he proved triumphantly on Monday night. It was a great and noble and artistic performance in every respect. To speak of the excellencies of the young violinist were to catalogue almost all the perfections that result from long and arduous study, facilitated by a rare natural aptitude. The fullness and beauty of his tone, the correctness of his method, the rapidity and evenness of his scale passages, the sweeping grandeur of his arpeggios, the closeness and equality of his shake, the crisp lightness and energy of his *staccato*, and the healthy vigour of his style, which lends itself easily and unaffectedly to every variety of expression, from the most energetic to the most tender, are alike worthy of praise. These were exhibited to singular advantage, albeit he had to manifest them on a violin (a *Guarnerius*), which, though sufficiently good for an ordinary player, was scarcely capable of resisting the energy of his attack, or of answering all the exigencies of his tone. His *cadenzas*, of which there were two (in the *allegro* and the *finale*), were admirable as musical conceptions, and astonishing displays of mechanical force. Formed upon the themes of the respective movements in which they were introduced, they appeared as natural episodes in the work, rather than as superogatory demonstrations of executive skill. The applause was warm and frequent without, and at the end quite enthusiastic. Since he last performed this concerto at the Philharmonic, three years ago, Joachim has made great progress, although even then, as a mere child, he caused some of the first violinists to tremble for their reputation. How much farther he may go it is impossible to guess, for it is not easy to put bounds to the aspirations of such extraordinary genius and energy. The *aria* of Verdi, selected by Signor Salvi, was that which he sang, four years ago, at the Philharmonic concerts. There is some evidence of feeling in the opening *agitato*, and the voice part begins boldly, but it has little else to recommend it, and even Signor Salvi's very refined singing hardly succeeded in rendering it effective. We recommend the accomplished tenor to seek for a new concert-song, the music of Verdi being singularly out of sorts with a programme of classical pretensions. The overture to *Oberon* was brilliantly executed, though we question whether Sig. Costa does not carry the *meno mosso* with which he introduces the second subject, beyond the intention of Weber; it is sufficiently contrasted in character and notation with the first subject to save the necessity of so marked a diminution in the

rapidity of the movement. Madame Persiani, in the recitative and *aria* of Signor Persiani, which is skillfully adapted to set off the accomplishments of florid vocalising, displayed the wonderful facility in ornament and *fiorette*, and the variety and taste in their employment, for which she is famous, winning the most lavish applause. The clarinet *obligato* was admirably played by Mr. Williams.

The great symphony in A was not interpreted in a style worthy either the splendour of the music or the reputation of the Philharmonic band. There was a prevalent coarseness and uncertainty in the whole performance, that could only have arisen from the incompetency of the orchestra, or from the conductor's superficial acquaintance with the score; and as it would be treasonable to suppose the former, we have no alternative but to attribute the deficiency to the latter. The time of the *vivace* was pretty accurate; but the *allegretto*, in A minor, the *trio* of the *scherzo*, in D, and the *finale, allegro con brio*, were all taken so manifestly too slow as to damage the general effect, and induce *longueur* in a work that is intrinsically one flash of brilliant genius from the first bar to the last. The mistakes and carelessness of some of the principal wind instruments were also painfully and constantly remarkable, and though these could hardly be cited as arguments against the conductor's skill, they were not calculated to strengthen his boasted reputation as a disciplinarian. From its grandeur, beauty, and importance, the symphony in A should have been the chief point of interest in the concert, but as matters went, it lost half its significance. The clever duet of Rossini was finely sung by Madame Persiani and Signor Salvi, but its place is the stage, not the concert-room. Cherubini's overture, perhaps his orchestral master-piece, was entirely ruined by the unusually slow pace at which it was taken. The score demands an *allegro molto*, but Signor Costa overlooked the *affretando* which leads, by a succession of chords, into the second movement, and it was half over before an approach to the proper time had been accomplished.

On the whole this concert was of a very average quality. There was only one novelty, and that by no means an interesting one. There was the old mistake of giving two lengthy pieces by one composer, whose music thereby occupied a good half of the evening. The two overtures have been hacknied until even the Philharmonic subscribers are tired of them, as was sufficiently evident in the *Oberon* failing, for the first time in our remembrance, to obtain an encore. The vocal music was decidedly mediocre, and entirely out of character with the principles that should regulate the Philharmonic selections; and the general inefficiency of the execution threw an unusual coldness over the whole proceedings. The repetition of the *minuet* and *trio*, in Haydn's symphony, was quite a volunteer on the part of the conductor, since there was certainly no demand for it. The one redeeming point, however, was young Joseph Joachim's performance of Beethoven's violin concerto, and that was enough to make amends for even a greater number of defects than we have felt it our duty to notice in the general character of Monday night's performance.

THE AFFINITIES.

from the German of Gütke.

Continued from page 297.

PART II.—CHAPTER XIV.

SHE hastens to the new building, she calls the surgeon, she gives him the child. This man, who is prepared for all emergencies, treats the delicate corpse step by step in the ordinary way. Otilia

assists him in everything; she makes, she brings, she tends, as if indeed she were wandering in another world, for the greatest unhappiness, as well as the greatest happiness changes the aspect of every object, and it is only when, after going through every trial, the good man shakes his head, thus silently answering her hoping questions, and then replies with a soft "no," that she quits Charlotte's bedchamber in which all this has taken place, and she has scarcely entered the sitting-room, than being unable to reach the sofa, she falls exhausted with her face upon the carpet.

At this moment they hear Charlotte arrive. The surgeon urgently implores the by-standers to remain behind—he will meet her and prepare her, but she already enters the room. She finds Ottilia on the floor, and a girl belonging to the house hastens to her, crying and weeping. The surgeon comes in, and she learns all at once. But should she at the same time also give up every hope! The experienced, accomplished, skilful man only regrets that she may not see the child; he retires that he may delude her with new preparations. She has seated herself on her sofa, Ottilia is still lying on the ground, but raised against her friend's knee, upon which her beautiful head has sunk. The medical friend is going backwards and forwards; he seems to busy himself about the child, but is really busying himself about the ladies. Thus midnight arrives, the death-like stillness becomes deeper and deeper; Charlotte no longer conceals from herself the fact, that the child will not again return to life, she desires to see it. It has been recently wrapped up in warm woollen cloths, and laid in a basket, which is placed by Charlotte on the sofa. Only the face is left uncovered, and it lies quiet and beautiful.

The village was soon in a state of excitement on account of the accident, and the news had travelled at once as far as the inn. The Major had taken the well-known roads, he went round the house, and by stopping a servant who was running to fetch something from the adjoining building, he obtained nearer intelligence, and had the surgeon called. He came, surprised at the appearance of his old patron, informed him of the present position of affairs, and undertook to prepare Charlotte for an interview. He then went in, began a misleading conversation, and conducted the imagination from one subject to another, until at last he made present to Charlotte her friend, his certain sympathy, and his proximity to her mind and feelings, which he soon transferred into a real proximity. She learned in fact that her friend was standing at the door, that he knew all, and wished to be admitted.

The Major entered, and Charlotte greeted him with a melancholy smile. He stood before her. She raised the green silk coverlet which concealed the corpse, and by the dim light of a taper, he saw, not without an inward shudder, his lifeless resemblance. Charlotte pointed to a chair, and thus they sat through the night opposite to each other. Ottilia still lay gently on Charlotte's knees; she breathed softly, she slept, or seemed to sleep.

The morning dawned, the candle went out, both the friends appeared to wake from a heavy dream. Charlotte looked at the Major and said, composedly, "Explain to me, my friend, by what dispensation do you come here to take part in this scene of woe?"

"This," answered the Major, quite softly, as she had questioned him—as if she had been unwilling to wake Ottilia—"This is not the time and place to keep back, make introductions and approach gently. The position in which I find you is so monstrous, that even the important matter about which I came, loses its value in comparison.

He then confessed to her, quite calmly and plainly, the object which Edward had in sending him; the object of his coming, so far as his own free will and interest were concerned. He stated both very gently, but quite openly. Charlotte heard with patience, and seemed neither to be astonished nor indignant.

When the Major had finished, Charlotte answered in a voice so soft that he was forced to draw his chair nearer: "I have never found myself in a case like this, but in similar cases I have always asked, 'how will it be to-morrow?'" I feel clearly that the fate of many is now placed in my hands, and what I have to do is beyond a doubt, and may be soon expressed. I consent to the separation. I should have resolved upon it earlier; by my own delay and resistance I have killed the child. There are some things which destiny obstinately purposes. In vain is it that reason and virtue, duty, and all that is sacred, place themselves in its way;

something shall happen which is right to destiny and not to us, and thus at last it carries its point, let us conduct ourselves as we may.

"But what am I saying! Destiny is really bringing forward once more my own wish, my own plan, against which I have inconsiderately acted. Have I not myself already looked upon Ottilia and Edward as the most suitable pair? Have I not myself tried to bring them close together? Were not you yourself my friend, acquainted with this plan? And why could I not distinguish the caprice of a man from genuine love? Why did I take his hand, when as a mere friend I could have made him and another wife happy? And only look upon this unhappy slumbering girl! I tremble to think of the moment when she will awaken into consciousness from her half-deadly sleep. How can she live, how can she console herself, if she cannot hope by her love to compensate Edward for that, of which as an instrument of the most wondrous chance, she has deprived him? And she can restore him all, through the affection and passion with which she loves him. If love is able to endure all, much more is it able to compensate for all. I must not be thought of at the present moment.

"Retire quietly, dear Major; tell Edward that I consent to the separation, that I leave it to him, you, and Mittler, to conduct the whole affair; that I am unconcerned about my future situation, and can be so in every sense. I will sign any document that is brought to me, only do not let me be asked to co-operate, reflect, or advise."

The Major rose, she extended to him her hand over Ottilia. He pressed his lips against that dear hand. "And for me—what may I hope?" he softly whispered.

"Let me still owe you an answer," replied Charlotte. "We have not deserved to be unhappy; but neither have we merited to be happy together."

The Major withdrew, deeply pitying Charlotte in his heart, without however being able to feel compassion for the poor departed child. Such a sacrifice seemed to him necessary for the general happiness of all. He imagined Ottilia with a child of her own upon her arm as the most perfect compensation for that of which she had deprived Edward; he imagined himself with a son upon his knee, who would bear his likeness with more right than the departed one.

These flattering hopes and images passed before the mind of the Major, when on his way back to the inn he found Edward, who had been expecting him all night in the open air, as no signal by fire, no thundering report, had announced to him a fortunate result. Edward already knew of the misfortune, and he also, instead of pitying the poor creature, looked upon the event—without however confessing it to himself, as a dispensation, by which every obstacle to his happiness was at once removed. He easily allowed himself to be persuaded by the Major, who had speedily communicated to him his wife's resolution, to return again to the village, and then to the little town, where they might consider and commence what was immediately necessary.

Charlotte, after the Major had quitted her, sat only a few minutes absorbed in her meditations, when Ottilia rose and gazed on her with widely opened eyes. First she raised herself from the lap, then from the ground, and stood before Charlotte.

"For the second time," thus the noble girl began with an unconquerable graceful seriousness—"for the second time, the same thing has befallen me. You once told me, that men often in the course of their lives meet something similar in a similar way, and always in moments of importance. I now find the remark true, and am compelled to make you a confession. Shortly after my mother's death, I, as a little child, had moved my stool close to you; you sat on the sofa as you do now; my head lay on your knees; I was not asleep, I was not awake, I was dozing. I heard all that took place around me, conversation especially, very plainly, and yet I could not move, could not utter a word, and even if I had wished it, could not indicate that I felt conscious of myself. You then talked with a female friend about me, you pitied my fate, as being left a poor orphan in the world, you pictured my dependant position, and showed what dangers might surround me, if some fortunate star did not watch over me. I understood well and accurately, perhaps too rigidly, all that you seemed to desire for me, and to require from me. According to my own limited views, I made for myself laws on this matter. According to these I long

lived, according to these I regulated what I should do and what I should leave undone. At the time when you loved me, took care of me, then received me into your house, and even some time afterwards.

"But I have stepped out of my path, I have broken my laws, I have even lost the feeling for them, and after a frightful event you again enlighten me as to my position, which is sadder than the first one. Resting in your lap, half lifeless, and as if from another world, I again hear your soft voice over my ear; I learn how appearances stand with respect to myself; but, as formerly, so on this occasion also, have I in my half-deadly sleep, prescribed for myself a new course.

"I have come to a resolution as I did then, and that which I have resolved upon, you shall hear at once. I will never be Edward's! In a frightful manner has God revealed to me the crime in which I am involved. I will atone for it, and let no one think to move me from my design. According to this intention, my dearest, my best friend, take your measures. Let the Major return, write to him that no steps have been taken. How painful was it to me that I could not stir as he departed! I wished to spring up, to cry out, that you should not dismiss him with such impious hopes."

Charlotte perceived Ottilia's situation, and felt for it, but she hoped by time and representation to prevail over her in some degree. But when she uttered some words which pointed to a future, to an alleviation of the pain, to hope, Ottilia with elevation cried: "No, seek not to move me, to deceive me! At the moment when I learn that you have consented to the separation, I will atone in the same lake for my offence—for my crime."

(To be continued.)

*To prevent misunderstanding, it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

SONNET.

No. XXXIV.

Never look coldly on me, never give
One single glance that aught but fondness tells;
Thinking thou lov'st me less, my bosom swells
With such wild anguish, that I dread to live;
And when another day arrives, I grieve
To think that fate my bleeding heart compels
To linger here—that still on earth it dwells
Where I must curse each hour that I receive.
One frown from thee, love, makes the whole world dreary.
And whatso'er I do, where'er I go
There is no respite for the inward strife;
Until at last my tortured soul grows weary
And asks why it should bear this weight of woe.—
Oh, smile, if thou would'st have me prize my life.—N. D.

LINDA DI CHAMOUNI IN DUBLIN.

(Extract from our Correspondent's Letter.)

Linda di Chamouni was composed for the Court theatre at Vienna in 1841. Anxious to obtain the lucrative and high post of *Maestro di Capella*, and composer of the private concerts of the Emperor Ferdinand the First, Donizetti dedicated more time and care than usual to the composition of *Linda*; and certainly no work of his, not even the *Favorita*, exhibits more *recherché*, elaborate, and classical harmonies, happier melodies, or more rich orchestral combinations. The opera is altogether worthy of the best living composer.

The adaptation of *Linda di Chamouni* to the English stage is excellently done. The poetry is sparkling and finished, and the dialogue neat and smart. It is certainly one of the best, if not the best, of our operatic translations. The story is told in the English version with simplicity and perspicuity, and is exceedingly interesting. The part of Linda is certainly de. Bishop's happiest effort. The Dublin journals have been highly laudatory in their criticisms on the acting and singing of the fair *cantatrice*, but not one of them is a jot too

eulogistic. Take the *Freeman's Journal*, for instance, which appears to me to say nothing but what is conscientiously true:

"The second representation of the *Linda di Chamouni*, last night, proved more triumphant even than the first. We have now no hesitation in saying that it is far the most beautiful and most successful opera which has been produced in Dublin for many a long day. It includes in its score a greater number of original and attractive melodies and concerted pieces than almost any of the modern operas. The first act is full of the purest and most delicious melodies. In the second there is also abounding richness—its finale particularly, as sung by Madame Bishop, is one of the greatest vocal triumphs we have ever listened to; the finale of the last act, though not so magnificent a composition, was even more wonderful as a triumph of vocal skill. In it Madame Bishop played with all the difficulties of her art, the marvellous flexibility of her voice enabling her to lavish the most profuse ornament. The audience seemed positively astounded, and would not be content without a repetition; to their unanimous call Madame Bishop cheerfully responded a compliance, which those who witnessed the arduous nature of the performance of Linda must have gratefully appreciated."

No doubt you will, ere long, have an opportunity of judging for yourself of Madame Bishop's exquisitely truthful delineation of the gentle Swiss peasant-girl; for the London managers will jump at the opportunity afforded them of presenting the public with so admirable an adaptation of a most pleasing drama, and such delicious music, interpreted by so great an artist, as Madame Bishop. Till which time, I leave you to your anticipations.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE*

(To the Editor of "The Musical World.")

SIR,—I observe, in a late number of *The Musical World*, a paragraph headed, "Church Music;" reflecting great credit on Mr. Surman, the conductor of the *Harmonio Society*, (meaning the Sacred Harmonic Society), for having introduced at Trinity Church, Gray's Inn Road, a long wished for alteration in the manner of performing the service, which entitles him to the thanks of the congregation and the gratitude of the parish. I am at a loss to understand the meaning of the word *grotesque*, as applied to the poor charity boys; and, in fact, the meaning of the whole of the last five lines of the paragraph is obscure; but, what I would condemn, sir, is the practice of turning a church into a concert room, as is the case in this long wished for (?) alteration. I am the last to condemn, and, on the contrary, have always upheld the proper introduction of music into our church service; as, for instance, in the manner in which it has been lately done by Mr. Henry Smart, at his church in Old Street; but, when Mr. Surman, engages some of our principal singers to exhibit them on a Sunday evening, advertises these engagements, with a programme of the performances, canvasses for subscriptions from those attending, and solicits contributions, at the foot of a printed notice at the doors, I think it my duty to lift up a voice against this desecration of the Lord's Temple. If Dr. Worthington pleases to engage Mr. Surman, there can be no objection; but he has no right to give Mr. Surman a *carte-blanche* to do what he pleases in a church consecrated only for holy purposes.—Yours, most obediently.
LONDON, April 28, 1847. PHIL-HYMNOS.

(To the Editor of "The Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—It is with much pleasure, I perceive, you have commenced your promised elaborate analysis of Mendelssohn's "Elijah." Of all things ever published in *The Musical World* I never read anything with so much interest as those occasional criticisms of the great works of our greatest masters with which we have often been favoured, and, if it is not inconsistent with the plan of your work, I should esteem it a great obligation if you would give us a similar criticism on each of Beethoven's Symphonies. I know that doing so, would oblige more than one of your readers in this place—a place, where, notwithstanding its proximity to London, not one of Beethoven's Symphonies has ever been performed. We have had Jullien here once, who gave us the Rustic Dance and the Storm from the Pastoral symphony, and that is all that has ever been performed here, if I except some little performance of parts of one or two of the others, arranged as septets. If it be too much to ask for an analysis of each symphony, perhaps you would not object to favour us with an examination of the Pastoral. I have been an amateur for some years, yet, I blush to say, my principal acquaintance

with those magnificent works has been made through the medium of pianoforte arrangements. One cannot always come to London to hear a great work, and, as that is the only chance have of doing so, I regret to say, I have made much less acquaintance with the masterpieces of art than I could wish. Begging you to excuse my troubling you with these remarks,—I am, sir, yours obediently,—A CONSTANT READER.

Reading, April 29, 1847.

REVIEWS ON MUSIC.

"*Deux Valse, et une Polka*," for the Pianoforte, by MADemoiselle HORRENBARGER.—Published for the Authoress, 19, Portsea Place, Connaught Square.

Of the two waltzes, to which the fair authoress gives the names of "La Coquette," and "The Arabella," we can speak most favourably. The *Coquette* is, perhaps, the most pleasing of the two. They are both pretty and neatly written. The Polka, called the *Virag*, is better still, and is new. The theme is well handled throughout, and is capitally varied.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

FRENCH PLAYS.—There has been little novelty this week. *Les Demoiselles de St. Cyr*, *Le Mari à la Campagne*, and *Le Médecin Malgré Lui*, have formed the principal attractions. the first of these pieces was noticed by us at some length last week; as regards the second, we may venture to assert, that it is one of the best plays produced on the modern stage; besides the great moral lesson inculcated in it, it contains much wit in the dialogue, and is withal, so neatly constructed and characteristic, that a frequent repetition of it is, by no means, tiresome, and is even desirable to arrive at a proper appreciation of its intrinsic merit. We may, however, be allowed one observation, namely:—that one of the principal characters is rather too palpably a plagiarism of our old friend Tartuffe, modernized to suit the exigencies of the age. This being admitted, for conscience sake, we give our unqualified praise to all the remainder. Madame Colombet, actuated by her worthy mother—such mothers being not unfrequently a reality, as many husbands can testify—makes her husband miserable at home by her excessive austerity; she loves him, but thinks it sinful to let him know it. Of course this is done at the instigation of the *bon Monsieur Matthieu*, a modern Tartuffe, who eats large quantities of *fricandeaux* for supper and swallows six glasses of *eau sacrée*. Our poor Colombet, who is of an easy nature, and hates quarrelling above all things, puts up with the infliction; and, on pretence of going into the country, sets up as a bachelor, and frequents balls and suppers. At one of these he is discovered by his wife and mother-in-law; but the timely arrival of his friend César; brings about a revolution he makes him assert his rights, reconciles the husband and wife, brings over the latter to less austere principles, and, finally, turns the mother-in-law and the excellent Monsieur Matthieu out of doors. The piece was carefully played by all, and admirably so by Mesdemoiselles Denain and Duverger, and by Messieurs Cartigny and Regnier. The latter more particularly kept the house in a continual roar during the second act and the latter part of the third. The meeting between him and his friend, César, in the first act, when they talk over the follies of former times, forgetful that the excellent Monsieur Matthieu is present, was admirably done, M. Cartigny looking over his spectacles at them; and such a look! It petrifies poor Colombet when, in the midst of his merriment, he happens to meet it. The meeting of Colombet and his wife, and afterwards his mother-in-law, at the house of a certain widow, of the name of Madame de Rohan, to whom he had been paying his

court, when it comes out that he is to be married to her, and his excessive joviality suddenly turned into melancholy, were ludicrous in the extreme, and admirably managed. Then, again, the last scene, where Colombet asserts his independence, backed up by his friend, César, elicited roars of laughter and applause. Monsieur Reignier, whose Southern accent (we think he must be from Marseilles, at any rate, from the South of France), is rather favourable than otherwise to the parts which he usually undertakes, confirmed us in the opinion we have already given of him. Mademoiselle Denain, also, gives us no cause to retract the excellent opinion we had formed of her; she is remarkably lady-like, and her pronunciation of French is a study for tyros in that language. Her exceedingly handsome person enhances the charm of her intelligent and refined performance. Mdlle. Denain is a most valuable acquisition to Mr. Mitchell's *troupe*, and is already in high favor with his fashionable *habitués*. Madame Grassan was good in the part of the mother-in-law, and M. Cartigny admirable in the modern Tartuffe. The other parts, played by Mesdemoiselles Duverger and Vallée, and by Messrs. Langeval and Bérou, deserve our warmest commendation. No one is more agreeable and effective than the pretty and lively Mdlle Vallée in parts like the one allotted to her in this clever comedy. The *Médecin Malgré Lui*, known in English by the title of *The Mock Doctor*, was given on Wednesday, M. Regnier playing the part of Sganarelle, with much applause. We must not omit to mention that Her Majesty was present on Monday, and seemed fully to enjoy the perplexities of the worthy Colombet.

JULES SCHULHOFF.

This celebrated pianist and composer has lately arrived in London from Prague, and has brought with him, or more properly, sent before him, a great name. M. Schulhoff performed for the first time before a British audience, at Madame Puzzi's concert yesterday, and was at once recognised as a first-rate pianist. His performance is distinguished by remarkable brilliancy of tone, immense facility of execution, and an intuitive conception of the beauties of the work he interprets, which serves to exhibit his taste and judgment in a remarkable manner. As a composer, M. Jules Schulhoff has obtained a considerable reputation on the continent. Our excellent friends, the Messrs. Cocks and the Messrs. Wessel, have severally transmitted to us sundry works of the celebrated pianist, which we shall review and consider carefully next week.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

DONIZETTI's opera seria, *Maria di Rohan*, was brought out, for the first time in this country, on Saturday last. This opera was chosen for a double purpose, independent of its intrinsic merits:—first, to introduce Madame Ronconi to the subscribers of the Royal Italian Opera and the public; secondly, to exhibit Signor Ronconi in one of his greatest parts. The general cast was admirable, and was as follows:—

Maria di Rohan	MADAME RONCONI,
Ricardo, (<i>Count of Chalais</i>)	SIGNOR SALVI,
Armanda di Gondi	MADemoiselle ALBONI,
De Fiesque	SIGNOR POLLONINI,
Enrico (<i>Duke of Chevreuse</i>)	SIGNOR RONCONI.

Maria di Rohan is one of Donizetti's latest works, written some five years since, but is certainly not one of his most meritorious. The story, which is powerfully dramatic, is con-

structed indifferently for lyric exhibition. In this work we find no single sustained concerted *morceau*, and no chorus of moment, whereby the opera loses considerably in its importance. Donizetti is reported to have written *Maria de Rohan* with exceeding care. We give little credit to the report. The opera certainly boasts of a regularly constructed overture, and this tells something in favour of rumour, since the composer seldom hazards a work of this kind: but then, the overture itself is such as the *maestro* might be supposed to have improvised, and there are unmistakeable indications throughout the opera of hasty and careless writing. *Maria di Rohan*, in our estimation, may be ranked among Donizetti's weakest productions. The hand of the prolific master is, however, occasionally apparent. The *ballata* in the first act, "Per non istare," sung by Gondi, is assuredly the offspring of one of the composer's very happiest moments of inspiration. The aria in the second act, "Ion leggero nel amore," also sung by Gondi, is hardly less beautiful. The supplication-song of Chalais in the second act, and the duet in the last act, between Chalais and Maria, are entitled to great praise for their passionate expression and dramatic feeling. With these exceptions, we remember nothing worthy of particular notice in *Maria di Rohan*. Certainly an opera of this kind should be granted more than one hearing to entitle the critic to proffer a well-grounded opinion on its merits; but, as we paid all the attention in our power to catch the music; and, as the opera has now been postponed, in consequence of the indisposition of Madame Ronconi; and, as our paper comes out on Saturday, and, as we bring every novelty of the Royal Italian Opera under our weekly notice, we concluded it was better to give a candid opinion on its first production, than to wait for a second hearing and deprive our readers of an anticipated critique. The story of *Maria di Rohan* is of French extraction, and is familiar to the frequenters of the St. James's Theatre. It is founded on the drama, *Un Duel sous Richelieu*. The plot is simple, and may be thus told:—

Maria, Countess of Rohan, has loved and been loved by Count Chalais. Their union is interrupted, and Maria marries privily the Duke of Chevreuse, being forced, or instigated thereto, by reasons which do not appear in the operatic version. Chevreuse has killed the nephew of Cardinal Richelieu in a duel, and conceals himself to evade the vengeance of the minister. Chalais, at Maria's entreaty, and still innocent of her marriage, obtains a pardon for Chevreuse, and the latter, thereupon, declares his marriage with Maria. Chalais is infuriated, but conceals his rage, and, as a sort of escape-valve for his frenzy, quarrels with Amanda di Gondi, a young courtier, and challenges him to single combat. The challenge is accepted, and the hour signified. Chevreuse volunteers to become the second of Chalais. Maria, who, despite the nuptial tie, nourishes a passion for Chalais, having gained intelligence of the intended meeting, flies to him to urge him to forego the duel. While she is pleading with him, the husband enters, and Chalais conceals his mistress in a closet. This is certainly no tragic situation, more especially as nothing arises from it, the three being left, at the end, in precisely the same circumstances, with regard to the audience, as before the duke entered. When the husband departs, Maria is still seen pleading with Chalais to forego the combat. We see no possible motive for bringing Chevreuse on in this scene, except for the mere purpose of affording the foolish husband and shameless lover an opportunity of singing an obstreperous duet. Maria at last prevails on Chalais to stay at home, and lay aside the weapons of his honour for those of Master Dan

Cupid. Previous to the coming of Maria, Chalais had written a letter to his mistress, which, with her portrait, he had enclosed in a packet, to be delivered to her in case he should fall. Chevreuse, meanwhile, goes to the field of combat, and as his principal does not arrive, Irish like, takes up the cudgels, alias sword, for his friend, and receives a wound in the sword-arm from Amanda di Gondi. In the last act, Chalais comes under the ban of Richelieu's displeasure, and plays another game of hide-and-seek with the wily minister. The duke, anxious for his false friend, contrives a means for his escape. Chalais departs, urging Maria to fly with him, and vows that unless she will follow him to a certain place before the clock strikes the next hour, he will return and die at her feet. Now comes the moment of retribution for the guilty lovers. Richelieu, suspecting the Count of treasonable purposes, dispatches a guard of archers to his house, who, in rummaging his papers, discover the packet addressed to Maria, and bring it to the cardinal. Richelieu, having perused it, sends it to Chevreuse, who becomes distracted at the perfidy of his wife and friend. He threatens to kill her, but relents, when Chalais arrives, and a scene of terror ensues. The Duke snatches two pistols from the table, and calls on the Count to render him instant satisfaction. Chalais, seeing all is lost, seizes one of the pistols, rushes into an adjoining apartment, followed by the duke. They fight: Chalais is killed. The duke re-enters, Maria falls senseless to the ground, the royal archers arrive, and the curtain falls on a dramatic tableau. Such a subject, it will be seen at once, does not present a very happy vehicle for music. There are, nevertheless, situations in the opera that demand, in the artists, dramatic powers of the highest order, and, in these situations, the vocalists of Tuesday evening, left nothing to be desired. Madame Ronconi, who made her first appearance on Tuesday, had previously appeared, some ten years since at Her Majesty's Theatre. She is an intelligent artist, both as singer and actress, but unfortunately laboured under a severe cold, and was consequently held to great disadvantage. We understand her singing at rehearsal was far superior to that of her evening's performance; for which reason we do not feel ourselves justly warranted in discussing the fair *debutante's* merits at any length. That she is a good musician and clever actress is evident; and, we have no doubt, that she will, ultimately, prove a useful and worthy member of the company of which she forms an item. Salvi acted with great ability and sang most beautifully. His artistic vocalisation of the prayer in the second act won him an enthusiastic *encore*, and her obtained great applause in his portion of the stormy scenes in the last act. Mademoiselle Alboni gained another ovation on Tuesday night. Her singing of the *ballata*, in the first scene, was absolutely faultless. She roused her auditors to a state of excitement, seldom witnessed at the Royal Italian Opera, and this was accomplished almost without an effort. The extreme purity and delicious quality of voice, the chasteness, grace, and exquisite finish, exhibited in the simple and quaint ballad, could not fail of impressing any audience with enthusiastic emotion. She was *encored* in a perfect *tornado* of applause. The same words apply to the fair *contralto's* singing of "Per non istare," in the second act, also uproariously *encored*. In the part of Armanda di Gondi, Mdlle. Alboni exhibited comic powers of much excellence, for which we had given her little credit, and obtained as much applause in her acting as in her singing. In the character of Enrico, Duke of Chevreuse, Signor Ronconi upheld his name and fame as one of the very greatest operatic singers of the age. Indeed, we should accord him the very highest place among

dramatic singers, so long awarded him on the continent, did we not reckon fine quality of voice as one of the essentials of dramatic singing. Signor Ronconi's voice is hard and guttural and possesses little of that charm, peculiar, with some exceptions, to Italian vocalists. It has, however, great power, and is as available in the upper register as any barytone we know. This hard organ the artist manages, occasionally, with fine effect, and in the *mezza voce* he is heard to singular advantage. When singing thus the tones of his voice sound like those of a tenor, a peculiarity we have not observed in any other barytone. As an actor we cannot confer too much praise on Signor Ronconi. Here he is truly great. Possessed of power, energy, intense feeling, fine dramatic conception, and keen judgment, he adapts himself to the delineation of the higher passions with a life-like earnestness hardly to be described in words. The great tragic artist is perceptible in every look and motion, and every shade of feeling is depicted with powerful truth. In the entire of the last act Signor Ronconi's acting was beyond praise. We have hardly ever witnessed on the stage, anything more terribly real than the scene with his wife after he discovers her perfidy, and the fiendish cry of exultation that escaped his lips when he finds Chalais within his grasp, was so fearfully natural, that it went like an electric shock through the whole house. One universal shout of astonishment and delight greeted this artistic display. Nor must we omit to do full justice to Signor Ronconi's singing. In one *morceau*, which he gave with prodigious effect, he was *encored*, and afterwards recalled twice. A greater triumph it was hardly possible to achieve. The scenery and *mise en scene* were excellent, and the dresses extremely splendid. The choruses were good, but had not much to try them. The band was hardly so irreproachable in *Maria di Rohan* as it was in the previous operas produced at this establishment. Another performance will, no doubt, set matters right, and exhibit Signor Costa's orchestra in its wonted perfection.

After the opera, the *divertissement*, *La Bouquetière de Venise*, was repeated, in which was introduced, for the first time, a *pas de deux*, by Mademoiselles Fanny Elssler and Dumilatre. This was no other than the favourite Spanish dance, *La Gitana*, doubled for the fair *danseuses*. The dance was received with great favour, and though it was the last performance of the evening, it produced a *furor* and was *encored* with tremendous acclamations, the enraptured spectators waiting, to a single individual, to catch the last twinkle of the all-gracious Fanny's feet, and the last *pose* of the elegant Dumilatre. It was a sight to win all gaze that way, to behold the two artists, in their various styles, perform the same steps, and go through the same evolutions. Now the eye rested on the Juno-like suavity of Fanny Elssler's movements; and, anon, the Sylph-like attitudes of Dumilatre, rivetted the attention. Now Fanny tossed her head proudly as an Andalusian barb, and seemed to tread the earth as conscious of supremacy; and, again, Dumilatre sailed onwards, like a Swan of Cynthia, winning her way by graceful undulations. The *pas de deux* was by far the most excellent production of the *ballet* department since the opening of the Royal Italian Opera, and will, no doubt, be repeated for many many nights, with the same effect.

On Tuesday, in consequence of the continued indisposition of Madame Ronconi, *Maria di Rohan* was postponed until further notice, and *Sonnambula* was performed instead, with Madame Persiani, Mademoiselle Corbari, Mario, and Tamburini, in the principal characters. *La Bouquetière de Venise* followed, in which Mdles. Fanny Elssler and Dumilatre

again enraptured the spectators with the *pas de deux* produced on Saturday.

On Thursday the *Elisir d'Amore* was produced, for the first time, very strongly cast. Persiani played Adina; Salvi, Nemorino; Rovere, Dulcamara; and Tamburini, Belcore. Persiani was not in such fine voice as we have heard her. She played, however, most charmingly, and, in several instances, sang with her usual brilliancy. Salvi was excellent in Nemorino. He gave all the music with the greatest taste and nicest finish. In the beautiful aria, "Una furtiva lagrima," he was *encored* with universal acclamations. Tamburini is by far the best Belcore we ever saw. Indeed, it is hazardous, for any *Dulcamara*—except ONE—to come in contact with him in this opera. He is so full of whim and drollery, whether he be singing, or unoccupied in the dialogue, or music, that he elicits laughter the whole time he is on the stage, and seems to hold every eye fixed upon him. His giving the word of command to the soldiers in English had a very laughable effect. The singing of this artist, in Belcore, was no less admirable than his acting. Of Rovere, we have far higher opinions, since we have seen his *Dulcamara*. If he possesses not any of that rich, unctuous humour, we have been accustomed to witness in the great artist who has identified himself with this character, he is vivacious and bustling, and his singing is highly artistic. Signor Rovere was admirable all through the first scene, and in the duet with Adina in the second act he proved himself a first-rate comic actor and buffo singer. He caused immense laughter, and received great applause in the course of the performance. The opera was carefully done, the chorus being excellent. The new scenery was beautiful. After the *Elisir*, a selection from *Semiramide* was performed, embracing the grand duet, "Se la vita," for Grisi and Tamburini; the aria, "Il si barbara," for Alboni, and the duet, "Ebben a te ferisci," for Grisi and Alboni. This portion was the most acceptable of the evening's entertainments. The duet, "Se la vita," was magnificently given by Grisi and Tamburini, the execution of which won a unanimous re-call from all parts of the house. We never heard the *Diav* sing more exquisitely. Alboni was likewise in splendid voice, and sang with all that miraculous charm that touches every heart that comes within its sway. The *Bouquetière de Venise* followed, in which Fanny Elssler introduced the *cachucha*, and won a new triumph, and the performances concluded with an extract from *La Reine des Fées*, for Dumilatre. The last act of *Puritani* was announced, but the selections from *Semiramide* were substituted in consequence of the sudden indisposition of Signor Mario.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday, *Roberto il Diavolo* was given for the third time. Madlle. Jenny Lind's performance justified all we had advanced in favour of the two first representations. The band and orchestra were greatly improved—Balle had moulded them into something like the proper shape—and the principal singers were also much better. Staudigl was very grand in Bertram, and Gardoni charmingly natural and unaffected in Raimbert. In regard to Fraschini, we suspect that it is nothing more than his Neapolitan sluggishness of temperament that prevents him from doing justice to Robert, a part for which nature has singularly gifted him. He has a noble voice, can sing with infinite spirit, and act as well as most Italian singers (better than many)—what then, but sheer apathy and indolence prevents him from placing these enviable qualities in request when he has so good an occasion to win honour and fame by their demonstration? Madame Castellan

was in better voice, and sang the airs of Isabelle much better than before. Her "Robert" was highly expressive and graceful, if not as intensely passionate as the theme and its musical illustration would suggest. Mademoiselle Jenny Lind was honoured with the same enthusiastic applause, the same double-encore to her ballad, "Quand je quittais la Normandie," the same recalls, and the same "ovations." One thing, however, we could not but remark. This was the evident source of all she effects being in *study*, not spontaneity. Perhaps, after all, this is what brings a perfection otherwise unattainable in art. Still we could not sometimes but think of poor Malibran, and her daring improvisations, as astonishing as they were beautiful. Malibran did not ask De Beriot to write cadenzas for her, as M. Fiorentino insinuates of Jenny Lind in respect to Meyerbeer; no, indeed, her fancy was teeming with them, ever new; they flowed from her soul as water from the hidden springs; they sprang from her heart as wild flowers from the fertile soil, fairer in their untutored waywardness than all that cultivation could produce of fair. At the same time, let us avow that Mademoiselle Jenny Lind is a more finished artist than ever was Malibran. But is she such a genius? When we have seen her in some more of her parts we shall be better able to say. The *ballet* of Saturday evening was *Une Soirée du Carnaval*, in which Marie Taglioni danced the *Pas de la Rosière*, Cerito and St. Léon the *Manola*, and Rosati and Perrot the *Pas de deux*, composed by the latter. The house was crammed.

A mere record of the proceedings of Tuesday evening must suffice. The performances consisted of *L'Elisir d'Amore*, with Castellán, Gardoni, Lablache, and F. Lablache; a *divertissement*, in which Cerito, St. Léon, Mdles. Cassan, James, and Honoré, danced the *Pas de Cinq* from the ballet of *Rosida*, Marie Taglioni, (her last appearance but two!) her *Pas de la Rosière*, and Cerito and St. Léon, the *Manola*; the last act of *I Due Foscari*, in which we heard Coletti in the Doge, with the greater pleasure, since, from the announcement, we had not anticipated that treat again; and the ballet of *Thea*, with Rosati, Marie Taglioni, (her last appearance but two!!) and Paul Taglioni. Enchanting little Marie danced divinely; and we have singled her out for special mention, since—as we have twice inserted in parenthesis, as if the fact were of no consequence, although it is really of a consequence most melancholy—since, we mournfully repeat, it was her last appearance but two. As soon as Carlotta has flown to England, Marie must fly away!—sad though it be to contemplate, we must accept the fact. Two moons cannot shine in one heaven, and where the moon Carlotta beams, the moon Marie can beam not—and *vice versá*, bé it clearly understood. The house was not so well attended as usual. The "Lind" mania would seem to have bitten all London, and all the other artists, vocal and choregraphic, either go for nothing, or move as satellites about the great refulgent planet of the sky.

Thursday was such a night as we shall remember to the very last hour of our existence. The report that Amina was Jenny Lind's best part had travelled over from Germany to England, and the curiosity excited was even greater than on the night of her *débüt*. It was a rare sight—the mob that thronged the doors from four o'clock till seven, the hour of opening. It was a still rarer to see the rush for entry, when the trembling portals, creaking on their hinges, announced the long anticipated moment when the dense immovable mass should become a living stream in motion, flowing into the Opera-hall, as it were into the sea of its desires. Not wishing to risk our neck, our legs, or our arms, we waited till the doors had swallowed the largest portion of the crowd, and,

gorged with repletion, rejected all else that forced itself a passage in. Hundreds after hundreds were vomited forth, and went their way—some to feed the appetite of the Royal Italian Opera, as the crumbs from the rich man's table fed the hungry Lazarus—others to their silent homes, where, over the fire-side, with perchance a cigar and a tankard, they chewed the cud of their disappointment, and promised themselves to be in better time on Saturday. The prices paid for boxes and stalls were sinful, when we consider the starving condition of one-third of the empire. As much as *nine guineas* was paid for a single pit-stall by several persons. Money was rejected at the doors in handfuls, like so much dirt.

At length, having gazed and wondered our full at the mad crowd, and hearing the first bars of the overture—which fell upon the ear like the tones of "the loud bassoon" in Cole-ridge's *Ancient Mariner*—we directed our steps, with sufficient indifference, to our corner in No. O—to the extreme left of the extreme box, on the highest point of the proscenium row, which had been kindly preserved for us by our excellent friend N—, one of the most valuable and indefatigable officers in Mr. Lumley's establishment. If the house on the night of Jenny Lind's *débüt* was crammed, it was on this occasion packed so close together, that it reminded the initiated in such matters of the letter-press in a page of type, when it has been placed in chase, hammered and wedged in immovable tightness. So closely crowded was the audience, that scarce a man could breathe without giving his neighbour offence. It was the same all over the house; in gallery, boxes, or pit you could not have found a place to insert a pin without running it into the flesh of some unfortunate individual.

The criticism we shall have to offer on the performance is much less comprehensive than we could desire, but the disadvantageous position we were in must be our excuse. Jenny Lind's reception, as might have been prophesied, was tremendous. She looked the orphan peasant-girl to the life, and the neat plainness of her attire was in keeping with the *naïf* simplicity of her expression. It was evident at a glance that the fair Swede had conceived the character of Amina in the same light as poor Malibran, but the fact of her never having seen that great dramatic singer absolves her entirely from the charge of plagiarism. There, however, was the innocent country-maiden—her face beaming with love for all nature, and ignorance of all but the depth of her own heart. Jenny Lind had but to come upon the boards in Amina's dress, and you saw at once that she understood the character. You saw at once that her conception of it was poetic and you felt assured of her triumph, even in the very footsteps of Malibran. Such is the *prestige* of genius!—for that Jenny Lind is a genius no one can deny who has seen her in Amina. Her first recitative, "Care compagne," was delivered with an air of conscious happiness that befitted the modest maiden, whose dearest hopes were on the point of confirmation. The Amina, on the eve of marriage with her fondly beloved Elvino, was in every phrase, in every note. The feeling was still more thoroughly portrayed in the air, "Come per me sereno," which Mademoiselle Lind introduced with a singularly happy *cadenza* on the last words of the recitative, "e questo amplesso." The air itself was ornamented with shakes and cadences profusely though judiciously; but not a turn or a grace was out of character with the theme. The last cadence was quaint and original, just such a one as we could imagine Meyerbeer would make at the termination of a florid solo on the flute. The *cabaletta* "Sovrail ser la mar mi posa," was beautified in a similar manner, but the character of the ornaments was modified to suit the increased tender-

ness of the words. The duet with Elvino, "Dal di che i nostri cori," with its elegant *cabaletta*, "Ah! vorrei trovar parole," was most expressively sung, albeit it was transposed a whole tone to suit the tenor. The *cadenzas* at the reprise of the minor subject, and at the conclusion, were admirable for their elegance and originality. Equally beautiful was her cadence at the end of the pretty chorus, "A fosco cielo," in which the Somnambulist is described, and throughout the whole of which the voice of the fair Swede sounded as clear and distinct above the rest as that of the nightingale above the rustling of the forest-leaves, when they are agitated by the evening breezes. We are indebted to Mademoiselle Lind for the restoration of a very pleasing duet which occurs at the end of the first scene. The theme is a conversation between the two lovers. Elvino is jealous of the attentions which Count Rodolpho has been paying to Amina, and is going to part with his mistress without the tender embrace, which, on the eve of their nuptials, would have been nothing more than natural. Amina chides him—an explanation ensues—Elvino, ashamed of his jealousy, sues for pardon—Amina grants it—and they part lovers and friends as before. This duet is highly important to the action of the drama and materially aids in the development of the two opposite characters of the hero and heroine, the one all jealousy and irritability, the other all confiding simplicity and faith. The music is pretty and without any pretence to energy or passion illustrates the sentiment in a charmingly natural way. It was sung with great purity and truthfulness by Mdle. Lind and Gardoni. Among other passages worthy noting we may cite the tender hesitating manner in which Mdle. Lind *whispered* the words "Saresti tu geloso,"—the graceful way in which she ornamented the phrase that occurs upon the words, "Son, mio bene, del zefiro amante,"—and the charming half-repressed emotion which characterised her utterance of the concluding words of the scene, "Pur nel sonno il mio cor ti vedrà." Through the whole of this first act (the opera being disposed into three, as has lately been the custom)—the applause was incessant and noisy, and at the end of the scene we have just described Mdle. Lind was re-called upon the stage with one voice, and was led on by Signor Gardoni. The prophecy of an immense triumph was already spoken.

If the first act was the prophecy of a triumph, the next, and all that followed, was its fulfilment. Our readers are aware that the first exhibition of Amina's somnambulism, when she unconsciously enters the chamber of the Count, occurs in this part of the opera. The appearance of Mdle. Lind, as she entered at the window, and moved noiseless across the stage, white as a ghost, was the signal for a general "hush" all over the house. The audience sat still with mute expectation, and a feather might have been heard to drop. There sat every living soul, "quiet as a stone." Nor was expectation one atom disappointed. Reader—if you were not present to hear, or rather to feel, the half-suppressed murmur with which the sweet sleep-walker uttered the words, "Elvino!—Elvino!" and the query, "Non rispondi?" when she finds there is no answer to her appeal—if you were not there to hear this, you lost a moment of pure delight that words refuse to give a name to! And then, again, how prettily she whispered, "Geloso saresti ancor dello straniero?" and how deliciously she played with the phrase, elaborating it with an ornament the notes of which came from her silver throat like pearls. And when her soft bosom heaved as a dove's, and she tenderly ejaculated, holding out her hand, "Un bacio imprimi in essa, pegno di pace," it was as the voice of an

angel speaking from above; and as she ceased, her eyes, unconscious of their office, were filled with a deep expression that no tongue could speak—thought's melody being too sweet for utterance! Her appeal to her mother, "O madre mia, m'aita, non mi sostiene il piè," and her vow of eternal fidelity to her husband were equally impressive and beautiful; and when at length she staggers to the bed, murmuring the name of Elvino, the silver notes of her voice seemed melted gradually into a sound so small and still, that between it and silence there was room for nothing—

"A music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It felt like an odour within the sense!"

But the great point of this act was yet to come. From the moment of awaking, and finding herself in a strange bed-room, till the instant when she clings to her lover with the desperation of one who grasps all she holds dear upon earth, and is on the point of losing it for ever, her acting and singing were transcendent. The *abandon* with which she falls senseless upon the ground, when her efforts to retain her lover have proved fruitless, and he tears himself away, made one of the most natural and beautiful pictures that could possibly be conceived. The whole scene was admirable, and we were never more sensibly impressed by any dramatic effort in our remembrance. At the fall of the curtain Mdle. Lind was again recalled, amidst the most clamorous and incessant applause.

The third act involved a display of wonderful vocalisation for which the first two gave comparatively rare occasions. There were so many points to eulogise, that we scarcely know where to begin. In one of the recitatives, while in a state of somnambulism, where the words "Quanto infelice io sono felice ei sia" occur, she dwelt upon C in *alt* with exquisite purity and precision, for a considerable length of time, swelling and diminishing the intensity of sound with the utmost ease. On the words, "Ti bacio ancor," (addressed to Elvino's flowers, which she takes from her bosom) she introduced another quaint and beautiful *cadenza*; but the most exquisite point in her whole performance was the *cantabile*, in the minor, "Ah non credea mirarti," her expression of which was absolutely divine, while her vocalisation was irreproachably pure. The whole thing can be likened to nothing more appropriately than a long-drawn sigh.

The delicate poesy of the ornaments with which she, so to speak, gilded the melody—the long-sustained shake that scarcely exceeded the loudness of a breath, and was yet so equal and so clear—and the chaste and exquisitely *chiselled* cadences, as smooth and as polished as the sinuous outlines of the Greek ideal beauty (if such matters may be forced into comparison) were alike things to charm and to surprise. The management of the breath in this *cantabile* was miraculous—something that no conceivable method could impart—something that must perforce derive from rare physical organization. The final rondo, "Ah Giunge," was a prodigy of florid execution, in which extraordinary flights of fancy were regulated by the nicest taste, and fashioned into symmetry by the ripest and severest judgment. The originality of some of the cadences amounted to the singular, and involved some daring invasions of harmonic boundaries, in the shape of passing notes and apogiaturas—but the whole thing was so marvelously exciting, that the attention hung upon her every accent, as a culprit upon the words of a judge who is about to administer sentence of acquittal or condemnation; the imagination sailed upon the waves of her sweet singing, and was hurried on to where she listed, until it was fairly lost in the ocean of infinite melody. The audience were spell-bound while the rondo lasted, but the terminating cadence—one of unpre-

cedented energy and boldness, attacking the highest notes in the register with a daring impetuosity that was nothing short of astounding—fairly lifted them from their seats, and the house rose to a man to cheer her. The applause was deafening, and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs resembled a storm-tormented sea. Of course Mdle. Lind was compelled to repeat the air, and in repeating it, she embellished it with newer wonders. After the fall of the curtain she was recalled three times, and was handed on, each time, by Gardoni—but the uproar still continuing unabated, the happy songstress, her heart, no doubt, bursting with the fullness of its gratitude, ran on the stage by herself, with the innocence and playfulness of a little kitten, kissed both her hands to the crowd, threw a glance at them that said with eloquent intelligibility, "I love you all, and should like to be always with you," ('but—oh! poesy-killing but!—I am hungry and must go home to supper') and then ran off again with the ingenuous simplicity of a child. The flattered audience, each member of which considered himself the favored one, transported to the seventh heaven, roared and shouted its delight. Never did such a scene occur before in grey-eyed England!

We shall have again to recur to the *Sonnambula*, for we have got a world of things to say of Jenny Lind's acting, which, as yet, we have but hinted at. Till next week, then, one word must suffice for the admirable manner in which Gardoni did his devoir in Elvino, winning a loud *encore* in the "Ah perche posso," by the side of the Lind herself; for the sensible and intelligent Rodolpho of F. Lablache; and for the irreproachable accuracy and spirited energy of the band and chorus, under their excellent conductor, Balfe. To Piatti, whose beautiful tone and fine playing on the violoncello were heard to advantage in several points of importance, we consecrate a sentence by itself.

The opera was followed by a *divertissement*, in which Cerito, Rosati, Marie Taglioni, (her last appearance but one!!) St. Léon, and others, assisted, and by a *tableau* from the *ballet of Coralie*. To-night the *Sonnambula* will be repeated.

CONCERTS.

M. ALEXANDER BOUCHER.—This gentleman who at one time enjoyed great repute as a violinist, gave a concert on Friday, the 7th instant, in Willis's large room. He gave a specimen of his style in four pieces, in all of which he was assisted by a quartet band under the able direction of M. Nadaud. These pieces were a *Maestoso* from one of Viotti's concertos, varied by sundry improvisations by the performer; a theme of Mozart, with variations by Rode, eke enriched with improvisations; two fragments from a quartet of M. Boucher's, intitled *Reve d'Endymion*, and *The Waters of Toeplitz*, in one of which the voice of birds was imitated, in the other the voice of waters—as Wordsworth has it—

"A nightingale and two to three thrushes,
With a noise of wind that rushes,
And a noise of water that gushes"—

and lastly the fragment of a *quintet*, equally the offspring of M. Boucher's invention, the theme of which was a *bolero* in the Spanish style. All these pieces were executed with an animation that was prodigious, a style that was original, and an execution that was capricious—and all were received with uproarious applause from the whole room. The next feature was of a more modern and less eccentric kind. This was a duet of Thalberg, on airs in *Norma*, performed upon two pianofortes by Mdle. Coulon and M. Benedict. We have before had occasion to speak warmly of the talents of Mdle. Coulon. Though a very young pianist, there is already a charm and an energy in her style, a neatness and brilliancy in her execution, that give promise of the highest excellence. These qualities were abundantly displayed by the intelligent young artist

in the execution of her share of Thalberg's duet, the difficult passages in which she delivered with a precision and force that surprised and delighted every body. We must speak with equal praise of the graceful and easy manner in which she delivered the more expressive phrases, and indeed the rare intelligence that marked her entire performance. Mdle. Coulon was applauded continually with the most unrestrained enthusiasm, a distinction she well merited, and it was doubtless gratifying to her young ambition to share it with her accomplished companion, M. Benedict, who played in his usual masterly and effective style. Later in the concert Mdle. Coulon joined her experienced and clever friend M. Sinton, in a duet, by Osborne and De Beriot, on subjects from *Guillaume Tell*. The performance was altogether excellent, and the dashing brilliancy of the young lady's execution, kept her experienced and admirable coadjutor on his mettle throughout. The duet was applauded liberally. Another point to note in this concert was the flute performance of M. Cesare Ciadi, of which we shall have more to say. Not being down in the programme, this wonderful exhibition of mechanical perfection agreeably surprised and no less delighted the audience. M. Rousselot's sensible and musician-like style, in a solo on the violoncello, must not be left unrecorded. The vocalities were on the whole excellent. First of all let us mention two German songs, "Die Thrane," and "Die Grenadiere," essayed by Herr Brandt, and both the compositions of Herr Luders, a young musician of refined and admirable talent, who has for some time resided in London, and comes before the public much more rarely than his merits deserve. Both these songs are charmingly written and full of character. The first "Die Thrane," in B flat minor, is very melodious and expressive, the second, "Die Grenadiere," in E flat, bold and martial in style. The accompaniments to both are musician-like, polished, and full of character. We should like to hear these songs again, especially as they were not done full justice to by Herr Brandt, who was not in his best voice on this occasion. With a word for Signor Marras' graceful reading of the "Adelsida," Miss Duval's spirited delivery of Rossi's fine old air "Ah rendimi quel cor," and the beautiful *contralto* voice and artist-like talent exhibited by Mrs. A. Toulmin in an *arietta* by Brambilla, and a romance by Clapisson, our notice must conclude. Madame Pasta Anglois, and Mad. Costa Tamplini were among the vocalists. The conductors were M. Benedict and M. Luders, both of whom accomplished their duties to perfections. The concert was unusually amusing, and a great number of celebrities formed part of the very crowded audience.

HUNGARIAN INSTRUMENTAL VOCALISTS. On Saturday last we attended the first concert given at the Theatre Royal Haymarket, by Messrs. Weiss, Zorer, Schwarz, and Grunswag, importations from the Hungarian dominions, who have undoubtedly discovered a very novel mode of illustrating the power of the human voice. Two of these gentlemen sing duets, and the other two play an accompaniment with their mouths, imitating every instrument in the orchestra. The effect is more new than delightful; nevertheless, the execution and imitation is so far beyond what the mind can give credit to, that it excites no small degree of pleasurable emotions. The Hungarian vocalists are certainly the greatest curiosity in London at this moment. They will appear every evening next week during the dramatic performances.

MISCELLANEOUS.

M. RODOLPH WILMERS.—We have a memoir of this pianist, who is now the great executive wonder of the day, which is translated from one of the *feuilletons* of the *Constitutionnel*, written by M. Fiorentino. We shall print it in our next number. Meanwhile we may inform our readers, that M. Wilmers gives a *matinée d'invitation* on Monday, at two o'clock, to the principal members of the profession and the press. We yesterday had the pleasure of hearing M. Wilmers play several pieces at the establishment of Messrs. Broadwood, on a splendid new piano-forte from the manufactory of those eminent makers, and can testify to the almost unprecedented wonders of his execution.

M. MOSCHELES, the celebrated composer and pianist, has arrived in London for a short period.

MADAME HENNELLE—This popular and intelligent vocalist, has arrived in London for the season. We trust to have the pleasure of hearing her very soon at some of our concerts.

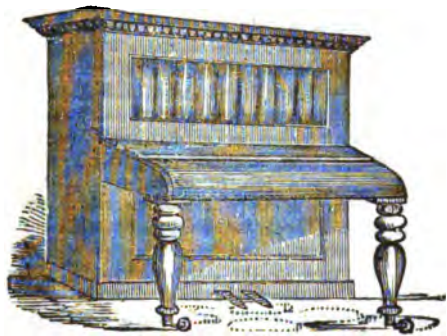
GERHARD TAYLOR, a harpist of considerable note, has arrived, and will shortly give his first public performance.

Sig. CIABATTA, the excellent barytone and popular concert singer, has also arrived.

Mr. PERRY, the Leader of the Sacred Harmonic Society, has just completed the composition of a new Oratorio entitled "Hezekiah" which will be given at the Hanover-rooms, on the 28th of June.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Warren's 20 Guinea Cottage Piano-Fortes



ARE NOW SELLING AT THE

Manufactory, 71, Leadenhall Street

(Removed from 1 and 2, Liverpool Street, Bishopsgate Street.)

These Instruments are well manufactured of the best seasoned wood, **FINE FULL TONE AND GOOD TOUCH.** A two years warranty given with each instrument. **ESTABLISHED TWENTY-ONE YEARS.** The only house in London where a good sound instrument can be obtained at the above low price, (for cash only). **SMALL PROFIT AND QUICK RETURNS!**
JOHN WARREN, 71, Leadenhall St., opposite Aldgate Pump.

M. JULES SCHULHOFF,

(FROM PRAGUE,)

Has the honour to announce that his

CONCERT

will take place at the **HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS,**
On FRIDAY EVENING, 28th MAY,

*. Further particulars will be duly announced. Tickets may be procured at **WESSEL & CO.'S, 229, REGENT STREET,** corner of Hanover Street.

DR. STOLBERG'S VOICE LOZENGE

Is acknowledged as the best specific after three years' trial, for improving the voice and removing all affections of the throat, strongly recommended to clergymen, singers, actors, public speakers, and all persons subject to relaxed throats.

The Proprietors have just received the following Testimonial, amongst many others, from **MADAME ANNA BISHOP:**—

"DEAR SIR,—I am happy to say that all I have heard respecting the efficacy of **DR. STOLBERG'S** celebrated **LOZENGE** is perfectly true, as yesterday, feeling myself very fatigued (singing nightly at the Theatre), I took several of the Lozenges, and my voice was very clear, and my throat quite free from relaxation. I am, Dear Sir, Yours truly, **ANNA BISHOP.**"

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OAK BARK TANNED LEATHER HARNESS.

Brougham Harness, lined, 7 gs., unlined 5 gs.; Chariot Harness, lined, 18 gs. Since the introduction of chemicals in tanning, not one hide in 50 is now tanned with bark; the chymical process, by sulphuric and other acids, impoverishes the hide, oak bark alone converts it into solid leather.

D. MORIARTY, 34, Berwick Street, Soho, invites gentlemen to inspect the process of currying on his own premises whereby alone they can depend on bark tanned. Old harness taken in exchange

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This Edition contains the London Markets of the week, including those held on Friday; also the spirited Letters of **PUBLICOLA**, **CAUSTIC**, and **CENSORIUS**; and frequently original Poems by **ELIZA COOK**.

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Mr. FREDERICK CHATTERTON,

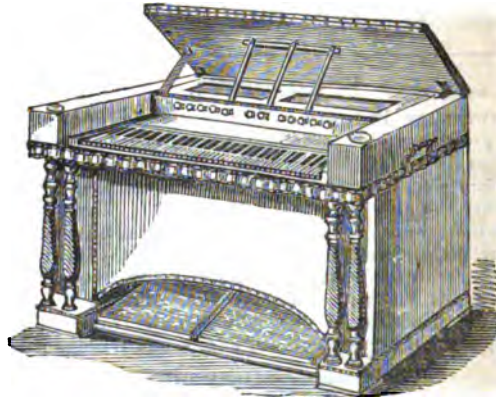
Harpist to Her Majesty, the Queen of the French, and H. R. H. the Duchess of Gloucester, has the honor to announce that his

MORNING CONCERT

will take place on **TUESDAY, May the 25th.**

Vocal—Madlle Jenny Lutzer, Mesdames Rainforth, A. Williams, M. Williams, Sabella Novello, W. H. Seguin, Bassano, and F. Lablache. Signors Marras, Brizzi, and F. Lablache. Messrs. Henry Phillips, F. N. Crouch, Calkin, Seguin, N. J. Sporie, and John Parry. Instrumental—Miss Kate Loder, Miss Day, Mr. Carte, and Mr. Frederick Chatterton, who will introduce three of his Pupils. Conductor—Mr. Kialmark. Tickets, 7s.; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.

THE PATENT HARMONIUM.



This beautiful Instrument possesses the softness of the voice with the variety of tone of every wind Instrument, as also the power of a large Organ. It is equally suitable for Sacred Music, or the Dance, and adapted for the Drawing Room, Concert Room, Church or Chapel. Printed particulars can be had of **LUFF and SON**, sole agents, where the **PATENT HARMONIUM** can be heard from 10 till 4, daily; and where can be inspected

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The Nobility, Subscribers to the Opera, and the Public, are respectfully informed, that there will be A GRAND EXTRA NIGHT

On THURSDAY NEXT, May 20, 1847,
on which occasion

MADEMOISELLE JENNY LIND

will appear

IN ONE OF HER FAVOURITE CHARACTERS.

To be followed by various Entertainments in the BALLET DEPARTMENT, combining the talents of Mdlle. CERRITO, Mdlle. CAROLINA ROSATI, Mdlle. PETIT STANAN. Mdlles. CASSAN, HONORE, JAMES, JULIEN, LAMOUREUX, and Mdlle. LUCILE GRAHN. M. PERROT, and M. ST. LEON.

Applications for Boxes, Pit Stalls and Tickets, to be made at the Box-Office at the Theatre.—Doors open at Seven o'clock; the Opera to commence at Half-past Seven.

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A YOUNG MAN, having £500, wishes to join a Musical Establishment where the above sum and his services may secure him a portion of the business. He has a thorough practical knowledge of the Pianoforte, and has been engaged in France in giving instructions on that instrument, speaks French fluently, and has a knowledge of the German language.

Application to be directed to Mr. Raymond, Musical World Office, 60, St. Martin's Lane, London.

Mr. JOHN PARRY'S ANNUAL CONCERT

will take place

On FRIDAY EVENING, May 21,
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Mr. JOHN PARRY will sing two new scenes, both written by Mr. Albert Smith, entitled "LALLA ROOKEH," and "THE RIVAL HOUSES." Eminent Artists, both Vocal and Instrumental, are engaged. Conductors—Messrs. Benedict and Negri. To commence at eight o'clock. Tickets, 7s.; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d each, and prospectuses to be had of Mr. John Parry, 17, Tavistock Street, Bedford Square, and the Musicians and Libraries.

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Mr. BENEDICT'S ANNUAL CONCERT.

Mr. BENEDICT begs respectfully to announce that his Annual MORNING CONCERT will take place on MONDAY, June 14, in the GREAT CONCERT-ROOM of HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, under Royal and most distinguished patronage. The names of all the eminent Artists, who are engaged to appear on this occasion, will be announced on Monday next.

Immediate application for Boxes and the few remaining Stalls is respectfully solicited at all the Music-sellers, principal Libraries, and of Mr. Benedict, 3, Manchester Square.

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(PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT NOON.)

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No. 21.—VOL. XXII.

SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1847.

{ PRICE THREEPENCE
{ STAMPED, FOURPENCE

TO OUR READERS.

Annual Subscribers whose names are entered in the Book at our Office, and whose Subscriptions are paid in advance to Christmas next, are ALONE entitled to an Admission to the forthcoming Annual Concert, which will be given in June or July next.

Our Subscribers will be presented with No. 22, an IMPROMPTU, composed expressly for the "Musical World," by CHARLES LUDERS.

CARLOTTA GRISI.

WEALTHY as London has been for this two months past in the treasures of choregraphic art the latest arrival has doubled the store. Carlotta reached England on Sunday, by the steamer from Boulogne. Her coming was heralded by fine weather. The sun, who had hid himself for a month behind a cloud, emerged from his obscurity and went forth to meet Carlotta on the beach. Since her arrival he has never ceased to shine. Who can blame him for loving to rest his beams upon the fairest of his children?

To-night, the eyes of the faithful will once more gaze upon the form of Esmeralda, which, for two years past, has mocked them in visions. To-night, Carlotta will once more shine in her own hemisphere—the brightest star of all.

With Jenny Lind in opera and Carlotta in ballet Mr. Lumley may safely rest upon his oars; the boat, moved by its own impetus, will float him on to fortune.

MADAME BALFE.

THIS accomplished artist and amiable lady has announced a grand *Soirée Musicale*, under the immediate patronage of H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent. The performance will take place in the Music Hall, Store Street, and the members of the Amateur Society will give their assistance. The programme promises to be one of very great interest. The music will be entirely selected from Balfe's operas of *Falstaff* and *L'Etoile de Seville*. The former opera, though it has not been played since the first season of its production at Her Majesty's Theatre, is one of the best of all the operas of the composer, and its revival has long been ardently desired by the *habitués* of the establishment. The latter was produced at the *Académie Royale* in Paris, for which it was expressly written. The curiosity to hear it in England is naturally very great, and, from the opinions we have gathered from the best continental judges, it is every way worthy the reputation of its popular composer. The selections from these operas will be executed by Madame Castellan, Madame Balfe, Signor Gardoni, Signor Coletti, Her Staudigl, Sig. Lablache, and others. These eminent artists, backed by the excellent and numerous orchestra of the Amateur Society, will ensure a performance of the most sterling order. Among other attractions will be a new manuscript ballad, composed by

Mr. Balfe, and sung by Mrs. Balfe. Mr. Balfe will conduct the concert. The *soirées* will be held on Wednesday, June 9th. We have not the slightest doubt that Madame Balfe will find that encouragement due to her talent and amiability, and that the room will be crowded to suffocation.

SIGNOR AND MADAME RONCONI.

THERE has been some little unpleasantness in connection with the opera of *Maria di Rohan*, which has sown a temporary disunion among the excellent *troupe* of the Royal Italian Opera. It was evident that neither the public, nor the press, were satisfied with Madame Ronconi's performance of the part of the heroine—a part which belonged to Grisi, and which for the well-going of the opera should have been played by Grisi. To please Signor Ronconi, however, the direction awarded it to his lady. The latter, quite alive to the unfavourable impression she had produced, wrote the following letter to the principal journals, two days subsequent to the first representation of *Maria di Rohan*:—

"10, Cavendish Road, St. John's Wood.

MONSIEUR,—Des personnes ou malveillantes ou mal informées, ont prétendu que j'ai exigé de la direction le rôle de *Maria di Rohan*, pour mes débuts—ce rôle m'a été gracieusement offert par Madame Grisi, à Paris, et je ne l'ai accepté que dans la ferme conviction qu'elle ne voudrait pas s'en charger. Mais aussitôt que j'ai appris les desirs des abonnés, je me suis empressée de me rendre en personne chez la célèbre artiste, et je l'ai suppliée de gracieusement céder le rôle. J'espère qu'elle voudra bien se rendre à ma prière et aux vœux du public, afin que j'aie la satisfaction d'être la première à l'admirer et l'applaudir, agréer, &c., &c.

GIOVANNINA RONCONI."

The *Morning Chronicle* accompanies the publication of this letter with the following tribute to the "head and heart" of the writer.

"This is a letter which reflects equal credit on the head and the heart of the writer, who, if she cannot acquire the suffrages of a public as an *artiste*, must, at least, command their sympathies as a woman. It also shows how great is the truly artistic feeling, excluding all selfish considerations existing at the Royal Italian Opera."

It appears, however, that the writer reckoned without his host. Madame Grisi consented to play the part, and, of course, required (not having performed it for four years) a reasonable time to refresh herself in the study of it. But, this would not do for Madame Ronconi, who, as it turns out, induced Signor Ronconi to insist upon the second performance of *Maria di Rohan* taking place last Tuesday; to which the management objecting, on the plea, that Madame Grisi could not, possibly be ready, the Signor adopted the very uncourteous proceeding of inserting an advertisement in *The Times*, to the effect, that he was ready to play the part on that day, and had written "to his director, Signor Persiani," to that purport.

The engagement with the Ronconis was made by Signor Persiani, and the advertisement denoted, that Signor Ron-

coni only acknowledges that gentlemen as his director, whereby he wilfully, and foolishly overlooks the absolute constitution of the management of the Royal Italian Opera, and offers an unprovoked slight to the other worthy individuals who form part of the quorum, and, especially, to the amiable and intelligent director in chief, Mr. Beale, whose authority has been recognised as undivided by the general consent of the shareholders of the speculation. This is the more ungrateful, since it must have been well understood, by Signor Ronconi, that Madame Ronconi, who is at best a second-rate artist and has no reputation whatever, was only engaged on the liberal terms that are accorded her in deference to his (Signor Ronconi's) feelings, and in respect to his undeniable abilities. But we much question, if matters are to take this turn, whether even the Signor's services, valuable as they may be regarded, are worth having at such a sacrifice. The opera of *Maria di Rohan* was brought out at a large expense, the *mise en scene* costing not a penny less than eight hundred guineas. Madame Ronconi's three superb dresses, upon which she insisted—resolving, it would seem, to look well, if she could not sing well—were supplied, at a considerable outlay, on the part of the establishment, which, considering the effect they produced, was little better than thrown away. It would be rather hard upon the Royal Italian Opera shareholders to saddle them with such enormous disbursements for an opera that, performed as it was in one particular, would have kept money out of the house—or, on the other hand, for an opera that should only be given *one night*. The gentlemanly and liberal behaviour of the directors of the establishment towards the artists employed has been unanimously lauded—and it is ill done on the parts of two of the most largely remunerated to repay that behaviour in so unhandsome a manner. In conclusion, we promise to make all the facts, connected with this matter known to the public as they have occurred or as they may occur. We are always ready to be the artist's champion, but we are equally forward to own that the manager is occasionally, as in this remarkable instance, in great want of an advocate.

JENNY LIND AND MR. BUNN.

In recounting the impressions produced by the Swedish Nightingale on our English audiences, we have overlooked the question pending between her and the worthy lessee of Drury Lane Theatre. An inquiring letter from a subscriber has, however, recalled the subject to our attention. Since the last letters were printed in connection with this complex affair the following was sent to Mademoiselle Jenny Lind, while she was still at Vienna.

"London, March 16, 1847.

MADemoisELLE,—I have received, through the hands of Mr. Lumley's solicitor, a copy of a letter with your signature, dated Vienna, the 28th ult., and before I reply to the offer you have therein made, I must take leave to correct some of the assertions it contains. You know perfectly well that, as respects 'The Camp of Silesia,' had you not broken your contract, M. Meyerbeer undertook to lend me its music, and to come to England and conduct it; and as respects the other opera you agreed to play ('La Sonnambula') its translation and all its music have been for years in this theatre. You were induced, in the first instance, to violate your engagement through the misrepresentations made to you by parties in Mr. Lumley's interest, well known to me, affecting my own character and that of my own theatre; and your resolution was confirmed by the enormous offers, in excess of mine, subsequently made you. I owe it, therefore, to my own honour to make such stipulations with you in any proposed arrangement arising out of your want of faith as will exonerate me to my public from appearing to have broken mine. You offer me 2,000*l.* to annul your contract with me; but, acting on the soundest legal advice, I shall lay my damages at a far larger sum if compelled to proceed against you. As, however, my object is to maintain the integrity of this establishment by the engagements I enter into, and not with fines

offered by those who break them, I will consent to take the 2,000*l.* you offer as a partial compensation, and trust for any further indemnity to the result of your singing three times in this theatre (before you sing elsewhere in England) in any language you prefer. This is a *sine quâ non* with me; as I am determined, as far as I have the power, to falsify the assertions of those who have ventured to malign me.—I have the honour to be, &c.

A. BUNN."

Mr. Bunn consented then to take the £2,000. But consenting to take it and getting it are two very different matters. The subjoined advertisement, indeed, would seem to insinuate that they were absolute contraries.

"THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.—MADemoisELLE JENNY LIND.—The Lessee begs to state that the engagement entered into with this artist having been violated by her, and she having been announced, on her arrival in this country, to sing at another theatre, he has no alternative but to carry out the assurance, conveyed to the public through his prospectus at the commencement of the season, viz., that of immediately instituting legal proceedings against her."

The above was inserted, by Mr. Bunn, in all the morning papers, and was followed by the paragraph below, which appeared in *The Times* a day or two afterwards.

"MR. BUNN AND JENNY LIND.—An action has been commenced, by Mr. Bunn, in the Court of Queen's Bench, against Jenny Lind, for an alleged breach of contract; and, on Friday last, an appearance to the writ of summons, issued a few days previously, was entered by a solicitor on the part of the defendant. The next proceeding will be the declaration, in which the plaintiff will estimate his damages. Sir F. Kelly and Mr. Cockburn, Q. C., have been retained for Mr. Bunn. The cause cannot be tried until the sitting after Trinity Term, commencing the middle of July."

And here, for the present, the matter stands. As we began by taking an interest in this legal dispute, we think it our duty to our readers to publish whatever may transpire, in order that they may be so thoroughly initiated with the proceedings as to enable them to form their own judgment. It is a knotty point and Mademoiselle Lind's immense success may possibly have some influence on its ultimate decision.

MEMOIR OF MADEMOISELLE ALBONI.

(From the Morning Chronicle.)

Marietta Alboni was born at Cesena, in 1826; she is, therefore, barely two-and-twenty. Contrary to the wishes of her parents, she was at an early age sent to the Academy of Bologna, where her musical education was conducted under the immediate superintendence of ROSSINI, for whose compositions the lady evinced an early and passionate predilection. "Il Gran Maestro," during the first month of her education, upon being questioned as to the lyric destiny of his pupil, replied, "At present her voice is like that of an itinerant ballad singer, but the town will be at her feet before she is a year older." And, in fact, scarcely a year had elapsed when she received the honorary medal, accompanied with an order for appearance. She accordingly appeared for the first time at the Opera, in Bologna, in DONIZETTI's *Lucrezia Borgia*, being then scarcely sixteen. The result of this *début* was an immediate engagement for the Scala, at Milan; and the manager of that theatre renewed her engagement for four successive seasons, after her admirable creation of *Leonora*, in Donizetti's *Favorita*. From Milan, Alboni proceeded to Vienna, where she won fresh laurels, being the prima donna there for three consecutive seasons. Mdlle. Alboni's career from that period has been one of steady uninterrupted success, when she shone forth at the Royal Italian Opera like some dazzling meteor, second to none amid the galaxy of overwhelming talent, the veritable and perfect exponents of the lyric drama, who now grace the boards. No preliminary puffery, no ill-judged laudation, no fulsome adulation preceded the advent of Mdlle. Alboni. But the audience on her first

appearance in *Arsace* were astounded at the wondrous sweetness and capacity of her organ, and our audiences, be it said, now possess a taste and appreciation in musical matters not quite so contemptible as some of the continental *dilettanti* formerly ascribed to us. To La Alboni are we indebted for that beautiful aria "In si barbara" in *Semiramide*—hitherto suppressed for want of a contralto with sufficient compass capable of giving full effect to the brilliant conception of the composer. Marietta Alboni is to Rossini, what Jenny Lind is to Meyerbeer. She has reached that pinnacle of celebrity her great master predicted she would attain; he witnessed the budding of that renown it was his pride to foster and enhance. Rossini himself signed her two first engagements. "I am," said he to her in 1840, "the subscribing witness to your union with renown, and success and happiness attend the union." A characteristic trait of the high-minded independence of Mdlle. Alboni deserves to be recorded. Soon after her arrival at Berlin, she was asked if she had waited on M——. "No," said the lady, "what is this M——?" "Oh! added her querist, "he is the most influential journalists in Prussia." "Well," exclaimed Alboni, "and what is that to me?" "Why," rejoined her friend, "if you do not before-hand insure his favourable report you are ruined!" "Well," rejoined the artiste, "let it be as Heaven directs, but I wish it to be understood that, in my breast, the woman reigns paramount to the artiste; and though failure were the result, I would never degrade myself by purchasing success at so humiliating a price." This, too, was at a time when her reputation was not firmly established. The anecdote was related in the fashionable salons of Berlin, and, to the honour of the society in that metropolis be it said, the noble sentiment of the young artiste was properly appreciated, for King William invited the spirited *cantatrice* to sing at his Court, where she received the well-deserved plaudits of an enraptured and admiring auditory, and from royalty more substantial proofs of the estimation in which her talents and integrity were held. Mdlle. Alboni's last engagement prior to her arrival in London, was at Venice, where she created quite a *furor* as *Rosina* in the *Barber of Seville*, *Cenerentola*, *Tancredi*, *L'Italiana*, &c. Her next part will be *Orsini*, in *Lucrezia Borgia*, at the Royal Italian Opera; and she will appear in succession in *Tancredi*, *Pietro* in *Linda di Chamouni*, *Pippo* in *La Gazza Ladra*, *Malcolm* in *La Donna del Lago*, &c. A new opera for the display of her varied powers will be expressly composed for her, for the season 1848, by an eminent composer. The extraordinary compass of her organ, combining as it does the complete register of a contralto and of a mezzo soprano, will afford every opportunity to the composer to develop her vocal and histrionic genius more decidedly even than in her existing repertoire. Although Mdlle. Alboni possesses considerably *embonpoint*, her stage deportment is graceful and appropriate; her features are handsome, and in the expression of her face she can portray every varied emotion. The unrivalled charm of her voice, and her wonderful ease in singing, are now known to the whole of the musical public, and the rapture excited by her performances is unbounded.

VIEUXTEMPS' NEW CONCERTO.

(From *La Gazette Musicale*.)

"The arrival of Vieuxtemps in Paris, the virtuoso who sings on his violin as Rubini does with his voice, was one of the events of the season. The concert he gave on the 5th of April, in the Salle Herz, attracted the *élite* of the artistes of Paris, who all, without exception, applauded the above beautiful composition, as well as the admirable execution of the great artiste. Vieuxtemps's first concerto, a majestic composition, brilliantly

instrumented, full of orchestral effects, abounding in ideas, all of which are made accessory to the general design, has been for these six years admired by every connoisseur; but as this remarkable work had been preceded and followed by a number of trivial fantasias, a report got abroad that the author had been assisted by others in the composition of this fine concerto. Now, however, Vieuxtemps returns to us armed with a rich and beautiful composition, resembling that which we first heard, in style, energy, and completeness, which has placed his reputation as an original composer for the violin on a firmer basis. The *tutti* of this new concerto—or rather, let us say, of this noble symphony, in which the violin, the king of instruments, is grandly predominant—commences with a poetical phrase, given by the flutes, the oboes, and the clarionets, afterwards repeated by the stringed instruments. The horns and trumpets announce the theme of the solo, which the principal instrument speedily attacks; then follows a striking and melodious *cantabile* for the clarionets; and above all the hubbub of the orchestra, the violin is heard crying like Virgil's Neptune, "Quos ego!" At the sound of this powerful voice the harmonious tumult subsides, and subsequently follows, assists, flatters, and caresses the voice of the violin as it revels in ethereal accents and in melodious sounds, which succeed each other diatonically with inconceivable rapidity. In these ascending and descending chromatic passages, not a single note is found missing by the most experienced violinist. The principal subject of the first solo, on the fourth string, is full of grandeur and grace; it is delineated on the sustained notes of the violins and the pizzicato of the basses; then comes a *tremolo* for the principal violins, in a *diapason* brought out with new effects, above all with that recitative that walks so poetically hand-in-hand with this *tremolo* of the orchestra. The orchestra replies by a succession of chords, and the principal part is heard above all in the grand subject of the first solo. The principal passage of the second solo is varied with charmingly natural modulations, and is gorgeously instrumented. The recitative returns in the primitive key, and with the same *tremolo* on the high notes of the orchestral violins. To this recitative a long *cadence* follows, which connects itself by a grand passage, bowed with the lower part of the *archet*, and executed in the smooth and tranquil manner that characterises the style of Vieuxtemps, and by which his rhythmical precision, and his legitimate desire to truthfully interpret every note of the most difficult passages, is shown to admiration. On a characteristic roll of the kettle-drums, rich orchestral effects intervene before the reprise of the principal *motivo*. A sliding leap from the highest octave of the fifth position on a D sharp of the third string, if we recollect aright, an easy and insignificant effect, repeated twice, quite astonishes the ignorant amateur. This fall from the top to the bottom of the instrument, recalls to us the sonnet of Oronte, in the *Misanthrope*, so much praised by Philinte, although we have no intention of applying the repartee of *Alceste* to Vieuxtemps. The *adagio* of this beautiful concerto is a tranquil and beautiful elegy, in C major, grave and natural in style, the melody simple, the harmony clear, and the instrumentation clever, though not complicated. These just praises authorise us in finding the encore awarded this movement, somewhat exaggerated. The honour was better merited by the last movement of the concerto. This *finale* unites the richness of accompaniments to the originality of melody, and the Paganini-like boldness of the first part. The subject is a charming *Sicilienne*, in A minor. We know not which to admire most—the elegance of the theme and the variety and beauty of the accessory ideas, or the vivacity and fire with which the player interprets it. *Staccato* passages, crisp and pearly—double octaves, powerful, and perfectly intonated—abound in this piece of vigorous execution. In a *coda*, fiery and dramatic, the principal subject returns with double octaves, of which we have just spoken, and sustained by the bassoon, which the composer has employed most happily; then follows a passage for the flutes, in the form of the *Rans des vaches*, responded to by the clarionettes; and then a brilliant shake on the dominant, under which is heard a beautiful melody by the clarionettes and flutes; and then again a thousand melodies and ingenious and bold harmonies, that transport and enrapture the auditor, and make him again wish to hear this beautiful instrumental composition, and the artist who wrote it, and could alone so beautifully interpret it."

[The above, need we say, is from the pen of Henri Blanchard.—D.R.]

BOUCHER AND BEETHOVEN.

(From the French of Castil-Blaze.)

Boucher, the violinist, setting out on a musical tour, took care to be provided with plenty of letters of introduction; among them, no less than twenty were addressed to Beethoven. On Boucher's arrival in Vienna he was anxious to pay homage to the "greatest musician of the day." Boucher traversed the faubourgs of Vienna, endeavouring to find his abode, and after great difficulty succeeded, and could say "*Pho trovato questa porta benedetto!*" but he could hardly believe his eyes when he

viewed the humble abode of the "prince of musicians." A domestic, in answer to his inquiries, informed him that Beethoven was absent from home, and that it was uncertain when he would return. Boucher had therefore no alternative than to leave his card, accompanied by one of his letters of introduction, and return to his hotel, quite disappointed in not meeting with the object of his visit. The next day he was in no better luck; to the same inquiries he had the same replies; so he left another of his letters of introduction, and another card. In this manner, fourteen days elapsed, Boucher each day, at different hours, leaving a letter and a card, but without any satisfactory result therefrom. As the time of Boucher's departure from Vienna drew near, he was determined on a *coup de grace*, viz., to deliver the whole of his remaining letters at once. Beethoven really was absent when his domestic received letter number sixteen. This letter number sixteen, nevertheless, said no more than the fifteen previously delivered, but Goëthe had written it, Goëthe had signed it. The whole world knew the devoted friendship of these two men of genius. Beethoven, when he received this last letter, stamped his foot, and struck his forehead with vexation; rushed out of the house, and ran into the various hotels, demanding Boucher, without success. At last he staid to rest himself at Salieri's. No sooner was he seated, than he said to him, 'Find for me the violinist I have been seeking; bring him to me tomorrow; I will remain at home all day, for I absolutely must see him.' Next day Boucher received a visit from Salieri, overwhelmed with joy, he hastened, with his companion, to call on Beethoven; this time he felt sure of not being denied to him. Beethoven received the French violinist with great affability, and wished him to hear his latest compositions. The *Great Master* was on the extreme verge of deafness; he played on a piano that his friend Clementi had purposely made for him in London; it was built on the principle of acoustics, and a sort of dark room of a size sufficient to hold the performer and his auditor, contained the instrument. It was in this "harmonious box," in this "mysterious nook," that Boucher was admitted several times, *tête-à-tête* with the sublime improvisateur. One day, armed with a large pair of scissors, which he found on the table, the violinist demanded permission to cut off a lock of the master's hair; this had hardly been granted, ere the precious relic was in the hands of the spoiler; not content with this, the ambitious Boucher brought forward a sheet of music paper, with which he had provided himself,—a wise precaution, as nothing was more rare in Beethoven's house, for more than one of his inspirations, sometimes even an entire composition, was written by the Great Master on a sheet of common white paper, on which he had drawn some very irregular lines.—Beethoven noted down for Boucher, a *petit duo* for two violins, a *duo* composed solely in one phrase of seven bars followed by these lines. "*Écrit le 29me, Avril, 1822, quand Monsieur Boucher, grand violon, me faisait l'honneur de me faire une visite.*" *Louis van Beethoven.* (written this 29th April, 1822, when M. Boucher, a great violinist, did me the honor to pay me a visit.) The illustrious musician spoke French excellently; the words "*faisait*," "*faire*," written down on the paper, presented a disagreeable combination to his delicate ear; although afflicted with deafness, the word "*faisait*," corrected several times, proved that Beethoven wished his language to be perished, and rendered more harmonious. Many of our poets are not so scrupulous.

THE AFFINITIES.

from the German of Gëthe.

Continued from page 315.

PART II.—CHAPTER XV.

It is in a happy, peaceful condition of living together, relations, friends, inmates of the same house, converse about what is happening, or about to happen, more than is necessary or reasonable; if they repeatedly communicate to each other their projects, undertakings, and occupations, and, without actually taking mutual counsel, yet always treat the whole of life, as it were, in a consulting manner; we find, on the other hand, at important moments, just when it would seem that man stood most in need of the support and assistance of another, that the individuals retire into themselves, strive to act each on his own account, each in his own fashion; and that while the single means are mutually concealed, it is only the issue, the end, the object attained, which again becomes a common property.

After so many wondrous and unhappy events, a certain quiet seriousness had thus come over the two friends, which expressed itself in an amiable forbearance. Quite privately, Charlotte had sent the child to the chapel. There it rested, as the first sacrifice of a foreboding fate.

Charlotte, as far as was possible, returned back into practical life, and here first she found Ottilia, who stood in need of her assistance. She chiefly busied herself with her, without, however, letting it be observed. She knew how much the heavenly girl loved Edward; she had, by degrees, gradually investigated the scene which had preceded the misfortune, and had learned every circumstance, partly from Ottilia herself—partly through letters from the Major.

Ottilia, on her side, greatly lightened Charlotte's immediate existence. She was frank, even talkative, but never spoke of the present, or of that which had just past. She had always remarked—always observed, she knew much; and all this was now made manifest. She amused and diverted Charlotte, who still nourished the secret hope of seeing so estimable a pair united.

But with Ottilia it was otherwise. She had revealed to her friend the secret of her course of life; she was released from her former restraint—from her servitude. By her repentance, by her resolution, she also felt herself freed from the weight of her fault—her misfortune. She no longer needed any power over herself; in the depth of her heart she had forgiven herself only on the condition of perfect self-denial, and this condition was inviolable for the whole future.

Thus some time had passed, and Charlotte felt how the house and park, the lake, the groups of trees and rocks, revived daily in them both nothing but melancholy sensations. It was perfectly clear the place must be changed, but how this was to be done, was not so easy to decide.

Should the two ladies remain together? Edward's former desire seemed to order it—his explanation and threats to render it necessary; but it could not be mistaken, that both the ladies, with all their good will, with all their reason, with all their efforts, were in a painful position when with each other. Their conversation was of a shunning kind. Often they wished only to half-understand something; but often an expression was misinterpreted, if not by the understanding, at least, by the feelings. They feared to wound each other, and this very fear was the first both to give and receive wounds.

If they could change the place and separate, at least, for a time, then came again the old question, where was Ottilia to go? The great rich family had made vain attempts to obtain for their hopeful daughter and heiress a companion who should amuse her and stimulate her by emulation. On the last visit of the Baroness, and recently by letter, had Charlotte been exhorted to send Ottilia thither; and now she again brought the subject under discussion. But Ottilia expressly refused to go where she would find, that which is usually called, the "great world."

"My dear aunt," she said, "that I may not appear narrow and self-willed, let me speak out that which, in another case, it would be my duty to dissemble—to conceal. Persons singularly unfortunate are, even if guiltless, marked in a fearful manner. Their presence excites a sort of horror in all who see them—who perceive them. Every one wishes to observe in them the monstrous affliction to which they are subjected. Every one is curious, and, at the same time, uneasy. Thus, a house, a town, in which some monstrous deed has taken place, remains fearful to every one who enters it. There the light of day shines less brightly, and the stars seem to lose their lustre."

"How great, and yet, perhaps, excusable, is the indiscretion, the silly importunity, the awkward good-nature of people towards such unfortunate persons. Pardon me for speaking so, but I suffered incredibly for that poor girl, when Luciana brought her forward out of the private apartments of the house, treated her with kindness, and, with the best intention, wished to compel her to play and dance. When the poor girl, growing more and more uneasy, at last fled and fainted, I caught her in my arms; the company were alarmed and excited, and every one was now, for the first time, really curious about the unhappy one. I did not then think, that a similar fate awaited me; but my sympathy, so true and lively, still exists. Now I can turn my compassion upon myself, and take care not to occasion similar scenes."

"But, my dear child," said Charlotte, "you will never be able to withdraw yourself from the sight of mankind. We have no convents, in which a refuge for such feelings might be found."

"Solitude creates no refuge, dear aunt," returned Ottilia. "The

most precious refuge is to be found where we can be active. No atonement, no denial, is capable of withdrawing us from a vindictive destiny, if it is determined to persecute us. It is only if in an idle condition, I am obliged to stand as a spectacle to the world, that it becomes repulsive to me and torments me. But if I am found happy in my toil, unwearied in my duty, then I can endure the gaze of every one, as I need not fear that of God."

"I am very much mistaken," said Charlotte, "if your inclinations do not take you back to the school."

"Yes," answered Ottilia, "I do not deny it; I consider it a fortunate distinction to train others in the ordinary path, if we have been trained in the most singular manner. And do we not see in history that men, who, on account of great moral calamities, retired into the deserts, were by no means concealed and enveloped as they hoped to be? They were called back to the world, to lead wanderers into the right way; and who could do it better than those already initiated into the labyrinth of life? They have been called to assist the unhappy, and who can do it better than they whom no earthly evil can again befall?"

"You choose a singular destination," returned Charlotte. "I will not oppose you. Let it be, if only—as I hope—for a short time."

"How much I thank you," said Ottilia, "for allowing me this trial—this experiment. If I do not flatter myself too much, I shall succeed in it. In that place, I will remember how many trials I endured there, and how small, how utterly trivial, they were, compared to those which I was afterwards forced to experience. How cheerfully shall I observe the embarrassments of the young saplings, smile upon their childish sorrows, and, with gentle hand, conduct them out of all their little difficulties! The happy are not fitted to preside over the happy. It lies in human nature to require more from one's self and others, the more one has received. Only the unhappy, who have recovered themselves, know how to foster for themselves and others, the feeling that even a moderate good should be enjoyed with delight."

"Let me," said Charlotte, at last, after some hesitation, "make one more objection, which seems most important of all. The question is not about you, but about a third party. The disposition of the good, intelligent assistant is well known to you; in the path by which you go, you will become every day more valuable and indispensable. Since even now, in accordance with his feelings, he does not like to live without you, so in future, when once accustomed to your co-operation, he will, without you, be no longer able to manage his business. You will, at first, help him in it, to render it distasteful afterwards."

"Fate has not dealt gently with me," said Ottilia, "and those who love me have not perhaps anything much better to expect. Good and intelligent as our friend is, I hope that the feeling of a pure relation towards me will be developed in him. He will see in me a consecrated person, who perhaps can only outweigh a monstrous evil for herself and others, by devoting herself to that Holy Being, which invisibly surrounding us, can alone protect us against monstrous, intruding powers."

Charlotte made all that the dear girl had so feelingly uttered a subject for great consideration. She had in different ways, but most gently sounded Ottilia as to whether an union with Edward might not be possible, but the slightest mention, the least hope, the smallest suspicion seemed most deeply to move her; nay, once, when she could not avoid it, she expressed herself quite plainly on the subject.

"It," replied Charlotte, "your resolution to renounce Edward is so fixed and unchangeable, beware of the danger of seeing him again. When absent from the beloved object we seem, the more lively our affections, to have the more mastery over ourselves, by turning inwards the whole force of the passion which was directed outwards; but how soon, how swiftly are we snatched from this error when that with which we thought we could dispense, at once stands again before our eyes as indispensable? Do, now, what you consider most suitable to your circumstances; examine yourself—nay, rather change your present resolution, but do it from yourself—from your own free, willing heart. Do not let yourself be drawn by accident or by surprise into your former position; for then, for the first time, there will be a discord in the feelings, which is insupportable. As I have said, before you take this step, before

you quit me, and begin a new life, which leads you—who knows whither—reflect once more, whether you can really renounce Edward for the entire future. If you are determined upon this point, we will make a compact, that you shall have no communion with him, not even so much as a conversation, if he seeks you, or forces himself upon you." Ottilia did not reflect a moment; she gave Charlotte the promise she had already given to herself.

But now before Charlotte's mind constantly floated that threat of Edward's, that he would renounce Ottilia, only so long as she was not separated from Charlotte. Circumstances had, indeed, so much changed since that time, so much had occurred, that a word wrung from him, at the moment, might be considered void with respect to succeeding events. Nevertheless, she did not wish to venture or undertake anything that could wound him in the slightest degree, and therefore Mittler was to sound Edward's views upon this point.

Since the death of Charlotte's child, Mittler had often, though only for an instant visited her. This calamity, which made the re-union of the married couple seem improbable in the highest degree, had a powerful effect upon him; but always, according to his natural disposition, hoping and striving, he now rejoiced in secret at Ottilia's resolution. He trusted to the softening influence of passing time, thought still to bring together the married pair, and regarded these passionate emotions as mere trials of conjugal love and fidelity.

Charlotte had from the very beginning informed the Major in writing of Ottilia's first declaration, had most earnestly entreated him to prevail upon Edward, that no further steps should be taken; that all should keep quiet, and wait to see whether the feelings of the dear girl would change. She had also communicated what was most necessary of the late events and views, and now Mittler was entrusted with the difficult problem, of preparing a change in Edward's mind. Mittler, however, well knowing that one sooner puts up with that which has already happened, than consents to that which has not yet taken place, persuaded Charlotte that it was best to send Ottilia at once to school.

On this account, as soon as he had departed, preparations were made for the journey. Ottilia packed up her things, but Charlotte plainly saw that she meant to take with her, neither the beautiful chest nor anything out of it. She remained silent, and let the silent girl do as she pleased. The day of departure arrived; Charlotte's carriage was on the first day, to take Ottilia to a well-known lodging for the night, and on the second, to take her to the school. Nanny was to accompany her, and remain as her servant. This impetuous girl had, after the child's death, immediately attached herself to Ottilia, and now, clung to her as before, from nature and inclination. Nay, she appeared by her entertaining loquacity, to make up for her former omissions, and to wish thoroughly to devote herself to her beloved mistress. She was quite beside herself at the happiness of travelling with her,—of seeing new regions, as she had never been beyond the place of her birth, and she ran from the castle into the village to announce her felicity to her parents and relations, and to take leave of them. Unfortunately, in the course of these visits, she entered the rooms of persons sick with the measles, and at once felt the consequences of infection. The journey was not to be put off; Ottilia herself was urgent about it; she had already travelled on the road, she knew the people of the inn where she was to stop, the coachman of the castle took her, and there was nothing to be feared.

Charlotte made no opposition. She also in thought already hastened from the spot, and only wished to arrange for Edward, the rooms in the castle which Ottilia had inhabited, just as they had been before the arrival of the captain. The hope of receiving a part felicity always flashes up once more in man, and Charlotte was justified in forming such hopes, nay, was compelled to entertain them.

(To be continued.)

. To prevent misunderstanding, it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

STARTLING INFORMATION. (From Pusch's London Correspondent.)

"I have a great literary secret to impart to you, which I picked up at the door of one the Clubs, from a porter who enjoys my confidence. My news is neither more nor less than this—which I hasten to divulge; for I am determined that your paper shall be the first, either in or out of

London, to communicate the startling intelligence. Well, then, the fact is, that Macaulay has quarrelled with the *Edinburgh Review*, and has joined *Lloyd's List*, which is shortly to appear under his avowed editorship. He commences the next number with one of his brilliant essays on shipping; and the *Edinburgh Review* will, it is expected, merge in the *Observer*, to which it will form a quarterly supplement. The corps of the *Edinburgh* being thus dispersed, will leave many of its writers free, and it is expected they will go over in a body to the *Musical World*, which will be enlarged to six times its present size, and will be published every half-hour. By the bye, Hallam does not write a burlesque for the Olympic, nor is the lessee in treaty with Dr. Kaye Shuttleworth; though if these two eminent men could be induced to combine their strength, an immense treat might be expected."

SONNET.

No. XXXV.

I often ask this question when alone;
Whether the love I feel for thee is wrong.
Then comes an answer like a Seraph-song,
So soft and so consoling is its tone,
Telling me thou art destin'd for my own,
That though around me many troubles throng,
I must resist them with endurance strong.
And then, at last, they all shall be o'erthrown.
Oh, think not that our love can come to nought,
And that the purest feeling man can cherish,—
A love that shows its origin from Heav'n
Such wondrous changes in my heart has wrought,
Only to fade away and sadly perish.
Think not a blessing for a curse was given.

N. D.

QUEEN'S BENCH.

RUSSELL v. SMITH.—Sergeant Talford. The plaintiff is the well-known performer of musical entertainments of his own composition; the defendant has been in the habit of imitating them. The action was brought to try the plaintiff's right. The composition was, "The Ship on Fire," the piece was sold to Cramer and Co. The defendant, Smith, had become a servile imitator; he sang the same music and same words as Mr. Russell, who had brought this action to vindicate his right to the exclusive performance of his own work. Mr. BEALE (examined). "The Ship on Fire" is a song of a dramatic character. (Cross-examined). I have heard it sung by Russell; he accompanied himself. There is a piano and forte in most songs; "All's Well" is not a dramatic song, it's a duet. "The Ship on Fire" is as original as any song we have; it may resemble Rooke's *Amilie* in one part; I call it a dramatic song. Mr. WEST (examined). I have heard Mr. Smith perform "The Ship on Fire"; it was the same as Russell's, note for note. Mr. Russell's piece, as a part of the diatonic major-scale; the same as Rooke's *Amilie*, but the harmony in Mr. Russell's song is original and the time and key are different in the two pieces. The diatonic major-scale belongs to me or any one. Sir HENRY BISHOP. "The Ship on Fire" is an original song; it is as original as songs are in modern days; Haydn was not always original but the songs that he brought out are still called his; few composers can be called original; Beethoven and Cherubini were original; there are passages in Beethoven similar to previous composers; this occurs in the works of all the great composers. "The Heavens are Telling" resembles "The Lass of Richmond Hill."—*Verdict, Forty Shillings Damages.*

AN ANALYSIS OF THE HUMAN VOICE.

Compiled by FREDERICK WEBSTER, Professor of Elocution to the Royal Academy of Music.

THE art of speaking well, has, in most civilized countries, been a cherished mark of distinction, between the elevated and the humble conditions of life, and has been immediately connected with some of the greater labours of ambition and taste. It may, therefore, appear extraordinary, that the world with all its works of philosophy should have been satisfied with an instinctive exercise of the art, and without occasional examples of its supposed perfection: without an endeavour to found an analytic system of instruction productive of more multiplied instances of success. Due reflection, however, will convince us, that even this extended purpose of the

art of speaking, has been one of the causes of neglect. The renowned of the senate, the pulpit, the bar, and the stage, applauded into self-confidence by the multitude that surrounds them, cannot acknowledge the necessity of improvement: for the rewards that await the art of gratifying the general ear are in no less a degree encouraging to the faults of the voice than the approving judgment of the million is subversive of the rigid discipline of the mind.

Physiologists have described and classed the organic position by which the alphabetic elements are produced. On other points their attempts have not been so satisfactory. In investigating the subject of intonation, they have not designated, by some known or invented scale, the modes and degrees of such movements. They have rather given their attention to such questions as these:—Whether the organs of the voice partake of the nature of a wind or stringed instrument? how the falsetto is made? and whether acuteness and gravity are formed by variations in the dimensions of the glottis, or in the tension of its chords. They have carefully inspected the cartilages and muscles of the larynx, to discover thereby the immediate cause of intonation, whilst they were ignorant of the very modes and degrees of that intonation. In short they have tried to see sound and touch it with the dissecting knife—and all this without reaching any positive conclusion, or describing more of the audible effect of the anatomical structure, than was known two thousand years ago.

The Greek and Roman rhetoricians and writers on music recorded their knowledge of the functions of the voice. They distinguished its different qualities, by such terms as hard, smooth, sharp, clear, hoarse, full, slender, flowing, flexible, shrill, and austere; they knew the time of the voice, and had a view to its quantities in pronunciation. They gave to stress, under its form of accent and emphasis, appropriate places in speech. They discovered two modes of ascent and descent in pitch; one, by a continuous rising or falling slide, which they called *concrete* sound; the other by a discontinuous movement, which they called *discrete* sound, they also ascertained that the concrete was employed in speech and the discrete on musical instruments. Though from carrying the analysis no further, they erroneously supposed, as we shall learn hereafter, that the concrete was *solely* appropriated to speech, the discrete *solely* to instruments. The uses of pitch or the tones of the voice as they are called were conducted altogether by imitation, and the means of improvement were not reduced to any precise or available directions of art.

The few and indeterminate designations of the modes in reading, compared with the number and accuracy of the terms in music, imply the different degrees of success with which each has been cultivated. The inquirers into the nature of speech have given up their judgments to authority, and their pens to quotation. The musician has devoted his ear to observation and his labour to the trial of its truth. The words quick, slow, long, short, loud, soft, rise, fall, and turn, include nearly all the analytic terms of the art. How far they fall short of an enumeration of all the functions of the voice, and how fairly the present condition of our knowledge is here represented, shall be determined by an age to come, when the ear will have made deliberate examination.

A conviction of the imperfect state of our knowledge in some of the branches of the art of speaking first suggested the design of the ensuing investigation, whilst a hope to influence others to assist in the completion of a desirable measurement and method of the voice produces the present work.

I cannot withhold from this place a remark, on the importance of fixed principles in the arts; not only because these principles are the true sources of the intellectual enjoyment, which the arts afford, but because they are the most effective means for their improvement; and, although the entire want of such principles for the government of intonation, has unnecessarily led to the belief that they cannot be instituted, it will be shown, in the following essay, that they are not only as essential, but, likewise, as attainable in elocution, as in any other art which employs the judgment and interests the imagination. Music, with its infinitude of details, would still have been a mystery, if the doctrine of its intervals and time, and the mode of their construction could have been caught, only from the multiplied combinations and rapid execution of the orchestra. The accuracy of mathematical calculation, joined with the sober patience of the ear, over the slow practice of

its elements, has not had more success in disclosing the system of this beautiful and luminous science than a similar watchfulness over the deliberate movements of speech will afford for the facilities of observation and the conscious use of its acquisition. If there is any scope in the works of nature, or any foredoomed efficiency of means to complete the circle of her designs, we shall find, on the development of the scheme of speech, those unalterable rules, within the pale of which, the voice should be variously exercised, in order to give light to the understanding and pleasure to the ear.

(To be continued.)

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday and Tuesday *La Sonnambula* was played for the second and third times. On Thursday, an extra night, *Roberto il Diavolo* was given. The ballet-performances have consisted of the same entertainments we have already so frequently noticed, viz:—*Tableaux* from *Coralia*, or *Thea*, and several incidental dances, with Cerito, Rosati, Marie Taglioni, Perrot, St. Leon, &c. Lucile Grahn has been seriously ill but has now, we believe, quite recovered. Cerito, has also been slightly indisposed, so as to prevent her dancing on Tuesday and Thursday.

The houses have been overflowing and the enthusiasm of Mlle. Lind has not one item abated. Her next character will, we understand, be in the *Fille du Regiment* of Donizetti, which is now in active rehearsal. Mr. Lumley is certainly a lucky man, but no one can grudge him what he has obtained by indomitable energy and perseverance. He won Jenny Lind well—may he wear her long. We wish him no better, nor worse.

On Saturday Marie Taglioni danced for the last time. She was received with that applause which was due to her great merits and unassuming character. Perhaps no dancer ever won reputation and friends so quickly as Marie Taglioni. She made her first public *début*, at Her Majesty's Theatre, on the opening night of the season. Her charming talent was, at once, appreciated, and her personal beauty and agreeable manner achieved what her artistic promise began. She is already an established favourite here, and her annual appearance amongst us will be looked for with anxiety. Mr. Lumley could not possibly have made a more happy addition to his choreographic *troupe*. We believe Marie Taglioni is scarcely sixteen; if so her talent is the more remarkable and the greatest things may be anticipated of her future career. She has gone, with her father, M. Paul Taglioni, to Berlin, where the latter resumes his duties, as *ballet-master*, at the Opera.

To-night Carlotta Grisi makes her first appearance, this season, in *Esmeralda*. This will be a *fête* for the lovers of the ballet. The popular and admirable *danseuse* is engaged for two months.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The production of *Lucrezia Borgia* on Saturday night was, as yet, the greatest triumph of the new operatic establishment. Whether we take into consideration the ensemble of the band and the chorus, or the principals severally, we shall find nothing to award but the very highest praise. It was one of the most complete operatic performances ever presented to a British audience. Nearly the whole strength of the company was made available, and the smallest parts were entrusted to artists, who, hitherto, had been accustomed to appear in nothing subordinate. This speaks loudly in favour of the management, but still more loudly for the leading members of the vocal corps, who, throwing aside all feelings of rivalry, had no ulterior consideration beyond that of illus-

trating a great work of a master in the most complete manner. To Signor Marini, especially, the chiefest thanks is due, for not only undertaking an inferior part, but for resigning to another artist, without a murmur, a principal character in the opera, in which he had won himself a great continental reputation. This is truly pulling together in the same harness, and while works are thus produced, as *Lucrezia Borgia* was produced on Saturday night, the management can have no fear of realizing its most sanguine hopes of success. On some few occasions we have found reason to stint our praise of the Royal Italian Opera; on the present occasion, we cannot be too loud, or laudatory in its commendation. Let the reader peruse the cast of characters, and judge for himself, whether we are attempting to hyperbolise.

Don Alfonso,	(Duke of Ferrara)	:	SIGNOR TAMBURINI,
Lucrezia Borgia,	(Duchess of Ferrara)	:	MADAME GRISI,
Gennaro,	(Son of the Duchess)	:	SIGNOR MARIO,
Maffio Orsini,	(Friend to Gennaro)	:	MADemoiselle ALBONI,
Astolfo	(an agent of the Duchess)	:	SIGNOR PIETRO LEY,
Ascanio Petrucio	:	:	SIGNOR POLONINI,
Don Apostolo Gazella	:	:	SIGNOR MARINI,
Rustighello	(an agent of the Duke)	:	SIGNOR LAVIA,
Joppo Liverotto	:	:	SIGNOR TULLI,
Oloferno Vitellozzo	(an agent of the Duchess)	:	SIGNOR TAGLIAFICO.

Our readers and the public are sufficiently acquainted with Donizetti's opera to preclude us from entering into the merits of the music, or the drama. The opera is considered one of the master's best serious works, and with this estimate we feel inclined to agree. The drama is taken from Victor Hugo's celebrated tragedy, *Lucrezia Borgia*, and though not happily adapted in the operatic version, it still retains much of the fearful interest, and several of the striking situations of the splendid original. The first indication of the superior manner in which the opera was got up on Saturday evening, was instanced in the performance of the chorus in the first scene, "Bando a si triste," which was so magnificently given as to elicit a tremendous encore. It was sung to perfection, which can hardly be a matter of doubt, when we mention Alboni, Marini, Tagliafico, Mario, and Polonini among the singers. Marini's magnificent bass voice came out grandly in the forte, and towered above all the rest. The scene between Astolfo, the agent of the Duchess, and Rustighello, the agent of the Duke, when the latter has the former seized by a band of soldiers, was also admirably managed, and given with completeness; the singing of Pietro Ley and Lavia being worthy of very great praise. The chorus, "Al suo nome," was rendered with fine effect. What we have noted here of the chorus in the above *morceaux*, may be applied to their entire share of the performance. They were uniformly excellent throughout the whole opera. Of Alboni, we have already spoken so much in terms of praise, as almost to have expended our vocabulary of eulogy. She was at least as great in Orsini as in any of her previous efforts. The audience seemed to think the artist was far greater, for on no former occasion did she excite so much enthusiasm. In the *romanza*, "Nella fatal di Rimini," she was encored, and subsequently recalled. Such an encore, and such a recall, we have rarely witnessed indeed. In the bacchanalian ballad, "Il segreto per esser," a still greater triumph awaited her. She was encored *twice*, and recalled afterwards. Her acting in this scene was admirable. Her whole performance created a veritable *furor*. Mademoiselle Alboni was in splendid voice—when is she not?—and sang most exquisitely—when does she not? Mario, when he commenced, exhibited symptoms of his late illness. We were aware of his still labouring under the effects of his attack of influenza, but, sooner than disappoint the

subscribers and the public, he waived all thoughts of self, and would not postpone the opera a single night. In the last act, however, he seemed to have discarded all his illness, and sang and acted as finely as ever. The beautiful aria, "Come e soave," was deliciously given, and rapturously *encored*. We hardly ever remember Mario to have sung with more sweetness and more expression. In the last scene his acting was really great, and his death managed with the highest possible art. Tamburini, as the Duke, had but one scene in which his powers were called forth, but in that one scene the artist was surpassingly fine. His cold-bloodedness and Iago-like aspect as he watched the Duchess's countenance when Gennaro was brought in to be put to death, was masterly in the extreme; and the serpent-like smile he put on when he demanded of Lucrezia, "Noto vi e desso?" was worthy of the greatest tragedian. Many more delicate points were given in this scene with the deepest skill and insight into character, which unfortunately were lost on the majority of the audience, who were in utter ignorance of the words the great artist uttered. If audiences at our Italian Operas could understand the language which forms the vehicle to the music, they would not always bestow their loudest acclamations upon the strongest singers, but would sometimes feel that passion has other grand vents besides force and vociferation. In this scene of Tamburini's we ourselves felt the full power of the great actor, and were assured his consummate art was never more truthfully, or intensely exhibited. It was such a piece of acting, so unexaggerated, so deep and full of meaning, as Macready would have loved to look upon. Nothing could be finer than the assumed calmness of the artist, while he was probing his faithless spouse to the quick, till she inquires of him, "who makes him so determined against Gennaro?" when turning upon her, he utters, in a tone of frenzy, "You!" and then follows an explosion of passion, intensely real and grand. The whole of this scene, between Grisi and Tamburini was a great dramatic feast. Our friend, a brother of the daily press, in his notice on Tamburini's performance of the Duke, is something stinting in his praise, because, as he says, he had seen Lablache, who was the original of the part. We beg to assure our honest and thoroughly impartial cotemporary that he labours under an error. We dislike all comparisons, and between two such artists as Tamburini and Lablache it would appear particularly invidious; but, we cannot refrain from setting the critic to rights, regarding the original performance of the Duke Alfonso, in *Lucrezia Borgia*. When the opera was produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, Tamburini was the original Duke. After his secession, Lablache undertook the character, but, being a *basso*, was compelled to transpose the music. It was Tamburini, and not Lablache, who identified himself with Duke Alfonso. The impression Grisi left upon our minds in her performance of *Lucrezia Borgia*, on Saturday night, it will take a long time to efface. We never witnessed, on the boards of any stage, a grander representation of the tragic passions. It would take more room than we could well spare to enumerate half the excellencies of her singing and acting. Signs there were, occasionally, in her singing, that Grisi, as well as Mario, was labouring under the effects of influenza; but, who would condescend to name the spots in the sun, when describing that glorious luminary? As lofty and haughty as her Semiramide, or Norma; as thrilling as her Donna Anna; as pathetic as her Anna Bolena; Grisi's *Lucrezia* rises far above them all in sustained intensity and vigour. Her first song, "Come é bello," was hardly given with the finish and precision we have heard it on other occasions. The effects of her illness were perceivable; but, throughout

the scene, with Gennaro, she was all herself again, and sang with unusual effect. In this scene her acting was exquisitely truthful and beautiful. In the next scene, with the revellers, when they all taunt her with her crimes, she came out with such power and fire as to electrify the house. The curtain fell amidst a storm of applause. The scene with the Duke was so magnificent, involving so many different shades of feeling and passion, depicted so truthfully, as to leave it a difficult task to look for anything in modern tragic acting to surpass it, or even to parallel with it. Her rage, when she demands the Duke to punish the traitor, who has dared to defame her name, the vengeful joy she exhibits when told her calumniator is in the Duke's hands, her horror at beholding in her calumniator, Gennaro, her own son; her agonised endeavour to save his life, without betraying who he is; her pathetic pleadings to the Duke, and her despair when forced to decide whether Gennaro shall die by poison, or by the sword, were all evidences of the very loftiest art. The subsequent scene with Gennaro, where she entreats him to take the antidote, after he has drunk the poison, was tremendously grand. Her last scene with Gennaro, where his death occurs, was grander than all. We have no terms capable of conveying the absolute sublimity of her performance here. Siddons herself, as she wailed over the death of Arthur, was never more affecting, or more real. The aria, "Era desso il figlio mio," unfortunately the weakest *morceau* in the opera, was given like the notes of the dying swan, and her last words, as she falls on the body of her son, were uttered as if they came from a heart on the verge of breaking. After such a performance what are re-calls, bravos, plaudits, enthusiasm, and *furor*? Compliments, certainly, as indicating the feeling of the audience, but absolutely nothing commensurate with the merits of the artist. In such a case is not the silenced tongue, and the mute hands, evidencing the throbbing heart, fitter eulogy, than roars and thunder, and useless summonings? So felt we—when the curtain fell, our lips were sealed: when Grisi came on our hands were not uplifted.

After the opera, the *divertissement*, *La Bouquetière de Venise*, was performed, in which Mademoiselle Fanny Elssler introduced the *Cachucha* for the second time, and gained immense applause. The opera of *Lucrezia Borgia* was repeated on Tuesday, with increased effect; after which, a new ballet was produced, entitled, *La Salamandrine*. We propose reviewing this ballet, next week, at some length, and introducing in our notice an original poem founded on the *Salamandrine*, written by a celebrated author, and shall therefore reserve our remarks till our next number. On Thursday, an extra-night, the *Lucrezia* was performed for the third time, with the last act of *Italiana* and *La Salamandrine*. This evening, the *Barbiere* is played with an unexpected cast of characters; and *Don Giovanni* is announced for next Thursday. D. R.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE

(To the Editor of "The Musical World.")

SIR,—In answer to the letter of Phil-Hymnos, in your last, I send you the order of service for next Sunday evening. The writer cannot surely be aware that the object of the Society is to have the music of the church sung properly in the church by persons who have been educated in the science. The profession have been brought up in the church, and ought, in my opinion, to be found employment and properly remunerated. The anthems were written for the use of the church, and not for the concert-room. The service that we sing on Sunday evenings is written by the organist of Rochester Cathedral, and is a very clever composition; and we have many that could and would write for the church, if there was even a chance of their writings being heard. Trinity Church has no means of supporting a choir but by annual subscriptions and voluntary contributions, while the Mother Church, I have been informed, has an

income of £1,500 a year to repair the outside of it, arising from the Haines Inn estate. Mr. Surman has been applied to by the clergyman and churchwardens of the church to undertake the superintendence of the choir, and the means that are made use of to support it are in accordance with their directions. I am happy to say that the congregation is increasing, and applications are being made from other churches to provide them with educated choristers. If any of the clergy were to go there in the evening, they would hear the same music sung as at St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and the Chapel Royal, where best sung, I must leave them to judge for themselves.—Yours, truly,

A CHORISTER OF TRINITY CHURCH.

MR. HOLM, THE PHRENOLOGIST,

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Knowing the earnest interest that so many of your subscribers attach to the important science of Phrenology, I cannot resist to beg of you a corner for a few lines, to direct their attention to a most exquisite portrait of the worthy philosopher and phrenologist, Holm, Esq. (the friend of the great Spurzheim), which is at the present Royal exhibition—to use a familiar phrase, it speaks from the canvass. It is decidedly the best and most intellectual likeness I ever saw, and painted with that masterly perfection and decision that at once proclaims the first-rate artist. Mr. Hervien enjoys the greatest reputation on the Continent, and is the best pupil of Girodet. I saw his illustrations of a popular work, and sketches of American manners, which are worthy of the highest praise, giving proofs of the most luxuriant artistic imagination and the highest finish.

(To the Editor of "The Musical World.")

SIR,—In the double number of your excellent work of the 2nd of May, 1846, there appeared an advertisement, stating, that a gold medal would be awarded, in the following July, for the best Anthem; it went on to state the conditions to be observed and where it might be sent to. As one of the candidates I should feel much obliged if you could inform me whether any award has yet been made, I know that none was made in July as the advertisement stated it would be. I have no doubt but that among your numerous subscribers there are some, who, like myself, sent in their MS. so that if you cannot inform me perhaps some of them can. I remain, sir, your obedient servant,
A. B.
Westminster, April 30, 1847.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.—On Monday evening, the new comedy, *Temper*, was produced at this house, with the most complete success. The comedy kept attention alive, if it did not create surprise or emotion. The plot of *Temper* is trivial to a degree, and old as Mount Athos. A young lady is a rich heiress, wayward and passionate. She is beloved by a young gentleman, who is not rich, but is equally wayward and passionate as the young lady. A quarrel ensues, because the lover is not exact in his appointment to sign the marriage settlements; a breach follows, and then a reconciliation. The comedy of *Temper* is neatly written and natural. The characters of the play are sufficiently contrasted, and drawn with some force. Mr. Webster, who played his part extremely well, had to support a calculating fortune-hunter, a character amusing enough, but which may be found in nine novels out of ten. Mr. Farren, in an old bachelor, who is entirely good-natured and has lost his memory, was excellent and appeared to greater advantage than we have seen him for a long time in a new part. Mrs. Glover had a part well suited to her. This great artist played a bustling, perpetually-talking widow, with all her usual power, and excited immense laughter whenever she appeared. The sketches of two country demoiselles admirably supported by Miss P. Horton and Mrs. Humby, were, perhaps, the most meritorious efforts of the author of *Temper*. Miss Fortescue, as the wayward heiress, performed with grace and spirit. She was deserving of much praise in her reconciliation scene in the last act with her lover. The manager has gone to very great expense in producing the comedy. The dresses and scenery were as fine and appropriate as they possibly could be. *Temper* will take its

place beside those works produced at the Haymarket Theatre, which, by a long run, will reimburse the manager for a heavy outlay. The Hungarian Instrumental Vocalists have appeared every evening, during the week, and continue to prove very attractive at second price. Their performances are novel and highly amusing.

PRINCESS'S.—Mrs. Butler closed her engagement last evening with the performance of Juliet, in "Romeo and Juliet." Macready and Mrs. Warner are engaged, and appear on Monday, in "Hamlet." A choregraphic troupe, called the Hungarian dancers, made their appearance on Thursday evening, and performed several national *pas*, which were received with much applause.

FRENCH PLAYS.—*Un Coup de Lansquenot* is neither a very new, nor a very brilliant idea. A man who pays his court to a married woman, and hesitates at marrying a young and beautiful girl with a large fortune, he himself being over-head and ears in debt—such is the subject matter. The moral is doubtful, and the wit, to say the least of it, stale and second-hand. The usual jokes at the blindness of husbands, more particularly diplomatic ones, the beauty of being dunned by creditors, the excitement of spending other people's money, with an uncle in the back-ground to make all right at the finish; such are the materials worked up into two acts by M. Léon Laya. There is but one good character, that of Desrousseaux, played by Monsieur Regnier; he is a man who would give anything to come out strong, but it won't do; in vain he attempts the *roué*; he cannot be anything but a simple, easy, bashful, country gentleman. M. Regnier was, as usual, excellent: he is so full of mercury, that he keeps himself and every one else continually on the move. His part is the least item in his acting—his bye play is sufficient to carry the house by storm—he gesticulates with his legs, arms, head, hands, hat—in short, he is perpetual motion impersonated. The scene in which he persuades his friend to marry the girl and not to marry her, and his dealing the cards to decide which letter shall be sent, was most amusing. Mademoiselle Denain, as the Marchioness, had a most difficult part to make anything of—a compound of easy morality and forced repentance, without even the merit of voluntarily discarding her would-be lover. This charming actress, nevertheless, supplied by the polished style and graceful sensibility of her performance, all the interest in which the character she had to portray was wanting. She looked, as she always does, handsome and elegant, and lady-like. Mlle. Vallée looked and acted to perfection the part of the young maiden. "Oscar," or *Un Mari qui trompe sa femme*, is worthy of the reputation of M. Scribe in every respect. Oscar Bonnavet has married young, and loves his wife to adoration. Unfortunately he has taken to reading the novels of the romantic school, and he finds everything insipid when compared to the burning passion and harrowing crimes depicted by our modern writers of fiction. His brain turned, by poring over these compositions, he resolves to commit a crime himself, just to judge how he will feel after it, and with this intention, chooses what he calls the most agreeable of all, that of deceiving his wife. Full of this idea, he writes a letter to his niece, and proposes a meeting. She answers, "Oscar, je t'attends;" but his wife gets possession of the epistle, and sends her servant instead. Oscar does not discover his mistake until some time after, and then he is frightened to death that his wife may find him out, he doubles Manette's wages, who, by the bye, is prudently kept in the dark by her mistress, and buys her silence by giving her a large sum of money. The tables are now turned or awhile; Oscar laughs at his own fears, but his wife regains

her empire by relating to him the whole affair in which she had duped him during upwards of six months. Matters are finally brought to a successful termination, and Manette's power is brought to an end. M. Regnier was admirable. His terror of his wife, his fear of discovery, his horror of being betrayed by his servant, his confession to his wife, were all models of comic acting, and kept the house in convulsions. Mademoiselle Denain was admirable as the wife, and made every point tell with exquisite art. M. Cartigny as the uncle, who never loses sight of the main chance, added materially to the success of the piece. Mdle. Duverger looked even more pretty than usual, and threw a proper measure of pertness into the part of the *soubrette*.

CONCERTS.

MADAME PUZZI'S CONCERT.—The Annual Morning Entertainment of this esteemed professor is usually the herald of the monster-concerts for the season. On the present occasion the *locale* was, as usual, the great music-room of Her Majesty's Theatre. The programme was on the scale of variety and excellence to which Madame Puzzi has, for many years, accustomed her patrons and the public. The following vocalists took part in the proceedings:—Mesdames Montenegro, F. Lablache, Castellan, and Toulmin; Mdles. De Mendi, Georgette Brocard, and Dolby; Signori Gardoni, Fraschini, Lablache, F. Lablache, Coletti, Superchi, and Staudigl. Signor Marras was announced, but did not make his appearance. The vocal selection was generally admirable, some few pieces especially so. Among these were conspicuous two capital songs from the *Bohemian Girl* and the *Castle of Aymon*, by Balfe, delivered by Staudigl, with a characteristic energy of style in which the great German *basso* has very few competitors. The neat and graceful execution of Mdle. de Mendi, a young and pretty Spanish vocalist, nearly related to poor Malibran, in the well-known *air varié*, by Rode, excited general approval. Mdle. Georgette Brocard, a *debutante*, produced a favourable sensation in an air from Pacini's *Saffo*, although the air itself is devoid of merit. Another noticeable item was the air, "Il Sogno," from one of Mercadante's operas, cleverly sung by Signor Coletti, and expressively accompanied by Signor Puzzi, on the horn *obligato*. Madame Montenegro's "Una voce," was a sensible if not a highly finished performance. A trio from Ricci's *Scaramuccia*, rendered with infinite spirit by Signori Fraschini, Superchi, and Coletti; Signor Gardoni's intelligent and graceful delivery of the air, "Alla mia mente estatica," from one of Balfe's best operas, *Falstaff*; and Linley's pretty ballad, "Constance," expressively sung by Miss Dolby, were also to be reckoned among the best features of the concert. Nor must Madame Castellan's "Qual prece," (Mercadante), Signor Coletti's "Se la vita," (Tadolini), and the lively duet, "Les Muletiers," sung by Madame and Signor F. Lablache, be passed over without praise. To avert disappointment, arising from the absence of Signor Marras, a duet was liberally volunteered by Madame Castellan and Signor Lablache, which was warmly appreciated by the audience. The instrumental part of the concert contained several features worthy notice; and, one especially, as much from its novelty as from its merit, we mean the performance of a pianoforte *fantasia*, on Bohemian airs, by Herr Schuloff, a pianist from Prague, who displayed such musicianly taste and such neat and brilliant mechanism as to force an *encore*, which is a rare occurrence at these fashionable morning concerts, where the preponderance of ladies among the audience obviates the possibility of any energetic demonstrations of approval. The compliment was, therefore, the greater to Herr Schuloff's admirable talent. Instrumental music seemed decidedly to bear the bell at Madame Puzzi's concert—since another *encore* was awarded to Signor Cesare Ciardi, (first flute to the Grand Duke of Tuscany), who exhibited extraordinary facility and marvellous rapidity of utterance in a solo on the flute. Signor Ciardi, though new to this country, has, it would seem, found quick appreciation, since, we understand, that he is in treaty with one of our great musical establishments. M. Lavigne's solo on the oboe and Signor Piatti's solo on the violoncello were equally masterly in their way, and produced the most unequivocal marks of approbation. These

artists are respectively first oboe, and first violoncello in the orchestra at Her Majesty's Theatre, of the quality of which they are brilliant examples. The horn performance of Signor Puzzi, exhibited all the usual excellencies and peculiarities of that artist's very individual talent, and was foremost among the morning's attractions. The conductors at the piano were Messrs. Balfe, Pilotti, and Benedict, who effected their *devoir* in that style of excellence that might have been anticipated from their talents and experience. The room was crowded, and no one complained of anything in the concert but its excessive length—the invariable fault of such entertainments.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.—The third Concert took place on Wednesday, May 5. The selection being under the superintendence of H. R. H. Prince Albert, comprised, as usual, a great number of novelties, and these, combined with the immense attraction of the artists employed to interpret it, ensured the fullest attendance in the Hanover Square Rooms that has hitherto distinguished the ancient performances. This is a distinction that never fails to wait upon the concerts which Prince Albert directs. That illustrious personage is evidently an innovator and is never satisfied with the common places of every day occurrence; from which it results, that even if all his selections be not happy, they never fail to interest as matters of speculation.

PART I.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.—"God Save the Queen." Quintet, Misses S. Novello and M. Williams; Messrs. Lockey, Machin, and Herr Staudigl.
GREGORIAN HYMN.—"Alleluia, O Filii et Filie." Mdme. Castellan, Mademoiselle Alboni; Signori Mario, Tamburini, and Lablache. A. D. 500.
RECIT.—"Sponsa, Euridice." Mademoiselle Alboni. (Orfeo.).... Gluck.
ARIA.—"Cie farò." Mademoiselle Alboni. (Orfeo.).... Gluck.
QUINTETTO.—"Ah lasciar devi i rei." Miss M. Williams, Messrs. Lockey, P. and M. Machin, and Semi-chorus. (Joseph.).... Mehul.
RECIT.—"Tis Well." Mr. Lockey. (Joshua.).... Handel.
MARCH.—"Glory to God." Mr. Lockey. (Joshua.).... Handel.
CHORUS.—"Se nel ben." Signor Gardoni. (Stradella.).... A. D. 1600.
ARIETTA.—"Io cantero le lodi di quel Dio," Solo by Madame Castellan and Mademoiselle Alboni. (Stradella.).... Marcello.
PRELUDE AND FUGUE on the Name of BACH—Organ. (Dr. Felix Mendelssohn Bertholdy.).... Bach.
FINALE to the First Act of *Il Flauto Magico*, Mdme. Castellan, Mdle. Alboni, Misses S. Novello, and M. Williams; Signori Mario, Gardoni, Tamburini, Herr Staudigl, and Chorus. Mozart.

PART II.

OVERTURE, Fugato..... Mozart.
ROMANCE.—"Dans ma cabane obscure," Signor Mario, (Le Devin du Village.).... Rousseau.
THE EASTER HYMN.—"Jesus Christ is risen to-day." Solos by Mdme. Castellan, Misses M. Williams and S. Novello, Messrs. Lockey, Machin, and Herr Staudigl.
DUETTO.—"Un non so che," Madame Castellan and Signor Mario, (Das Unterbrochene Opferfest.).... Winter.
ARI.—"Le Roi passeoit," Signor Tamburini, (Le Déserteur.).... Moncigny.
DUETTO.—"Ob, guarda! che figura," Mdle. Alboni and Signor Lablache, (La Capricciosa corretta.).... Guglielmi.
ROMANCE AND CHORUS.—"Plaisir d'amour," Madame Castellan. Martini.
CHORUS.—"Gloria in excelsis.".... Cherubini.
Conductor—Sir H. R. Bishop. Organ—Mr. Lucas.

Out of the seventeen pieces eleven were novelties, and out of the eleven novelties half a dozen, at least, were worth a hearing. The Gregorian chaunt was harmonized in a style by no means Gregorian—we know not by what musician. The *Mottetto* of Marcello is a clever but not an exciting composition; still it merited a hearing. The *finale* to *Il Flauto Magico* was a treat, although it might have been more carefully executed. The *overture, Fugato*, of Mozart, is a masterly effort, and the introduction of this alone entitles Prince Albert to the thanks of the subscribers. Stradella's air was expressively sung by Gardoni, and Rousseau's simple ballad admirably expressed by Mario. Of course the organ performance of Dr. Mendelssohn, vile as is the organ of the Hanover Square Rooms, was the most interesting point in the programme. It was at the special request of H. R. H. Prince Albert that the greatest of organists, pianists, and composers, appeared in public on this occasion, for the last time, previous to his departure for the continent. He selected the Fugue of Sebastian Bach, (well known to his admirers), constructed on the notes which answers to the letters of his name; B (B flat) A-C-H (B natural) according to German notation. This he prefaced by a prelude to the same composer, selected from another work, but agreeable in character and key to what was to follow. It was a masterly and splendid performance and got more applause than we ever heard recorded at the Ancient Concerts. Mendelssohn's

almost the only player in the world who can accommodate himself to the peculiarities of a defective instrument, or make his hearers forget the imperfections of the medium through which he interprets himself—and this was shown to admiration on the infamous organ that has so long disgraced the Hanover Square Rooms. With a word for Mademoiselle Alboni's "Che farò," which was excellent, and for Staudigl's general singing all through the concert we must conclude the notice of this—the most interesting ancient performance of the season.

The Fourth took place on Wednesday evening, under the direction of his Grace the Archbishop of York. The programme was as follows.—

PART I.

OVERTURE.....(*Semiramis*).....*Catal.*
NATIONAL HYMN—"Lord of Heaven," Miss Rainforth, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Machin, and Chorus.....*Haydn.*
AIR—"O Lord, have mercy upon me," Herr Staudigl.....*Pergolesi.*
CANTATA—"List to the music," (*The Song of the Quail*). Miss Rainforth.....*Beethoven.*
LUTHER'S HYMN—"Great God! what do I see and hear? Herr Staudigl, and Chorus.
CHORUS—"He gave them hailstones," (*Iraai in Egypt*).....*Handel.*
RECIT—"Abscheulicher wo elst!" (*Fidelio*). Madame Knispel.....*Beethoven.*
ARIA—"Komm Hoffnung.".....*Beethoven.*
PRAYER—"Vater, ich rufe dich," Herr Staudigl.....*Himmel.*
ARIA CON CORO—"Vengo a voi," Madame Caradori Allan, (*Germania liberata*).....*Zingarelli.*
SELECTION FROM SECOND SERVICE—"Kyrie eleison!" Solos, Mad. Caradori Allan, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Lockey, and Herr Staudigl. *Haydn.*

PART II.

OVERTURE.....(*Semiramis*).....*Catal.*
CHANT FRANÇAIS—"Ecoutez, tous gentils Gallois," Chorus. (*La Bataille de Marignan*).....*Clement Janquin, A. D. 1515.*
DUETTO—"Quel sepolcro!" Mad. Knispel & Herr Staudigl. (*Agnes*). *Past.*
RECIT—"Andiamo, andiamo,".....*Madame Caradori. (Armida). Gluck.*
SOLO e CORO—"Invano alcun desir,".....*Madame Caradori. (Armida). Gluck.*
QUARTETTO e CORO—"O voto tremendo," Miss Rainforth, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Lockey, and Herr Staudigl. (*Idomeneo*).....*Mosart.*
RECIT—"E Susanna non vien,".....(*La Nozze di Figaro*).....*Mosart.*
ARIA—"Dove sono,".....(*La Nozze di Figaro*).....*Mosart.*
QUINTET—"Blow, gentle gale,".....(*The Slave*).....*Sir H. R. Bishop.*
RECIT—"Vattene figlia mia," Mad. Caradori & Herr Staudigl. (*Pergolesi*).
DUETTO—"Lo conosco,".....(*La Serva Padrona*).....*Pergolesi.*
FINALE to the Second Act of *Fidelio*—Solos, Madame Caradori, Miss Rainforth, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Peck, Mr. Whitworth, and Herr Staudigl.....*Beethoven.*

The above programme was entirely destitute of any interest derivable from the novelty of its materials. The only two new points—Catal's overture to *Semiramis*, and Jannequin's *Chant Français*, were both failures. The best singing of the evening was Miss Rainforth's "Song of the Quail," Madame Caradori's "Invano alcun desir," (Gluck), which was repeated, and the two songs of Herr Staudigl. The room was not nearly full. Prince Albert was present.

HERR KUHE'S CONCERT.—The concert giver is a pianist of considerable pretensions, and his programme attracted a full audience to the Hanover Square Rooms, among whom was no less distinguished a personage than Mlle Jenny Lutzer. Herr Kuhe played two fantasias, one by Emile Prudent, the other by himself, the musical merits of which are about on a par. He has a rapid and distinct finger, and great power, plays octave and scale passages with great facility and neatness, and does not exaggerate by a double administration of what is called sentiment by pianists of the modern school. On the whole his playing, if not of the most astonishing, is highly agreeable and effective. Herr Kuhe also performed two duets; one with Herr Joseph Helmesberger, for piano and violin, (composed by Wolf and Vieuxtemps in conjunction), the other with Mad. Dulcken for two pianos, both of which were deservedly well received. The latter is a brilliant and clever arrangement of airs from Donizetti's "La Fille du Regiment," and is highly creditable to Herr Kuhe's reputation as a composer for the piano of the modern school. Besides his own performances, Herr Kuhe had provided a good substantial selection of vocalities and instrumentalities for his patrons. Among the most notable things were the duet of the young violinists, Joseph and George Helmesberger, of which we have elsewhere spoken; a violoncello solo, capably executed by Mr. Hausmann; a fantasia on the flute by Sig. Cesare Ciardi, first flute to the grand Duke of Tuscany, one of the most extraordinary displays of finished and elaborate execution we ever listened to, and a guitar solo by M. Leonard Schulz, in which the artist evinced a command over the instrument, and brought out a tone and effect from its poor resources that

except to those who have heard this accomplished performer would appear incredible. The vocal music provided by Herr Kuhe was sustained by the talents of Misses Dolby, Pyne, and L. Pyne, (Sir George Smart's clever pupils, who have just returned from a successful professional trip to Paris), Mad. Knispel, Mad. Jenny Lutzer, Signors Marras and Galli, Herr Hoelzel, and Mr. Gregg (a promising pupil of Herr Staudigl). The gems were Miss Dolby's "Quando Almiro," the Misses Pyne's *bolero* from the sparkling "Diamans de la Couronne," of Auber; an air from Mozart's "Figaro," by Mad. Knispel; another from Donizetti's "Linda" by Mad. Jenny Lutzer; a graceful cavatina from the "Diamans de la Couronne," by Miss L. Pyne; an air "Bella adorata," (Mordcadante) by Sig. Marras; two pretty German *lieder* by Herr Hoelzel; and Linley's simple ballad "Constance," by Miss Dolby. Altogether the selection was exceedingly interesting, and honorable to the taste and judgment of the clever concert-giver, Herr Kuhe.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF FEMALE MUSICIANS gave a grand concert for the benefit of the Institution on Friday evening, May 7, at the Hanover Square Rooms. Misses Bassano, Birch, Cubitt, Dolby, Duval, Lincoln, Sabilla Novello, Poole, Rainforth, Steele, Mrs. W. H. Seguin, and Mad. Jenny Lutzer, Messrs. Braham Lockey, Manvers, Machin, and W. H. Seguin. Mrs. Anderson, Mr. Benedict, Mr. W. Sterndale Bennett, and Herr Joseph, and George Helmesberger were the instrumental performers. The band played the overture to "Oberon." Bach's trio, for three pianofortes, was played splendidly by Mrs. Anderson, Mr. Benedict and Mr. Sterndale Bennett. The rooms were very full. Mr. Benedict and Mr. Sterndale Bennett conducted. The Society of Female Musicians is deserving of the support of musicians, and those who have the interest of music at heart. The object of this Institution is for the benefit of such of its distressed members, as by relationship or other ties, have no claim on the funds of the Royal Society of Musicians. It has been established eight years, but its design is not yet widely-enough known to have gained that public patronage which it merits, and no doubt will ultimately obtain.

MR. J. COHAN's pianoforte recital took place on Wednesday evening at the Hanover Square Rooms. Why it was called pianoforte recital we are at a loss to guess, seeing that Miss Birch sang, and Miss Dolby also; and Mr. Hart likewise; and Miss Ransford too; and Mr. John Parry moreover; and in addition Mr. Blagrove played a solo on the violin, and also performed in a sonata of Beethoven's. We think, begging Mr. J. Cohan's pardon, the name was a misnomer. The concert was a capital one. Miss Birch and Miss Dolby opened the ball with a duet, and Mr. Cohan followed with a brilliant fantasia of his own composing, an air from Frey-schutz; and then Miss Birch gave an aria, and Mr. Cohan performed another fantasia "See the conquering hero comes," where-upon Miss Birch saying "Tell me, my heart," (Bishop's) and was vehemently encored; and Mr. Cohan played a tremendous martial fantasia, entitled "The Greek Revolution," which was uproariously applauded; and Albert Smith's song of "Young England" was sung by John Parry, and, of course, encored, and so ended the first part of the piano-forte recital. Part second was in the same spirit, therefore we need not enumerate. The best thing in the second part was Beethoven's sonata for violin and piano, excellently played by Blagrove and Cohan. But it is in his own works that the very peculiar genius of this pianist is shown. Mr. Cohan has an immense finger, and his execution is extraordinary. He was applauded tremendously in every piece, and excited a species of *furor* among the audience. We are glad to see the rooms crowded to excess, for Mr. J. Cohan is in every way worthy of the support of his admirers.

"HERR AND FRAULEIN HELENE STÖPEL's grand morning concert was held on Thursday, under the immediate patronage of the Duchesses of Sutherland, and the Marchioness of Londonderry. Mlle. Helen Stöpel is pianist to her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland. The programme of the concert was excellent; the instrumental being happily varied with the vocal performances. Among the former may be reckoned M. Stevenier's on the violin, Sig. Piatti on the violoncello, Madlle. Stöpel on the piano, and M. Herr Stöpel on the xilocordeon. In addition to these, twenty pianists, mostly pupils of Herr Stöpel, performed several *morceaux* on ten pianos, with great effect. Mlle. Stöpel's principal performance was the *Lucrezia Borgia* fantasia of Leopold De Meyer,

which she gave in such a manner as to elicit the most enthusiastic applause from the whole house. This charming young artist made a most favourable impression by the way she played this, one of Meyer's most difficult pieces. Mdlle. Stöpel has a very brilliant finger, reminding us sometimes of Madame Pleyel. We have been rarely so much pleased with a fair pianist as we were on Thursday evening with Mdlle. Helene Stöpel. Herr Stöpel's method of teaching the piano, judging from the effect produced by his pupils, is admirable. Among the vocal performances, by the way, there was one worthy of note, both on account of its novelty and its merit. This was a *scena* "Per basso l'esule," from an opera by Verdi, which was sung by Signor Montelli, an Italian *barytone*, new to our concert-rooms. Signor Montelli's voice is powerful, and of a very agreeable quality. He sings with taste and energy, and only requires a little more experience to make him a very pleasing and useful addition to our concert-rooms. He was somewhat nervous on this occasion; but time will cure this defect inevitable in a beginner.

THE MUSICAL UNION.—The attraction of the last meeting was Henri Vieuxtemps, the great and justly-celebrated violinist. His performance in the C quartet of Mozart, and the E flat (No. 10) of Beethoven, was transcendent. Finer specimens of quartet-playing were never listened to. Vieuxtemps outshone even himself upon this occasion, a feat not to be accomplished by any other violinist. His playing was colossal. Nothing grander, more impressive, or more perfect, could be desired by the most experienced and punctilious connoisseur. The quartet was admirably filled up, in both instances, by M. Deloffre, Mr. Hill, and Signor Piatti. The *ensemble* was irreproachable. The rest of the performance consisted of two solos. Vieuxtemps played a charming *morceau de salon*, of his own composition, in which he was accompanied on the piano-forte by Madame Vieuxtemps, with singular elegance and facility,—one instrument following the other so closely, that it was difficult to fancy that two performers were engaged. The other solo was a *bolero*, composed by Franchomme, and played to perfection by Signor Piatti, on the violoncello, accompanied by Mr. Vincent Wallace, on the piano, with musicianly skill. We can pardon Mr. Ella the anomaly of solos at classical quartet meetings, when the solos in question are such unexceptionable specimens of taste and skill as these. The room (Willis's) was crowded with rank and fashion.

Miss WHEATLEY's third *soiree musicale* took place at the Kensington Assembly Rooms on Wednesday evening. The vocalists were Miss Cubitt, Miss Ellen Lyon, Mr. W. H. Seguin, and Mr. Williams. Miss Cubitt was encored in Miss Camidge's ballad, "Did I not love thee," and in the Scotch ballad, "I dinna care to tell." Miss Ellen Lyon was also encored in Bishop's "Lo! here the gentle lark." Mr. Wells, in the unavoidable absence of Mr. Clinton, played the flute accompaniment to this song excellently. Of Miss Wheatley's performance of Hummel's rondo for the piano-forte, with accompaniments, and, in conjunction with Mr. H. Wheatley, her interpretation of Herz and Lafont's duet for piano and violin, from "L'Enfant du regiment," we must speak in high terms. Miss Wheatley also played with effect a solo of Eliason's for the violin. Mr. H. Wheatley is a very able conductor.

Miss P. A. ROBINSON's first concert took place at Crossby Hall on Monday. The *beneficiaire* secured the support of the Misses Williams, Miss Cubitt, Miss Lanza, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Weiks, Mr. Turner, Mr. C. E. Stevens, Mr. Edney, and Mr. A. Sedgwick. Miss P. A. Robinson sung several songs, and met with considerable applause, and the concert went off with great spirit.

HERR WILLMERS.—This gentleman's private *matinée musicale*, on Monday, at Willis's rooms, was attended by a numerous and intelligent audience of amateurs, artists, and critics. Herr Willmers performed the following selection of pieces, with one exception all his own compositions:—

Fantasia Romantique.—"Un jour d'été en Norvège," M. WILLMERS, *Willmers*. Scherzo, Piano-forte.—"La Sirène," M. WILLMERS, *Willmers*. Sextour Final, Piano-forte.—"Lucia di Lammermoor," (Transcrit), M. WILLMERS, *Willmers*. Sonata Quasi Fantasia, Piano-forte, (Op. 27), M. WILLMERS, *Beethoven*. Chant du Nord, Piano-forte.—"Flieg' vogel flieg'!" M. WILLMERS, *Willmers*. Serenata Erotica, Piano-forte.—"Pour la main gauche," M. WILLMERS, *Willmers*. Etude de Concert, Piano-forte.—"La Pompa di festo," M. WILLMERS, *Willmers*.

All we premised in our last of the extraordinary mechanical

excellence of Herr Willmers was justified by his performance. No living pianist has a more vigorous grasp of the instrument, a more powerful and sonorous tone, a more wonderful command of the most perplexing difficulties. We have not space to specialize his achievements on the present occasion, but we must single out as the most amazing effort of the morning, the "*serenata erotica*," in which the pianist accomplished, with his left hand alone, as much as could be reasonably expected of two ordinary players, with the full use of their double pair of hands! When will these marvels of digital force and suppleness reach their apex, and tumble down into common-place sensibility? Notwithstanding the continual astonishment to which we were subjected by the unheard-of difficulties compassed by the fingers of this trinity-of-pianists-in-one-person, we must own that we were more pleased with his execution of Beethoven's lovely sonata than with any thing else he effected. Allowing for the slight excess to which he carried the *tempo rubato* in the *presto*, Herr Willmers interpreted this sonata in a style that may truly be styled classical. The execution was faultless, and the expression quite in the true Beethoven feeling. We must leave Herr Willmers for the present, but trust to have another opportunity of treating more elaborately of the peculiarities of his singular talent.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. W. VINCENT WALLACE took a benefit at Drury Lane, on Monday evening. The entertainments embraced the performance of *Maritana*, followed by a Monster Concert, and concluded with a *ballet divertissement*. The two great features of the evening were the first appearance of a new English tenor, Mr. J. S. Reeves, and the pianoforte performance of Herr Jules Schulhoff. Mr. Reeves produced a great impression. His voice is powerful and full toned, and his singing is characterised by sweet expression and taste. He gave an *aria* of Verdi with great energy, and was tumultuously applauded. Herr Jules Schulhoff performed a composition of his own, and exhibited very extraordinary powers on the piano. In rapidity of fingering, brilliancy of execution, and delicacy of touch, he reminds us more of Leopold de Meyer than any pianist we have heard of late. His performance was rapturously applauded. Mr. Wallace conducted the opera, and Signor Schira accompanied all the vocal music. We were sorry not to see the house better attended. The name of Vincent Wallace is a tower of strength, and we expected to have seen more universal homage paid to the elegant composer of *Maritana* and *Matilda*.

M. GODEFROID.—We have already announced the arrival of this admirable harpist, who will remain with us during the season. M. Godefroid's last performance in Paris was at the *Conservatoire*, which rarely opens its classical portals to a harpist. M. Godefroid performed three pieces of his own composition, *La Melancolie*, *La Rêve*, and *La Danse des Sylphes*, two of which were encored with enthusiasm, an unusual occurrence at these classical concerts. This was a worthy climax to M. Godefroid's almost unprecedented Parisian successes.

MADAME CELESTE, has announced her benefit for Wednesday next at the Adelphi, on which occasion the *Flowers of the Forest* will be performed, with a new comedy, called *Flying Colours*; or, *Crossing the Frontiers*, in which Mr. Webster of the Haymarket, will appear. The fair Manageress is worthy of every support from the Public, and is entitled to a bumper-royal.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—At the Sixth Concert, on Monday evening, Spohr's *Wiehe der Töne* and Mozart's E flat, will be the symphonies. The overtures are to be *Egmont* and an overture in C, both by Beethoven. The *concerto* will be a violin one composed and played by Vieuxtemps. If the vocal music be as good the concert can hardly fail of pleasing.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. MUHLENFELDT'S Concert—the last paper on "Elijah," and other articles, unavoidably postponed till next week.

The large number of Manuscripts, Musical and Literary, that are sent to us for publication, lays us under the necessity of requesting that those who desire to favour "The Musical World" with their contributions will be careful to keep copies of whatever they may be pleased to offer us for consideration, as we cannot possibly undertake to return them, if they be rejected.

The lines for music, "I would I was a fairy," are politely declined.

We are unable to answer the question of our correspondent, T. P.

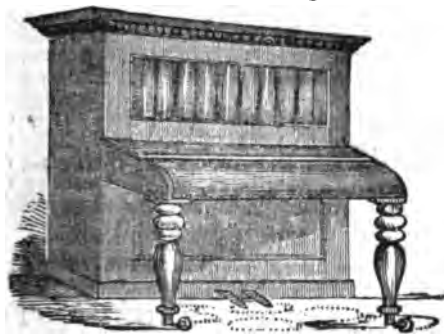
C. R. (Lymington)—The most likely place to meet with Sonatas of Handel (which, we regret to say, we never saw), is Coventry and Hollier's, Dean St., Soho. Of the glee we never heard, but there are large collections of old glees in the catalogues of D'Almaine & Co., Soho Sq.; and of Chappell, in Bond Street.

H. L. C. (Belfast)—We think the information required, will be found by our Correspondent in our Opera-articles. We shall have much pleasure in reviewing the flute-piece.

IGNORANCE—"If ignorance be bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." As we imagine, from the jocose style of his epistle, that "Ignorance" exults blissfully in the attribute that has suggested his self-applied sobriquet, we shall not run the risk of making him unhappy, by enlightening him on the points about which he questions us.

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No. 22.—VOL. XXII.

SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1847.

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Our Subscribers will be presented this week with an IMPROMPTU, composed expressly for the "Musical World," by CHARLES LUDERS.

JENNY LIND AND HER INFLUENCE.

OUR worthy progenitors may prate about Henry Betty and Miss O'Neil as they will, we have got something in our time to match them. Those bubbles swelled into the dimensions of a pumpkin before they burst—but this bubble is already as big as one of Mr. Green's balloons, and yet there is no sign of its melting into air. It gets bigger and bigger every day; but it looks so smooth and glitters with such diaphanous brightness in the sun that one has not the heart to throw a stone and smash it. In these, depressed and apathetic times it is pleasant to get hold of an excitement, come whence it may; and we shall not quarrel with the charming Jenny because she has in three weeks set the Thames on fire. Welcome then, thou most delightful epidemic, that hast poured into the ear of old London such precious distillations as have ravished it beyond a cure! Welcome, thou melodious plague, from whose infection none escapes—no, not even the doctors who walk the hospitals and presume to administer medicine to thy victims, for they are as intoxicated with thy honeyed poison as their patients. The doctors (*critics*) who first cried "Pshaw!" and prescribed brandy and salt, are now, sick in their turn, at a loss to invent a nostrum for themselves. Madder than their patients, they run about and rave. But no wonder—for Jenny Lind is irresistible! She has smiled upon the patricians, the people, and the press, and has vanquished them to a man. The Queen throws a bouquet at her; the barons and dames of rank flourish their silken scented kerchiefs, and weigh down the atmosphere with indefinite and countless smells; the people shout and roar; the press look on, with affected unconcern—as who should say, "Poor infatuated devils!"—and straightway hie them to their garrets, and emulate the mobbish drunkenness on paper. For one stroke of art they write down ten; for one burst of nature twenty; for one loud cheer fifty! And yet withal there is in the reality enough of truth to mock hyperbole. But no wonder—Jenny Lind is irresistible! See how "The Thunderer" nightly rocks himself on the waves of her sweet singing, and how next morning he flings incense before her altar, exulting in his odiferous employ. The lion will not devour the spotless virgin, and "The Thunderer" crouches before the Swedish maid. She looks at him, and his eyelids

close; she pats him on the mane, and he slumbers; she caresses him, and he has dreams of elysium; she gently wakes him, and he carries her on his sinewy back to glory and to triumph! Oh, cunning maid, that Io-like, hast learned to sooth "The Thunderer!" But none escapes—even Punch himself, the downy-feathered, spear-tongued railer, whose glance is sharp steel, whose smile is bitter myrrh, has been discovered blubbing; he has shed a tear, and owns it in half a sonnet. Peruse his solemn verse:—

"Not oft I give a sentimental squeak,
Nor deal in homage; but thou hast,
Fair maid, drawn wooden tears down Punch's cheek,
And that is an achievement vast.
Thus, therefore, doth he bare his crown,
And throw him at thy footstool down,
Hoping that thou wilt smile at him this week."

Thus you see there is no outlet from her influence. Jenny Lind has put salt upon the public tail and has fairly caught the public. Here, we suspect, is her secret. She is the people's own. She looks at the mob, as the beauty at the beast, and moved by the tears that run silently down its rough ungainly cheeks, yearns towards it as towards an honest ugly friend. Jenny Lind has wedded the multitude, and from the union has sprung her universal popularity. The crowd regards her with the eye of a protector. The feeling is unanimous. Every man when he goes to hear Jenny Lind goes with a large stick, and the intention of knocking any one down who says she is not the greatest of singers, the greatest of actresses, the simplest and loveliest of maidens. A few miserable heretics, in whose bosoms scepticism sourly reigns, have dared to say, "But———" But no further could they get in their argument:—the faithful to whom it was addressed have turned away in scorn, and left the infidels to munch the bitter cud of their reflections. We know of a son, who was turned out of doors by his father, because he was rash enough to suggest that Jenny Lind's middle notes were not so good as those of her upper register. A husband beat his wife because she affirmed that in the encore of the final air in *Sonnambula*, Jenny Lind made the same ornaments and cadences twice over. "There was not one note the same," said the husband, who knew nothing about music. "Every note was alike both times," insisted the wife, who was an excellent amateur. "You are a fool, my dear," rejoined the husband. "You know nothing of the matter," retorted the wife. And so when they got home, the dispute recommenced over the supper-table, and the husband thrashed his wife. Oh! could the simple "Jenny" have known this or the other circumstance, how would her pretty eyes have opened, and her pretty lips have pouted with dismay! "And this,"—would she have said,—"and this is to be beautiful and great! There is discord in all things that transcend the level. Good

begets evil; evil, good. It were better to be cloaked in mediocrity!"

It would appear that the French critics are jealous of our possession of the fair Jenny. In the *Sidèle* of last Saturday, the *feuilletoniste*, Eugene Guinot, a right worthy scribbler, pays himself and his brethren of the Gallic press the following compliment, to our disadvantage, which is the more beautiful from its being (as who will deny?) so thoroughly appropriate:—

"The *Prussian* singer (Jenny Lind) would willingly give up all the pecuniary advantages of her connection with Her Majesty's Theatre, for a genuine triumph at the Academie Royale (of Paris), for the applause of the Parisian journals, in which artists are spoken of according to their merit, and whose critics praise, without being paid. After the baptism of Parisian success, fortune would follow rapidly. . . . The English give money, not glory."

And the French give glory and not money—is not that it, Monsieur de Guinot? It is as well, however, that we have something to give which is sufficiently attractive to lure the Swedish nightingale to our shores. The French "glory," has been rejected by her with singular contempt. Meyerbeer himself has been unable to make her swallow it. The reason is that it cannot be placed in the funds, bearing interest; and the Swedish clergyman to whom Jenny Lind is said to be betrothed, would doubtless prefer the bank-notes, as more available for the purposes of domestic comfort.

And after all we are not so cold to Jenny; and after all it is not every foreign artist that can achieve a triumph on our stage. We have heard it even whispered that until London has given its verdict a singer's fame is incomplete. Of course this must be a mistake; but we put it to Monsieur de Guinot's candour to explain. We are very modest about these matters, and are ever anxious to be set right.

MENDELSSOHN'S ELIJAH.

(Continued from page 313.)

Our task is drawing to an end. To describe the numberless impressions received from this great work would take more of our time and space than we are able to afford. It would, nevertheless, be a grateful task, and were there not so many other things that absolutely command our attentive consideration at this eventful period of the musical season we would attempt it, fortified by conviction of the truth of all we should have to say, and mentally assured of the unsurpassable magnificence and beauty of this, the last of Mendelssohn's great efforts. But as matters stand we must hasten to conclude.

After the lovely chorus of comfort and encouragement to Elijah, of which we have spoken in terms of such unmeasured praise, the music assumes a graver and more solemn tone. The end of the prophet's labours is at hand; he has fulfilled his mission. Something more, however, yet remains for him to do. An angel tells him to arise and go to Horeb, the Mount of God, a journey of forty days and forty nights. Elijah, still complaining, declares that he has toiled in vain, and entreats the Lord to manifest his power by his presence. An angel answers him by an exhortation to patience and a promise that his heart's desire shall be fulfilled. A choir of angels sings the promise of redemption to those who shall endure to the end without repining. Elijah at length accomplishes his journey. Night falls around him, and his soul thirsts for the presence of God, as the parched earth for rain. An angel commands him to rise and go up to the mount and there he shall behold the glory of the Lord. Elijah covers his face and anticipates, with eager longing, the divine presence. God passes by and a mighty wind rends the mountain—but the Lord is not in the tempest. God passes by, and the sea

is upheaved and an earthquake shakes the land—but the Lord is not in the earthquake. After the earthquake comes a fire—but the Lord is not in the fire. After the fire "a still small voice"—and in that still voice, onward comes the Lord." Above him are the seraphim who sing his praises.

Mendelssohn has comprised the whole of the above in another magnificent picture. First a *contralto* recitative, "Arise Elijah"—then a bass recitative, in which the prophet makes his complaints and his desires manifest—and then an air for *contralto*, "O rest in the Lord." If religion can be made lovelier than itself by musical expression, here is a triumphant example of its powers. The melody is purity itself—the accompaniments calm and devotional. One of the most exquisite points is the *reprise* of the subject in the original key, C major, from the transition into E minor which accompanies the second part of the air. Nothing can be more artlessly beautiful, while, at the same time, it is a fine stroke of art—one of those master-touches with which Mendelssohn so frequently raises an unassuming thought into a high ideal beauty. Who that has heard this delicious melody falling from the lips of the charming Miss Dolby, as soft water from a gentle eminence, and can forget it, must have a heart of lead. The chorus that follows, "He that shall endure to the end," is quite ecclesiastical in character. The theme is composed of long sustained notes, and is worked throughout with great profundity, without the introduction of any extraneous subject. A recitative for Elijah, "Night falleth round me," and another for the angel, "Arise, now get thee without," leads to a chorus in E minor, "Behold! God the Lord passed by." In descriptive magnificence this chorus is surpassed by nothing in the whole oratorio, and equalled by nothing, except the final chorus to the first part, "Thanks be to God." The high voices, sustained by the organ, give out a fine unison passage on the first words, "Behold! God the Lord passed by," and then, a theme of singular originality, developed by the double choir, with close imitations of every phrase, leads by a gradual *crescendo* into the description of the tempest, which afterwards by degrees subsides, and at last dies away into silence, when the chorus sings a characteristic phrase, in full harmony, on the words, "But the Lord was not in the tempest," of which the effect is quite thrilling. The second verse (for this chorus may be said to be in verses) is conducted on nearly the same plan:—the unison passage, the *crescendo* to the earthquake, and the *decreasing* to the same passage in full harmony on the words, "But the Lord was not in the earthquake." The third verse is more developed. The description of the fire is terrific, the trumpets and trombones beginning *pianissimo* and gradually swelling out into a *fortissimo* to the climax, produce an effect that is positively awful. (The trombones in the last scene of *Don Giovanni* may have suggested this). The phrase on the words, "And yet the Lord was not in the fire," is developed and elaborated with amazing grandeur. The fury of the orchestra and chorus, however, gradually subsides, and the words, "And after the fire there came a still small voice," are introduced by a transition into E major, developing a melody of heavenly beauty, which, with the graceful character of the accompaniments, the violins undulating, like soft breezes, is ravishing to the senses and brings comfort to the heart. We have heard nothing in music to surpass it. After this fine effort of genius, a recitative, "Above Him stood the Seraphim," leads to a very noble quartet and chorus, "Holy, holy, holy, is God the Lord," in which the *corale* form is assumed, and the organ and brass instruments are used with surprising grandeur. Thus ends the gorgeous musical

picture we have attempted to describe, but of which no words can even faintly convey the infinite depth and beauty to those who have not been so lucky as to hear it.

We now approach the climax of this mighty work, which illustrates with tremendous power the sublime passage of scripture involved in the words, "And Elijah walked with God." Angels comfort Elijah with the assurance that his labours have not been vain, for there are yet seven thousand in Israel "who have not bowed down to Baal." Elijah is consoled and glorifies God in thanksgiving. The people praise Elijah for his prophecies and his denunciations, and the awful crisis arrives—Elijah is snatched away to Heaven in a chariot of fire drawn by horses of fire: "And Elijah was not, for God took him!" This is illustrated by a choral recitative in unison, "Go return upon thy way," which is highly grand and impressive—a recitative for Elijah, "I go on my way in the strength of the Lord," followed by an air, "For the mountains depart," a quiet melody in C major, 6-4 measure accompanied exclusively by the stringed instruments and the oboe, to which latter instrument is allotted an *obligato* part, which dialogues exquisitely with the voice. This scene is completed by another magnificent chorus, "Then did Elijah the prophet break forth like a fire," in two parts. The first part is distributed in full harmony for the choir, while the whole strength of the basses is employed in the development of a passage of great energy and character. The second part of the chorus occurs on the words, "And when the Lord would take him away to Heaven, lo! there came a fiery chariot with fiery horses, and he went by a whirlwind to Heaven." These words are expressed with graphic power, and the chorus exhibits from first to last the hand of a master and the invention of a genius.

The remainder of the oratorio is didactic, consisting of comments on the past, glorifications of the Almighty, consolation to the faithful, prophetic allusions, and exhortations to the people to continue in the right faith. The character of the music in this part assumes a staid loftiness and solemn majesty that quite reaches the sublime. The tenor air, "Then shall the righteous shine forth," in A flat, is of a devotional character, streaming with melody as exquisite as might be supposed to issue from the throat of an angel. The harmony and instrumentation are so lovely in their simplicity that it would be a despair for any extent of elaboration to approach their indefinable beauty. A recitative, "Behold, God hath sent Elijah the prophet," leads to a chorus, "But the Lord from the north has raised one," beginning in D minor, in a strain of gloomy grandeur, (the low tones of the oboes again making expression thrice expressive) and ending with a brilliant movement in D major, on the words, "Behold my servant and mine elect," which is quite Handelian in its sublimity. A finely developed passage on the words, "On him the Spirit of God shall rest," recalls a striking feature in the great chorus in E minor from the *Israel* of Handel; but Mendelssohn is so sparing of these reminiscences that when they do occur you welcome them as pleasant examples of his veneration for the great masters and his profound acquaintance with their works.* The unison passage, beginning on the words, "The spirit of wisdom and understanding," is a wonderful combination of character and sublimity, and the whole chorus is finely worked out. Next follows a quartet, in B flat, "O come every one that thirsteth," for the principal

singers. This might almost be pronounced the offspring of the double quartet in the first part, "For he shall give his angels," since it has the same Morzartean flow of melody, the same smooth and unoffending (albeit cunningly artistic) arrangement of the vocal parts, and the same transparent smoothness of the orchestration, which—

"Like golden boats on a sunny sea,"

shines and glitters with perpetual but imperceptible motion. It is, however, a most lovely quartet, and has a touch of Heaven in it that will go home to the heart of every enthusiast for the beautiful. The last chorus "And then shall your light break forth," is in two parts:—the first, a majestic prelude, in D minor, the last on the words, "Lord, our Creator," a splendidly worked fugue, the only example of the severely scholastic style of writing which the entire oratorio presents. The development of this fugue is magnificent—the *pedale* preceding the end, in which the subject is treated with close imitation, preparing the mind admirably for the climax to one of the most transcendent efforts of the human mind.

We shall, in our next, conclude this brief analysis, with some general remarks, in which we shall endeavour to convey our impressions of *Elijah* as a work of art, our opinion of the position it must occupy among the masterpieces of all time, and of the influence it cannot fail to have in giving an entirely new tone to the loftiest branch of musical composition—the ecclesiastical, as developed in its highest phase—the oratorio.

(To be concluded in our next)

MUSIC AT BERMUDA.

(From the Bermuda Royal Gazette, April, 1947.)

MR. OLIVER'S CONCERT.—Circumstances prevented our being present at Mr. Oliver's Concert at the Town Hall yesterday; we were much pleased to learn that there was a full attendance. We are promised a critical account of the exhibition for our next publication. We, however, can now say, as the opinion of the best authority in the room, that the performances gave the greatest satisfaction. That Miss Oliver's *début* was most successful, but that the piano did not do her justice, not being of sufficient power. The whole was performed with great precision and admirable taste. His Excellency the Governor and Mrs. Elliot kindly patronised the concert. The following is the programme of the music performed:—

Quartet in F, No. 82	-	-	Haydn.
Quartet in E Flat, No. 2	-	-	Mozart.
Quartet in B Flat, No. 6	-	-	Beethoven.
Quartet, "God save the Emperor"	-	-	Haydn.
Quartet in G, No. 2	-	-	Beethoven.

The quartets were for two violins, tenor and violoncello.

THE AFFINITIES.

from the German of Göthe.

Continued from page 329.

PART II.—CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN Mittler had come to talk over the matter with Edward, he found him alone, with his head leaning on his right hand, and his arm resting on the table. He seemed to suffer much. "Does your head-ache again trouble you?" asked Mittler. "It does," replied Edward, "and yet I cannot hate it, for it reminds me of Ottilia. Perhaps she herself is also suffering, I think, leaning upon her left arm, and is suffering more than I. And why should I not endure it as she does? These pains to me are wholesome—I may almost say, desirable: for with greater power does the image of her patience, accompanied by all her other qualities, float before

* In the heavenly chorus, "He watching over Israel," we omitted to note a similar reminiscence from the same chorus of Handel, which makes a striking feature in that of Mendelssohn.

my soul ; it is only in suffering that we perfectly feel all the great qualities, which are necessary to support it."

When Mittler found his friend so resigned, he was not backward with his mission, which he stated, step by step, in historical order, saying how the thought had arisen with the ladies, and how it had gradually been matured to a plan. Edward scarcely uttered an objection. From the little which he said, might, it seemed, be collected, that he left every thing to the others : his present pain seemed to have rendered him indifferent to everything.

Scarcely, however, was he alone, than he arose, and walked up and down the room. He felt his pain no longer ; he was occupied quite out of himself. Even during Mittler's narrative, the imagination of the lover had been warily excited. He saw Ottilia, but as good as alone, on a well-known path, in a familiar inn, the rooms of which he had often paced. He thought, he considered, or rather, he did not think and consider ; he only wished—willed. He must see her—speak to her. Why ? Wherefore ? What could come of it ? Of this there would be no question. He did not resist—he must.

The valet was taken into his confidence, and at once learned the day and night when Ottilia was to set off. The morning dawned ; Edward did not delay to go unaccompanied, on horseback, to the place where Ottilia was to pass the night. He reached it too early ; the astonished hostess received him with joy ; she was indebted to him for much of her domestic happiness. He had obtained a mark of honour for her son, who had shewn himself a brave soldier, by zealously representing to the general the man's act, at which he alone had been present, and thus overcoming the obstacles set up by some ill-wishers. She did not know how to do enough to please him. As quickly as possible, she put to rights her best room, which was, indeed, her wardrobe and store-room at the same time ; but he announced to her the arrival of a lady who was to take possession of this apartment, and had a back room, which opened upon the passage, scantily got ready for himself. To the hostess the affair seemed mysterious, and she was pleased to oblige her patron, who appeared very interested and active in this matter. And he—with what feelings did he pass the long time before evening ! He looked round the room in which he was to see her ; with all its homely singularity, it appeared to him a heavenly abode. What plans did he not devise ! Should he surprise Ottilia, or should he prepare her. The latter opinion at last prevailed ; he sat down and wrote. She was to receive the following epistle.

EDWARD TO OTTILIA.

"Whilst thou readest this letter, my best beloved, I am near thee. Thou must not be alarmed—must not terrify thyself ; thou hast nothing to fear from me. I will not intrude upon thee. Thou shalt not see me till thou thyself permittest it.

"First consider thine own situation and mine. How much do I thank thee, that thou intendest to take no decisive step ; but still this one is important enough : do not take it. Here, on a sort of cross-road, consider once more. Canst thou be mine ? wilt thou be mine ? Oh ! thou wilt confer on all of us a great blessing—on me an inestimable one.

"Let me see thee again—see thee again with joy. Let me ask thee the beautiful question with my lips, and do thou answer it with thy lovely self. Come to my bosom, Ottilia, here, where thou hast often reposed, and to which thou ever belongest."

Whilst he was writing, he was seized with the feeling that that which he most desired was approaching, and would soon be in his presence. "At that door she will enter—this letter she will read—she, for whose appearance I have so often longed, will actually stand before me as formerly. Will she still be the same ? Has her form—have her feelings changed ?" He still held the pen in his hand, he wished to write as he thought, but the carriage rattled into the court-yard. With rapid pen he added the words, "I hear thee coming. For a moment, fare thee well."

He folded the letter, and directed it ; there was no time to seal it. He sprang into the room, by which he could afterwards reach the passage, and at the instant it struck him that he had left his watch and seals upon the table. She ought not to see them first. He darted back, and succeeded in taking them away. From the ante-room he already heard the hostess, who approached the apartment to shew it to her guest. He hastened towards the

room-door, but it was closed. On hurrying in, he had shaken down the key, which lay inside ; the lock had snapped, and he was held fast. He pressed violently against the door, but it did not yield. Oh, how did he wish to slip like a spirit through the crevices ! In vain. He concealed his face against the door-post. Ottilia entered,—the hostess, as she observed him, withdrew. Even from Ottilia he could not remain concealed for a moment. He turned towards her, and thus once more were the lovers face to face in the most singular manner. She looked at him calmly and seriously, without advancing or retiring ; and when he made a movement to approach her, she went some steps back, as far as the table. He also again receded. "Ottilia," he cried, "let me break this fearful silence ! Are we only shadows that stand facing each other ? But, above all, hear me. It is a chance that thou now findest me here. By thee lies a letter, which should have prepared thee. Read it, I entreat thee,—read it, and then resolve as thou canst."

She looked down upon the letter, and after some hesitation, took it up, opened it, and read it. Without any alteration of manner, she read it through, put it softly down, and then pressed together the palms of her hands, which she had lifted up, brought them towards her heart, while she bent slightly forward,* and looked on the urgent, importunate lover with such a glance, that he felt compelled to desist from everything that he could wish or desire. This movement rent his very heart. He could not support the sight, the attitude of Ottilia. It seemed completely as though she would fall on her knees, if he persisted. He rushed out at the door in despair, and sent the hostess to the lovely girl.

He walked up and down in the anteroom ; night had set in, and all was quiet in the chamber. At last the hostess came out, bringing with her the key. The good woman was afflicted—overpowered—she did not know what to do. At last, as she was going she offered the key to Edward, who refused it. She left the light, and withdrew.

Edward, in a deep torpor, threw himself on the threshold of Ottilia's door, which he watered with his tears. Never, perhaps, did a pair of lovers, so near each other, pass a night in greater wretchedness.

Day broke ; the coachman drove up ; the hostess opened the door, and entered the chamber. She found Ottilia sleeping, but not undressed ; she went back and beckoned to Edward with a sympathising smile. Both approached the sleeping one ; but this sight also Edward was unable to support. The hostess did not venture to awaken the reposing girl, but seated herself opposite. At last, Ottilia opened her beautiful eyes, and stood upright. She refuses breakfast, and now Edward appears before her. He earnestly entreats her to speak only one word,—to declare her will ; he swears that her will is his own—but she is silent. Again he asks her lovingly and urgently, whether she will be his ? How charmingly, with downcast eyes, does she motion her head to a soft "No !" He asks whether she will go to the school ? She signifies the negative with indifference. But when he asks her whether he may take her back to Charlotte ? she answers in the affirmative with an inclination of the head, expressive of consolation. He hastens to the window to give orders to the coachman, but Ottilia, from behind him, has dashed like lightning out of the room, down the stairs, and into the carriage. The coachman takes the way back towards the castle ; Edmund, at some distance follows on horseback.

PART II.—CHAPTER XVII.

How astonished was Charlotte when she saw Ottilia coming first, and Edmund springing immediately after her into the court-yard of the castle. She hastened to the door. Ottilia alights, and approaches with Edward. With fervour and force she takes the hands of the married pair, presses them together, and hurries to her room. Edward throws his arms round Charlotte's neck, and is dissolved in tears. He cannot explain himself ; he begs her to have patience with him—to assist—to help Ottilia. Charlotte hastens to Ottilia's room, and shudders as she enters it. It was completely cleared out, and only the bare walls remained. It

* It will be remembered that just at the beginning of the romance, this position is described by the school-assistant as one of Ottilia's peculiarities.—Translator.

appeared as spacious as it was melancholy. Everything had been taken away, except the chest, which, as no one had resolved where to put it, had been left in the room. Ottilia lay upon the ground, with her head and arms extended over the chest. Charlotte busied herself about her, asks what has happened, and obtains no answer.

She leaves the servant, who brings restoratives, with Ottilia, and hastens to Edward. She finds him in the drawing-room, but he also gives her no information. He throws himself at her feet, bathes her hand in tears, flies to his room, and as she is about to follow him, she is met by the valet, who enlightens her to the best of his power. The rest she imagines, and then, with resolution, thinks what is required for the immediate moment. Ottilia's room is put to rights again as speedily as possible. Edward has found all his things, even to the last sheet of paper, just as he left them.

The three seem once more to be reconciled to each other, but Ottilia continues to be silent, and Edward can do nothing but entreat his wife to have patience, though he seems without it himself. Charlotte sends messengers to Mittler and to the Major. The former was not to be found—the latter arrives. To him Edward pours forth his heart; to him he confides the smallest circumstance; and thus Charlotte learns what has happened,—what has so strangely changed the position, and excited the feelings of the parties.

She talks most affectionately to her husband. She can make no other request, except that the girl may not be disturbed at present. Edward feels the worth, the love, the reason of his wife, but he is solely governed by his inclination. Charlotte gives him hopes; promises to consent to a separation. He does not believe her; he is so heart-sick, that hope and belief leave him by turns; he urges Charlotte to promise her hand to the Major; a sort of mad gloom has taken possession of him. Charlotte, to appease him, to entertain him, does what he requires. She promises her hand to the Major, in the event of Ottilia consenting to an union with Edward, but, under the express condition, that for the present time, the two men shall take a journey together. The Major has a foreign mission for his Court, and Edward promises to accompany him. Preparations are made, and new calmness is produced, for, at least, something is going on.

In the meanwhile, it can be observed that Ottilia rarely takes anything to eat or drink, while she constantly maintains her silence. If she is spoken to she seems pained, and therefore the attempt is abandoned. For we have not generally the weakness of wishing to torment persons, even for their own good. Charlotte thought over every means, till at last she hit upon the notion of letting the assistant come from the school. He had much influence over Ottilia, and had expressed himself very kindly on the subject of her unexpected non-appearance; but he had received no answer.

Not to surprise Ottilia, they mention this plan in her presence. She seems not to consent; she reflects; at last, a resolution seems to be matured in her; she hastens to her room, and, before the evening, sent the following address to the assembled party:—

"OTTLIA TO THE FRIENDS.

"Why, my dear friends, should I expressly say, what of itself is obvious? I have stepped out of my path, and I am not to return into it. A hostile demon, which has gained power over me, seems to hinder me from without, even if I had returned to unity within myself.

"Quite firm was my resolution to renounce Edward, and withdraw myself from him. I hoped not to meet him again. It has proved otherwise; he stood before me, even against his own will. My promise not to enter into conversation with him, I have perhaps taken and interpreted too literally. According to the feeling and conscience of the moment, I was silent. I was dumb before my friend, and now I have nothing more to say. By a strict vow, which perhaps is painful to those who make it deliberately, I have bound myself, being accidentally urged by my feelings. Let me adhere to it as long as my heart commands me. Call in no middle person. Do not press me to speak, or to take more nourishment than I strictly require. By indulgence and patience, help me through this time. I am young, and youth revives unexpectedly. Suffer me in your presence, cheer me with your love, instruct me with your conversation, but leave my inmost feelings to myself."

The long-prepared journey of the men did not take place, on

account of the delay in the Major's foreign business. And how desirable was this for Edward! Being excited anew by Ottilia's letter, being again encouraged and justified in resolute perseverance by her hope-inspiring words, he declared at once that he would not quit the place. "How foolish it would be," he exclaimed, "deliberately and prematurely to cast away that which is most necessary and indispensable, that which perhaps might be retained, even if the loss of it were threatened. And for what? Only that a person may seem to be able to will and choose. Thus have I, overcome by this silly conceit, often torn myself away from my friends hours, nay, days, too early, in order not to be decisively forced by the last inevitable term. But this time I will remain. Why should I remove myself? Is she not already removed from me? I have no notion of clasping her hand—of pressing her to my heart; I dare not even think of it; it inspires me with horror. She has not taken herself away from me, but has elevated herself above me."

And so he remained—as he wished—as he was obliged. But nothing could equal the pleasure he felt, when he found himself in her company. And the same feeling remained with her, and she could not withdraw herself from this happy necessity. Now, as before, they exercised one upon another an indescribable, almost magical power of attraction. They lived under the same roof, and even without exactly thinking of each other, busied with other matters, and drawn in different directions of society, they mutually approximated. If they found themselves in one room, it was not long before they were standing or sitting close together. Only the nearest proximity could satisfy them, and that completely—proximity was enough. There was no necessity for a look, a word, a gesture, a touch,—but the mere being together sufficed. Then they were not two persons, but only one single person, in unconscious perfect felicity, contented with himself and the world. Nay, if one of the two had been kept fast at one end of the building, the other, of his own accord, without design, would gradually have moved in that direction. Life was to them a riddle, the solution of which they only found with each other.

Ottilia was perfectly cheerful and composed, so that one might be perfectly easy on her account. She withdrew but little from the company, though she gained the point of taking her meals alone. No one but Nanny waited upon her.

What ordinarily happens to every man, is repeated oftener than is believed, because his nature immediately determines it. Character, individuality, inclination, direction, locality, surrounding objects, and habits, form together a whole, in which every man floats as in an element,—an atmosphere, in which alone he feels comfortable and at his ease. And thus, after many years, we are astonished to find men, about whose changeableness so many complaints are made, still unchanged and unchangeable, in spite of infinite incitements both within and without.

Thus also in the daily intercourse of our friends did nearly every thing again move in the old track. Still did Ottilia, by many a kind action, express her obliging disposition; and thus was it with every one, according to his peculiarity. In this manner, the domestic circle appeared as a phantom of its former life, and the fancy that all was still as it used to be, was excusable.

The autumn days, like the spring days in length, called the party at the same hour from the open air into the house. The adornments of fruit and flowers, which are peculiar to this time, occasioned the belief that this was the autumn of that first spring—the intervening time had fallen into oblivion. For now flowers were blooming of the kind that had been sown on those first days; now fruits ripened on the trees, which had then been seen in blossom.

The Major came and went at intervals; Mittler, too, was more often to be seen. The evening sittings were generally regular. Edward usually read; and with more animation, more feeling, better, nay, more cheerfully, if you will, than ever. It was as if he wished both by joyousness and feeling to give new life to the torpor of Ottilia—to dissolve her silence. As before, he sat so that she could look into his book, nay, he was uneasy, distracted, if she did not look into it, if he was not certain that she followed his words with her eyes.

Every unpleasant, unhappy feeling of the intervening time was extinguished. No one grudged anything to another; every kind of bitterness had vanished. The Major accompanied on the violin

Charlotte's playing on the piano, while Edward's flute, again, as before, accorded with Ottillia's treatment of the keyed instrument. Thus did Edward's birthday approach, which they had failed to solemnize in the preceding year. On this occasion it was to be celebrated, without festivity, by quiet friendly enjoyment. Thus, half tacitly, half expressly, had all come again to an understanding. But the nearer this epoch approached, the more was increased the solemnity in Ottillia's nature, which had hitherto been more felt than observed. She seemed often to review the flowers in the garden; she had signified to the gardener that he was to spare the summer-plants of all kinds, and particularly insisted on the chinas-ters, which bloomed this year in unusual abundance.

(To be concluded in our next.)

. To prevent misunderstanding, it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

SONNET.

No. XXXVI.

If there be any mourning for the soul,
Let that of blackest hue round mine be twin'd,
And let it so enwrap both heart and mind,
That I may stand apart from the great whole.
Let ev'ry hour and minute o'er me roll,
Leaving no trace of joy or grief behind;
Let me, within mine own dark sphere confin'd,
Rest undisturb'd—free from the world's control.
Rest, do I call it?—Oh! can that be rest,
When its own core the soul unceasing gnaws,
By mem'ry's lamp, as a sepulchral light?—
Aye, be it so, till, by its pain oppress'd,
My soul its narrow confines closer draws,
And then forgets itself in endless night.—N. D.

MADemoiselle DENAIN.

Our excellent contributor, J. de C., who supplies us with notices of the French plays, has frequently bestowed warm encomiums on the talent of this charming actress, who, now that she is on the point of leaving us, to return to her duties at the *Comedie Francaise*, demands a word or two of special notice. Mdlle. Denain belongs to that class of dramatic art which perhaps is the most difficult to sustain with credit—*genteel comedy*. Nature has gifted her with a face and figure that singularly fit her for the line she has chosen. Her features are delicate though well marked, and full of a certain quiet expression which enables her to indicate by a look or a word more than the most energetic gestures could possibly convey. She is exceedingly handsome; and when she smiles, her whole countenance beams with an intelligence that is almost seraphic. Her figure is slight but well proportioned. Her deportment is lady-like and dignified. Jules Janin, the celebrated dramatic critic, in a letter addressed to us privately, pronounces her the worthy successor of Mdlle. Mars, whose great parts she is destined to preserve upon the stage. Since her arrival here, Mdlle. Denain has had few parts to play which are precisely in her peculiar walk, the advent of the popular and admirable comedian, Regnier, having necessitated the representation of a number of *petite comedies* in which he is so inimitable. But Mdlle. Denain, with the ease that only belongs to perfect art, has made herself quite at home in these pieces, and we doubt whether the excellent Regnier was ever supported with more decided efficiency. Nevertheless, Mdlle. Denain found occasion, at her benefit on Wednesday, to introduce to the public a three-act drama, in which she sustains a *role* that may be regarded as one of her triumphs. The drama is *La Marquise de Senneterre*, by MM. Melesville and Ch. Duverger, in which Mdlle. Denain personates the character of Henriette, the heroine. Her acting in this part is one of the most finished and elegant histrionic efforts we

have witnessed at the French plays. In the first scenes, where, as the simple confiding country-wife, she comes to the celebrated courtesan, Marion Delorme, to consult her as to the best means of reestablishing the tottering affections of her truant husband, her voice, manner, and gestures are consummately natural. Nothing can be more thoroughly delicious than the *naiveté* with which she puts the question to Marion, and the childish astonishment with which she listens to her expositions of the world's vanity and heartlessness. You behold her gradually imbibing the lessons of the arch-coquette, who tells her that there is no such thing as *heart* in the world; that a husband's neglect must be answered by a wife's disdain; that *les femmes s'embrassent et s'enlèvent leurs amans*; and a hundred such moral axioms. When at last, an accomplished scholar, she practises the lessons of her instructress, and, as the brilliant and pleasure-courting woman of the world, she outshines the notorious Marion herself, beats her on her own territory, and robs her of both her lovers, her acting was worthy of a Jordan, a Duncan, or a Plessy. Her bye play is admirable, full of point, and sustained with undiminished brilliancy. The dashing, fascinating, spiritual, and heartless creature of fashion is pourtrayed to the life. With eyes flashing intelligence, voice thrilling with animation, and frame throbbing with the mere delight of being—of living—she walks across the scene like one of those joyous queens of comedy, who, of yore, delighted our fathers in the witty masterpieces of Congreve. Every word had its point; every gesture, its signification. Who could wonder that she turned the heads of all the courtiers? Who could wonder that she vanquished the egotism of Cinq Mars himself, the very emperor of coxcombs? Who could wonder that she brought her faithless husband to her feet, and made him forget Marion Delorme, and everything else in the world, except the wife whom he had neglected and misunderstood? But this was not all. The pathos of those moments, when alone, trembling at the precipice on which she stood; doubtful of the success of her assumed character; doating on her husband, while affecting to disdain him; irritably jealous of every woman that spoke to him; were as full of pathos and womanly tenderness, as the other situations were dazzling and impressive. In short, we have seldom been more delighted by a *comediennes* of the French school, than by Mdlle. Denain, in Henriette Marquise de Senneterre.

In taking leave of Mdlle. Denain, whose absence will be regretted by all lovers of legitimate comedy, it is our duty and our pleasure to thank Mr. Mitchell, the indefatigable lessee of the St. James's Theatre, for having introduced us to so charming a specimen of the school of our near neighbours, pleasant friends, and ancient enemies, the French. Let us hope that next season Mdlle. Denain's visit will be longer, and that we shall have more frequent occasion to criticise her in her best parts. On Tuesday, unhappily, she quits the white shores of Albion for her native France. The director of the *Comedie Francaise* will not trust her to us any longer—jealous, no doubt, of our possessing one of the brightest stars of his great company.

Meanwhile, we pledge a cup to her health, prosperity, and speedy return to England. Having once seen her, the *habitués* of Mr. Mitchell's elegant theatre will look for Mdlle. Denain as regularly and as anxiously as for the month of May, when the still modest sun loves most to shine upon the lovely face of woman. Come back, then, quiet, beautiful Denain! The arms of merry England will remain outstretched, to welcome you next spring.

MUSIC IN DUBLIN.

(From a Correspondent.)

MAY 25. 1847.—Madame Anna Bishop is still creating the greatest sensation here. She is such an universal favourite that it will be hard for any *prima donna* to please after her in this "land of song." By her extraordinary talent, Madame Bishop has kept our theatre open at a period when public and theatrical affairs wore a most gloomy aspect. She sang four times last week at the spacious Music Hall, just erected by Mr. Drewett. No less than two thousand people congregated in one evening to listen to the warbling of the English Nightingale, who is the sole attraction of the performances, which are simply varied by some songs by Mr. P. Corri, and an occasional pianoforte *fantasia* by the talented accompanist, Mr. Willy. This week Anna Bishop sings three times more at the Hall. She is engaged also for a Grand Concert at the Rotunda, which takes place, Thursday, the 27th instant. On the 28th she performs at our theatre for a benefit, and Saturday, 29th, she starts for Cork and Limerick. She will then, probably, return, for a few days, to Dublin, in the middle of June. Several concert directors and managers are already on the *qui vive* to engage her before she returns to London.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Two events of importance have occurred since our last:—the *rentrée* of Carlotta Grisi, and the appearance of Jenny Lind in another of her great parts—that of Maria in Donizetti's *La Figlia del Regimento*.

On Saturday the performances began with *Lucia di Lammermoor*, with the same cast as usual. *En passant*, we may say that Castellan, in Lucia, sang extremely well and acted with grace and sensibility, and that Fraschini, in Edgardo, made a greater impression on the audience than hitherto, confirming us in the notion we have already advanced, that a chronic lethargy of temperament is the only barrier to the young tenor's exertions. This, except when broken down by rare moments of enthusiasm, deprives him of the command of one half of his natural resources. Fraschini, it is fair to presume, lacks energy of character. In no other way can we account for the cramp—so to express it—that sometimes robs his powers of development, and encloses him, as it were, in an iron cage of mediocrity, in which his artistic talent can neither stand erect, nor lie horizontally, nor sit composedly, nor run at leisure—a sort of spiritualization of the state of Cardinal Balue, who, in the time of Louis XI. of France, invented a cage, with the conditions above specified, as a new method of torment, and was confined in it himself by the crafty, cruel, superstitious, and bigoted monarch, for the space of twelve years. Fraschini is Cardinal Balue—his lethargy the iron cage of his own fashioning. Who is the Louis XI. that puts him into it we have not decided, as time presses, space pushes, and we are not at leisure to complete the simile. Suffice it that Fraschini occasionally gets out of the cage—as on Saturday night—and is then a wholly different man from his ordinary self. Why does he not summon up strength to emancipate himself in perpetuity? Where there is a will there is surely a way.

But the great solemnity (as the French critics term it,) of this Saturday evening was the *rentrée* of CARLOTTA GRISI in her famous part of Esmeralda, which, through her absence from Her Majesty's Theatre, during the whole of last season, has been a dead letter to the public since 1845. The charming *danseuse* was never more charming. The hearty burst of welcome that greeted her from all parts of the house, as she came tripping on the stage, light as a feather, seemed at first to astonish her. Did Carlotta think that the *habitués* of Her Majesty's Theatre had forgotten her? Did she imagine them so fickle—so ungrateful? That graceful form that bends and

undulates, like tender trees beneath the kisses of the southern wind; those twinkling feet that radiate in imperceptible evolutions; that gentle spirit which plays upon them both, as the wind upon the harp of *Æolus*, making them discourse a music that ravishes the eye as the melody of Mozart enchants the ear; that sloping neck, fair as the swan's, soft as the dove's; those long white arms outstretched, which seem like paths that lead to happiness; those beamy-bending eyes to which the soul's desires rush as impetuously as comets to the sun:—were they to be forgotten in twelve fleeting months? Not by those, at least, in whose bosoms reign the sympathies that yearn for all the lovely truths which poesy can tell! And they were not forgotten. The cheers that acknowledged the presence of Carlotta, in whose being they are cumulated, as the infinitesimal parts that make one gracious whole, proved that the audience of Saturday night was of one mind—and that was all for her, the peerless Esmeralda. These were redoubled, over and over again, as she threaded the coquettish mazes of the *Truandaise*, followed by little wing-footed Perrot, whose vain attempts to catch her were as the heart's pursuit of an unbodied joy—a joy that once dwelt somewhere but is now homeless, and fits about, happy and content, as a butterfly that has emerged from the chrysalis, its "antenatal tomb." The *Truandaise* was re-demanded with acclamations, and repeated with new graces, new combinations of arch-coquetry and innocent simplicity, at once the most refined and the most natural. In the same scene Carlotta's playful manner and light frolicsome step, when she dances with childish exultation at the possession of the scarf of Phœbus, was received with loud expressions of delight. The scene with Gringoire, in the second *tableau* (Esmeralda's home!) where the innocent Bohemian teaches the egotistical poet the secrets of that art by which she gains her living, was another enchanting display of natural grace and perfect art. The applause was incessant, never flagging from the beginning to the end of the scene. The third *tableau* (the palace of Fleur de Lys) offers the only occasion for Carlotta to display those marvels of Terpsichorean agility for which some of her competitors, despairing to equal her in those unaffected beauties that spring like wild-flowers from her fertile being, have won deserved celebrity. But here, once more, Carlotta proved herself the accomplished mistress of her art. The ease with which she achieved the complex elaborations of this elegant step—the *Pas de la Esmeralda*—made them seem like the simplest matters possible. Carlotta performs incredible difficulties with such an utter absence of effort, that any one looking on would fancy herself capable of doing the like, until—as in the classic instance of Phæton, who rashly thought to guide the horses of Apollo, in the absence of their driver—the failure would follow in the track of the attempt, as swiftly as the rolling thunder the unseen steps of the lightning, and the daring intruder tumble from the chariot of presumption into the empty space of incompetency. In execution Carlotta combines the Ellslerian rapidity of step with the Taglionian grace of gesture. Nothing is too difficult for her, and yet she never seems to be wrestling with a difficulty. The *Pas de la Esmeralda* was followed by acclamations of applause. It was a triumph of legitimate art worthy of ranking with the loftiest achievements of choregraphy.

But it is not only as a dancer that Carlotta shines. As an actress (or *mimist*, to speak in dialect-Terpsichorean) she equally excels. Her Esmeralda is a great dramatic effort. The lovely creation of the poet Hugo is there before you, and every attribute with which he has endowed it. No accompaniment of music or of poetry could render it more eloquently

true. Carlotta looks the Esmeralda to perfection. Her small and well-formed head; her fine and quaintly-expressive features, that glow with the baby-look of unconscious innocence; her exquisitely-proportioned form, and the grace and infinite meaning of her every movement and gesture, are precisely what Victor Hugo has portrayed in his magnificent romance. She is the child of nature, that walks among guilty men and guilty things without being defiled; the inborn goodness of her heart, the native gracefulness of her mind, making her incapable of comprehending, much less of sympathising with aught but what is beautiful and true. Her's is the aspiring soul that flies to unknown Heaven; her's is the gushing-heart that melts at the appeal of sorrow. A thing to dream of when the soft-white hands of happiness are pressed upon your eyes and you are lost in the heaven of calm and reposeful slumber; a green spot to remember in your voyage through life's long and dreary desert; an ideal creature, whereof the image will remain with you until you receive your last summons, preserving for ever in some silent corner of the memory—

"The tender grace of a day that is dead."

Such is the Esmeralda of romance, and such is Carlotta Grisi, the Esmeralda of the *ballet*. Look at her, as she moves about the scene, mingling ever and anon among the motley throng, "as a swan trooping with crows;" or in the happy solitude of her own bright presence, sitting here and there like a bit of sunshine that will keep getting in your eyes. Look at her face, beaming with goodness and purity, when she, the beautiful Esmeralda, accepts the graceless Gringoire in marriage, to save him from untimely death; or when she administers the cooling draught to the goaded and excited Quasimodo, her eyes bending with pity, and mercy playing a sweet and silent melody upon her half-open lips; or when grateful and loving she gazes with ecstasy on the unconscious Phœbus, whose iron soul comprehends her not—as the poor idolator worships the image of brass or wood, that is insensible to his homage; or when, under her own humble roof, she repels the advances of the astonished Gringoire, treating him with kindness all the while; or when fleeing from the dark monk Frollo, as a sun-beam from the presence of a cloud; or when bent down with sorrow, crushed with persecution as the innocent flower by the pitiless storm, she yields to the pressure of adverse circumstance, and gently and womanly resigns herself to fate. Look at her in all these positions of the drama and say if Carlotta Grisi be not a great actress as well as a great dancer. It was evident that the audience thought so for we never recollect a *ballet* performance accompanied by such unanimous and incessant demonstrations of enthusiasm. There seemed to be but one feeling of delight at Carlotta's return, the only event which was wanting to consummate the absolute perfection of Mr. Lumley's *ballet-troupe*. The Gringoire of Perrot was an inimitable piece of pantomime, worthy of association with the highest efforts of comedy. If Perrot had not been the greatest of dancers, and the most inventive and graceful of *ballet*-masters, he would have been a Lemaître or a Perlet. Perrot is a genius, and nothing less. He has given us a grotesque view of Victor Hugo's houseless poet, but one overflowing with wit, drollery, and unctuous humour. It was quite a feast to witness the acting of the two—of Perrot and Carlotta—in *la nuit des noces*. It was eloquence itself; every gesture and movement being full of unmistakeable meaning. Perrot's dancing was, as usual, inimitable. He affects no wonders now—but he makes the beholders wonder at the ease and grace with which he accomplishes them, with such apparent unconsciousness.

His *Truandaise* and *Pas de la Esmeralda* (both with Carlotta) were the perfection of choregraphic art. Perrot was received with that warmth which is due to his great merits, and his acting excited constant laughter and applause. Jenny Lind was present, and was one of the most zealous applauders of Carlotta's grace, and one of the keenest relishers of Perrot's mercurial humour. The *ballet* was presented in a complete and satisfactory condition. The charming music of Pugnî (the most attractive that has proceeded from his pen) was excellently played by the orchestra, under Nadaud's direction, and the characteristic incidental dances were all executed most satisfactorily. We must not pass over, without praise, M. Gosselin's admirable impersonation of the monk Frollo, quite a piece of acting in its way, nor St. Leon's manly bearing, exhibited in the character of Phœbus. At the end of the *ballet* Carlotta Grisi was re-called upon the stage, and was led on by Perrot. The audience seemed never tired of manifesting the satisfaction they felt at once more beholding the charming and incomparable Esmeralda.

On Tuesday Jenny Lind triumphed anew in *La Sonnambula*, and Carlotta Grisi again delighted us in *Esmeralda*. In the opera we remarked that Mdlle. Lind introduced several new and charming cadences and *fioriture*. The house was literally crammed to suffocation. Her Majesty and Prince Albert were present.

On Thursday, Donizetti's *Figlia de la Reggimento* was produced, with Mdlle. Lind as Maria. As we were present at the Royal Italian Opera, (*Don Giovanni* being performed, of which our *collaborateur*, D. R., has elsewhere rendered account), we must defer our notice of this new essay of Mdlle. Lind until next week. We understand the house was densely crowded, and that the National Anthem was sung after the opera, Mdlle. Lind taking part in it. The Queen and Prince Albert, and all the stars of the drawing-room were present. D.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday the *Barbiere* was announced, but was postponed in consequence of the illness of Madame Persiani. *Puritani* was substituted. There was some novelty in the performance, inasmuch as Marini played Georgio, the role he was originally cast for, and Tamburini assumed his own part of Riccardo. The opera was completely done. Marini achieved a great success. He came out in the old Puritan with more force than on any previous occasion, and proved himself one of the finest *bassi profondi* who have been heard in this country for a long while. The duet in the second act between him and Tamburini obtained an encore and a recall. Mario and Grisi were both in fine voice, and sang splendidly. What we have said of the performance as a whole in a former number will apply here. The greatest care has been bestowed on the getting up of the *Puritani*, the scenery and dresses being extremely splendid. We cannot refrain from highly commending the attention paid to the minutest scenic details at the Royal Italian Opera. In the first scene of the *Puritani*, during the symphony or introductory music, the sun is seen to rise; the light breaks slowly over the sea, and reveals a distant view of the French coast—the various shades of light are managed with great effect—the guard is relieved, and soldiers pass across the stage, the whole giving a reality to the scene which we have rarely witnessed on any stage. This is certainly making the most of situation. After the opera, the new ballet *La Salamandrine* was performed, to which we now hasten to devote a few lines, according to promises laid down in our last week's number; first giving

the argument of the story, as taken from the *affiche* of the Royal Italian Opera.

Giulio (M. Petipa), a young Sicilian peasant, returns from hunting, to the cottage where resides Nina (Mlle. Fanny Elsler), to whom he is betrothed. She reproaches him with his ill-success in the chase, and so ridicules his *mal-adresse*, that he returns to the mountain. Still his ill-fortune pursues him, until, wearied with his march, he determines to enter into the crater of Etna, and cull a bouquet of certain flowers which grow in its sulphurous soil. These flowers, according to an old Sicilian superstition, are under the protection of the Salamandrines—spirits of fire, who are supposed to inhabit the burning mountain. With this fatal gift, he returns to Nina. She is alarmed; at first refuses the present; but at last accepts it. Immediately she is overcome by a heavy sleep, and sinks senseless upon a bank. She dreams that she climbs the mountain to restore the flowers, that a storm arises, and she shelters herself beneath a tree. The tree is struck by lightning; she is killed; while Hecla (Mlle. Dumilatre) appears in the midst of the burning tree. Nina continues to dream that she is transformed into a Salamandrine, and seeks Giulio while he sleeps beside a fire under a shed, where he is passing the night. The Spirits of Fire interpose and drag her away, and, at the very instant they are descending with her into the volcano, she awakes, and finds that she has dreamed.

The story as above told is certainly not carried clearly out in the ballet. The first scene is exceedingly beautiful, and the daybreak on Mount Etna and the surrounding country is managed with unusual effect. The first scene exhibits the *mime* powers of Fanny Elsler to admiration. No artist in the world, terpsichorean, histrionic, or operatic, can surpass the captivating Fanny in personifying the airs and graces of a coquetish maiden. The dances belonging to this portion of the ballet are not very striking, if we except one *pas* by Fanny Elsler, given with all the power of the great artist. During the first tableaux her performance and gestures might well form studies for the actor and the sculptor. Every attitude had an express meaning, and was instinct with grace; whilst every motion was as easy and natural, as though it were a spontaneous effort exercitated by no art. In the second tableau, the interior of Etna, the effect of the scene was entirely spoiled by giving too much light from the chandelier, thereby nullifying the red and mysterious glare that at first signified the abode of the Salamanders. This was a great mistake. The dancing of Fanny Elsler and Dumilatre in this scene was admirable; but the groupings of the choreographic corps discovered nothing new, and the dances themselves were not super-excellent. Elsler, Dumilatre and M. Petipa were loudly applauded in a *pas de trois* of some merit, and the Mesdemoiselles Neodot, Bretin and O'Bryan were received with much favour in a subsequent *pas*. The third tableau presented nothing very striking or effective. M. Petipa and Mlle. Fanny Elsler, performed a *pas de deux* in which they were loudly applauded. The pedal *fioriture* (we don't like the expression) of the gracious Fanny, brought down thunders of applause. We did not observe the interposition of the spirits of fire, and their dragging away Nina, as so impressively mentioned in the *affiche*. The sum of all our criticism amounts to thus much, that the *Salamandrine* is a very splendid ballet in some respects, but that it is on the whole inefficient, or ineffective: that some of the scenery is beautiful; that the music is horribly boisterous, loud enough to kill deafness itself; that the story is not well conceived and indifferently followed out on the stage; that the dancing of Fanny Elsler and Dumilatre is exquisite, and that of Petipa very good; that all the ladies of the corps are capital individually, but so—so collectively—in fine, that there is much to be lauded and something to be found fault with. So much for the new ballet *La Salamandrine*.

On Tuesday the *Lucrezia Borgia* was given for the fourth time. The performance was magnificent—nay, almost fault-

less. The chorus in the first scene was encored, as was also the grand trio in the second act, most exquisitely given by Grisai, Mario, and Tamburini. As a matter of course, Alboni was encored twice in "Il segreto per esser;" the house cheering most vociferously at the end of the second repeat. The *Salamandrine* followed, which calls for no particular notice. We must now hasten to a task more in consonance with our sympathies than any thing that has devolved on us in our critical duties since we commenced reviewing the performances of the Royal Italian Opera. It is indeed a labour of love to write about Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, one of the world's *chef-d'œuvres*.

The announcement of *Don Giovanni* by the Royal Italian Opera company, raised the greatest expectations in the public mind. The style of splendour and completeness in which the *Semiramide*, *Puritani*, and the *Lucrezia Borgia* were produced, led to the anticipation that Mozart's immortal work, involving so great a cast of characters and so much magnificence in the scenic details, while it demanded the highest capabilities of the band, would surpass all that had gone before. Great as these expectations were, they were not lowered a jot in the minds of all those who witnessed the *Don Giovanni*, at the Royal Italian Opera, on Thursday evening. An immense concourse of people had assembled to do homage to the mightiest lyrical production of all times, and long before Signor Costa appeared in the orchestra, the house was filled in every part. Before proceeding to speak of the performance, we shall give a list of the parts personified.

Donna Anna	MADAME GRISI.
Zerlina	MADAME PERSIANI.
Elvira	MADLIE CORBARI.
Don Ottavio	SIGNOR MARIO.
Il Commendatore	SIGNOR TAGLIAFICO.
Mazetto	SIGNOR P. LEY.
Leporello	SIGNOR ROVERE.
Don Giovanni	SIGNOR TAMBURINI.

The overture displayed the powers of the band to perfection. It was played in a manner we have rarely, if ever heard, and the *nuances* were given with the greatest care by Signor Costa. We have only one word to chronicle of the conductor on Thursday evening, viz., praise—nay, let it be two words, exceeding praise, and the compliment will be more befitting the merits of Signor Costa. We never heard *Don Giovanni* before interpreted throughout in so masterly and complete a manner; and certainly much of this, if not all, is due to the untiring efforts of the *Chef*. The band was faultless, and the chorus surpassing all eulogy. The finale to the first part was given with a power, and certainty we had never previously heard. The effect was quite electrical, and obtained a loud encore from all parts of the house, to which the chorus, very properly, did not respond. With this general comment on the band and singers, we hasten to notice the principal artists. The part of Leporello would, *a priori*, seem almost fatal to a singer who should attempt it in this country after Lablache; but Signor Rovere played and sung the part so well as entirely to do away with any ungenerous comparisons. His Leporello was acted with great spirit, and his humour did not for one moment border on the farcical. In the statue scene he was capital, and though highly comic, did not injure the effect of the scene with any display of extravagant fun. Altogether, Signor Rovere pleased us much in Leporello. We shall recur to his performance in a second notice. Mademoiselle Corbari was the best Elvira we have seen since Mademoiselle Sophie Loewe performed the part some years ago at Her Majesty's Theatre. She gave the

"Ah! che mi dici mai," very beautifully, and sang her share in the trio and terzetto in the second act, with great effect. This lady bide fair, before very long, to occupy no inferior position in the Operatic world. The improvement she has made since last year is remarkable. Madame Persiani's Zerlina is well known as an exceeding graceful and elegant performance. Her singing the music of the part is beautiful, but hardly Mozartean. She was encored with Tamburini in "La ci darem," and in the "Batti, batti," and "Vedrai carino." Signor Ley cannot hope to attain any particular fame by his performance of Mazetto. His voice is powerful, but the quality is not remarkable for expression. His acting was better than his singing. Signor Tagliafico was the best Commendatore we ever heard. He was positively great in the magnificent scene in the last act. The tremendous duet between him and Tamburini was given with most thrilling effect. Grisi's Donna Anna was superlatively grand. It is perhaps her greatest part. Her first scena over her father's dead body was beautiful in the extreme. The scene where she discovers *Don Giovanni* to be her betrayer called forth all her highest tragic powers. The scena, "Or sai che l'indegno," was as magnificent an instance of acting and singing as ever we witnessed. Grisi was retailed after this splendid artistic display. We were delighted with the introduction of the "Non mi dir," which should never be omitted from the performance of *Don Giovanni*. Grisi sang it exquisitely, and did not wander for one instant from the integrity of the text. All praise to the gifted child of Italia for her heartfelt reverence of the divine German musician. Tamburini's *Don Giovanni* is one of the most complete and splendid performances ever seen on the stage. Whether we behold him in the first scene killing a man in a duel, and making sport of the catastrophe; or in the scene with Elvira, when he disguises his feelings, and feigns a continuance of his old passion; or with Zerlina, when he pours forth a melody of love in such a manner, as would endanger the heart of old Saturn's wife herself; or with Donna Anna and Ottavio, when the accomplished cavalier is transparent in every attitude and motion; or in the ball-scene, where he plays the host with unsurpassed grace and dignity; or when, detected by the guests in his attempt on Zerlina, and they threaten him with their vengeance, he looks at them with a calmness perfectly in unison with the fearlessness of his character, till, stung by their threats, he turns on them like a stag at bay; or in the scene in the churchyard, where he treats with levity the warning of the statue, and invites it to supper; or, in fine, in the last scene, when he stands before the ghost undaunted, unmoved, viewing him like one that dared to look upon the devil himself and winced not, until a sudden thrill of agony and despair passed through his frame, when he gives his hand to the statue, and feels the supernatural influence—we feel that Tamburini is an artist of the most singular power, high conception, and lofty endowments. His last scene may rank among the greatest performances of past and present times. The singing of the great artist was equal to his best days. He obtained an encore with Persiani in "La ci darem." He was also called on to repeat, "Fin chan dal vino," which he gave with immense spirit, and narrowly escaped an encore in the serenade, "Deh vieni alla finestra," which he sang with the greatest purity and expression. We owe our gratitude to Signor Tamburini for the restoration to the score of the aria, "Meta di voi," which he gave with great taste. In the ball-scene, a novel effect was produced by having the minuet danced, according to the intention of the composer, by two

dancers, after the mode of the period. Mlle. Fanny Elssler and Dumilatre, the former assuming the gentleman, danced the *minuet* so captivatingly, that they elicited a rapturous encore. The dancing of the two charming artists was graceful in the extreme. It is impossible to call to mind all the encores and all the recalls. We remember all the artists appearing after the first act, Grisi being recalled after "Or che sai," and Tamburini coming on at the end amid a hurricane of applause. There was but one feeling in the house regarding the performance, and that was one of intense delight. The National Anthem was given at the end of the opera, it being the Queen's birth-day, Grisi and Persiani taking the solos. The evening concluded with the ballet of *La Salamandrine*.—D.R.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

ADELPHI.—Madame Celeste took her benefit on Wednesday evening, and had, as she so well deserved, a bumper house. Mr. Webster, on the occasion, came expressly to play for her in a new piece entitled *Flying Colours; or, Crossing the Frontier*. The piece is evidently a translation from the French, and the version is excellently well done. The plot rests entirely on the shoulders of Celeste, Webster, and Miss Woolgar, and famously these artists carried it through. The situations are excellent, and the author has shown much stage tact and good judgment in his construction of the piece. The acting of Madame Celeste was charming in the extreme, and elicited rapturous applause. We have seldom seen the fair artist in a part more befitting the graces, *naïveté*, and piquancy of her style. Mr. Webster had a capital character to sustain, and performed it with all his usual artistic skill. Miss Woolgar was admirable likewise. *Flying Colours; or, Crossing the Frontier*, will certainly have a long run at the Adelphi. The dresses, decorations, and scenery were on the usual scale of splendour for which this theatre has long been celebrated. The principal artists were called on at the end amid great enthusiasm.

FRENCH PLAYS.—*L'Enfant trouvé* is an amusing comédiette of Picard's, the only fault of which is its being spun out into three acts, when two at most would have amply sufficed for the matter contained therein. Without being hypercritical, we expect something more than a mere *charge* in three acts.—We enter upon the field of pure comedy, and we are consequently disposed to be more serious, and not entirely sacrifice our sense to our risible faculties. Laying aside the extravagance of the plot, the piece is neatly worded, and artistically put together, without betraying any symptoms of dullness or patchiness. The orphan is a M. Saint Jules, and is about to be married to a certain Henriette, whose relations, although professing the utmost liberality as regards family and connexions, insist upon knowing something of the family of the young man. This sets Delbar's wits to work to manufacture him a father and mother; and he consequently pitches upon Castleville, an old bachelor, to enact the part of the father, and upon Mademoiselle Dubrosserac to play that of the mother. He works alternately upon their imagination, their feelings, and their cupidity, and eventually persuades them that they are the real father and mother. They themselves get married, and the young man obtains his bride. M. Regnier was the soul of the piece, and, as usual carried the house by storm. The scenes in which he persuades the old bachelor and the old maid that they are the young man's real parents—mixing up truth and invention in such manner as to make them dubious as to whether the thing might not be, after all, as he states—were highly humorous, and, although rather eccentric, irresistibly amusing: that, also, in which he persuades the two to

marry, kept the house in convulsions. M. Regnier was as mercurial as ever. M. Cartigny was admirable as the old bachelor, and drew largely upon the laughter of his audience. Madame Grassau deserves praise for her execution of the old maid; and Madlle. Vallée was, as usual, charming in the small part of Henriette. Molière's farce of *Les Précieuses Ridicules* has also been played several times this week, but not with that degree of success which the great name and reputation of the author would seem to command. Although M. Regnier is the best representative of the Scapins, the Sganarelles, and the Mascarilles now on the French stage, there is a certain heaviness in the action, a tediousness in the language, which no art can dispel. We are inclined to think, that the fault lies more in the author than the actor; for the same reflections have often been forced upon us, even when Monrose was at the apogée of his fame, than whom a better Scapin or Crispin never trod the boards of any theatre. We must not be supposed to refer to the more serious works of the great dramatist—they are imperishable—but merely to his lighter productions. The ridicules of Molière's time have undergone a total change:—an attack upon medicine and doctors, on blue-stockings and pretentious damsels, the fine language of the fops of the seventeenth century, find no echo in our times; even the expressions are antiquated, the exclamations out of date; the manners, habits, customs essentially different; the use of the cudgel is now no longer tolerated—in short, the dresses themselves contribute a great deal to dispel the illusion, and make the actors seem to be uttering sentiments in which they do not participate, or at any rate for which we have no sympathy. Mademoiselle Denain took her benefit on Wednesday—we believe that M. Regnier's takes place next Wednesday—so that we may soon expect another change of actors. M. Bouffé is announced, and we hail his arrival with pleasure.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WE REGRET to learn that Mr. Jones Whitworth, of whose successful career the Italian journals have, from time to time, given such favourable accounts, has been prevented, by illness, from accepting the engagements offered him at the Philharmonic and at the Ancient Concerts on the nights of the Archbishop of York and Earl Howe.

THE ATLAS.—In complaining of the length of Rossini's *Semiramide*, the musical critic of this paper observes:—"Some castigation of the composer is absolutely necessary in the performance of this opera." Does he mean that Rossini should be thrashed on the stage every night *Semiramide* is performed? Or does he intend to insinuate that the "Swan of Pesaro" merits a whacking for having written so long and dull an opera. If the latter be his meaning what would this severe writer award to "Young Verdi," for the composition of *Nine* and *Ernani*? We should say, the cat-o'-nine-tails, at the very least.

HEER FISCHER has returned from Stuttgart in Bavaria where he went to wait upon the Emperor of Russia, who was there for a short period.

DR. SPOHR.—The arrival of Dr. Spohr, in London, to fulfil his engagement with the Sacred Harmonic Society, is expected during the first week in July. We are not aware what works of this great master's will be performed, but, believe that the *Crucifixion* and the *Fall of Babylon* will be amongst the number. We anticipate a more satisfactory performance of these works than we have hitherto had the opportunity of hearing, from the circumstance of the band and chorus having lately had such good drilling from Men-

delssohn, during the getting up and performance of the *Elijah*. We hope, and believe, that a new spirit has been infused into this band of amateurs, from the exertion of that great artist, and it will be the fault of those in office if this spirit is allowed to retrograde.

MR. FRENCH FLOWERS.—By a letter, from Berlin, we hear that the Earl of Westmoreland has expressed his entire approval of this professor's treatise on fugue.

MISS GRANT.—This vocalist has returned to town after an absence of some time in the Provinces, where she has been singing with great success in many places. We hope to hear her at some of the London Concerts this season, so that we may judge of her progress.

SIGNOR SCHIRA has been appointed Professor of Singing at the Royal Academy of Music.

MR. JOHN BALSIR CHATTERTON.—We are happy to inform our readers that this amiable and excellent professor has been appointed, by royal command, harpist to Her Majesty the Queen.

LEICESTER SQUARE.—The project of erecting a new theatre in this locale has been abandoned. The ground, which had been fixed upon, is now let for other purposes.

BIRMINGHAM.—(Extract from a Letter.) Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was, as you know, performed in Birmingham some time ago, and immense posters were stuck on the walls to that effect; since which equally large bills have been issued by the *Odd Fellows*, for a Whitsun Trip by Rail, to Worcester, Gloucester, and Bristol, and back next day: these have been pasted on the *Elijah* bills, but not covering the lower part of them; it reads thus:—"The *Odd Fellows* of Birmingham will make an extraordinary Trip to Worcester, Gloucester, and Bristol, returning next day. Leader:—MR. WILLY: Conductor:—DR. MENDELSSOHN."

NEW MUSIC HALL, DUBLIN.—A spacious Music Hall has just been built in Dublin. The proprietor, Mr. Drewet, is determined to give concerts on a grand scale. He has already prevailed on Madame Bishop to retard her departure from Dublin, and has engaged her for six concerts. This engagement, and visits to Cork and Limerick, will delay the arrival of Madame Bishop in London, for some weeks.

MR. HENRY PHILLIPS, has been giving his entertainment with great success, at Hull, Driffield, Birmingham, and Chester, at each place he had crowded audiences, and was received with the greatest favour.

THE MISSES KENNETH.—These young and rising vocalists are rapidly making themselves a name in the provinces. At Manchester they have been singing with the greatest success at the *Athæneum* concert, and at the concert of the *Philharmonic Institution*. The Misses Kenneth have also been playing at the Theatre Royal, in Weber's opera of *Oberon*, in which their performances have obtained the warm approval of the Manchester press. The *Manchester Examiner*, which we have before us, speaks in the highest terms of the talent of both these young ladies, whom we trust, ere long to have an opportunity of criticising ourselves—at the concerts or theatres of the metropolis.

CURIOUS LAW OF SOUND.—The effect of two or more reciprocating bodies upon a sound is curious. An experiment occurs to us which showed it forcibly. When one of two ordinary drinking glasses (each of which emitted the note C when a tuning-fork was applied to them) was held horizontally and the other perpendicularly with the lips of each in contact, and a tuning-fork was placed at the intersection, THE SOUND CEASED, and when they were held perpendicularly to the tuning-fork (mouth over mouth), the sound was doubled. This may involve the reason why some cross-churches are very bad for hearing in.—*The Builder*.

M. VIEUXTEMPS, the great violinist, has departed from London being engaged on a continental tour.

MR. ROBERT SIDNEY PRATTEN, the flautist, has arrived from Prague. The German Journals speak very loudly in praise of his powers on the flute.

CHEAP PIANOFORTE.—Cheapness is extending, like a new sunrise, over all the branches of the arts and sciences. We paid a visit, last week, to Warren's Pianoforte Manufactory, Leadenhall Street, and were much surprised to find a capital new instrument, purchasable at *twenty guineas*. We also saw some Piccolos, very superiorly made, at *eighteen guineas*. This is cheapness with a vengeance, and must ensure an extraordinary sale. We should like to know whence Mr. Warren's profits can come. Pianofortes new, and really good, at the above prices, is a type of the present antimonopolizing times, when men will sacrifice themselves to outdo their neighbours. We hope Mr. Warren does make a profit.

STANDARD LYRIC DRAMA.—A Prospectus and Specimen Pages of an intended new, cheap, and important musical publication professing to give a more perfect, correct, and elegant edition of the great dramatic works of the great composers, than has been hitherto published has reached us. Each opera will be given with the vocal score in its integrity, and the pianoforte adaptation arranged from the orchestral score. The size of this work will be small *quarto*, and the specimen sent us, exhibits an intention of bestowing great care in the getting up. The projectors have appealed to the public to support them in their undertaking, and are only waiting for an adequate number of subscribers to commence with the first publication. The speculation is one entirely worthy the consideration of all amateurs and musicians, and we therefore heartily recommend such to give it a habitation in their thoughts.

NEW DIATONIC FLUTE.—In a recent number we offered a few remarks on the *Theory of the New Patent Diatonic Flute*, by Mr. Siccama, the inventor of that instrument. We could, at that time, only record our testimony of the ability and the scientific knowledge evinced in the work. A correspondent, who is well-known and regarded as a flute-player, and as a composer for the instrument, writes to us in the following words:—"The improvements proposed by Mr. Siccama's invention, embraces the two points, tone and tune, upon which all melodic effects depend. That these two points are obtained, and in a degree far beyond any flute hitherto produced, is incontestable: while, at the same time, the fingering remains the same as upon the ordinary flute; only with the advantage of copious resources for new fingerings which facilitate passages in the high notes that are complicated and difficult on other flutes. The *harmonies* are perfectly in tune with the *open* or *natural notes*. The feeble and imperfect E and A of the lower octave are rendered full, and equal with the other notes. The medium and upper octaves are clear and round. The flute is in perfect tune, and does not need those mutations of the performer's embouchure which even an approach to correct intonation has hitherto demanded. Every flute-player, whether in the orchestra the concert-room, or in chamber music, must appreciate the value of an instrument upon which reliance can be placed in point of intonation; and, I am of opinion, that Mr. Siccama's Diatonic Flute only requires a trial to have its excellence acknowledged in this most important feature, as well as its claims to superiority of tone." Consistently with the course, we have found it expedient and necessary to pursue in such matters, we must decline entering, controversially, into the question, or offering any opinion on the merits of the diversity of new flutes, which their zealous inventors are blowing into the ear of musical Europe, like a tube filled by a tornado, each of which can be proved to be vastly superior in tone, tune, and every other requisite to all its competitors.

THE MELODIST'S CLUB.—There was a brilliant meeting of this association at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Tuesday; the gallant Lord Saltoun in the chair, supported by Sir Andrew Barnard. Several foreigners were present, among whom was M. Fiorentino, of *Le Constitutionnel*. They appeared much pleased with the performance of "Non nobis Domine," and other vocal compositions in parts, which were sung in the course of the evening. Signor Marras sang "Come Gentil," and another song, excellently. M. Godefroid performed a *Studio*, followed by the *Danses des Sylphes*, on the harp, in a masterly style, eliciting several rounds of applause.

M. Godefroid justifies all the praise of M. Fiorentino and his Parisian friends. Mr. Richardson played "O dolce concerto," with new variations, on the flute, in a brilliant manner, and was accompanied on the piano-forte, by Mr. Lindsay Sloper, who subsequently performed a solo, which was received, as it deserved, with the highest favor. Mr. Parry, the honorary Secretary, announced that he expected the Earl of Westmoreland would arrive in London in time to preside at the last meeting of the club, on the 29th June, when ladies will be introduced to hear musical performances.

CONCERTS.

MR. FREDERICK CHATTERTON'S CONCERT took place at the Hanover Square Rooms on Tuesday morning before a full and fashionable audience. Among the artists who assisted we most noticed Mdle. Jenny Lutzer, whose singing of "Der Erl Konig," was excellent; the Misses Williams, whose beautiful voices blended as usual most harmoniously; Miss Bassano, who gave proof of the good effects of her Italian campaign; Miss Sabilla Novello, always welcome in a concert-room, and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Seguin, and Signor and Madame F. Lablache, all right good artists. Among the instrumentalists, Mr. Carte deserves especial mention for the excellent and artistic style in which he performed his flute solo, and Miss Kate Loder and Miss Day's brilliant performance of Wallace's clever and effective duet, for two pianofortes, from *L'Eclair*, deserved all the applause so liberally bestowed upon them. Three juvenile pupils of Mr. F. Chatterton, the eldest apparently not having numbered five years, created a great deal of interest from the manner in which they got through their "grand march for three gothic harps". Mr. F. Chatterton's harp performances are too well-known and appreciated to need comment now; we must, however, mention, that he played in his usual brilliant and effective style and received his customary tribute of applause.

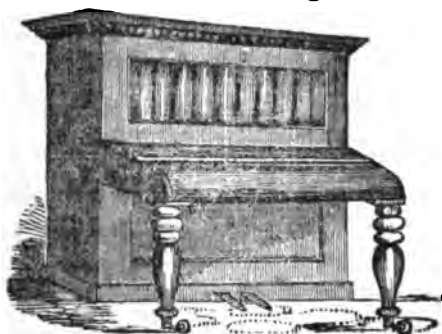
MR. MÜHLENFELDT'S.—Press of matter has hitherto prevented us from attending to the concert of this deserving and excellent musician. Mr. Mühlendorf exhibited his accustomed taste for classical music in the disposition of his programme. His best effort was in Beethoven's trio in E flat, where, accompanied by MM. Sainton and Rousselot, he sustained the pianoforte part with brilliant effect. Mr. Mühlendorf also displayed his execution and taste as a pianist to great advantage in a clever *andante di bravura* of his own composition, and in a duet for harp and piano, with the intelligent Madame D'Eichthal, both performers were entitled to the highest approbation. M. Sainton played an *air varié* (Pischek's popular "Standard bearer") on the violin in first-rate style. The composition is his own, and is creditable to his taste and acquirements. Madame D'Eichthal was also greatly successful in a solo on the harp. This lady is harpist to the Empress of Austria and the Queen of the Belgians, and honourably supports the distinction. The vocalists were Misses S. Novello and E. Nelson, Madame Jenny Lutzer, Madame Santa Croce, and Madame Macfarren, Herr Brandt, and Signor Salli. We have no space for detail, but must mention a very nice song, "Rastlose liebe," sung by Herr Brandt, and a German song, most expressively interpreted by Madame Macfarren, the composition of her husband, Mr. G. A. Macfarren, and quite a bit of genius. We specialise these, as they were novelties. With a word for Mr. Lockey's graceful reading of a *rondo* from Spohr's *Jessonda*, we must conclude—adding that Mr. Mühlendorf played other pieces, both in conjunction with his clever instrumental co-operators, Sainton and Rousselot, and by himself. Mr. C. Horsley conducted with his usual ability. The concert, though intolerably long, gave entire satisfaction to a very full audience, who testified their pleasure by the warm and repeated applause with which they honoured Mr. Mühlendorf and his brother and sister artists.

NOTICE.

IN consequence of press of matter we are compelled to defer, till our next, Reviews of the Concerts of Signor Brizzi, and others. A notice of Mr. Horn's *Daniel's Prophecy*; a review of Schulhoff's Pianoforte Works; Macready at the Princess's; Mr. Webster's Analysis of the Human Voice; and other matters, must also stand over. These are all in type, but as we are not as big as *The Times*, our readers must kindly bear with the occasional disappointment which is necessitated by the constrained compass in which we are confined.

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On MONDAY, May 31, at Eight o'clock,

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"Donald M'Donald"—"O, Jennie there's naething to fear ye"—"Come o'er the stream Charlie"—"Why weeps yon Highland Maid"—Baudy Fraser—"The Stuarts of Appin"—"The Skylark"—"When the Kye come hame"—"Come row the boat"—"Lock the door, Lariston"—After which, "Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch"—"Last May a braw wooer"—"The waefu' bear"—"Lizzie Lindsay."

Mr. WILSON will give an Entertainment at CROSBY HALL on TUESDAY, the 1st of June.

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On TUESDAY, the 15th June,

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JENNY LIND AND HER INFLUENCE.

(*Harmonia. Chap. III.*)

WHAT will be the end of all this excitement? When the Lind fever subsides, what will be the state of the patient—the public? What stimulus will be required to restore the patient to a strong and healthy condition, with the pulse not above 74°?

There surely never was such a fuss about any one individual in the world of art. The Catalani fever was nothing to it—the Sontag fever nothing to it—the Malibran fever nothing to it—even the Paganini fever was a fool to it. So great is the turmoil, so terrible the confusion, so furious the whirlwind, so plentiful the dust, that not a critic but is blind as the public, and gropes about in the dark chamber of sophism, dealing buffets right and left, sometimes hitting upon the wall of truth, but as often stumbling against the chairs and tables of chicanery. We own that, like our brethren of the goose-quill, we have been strangely bothered. Something has given our judgment a sprain, and it is, for the nonce, incapable of exercising its functions. And so we have fallen in with the crowd; but, for the life of us, we cannot undertake to swear whether we be in the right, or whether we be in the wrong. We have made tail at the Opera with the mob that waits at the doors, in eager expectation of an excitement which it often fails to get. We have made tail with the mob, and have fancied we shared its curiosity. But the doors once open, ourselves once carried to our standing-places in the pit, and the excitement has given way to astonishment at our own folly. It was not to hear an orator—it was not to see a warrior—it was not to admire a statesman—it was not to converse with a poet, that we went thus eagerly, at the risk of broken bones. It was to hear a little maiden sing—and to sing what?—to sing music that never greatly moved us, even in our youngest days, when the world was full of green boughs and opening buds.

The curtain went up, the opera began, the cheers resounded, deep silence followed, and the cause of all excitement was before us. It opened its lips, and emitted sounds. The sounds it emitted were right pleasant, honey-sweet, and silver-toned. With this there was, besides, a quietude that we had not marked before, and a something that hovered about the object, as an unseen grace that was attiring it in a veil of innocence, transparent as the thin surface of a bubble, disclosing all, and making its own presence rather felt than seen. We

looked and caught the infection; we were charmed like the rest; we were Lind-bitten. We went home, and took a strong restorative, and the next morning awoke free from fever. Reason once more assumed its sway.

But again we were attracted to the theatre, and again we caught the fever. The same remedy applied at night found us whole in the morning as before.

Fevers, plagues, epidemics wear themselves out. Time deals them scurvy buffets, till at length they have no longer force to drag themselves along. This is a fact established in philosophy, and has taken its place among the truths that, springing from observation of the nature of things, are eternal. There be some, who—like Professor Porson, when he came home drunk, and tumbled against the various pieces of furniture that adorned his bed-room—exclaim, "Confound the nature of things,"—since the nature of things is such as to consort ill with their own projects, or only to serve them for a time, and then give them a shove the reverse way: for they walk with their eyes bandaged, and are drunk with egotism. These accept the doctrine of necessity, and yield to the despotism of circumstance, *d rebrousse poil*. Standing upright in the sea of human events, if they behold an impetuous wave travelling towards them on the speed of unseen feet, instead of holding firm and allowing it to break upon them harmlessly, they duck, and let it pass over their heads, blind to its future course, unconscious how they may be injured or benefited by its influence. The fine line of the poet,

"Coming events cast their shadows before,"

is lost upon them. Closing their eyes, they are blind to the prophetic shadow, and so see not the circumstance on the horizon, which, when it arrives, crushes them, and leaves them helpless. Whom the cap fits let him wear it. "*Harmonia*" speaks the words of truth, and, as the oracle, is deaf to argument and persuasion.

Seven times have we had the fever—seven times have we been Lind-bitten. After the first we were rabid, after the second we were enthusiastic, after the third eloquent, after the fourth melancholy, after the fifth demonstrative, after the sixth logical, after the seventh indifferent. But still we were undecided. Meyerbeer had bothered us, Mendelssohn had puzzled us, Germany had sophisticated us. Was Jenny Lind the phoenix of phoenixes—or was she an ordinary person? We could not say. The fever was one thing, which had subsided; the sprained judgment was another, which rested uncured. It remained to apply leeches, bandages, and lotions, so that at the end reason might get upon its feet again, and walk straight forward.

En attendant this much to-be-wished-for result, let us chat a bit with the reader; for in conversation we gain facts, and

the music of a voice, the queendom of a brow, the grandeur of a form, and the brightness of an intellect, that have no where a parallel on earth, shall have ceased to make your very heart quake with emotion.

It is not for us to criticise the Camille of Rachel; that is done elsewhere by an abler hand than ours. And, indeed, were we critics, the pen would fail us in the attempt to analyse so transcendent a performance. In all our memory of dramatic events we can find nothing, absolutely nothing, that is in any way comparable to it. It is not acting—it is inspiration; it is not Rachel, the actress, but the soul of Corneille, the poet, which makes her the oracle of its thoughts. In the hands of Rachel, the part of Camille is a growth from an opening bud of innocence to a full-blown flower of passion. Who, in the quiet pensive maiden, remarkable only for the deep-meaning eye and the eloquent grace of gesture and motion, would suspect the impetuous nature that erupts at the end, with the fierceness and fury of an *Ætna*? Who in that soft voice would dream of the terrible discord of hate and rage and scorn, the offspring of a broken love, that afterwards assails the ear and wrings the heart?

But enough; when we have said that Rachel is once more amongst us, we have announced the presence of the greatest dramatic genius in the world. No worshipper of one of the noblest, most intellectual, and most refined of arts will lose this opportunity—which, for aught we know may be the last—of witnessing her performances and paying homage at the shrine of her incomparable talent. D.

FLOWERS AND WOMEN.

No. I.

"We are the sweet flowers,
Born of sunny showers:
Think, where'er you see us, what our beauty saith."
LEIGH HUNT.

Prologue.

FAIR reader, have we not chosen a charming subject for the season of the year? Will not you—

"Who lose the deep'ning twilight of the spring
In ball-rooms and hot theatres."

cordially thank you for quieting your gentle consciences for such treason against Nature, by providing you with a kind of literary "*rus in urbe*?" It has occurred to us that the language and true significance of flowers have never yet been really comprehended. Arbitrary senses have been attributed to different blossoms; each one has been regarded as a word, whereby a pretty, fanciful phraseology has been constructed, for the use of lukewarm love-makers; but the significance which we propose to develop is not arbitrary and fanciful, but real and philosophical. It is now an established fact with metaphysicians, that the material world is, in its whole and in all its parts, strictly analogous to, and symbolical of, the spiritual universe. Every low degree of life, say the metaphysicians, shadows forth the next degree above it. We purpose, in the succeeding sketches, to show how accurately this proposition applies to flowers as symbolizing feminine beauty. Every one who has studied the subject of female loveliness—and who has not done so?—must have remarked that there are certain distinct classes of beauty. The world of beauty is divided into various orders, among the members of each of which there prevails a marked family likeness. Now we propose to show that each order of beauty has its manifest prototype in some one species of flower; and in order to the attainment of this object, we shall select some half dozen, or so, of the commonest favourites, with plain names, and draw the parallel between them and the orders of beauty they symbolize. How much more attractive must this spiritual botany prove, than the miserable material science which delights in tearing blossoms to bits, to find out how they are made! How much more in harmony with this season of sweet promise,

"When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing!"

I.—The Violet.

We are to describe the human parallel to the violet. Our task has been partially anticipated by the poets, who, from time immemorial, have flattered this little flower above all others. Hear what the sprightly poet of "*Rimini*" declareth of these blue-eyed pets:—

"We are the violets blue,
For our sweetness found
Careless in the mossy shades,
Looking on the ground."

Perdita pratteth of—

"Violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath;"

and a dozen others have unconsciously attempted, with regard to the violet, the task which we propose to ourselves, of indicating the analogies of flowers and fair faces. These, then, are the human violet:—Her modesty is much, and yet unconscious; she is thoughtful and self-centred, but quite unselfish; she is careless of, and indeed, seems scarcely to comprehend laudation when she is the object of it; her love is great, and she has few words to tell it in; but what of that? her eye discourses more eloquent language than that of "*lovers' tongues by night*." Her beauty is not striking, but its presence makes you happy, and its absence is grief. You love the world more for loving her—perhaps because you feel that she will love you more for loving the world. You dare sit in her presence and say nothing, and you long to call her by her Christian name the first time you see her. Her manners and her voice are very simple, feminine, and quiet, and utterly distance all spoken applause; if you wish to praise her to your friend, you will mention her name, look in his eyes, and keep silence. If you value your peace, beware of loving her too much, for, although she knows not her own worth, she will never give herself to one who is not worthy of her. If you think that you are worthy of her, you will surely fail, for your thought proves plainly that you are not so. You cannot quarrel with her. If you do ill, or are harsh to her, she will make no reply, but will weep tears that seem sharper to your heart than the strokes of daggers. If you do well, she will reward you with smiles that make you forget any other heaven.

PISCATORY MUSIC.

AQUATIC animals are generally supposed to be destitute of the means of making themselves heard; and if they communicate with each other, it is usually supposed that it must be otherwise than by sound. The seal has, it is believed, a peculiar and distinct cry; and the grampus snorts as it attains the surface. Frogs and other amphibious animals croak long and loud enough, but in all these cases the sounds are emitted, not under, but above the water, and by creatures rarely more than half aquatic. The cetaceous races have warm blood, and suckle their young; and fishes, properly so called, are considered, as we shall presently show, erroneously, a silent race. The long-eared Balaamite is justly reckoned the strangest ass mentioned in history, and a scaly creature emitting sounds may truly be reckoned a very odd fish indeed. A party lately crossing from the promontory in Salsette, called the Neat's Tongue, to near Sewree, were, about sunset, struck by distinct sounds, like the protracted booming of a distant bell, the dying cadence of an *Æolian* harp, the note of a pitchpipe or pitchfork, or any other long-drawn-out musical note. It was at first supposed to be music from *Parell*, floating at intervals on the breeze; then it was perceived to come from all directions almost in equal strength, and to arise from the surface of the water all around the vessel. The boatmen at once intimated that the sounds were produced by fish abounding in the muddy creeks and shoals around Bombay and Salsette; they were perfectly well known, and very often heard. Accordingly, on inclining the ear towards the surface of the water—or, better still, by placing it close to the planks of the vessel—the notes appeared loud and distinct, and followed each other in constant succession. The boatmen next day produced specimens of the fish—a creature closely resembling in size and shape the fresh-water perch of the north of Europe, and spoke of them as plentiful, and perfectly well known. It is hoped that they may be procured alive, and the

means afforded of determining how the musical sounds are produced and emitted, with other particulars of interest supposed now in ichthyology. We shall be glad to receive from our readers any information they can give us in regard to a phenomenon which does not appear to have been hitherto noticed, and which cannot fail to attract the attention of the naturalist. Of the perfect accuracy with which the singular facts above related have been given, no doubt will be entertained when it is mentioned that the writer was one of a party of five intelligent persons, by all of whom they were most carefully observed, and the impressions of all of whom in regard to them were uniform. It is supposed that the fish are confined to particular localities—shallows, estuaries, and muddy creeks, rarely visited by Europeans; and that this is the reason why hitherto no mention, so far as we know, has been made of the peculiarity in any work on natural history.

A Treatise on the "Affinities" of Goethe, IN ITS WORLD-HISTORICAL SIGNIFICANCE,

DEVELOPED ACCORDING TO ITS MORAL AND ARTISTICAL VALUE,
Translated from the German of Dr. Heinrich Theodor Röscher,
Professor at the Royal Gymnasium at Bromberg.

CHAPTER I.—SECTION III. (continued from page 426).

THE IDEA OF THE "AFFINITIES" IN ITS ORGANIZATION.

BUT even in the form last described, we must not overlook an internal distinction. The common feature certainly rests, as we have shown, on the moral idea triumphing over the downfall of the individual; but within this common result (so to call it) is opened a perfectly different development of the struggle, by which the true concrete vitality of this relation is first produced.

The foundation of this internal distinction, we discern in the opposition of the male and female natures. The first has, with self-consciousness, to elevate itself to its destination, and, both thinking and acting, to engage in the struggle with itself and the world, that it may work itself out into a moral character. Woman, on the other hand, lives essentially in the feelings, and attains her highest destination in marriage, when the empire of the feelings preserves its highest acknowledgment and purest value. But man, by his very nature, stands farther from the feelings; the affinity with nature is, in him, weaker than in woman. He cannot obtain his existence and his position without a struggle. But on this very account, we require from him a battle with the stubborn opposition of passion and reality. If we find ourselves deceived in this—if he is consigned to the natural force of the feelings—if he is no more able to free himself from their abyss, we designate it weakness and impotence, and we turn from it, as from a missed destination, with a sense of pity and depression, without being again elevated by a counterpoise. If we further consider that this victory of the passion over the moral idea, has been fought for on a soil, which is not extended over the whole domain of the masculine mind; that much more the consciousness of his distinction of the problem he should solve, carries man far beyond the circle of marriage, which only moves in the feelings; his succumbing appears as a frightful evidence of an internal want of firmness. It is no tragical fate, in the highest sense, which seizes him, and the individual has, for the poetry of the moral spirit of marriage, profited the right of occupying the centre, since a mere weakling is unable to gain from us the absorbing painful interest of a deeply shaken soul.

This interest we retain alone for a truly tragic history. If, on the other hand, a female being, living quite in the feelings, as incapable of struggle as a plant, consuming the elements of her own existence, announces herself as a rich heart (*Gemüth*), by her mysterious affinity with the macrocosm, which extends even to the inmost nerves,—if such a being, we say, is seized by a feeling, which fills her own existence, and to which she involuntarily resigns herself, as if compelled, then do we behold the shattering energy of a natural force, to which we behold the tender creature irrevocably bound. Being magically touched by a feeling, which no more changes, but increases with gigantic growth, she falls, and must certainly fall into guilt, not being able to tranquillize her trembling heart for him, who, as the husband of another, ought only to inspire her with passionless sympathy. If, now, a woman,

who certainly manifests the deepest nature of her sex,—if this being is entangled in an unhappy feeling, which rules her as a natural force, and with every movement, unconsciously makes the bonds firmer and more indissoluble,—if this being, we say, cannot make her heart the grave of her heart, then we are not seized, as in the case of the man's fall, with the feeling that the problem of life has been missed, through weakness and want of firmness on the part of the individual, but an infinite pain, as at an unalterable, unconquerable existence, overwhelms us. Here is first produced the genuine tragic tone. But this tone has not reached its highest intensity and purity, until it rests, not only upon the painful sense of an involuntary resignation to the feelings, and on that mysterious affinity, which determines the whole nature of the individual, but also morally steels itself by that consciousness of guilt, which rises upon the loving creature like a star which lights her night and her destiny. This consciousness of wrong has, in a deeply-feeling creature, who represents, quite unadulterated, the feminine nature, the same *infinite certainty* as her love. Thus do both sides stand opposed to each other, in their whole unbroken strength of absolute certainty. The act of the moral consciousness is *renunciation*, an unalterable resolution, which also appears as a revelation exalted above all reflection, from which, moreover, nothing can be extorted; the act of the natural force of the feelings, is the destruction of the earthly vessel, which was too weak for what was planted in it, and was burst by the developed power of the growth. There is not a more tragical pain than that which is produced out of such elements of absolute opposition. But even here—and this first completely justifies the predicate—the victory of the moral substance breaks forth, in the power of which over the consciousness of the individual, death first had its absolute power and truth.

From the region in which the opposites move, it necessarily follows that a woman must be the heroine of our work of art, and that in her, both the tragedy of a great, nay, monstrous fate, and the victory of the moral idea, is manifested in the highest poetical fulness and purity.*

In the three *moments*, which we have thus pointed out, independently of the work of art, is organically completed the circle of the positions and conflicts of which this substance is capable. One either stands on the step of the dissolving† understanding, and, therefore, external to, or rather beneath all collision, in this region; or one regains peace within the struggle, by means of moral freedom, and thus seeks to secure oneself from the guilt which is already comprised in the very struggle; or, lastly, one is ruined by this contradiction to the natural force of feeling, because one can neither throw off the power of the moral idea, nor render oneself independent of one's feelings. The Count and the Baroness, the Captain and Charlotte, Edward and Ottilia,‡ are the bearers of these completely developed elements.

It is obvious, from what has been said, that those figures which are not placed in such relations and conflicts, with respect to the moral idea of marriage, important as their individuality may otherwise be, can only occupy the second rank in the work of art. But, independent as they may at first sight appear of this kernel of the whole, we must not look upon them as only an external ornament, or as a mere lever for the development, but they must be attracted by the substance of the kernel itself, and kept in tension by its power. They must, therefore, through their individuality, awaken an intuition (or view), which unveils a moral relation to the idea of the work. We will endeavour to find this.

It will not be denied, that our mind, when it has once taken a determined direction, when it has once lived itself into a particular region, brings everything into a relation, into some private connec-

* Solger, too, in his remarks of the "Affinities," recognizes Ottilia as the chief person of the whole, by saying, "She is, at the same time, the true child, and the sacrifice of nature. With these two words is expressed everything good and great that can be said of woman. And how infinite and inexhaustible is this! A woman must necessarily be the chief person." To ground the necessity of this claim did not lie in Solger's plan.—Dr. Röscher's Note.

† That is to say, dissolving the tie recognized as absolute by the moral consciousness.

‡ This classification of the three pairs, so as to make them represent the three possible collisions of marriage, is a masterly display of acuteness. The first pair, though they are comparatively minor personages in the romance, are important personages of a contented state of immorality, while Charlotte and the Captain represent the triumph of morality over passion, and Ottilia and Edward, the destruction of the individuals in the struggle between the two.—Translator.

tion with that region. Thus, with respect to a work of art, which conjures us into the circle of marriage, and its collisions, we ask involuntarily, what sort of *keeping* (*haltering*) would these forms, which stand externally to these positions, develope, if placed in them?—what solution should we have to expect from them? More closely considered, the question might change itself into this:—"Why are these forms brought by the poet into no position, in which their strength or their weakness—in short, their whole individuality might be manifested? Does it not lie in their very nature not to be so placed, because, as they are organized, this species of collision is and must remain to them a foreign element?"

But what individualities will represent to us a nature standing external to such collisions? Since the woman's element is feeling, so on the depth of feeling, of which she is capable, will also depend the importance and force of the collision into which she can fall. The more her essential being is directed to mere outward show, the more she is charmed by momentary gratification, by the brilliancy of variety; the more she is cast into a varying worldly course, so much the less will be the capability of depth. Whoever appears to us engaged in a pursuit so worldly, so calculated for the attainment of transient triumphs, so rioting in an abundance of vain homages, such a person may display many a brilliant trait of goodness of heart, perform many noble deeds in the excitement of the moment; but we shall scarcely believe that a deep feeling and inclination will permanently take possession of the whole heart, and plunge it for a length of time into sorrow and joy—into pain and delight. In this luxurious flower-growth, which, on its level ground, is so pleasing to the eye, no precipices and volcanic eruptions are opened. A female individuality, like the one described, therefore, just as decidedly rejects the representation of a state of mind shattered by struggling feelings, as, from its very nature, it presents itself as the (opposite) pole to a pure internal personality, visited by the force of a tragic fate.†

A man creates for himself a sphere of activity which lies beyond the feelings. The more cultivated he is, the more he is satisfied with an exalted calling, which fills his inmost nature, so much the further is he removed beyond the natural force of the feelings, so much the more decidedly does he give us the picture of an individuality, which is sound, and through its own self-conscious activity, at harmony with itself, and in which nature and spirit (or mind) have placed themselves in beautiful equilibrium. Such an individuality is eminently a plastic one, which, free from the billows of passionate feeling and heart-storms, rather, by a happy organization, transforms the impressions from men and things into advancing elements of life.

But here, also, in spite of the common foundation, a distinction can arise. The individual, namely, with a moral earnestness, with a thoroughly cultivated aptitude for his calling, with a circumspect understanding,—qualities which give him a worthy tone, and secure his heart from the natural force of feelings, and their collisions with moral power,—with all this, we say, he can lack that mild fire which first gives an ideal life to all these sides, he can be far removed from that grace of the heart, by which is first dissolved any appearance of a certain prosaic insipidity and pedantic stiffness, from which (grace), in a word, beautiful plastic individuality is first produced. Much, therefore, as such a form offers to us the spectacle of a personality exalted above the collisions between the feelings and morality, it nevertheless, from the want of ideality, does not elevate us into the region of contented existence in which there is not a breath of prosaic or insipid sense.

In the truly plastic form, on the other hand, the moral mode of thought, the animation for a noble calling has come to beautiful equilibrium with the warmth of feeling, so that at the sight of it, we feel just as much satisfied, and carried away beyond the storms of passion, as we also feel at the same time streamed through by a mild fire, which gives us the beneficial certainty, that on this ground of the heart also, the feelings can deeply cast their anchor. Here dwells that security which the moral cultivation preserves, united to the secret satisfaction at the internal fire, which, according to its integrity, can strike out at every moment, but is controlled by another invisible force, without being held down with exertion.

† Let us anticipate Dr. Röscher's statement that this paragraph refers to Charlotte's daughter, Luciana.

For in the amiable individuality this very union of senses and mind has become, as it were, an immediate natural determination, in which man moves with equal freedom and grace. But certainly no calling, no activity will be more favourable to the cultivation we have sketched than that of the artist; for in it lies especially the uninterrupted elevation and transfiguration of the natural and the sensual, which now even in the individual is, as it were, called to become the virtuosity of the character,—a plastic individuality.

Here also a trilogy of forms has presented itself, the common union of which we recognised in that view produced by them, that, by their organisation, they are beyond the developed conflict; either from want of depth, and because the soul has quite lost itself in the surface beneath it, or by its moral weight and grace has raised itself above it. The bearers of these thoughts are *Luciana*, the *school-assistant*, and the *architect*. In observing this trilogy, it lies near our purpose also to recognise their corresponding relation to the groups already developed by us. *Luciana* corresponds to the first sphere of the Count and Baron, who are removed from the collision through the stand-point of the frivolous and decomposing understanding; the assistant to the second group, Charlotte and the captain, who, through their moral freedom free themselves from the guilt to recover themselves again—finally, the architect to the tragic group, Edward and Ottilia. The prosaic element in the individuality of the assistant naturally places him in this comparison, on the side of less poetical depth and fullness; and of that more prosaic solution which is presented in the fate of Charlotte and the captain; while the plastic and poetical figure of the architect finds its necessary counterpart in the third group, and more especially in that of Ottilia, who falls a victim to the violent force of her own beautiful individuality.*

We have, by our own statement, recognised, and brought to consciousness, the members of a perfect life. Scarcely could another new chord be struck in this sphere, the tones of which would lack harmony. But completely as all the positions and thought-relations of this moral substance are manifested, the thinking mind might still look round for an element which, in these collisions and oppositions of feeling, should enter pacifying and mediating. The individualities at last revealed indeed free the sight, and deliver the soul from the pain, which the destiny of the individuality forces upon it, but it does not lie in their nature to penetrate into the mysteries of this heart-world, and there to wish to settle themselves. The more ideal the personality, the more removed is it from the design of wishing to make that good or level, which man can perform only in himself and through himself. It is therefore obvious, that such an attempt to stalk along, and pacify by a mediating word, does not settle the conflict. The deeper the seat of the malady, so much the more inaccessible is it to an external cure. The word never overcomes the strife of a wounded heart—this is a region into which it does not penetrate, from which, on the contrary, it dully reverberates. The passions unfold themselves, as it were deriding the appeasing word, which ventures down these precipices. Only the storm of destiny plucks out the roots, while the light and mild breezes of speeches rustle round the tree, without penetrating into its birth-place. But the word, which ventures on the attempt to soothe matters, because it would honestly effect a reconciliation everywhere, has really no thorough knowledge of the enemy with whom it has to deal. Hence it always experiences anew the impotence of its weapons. If these weapons were all to help—if, in general, the sensible, well-meant word of another, were all to afford assistance to the torture of heart, it would not indeed stand in need of this foreign ally; the workshop for this armoury, the man, has just as much in himself as he has also experienced the inequality of this contest. But the importance of the advice increases with the depth of the heart and the intensity of the feeling. Both stand in an inverse ratio to each other—the growth of the last condi-

* Solger also suspected something of the sort with respect to the significance of the architect, since he says of him:—"I cannot help internally laughing, when it is said of him, how would he shew himself if he came into this or that situation? But he does not come into it, and that properly belongs to him. Therefore, this quiet internal greatness of a youthful hero, is something very bright, even through the fact that it is not tested by circumstances. Only he does not elude the test by voluntary limitation, but by his nature." In this, indeed, there is recognised neither his true relation to the whole, nor his position with respect to the others. —Dr. Röscher's Note.

tions, at the same time the ineffectiveness of the first. The busy attempt of the man to press into the most private paths of human feeling, to disentangle the tenderest knots which has formed themselves unobserved in the moral relation of marriage, ends for us with the certainty that a vain endeavour is made that the cure is only to be left to the heart itself, and that the day of fate can thereby be neither pushed back nor hastened.

In a work which descends into the depth of a heart-world, and describes the contest which is kindled from the opposition of the immediate and moral feelings, the manifestation of the insufficiency of the eloquent and sensible word cannot be wanting. The incongruity of these elements must exhibit itself as an opposition of two organs entirely different from each other.

But the word and the advice address themselves to the thinking consciousness. They therefore presuppose an insight into the essence of the positions and of the substance in which they move themselves for the purpose of soothing. Only to this figure therefore belongs the expression of the absolute significance of the moral worth of marriage, in which it lifts itself up, like the antique chorus, to the intuition of the total idea, but is also like it in this, that it is just as little able to keep off the pathos of the individuals in its crushing power. Therefore in Mittler the idea of the whole first gains its internal completion; this *word*, which still belongs to the prosaic kingdom of reflection, becomes *flesh* through the creative genius in its artistical self-development, and thus first gains the highest truth, for by it the word first produces its energetic reality—the mind forms for itself its transparent organic body.

The words of Mittler: "marriage is the beginning and summit of all civilization. It makes the savage gentle, and the most cultivated man has no better means for the display of his gentleness. It must be indissoluble; for it brings so much happiness that no single case of unhappiness must be allowed to weigh against it. For separation there can be no sufficient reason. The position of man, both in joy and sorrow, is so high, that it is impossible to calculate what a married pair owe to each other. It is an infinite debt which can only be discharged by eternity." These words are the gospel of marriage; the work of art is the world of actuality, which has fougued and proved this by its truth and depth.

The first part of our problem is solved. The choice of the subject-matter, its relation to reality, its world-historical importance, are brought into consciousness—the idea of which is comprehended in the element of the thought, its moments are unveiled. But the life organized in the bosom of the unsensual eternal thought must also detach itself from its base, and gain external existence, and by this the evidence of its life. The *logos* of the world of thought has therefore—so to speak—to transform itself into nature and concrete life. The living intuition of the hitherto only abstractly designated characters, the comprehension of their concrete individuality and the understanding of the composition of the whole are the *movements* in which the knowledge of the work is first completed as it were, returns into its beginning.

END OF CHAPTER I.

. To prevent misunderstanding, it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

(To be continued.)

SONNET.

No. XLI.

The One that searcheth hearts!—only that One,
Who knows my sufferings, intense and long,—
Who knows how cares have press'd me in a throng,—
Can rightly judge the act which I have done.
I can stand up before the judgment-throne
Of God—and though all men may deem me wrong—
Can dare affirm, with resolution strong,
My course was right—aye, and that course alone.
Sweetest! for thee these words no meaning have;
The thing which they express thou knowest not.
Enough!—I have done all to set thee free
From ev'ry foe—e'en from myself—to save
Enquire not how;—but be it ne'er forgot,
That all which I have done, was done for thee.—N. D.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday, *La Sonnambula* was repeated, in presence of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, and the usual crowd. Madlle. Lind received, at the end of both acts, the stereotyped "ovations" to which, no doubt, by this time she must have become pretty well *blasée*. However, she was in excellent voice, and deserved it all, and twice over. Cerito being indisposed, *Les Elemens* was postponed, and a *tableau* from *La Esmeralda* was danced by Carlotta Grisi and Perrot, with some selections from *Thea*, by Rosati, Petit Stephan, and D'Or.

On Tuesday, Verdi's *I Lombardi* was produced, with an important alteration from the cast of 1846. Castellani and Gardoni replaced Grisi and Mario, while Coletti assumed the part originally played by Fornasari. As a matter of history, it may be as well to give the story of this opera, which lies before us in the pages of the authorised programme, nightly distributed in the pit and boxes.

"Two gentlemen of Milan, brothers, named Pagano and Arvino, are attached to the fair Viciinda, but her heart is Arvino's, whom she espouses. Maddened by jealousy, Pagano stabs his brother in the cathedral of Ambroise, but only wounds him. He then flies his country, and becomes a chief of a band of robbers. A long period has elapsed; Giselda, the child of Arvino and Viciinda, has grown up, and Pagano returns to his country, to solicit from his brother a pardon, which is granted him in that very cathedral in which he formerly stabbed him. The evil passions of Pagano are aroused, and by the aid of Pirro, a bandit chief, he makes an unsuccessful attempt to carry off Viciinda, and assassinate his brother. But, in the confusion occasioned by a conflagration kindled by his own hand, he kills his father, and, after this fresh crime, disappears. A great crusade is preparing to redeem the Holy Land from the infidels. Arvino sets forth at the head of the Knights of Lombardy, followed by his daughter, Giselda, whose mother is dead. She is carried off by a band of Saracens, and conducted to the palace of the king, Accianus, at Antioch. The king's son, Oronte, falls in love with her, and she returns his affection. The city is governed by Pirro, who has become a renegade, but, stung by remorse, he seeks a Christian hermit, and confesses his crimes and repentance. The hermit promises him absolution, on condition that he introduces the Crusaders into the city. To this he consents; Antioch is taken, Accianus slain, and Oronte wounded, and Arvino finds his daughter lamenting the loss of her lover. But Oronte is not dead; he flies to Jerusalem, and is concealed in a cavern. The Crusaders, led by the hermit, appear to besiege the city, whilst Giselda discovers her lover, and is about to fly with him, when Arvino arrives. Oronte is mortally wounded, and dies in his mother's arms, after abjuring his faith. Giselda mourns over him, but is consoled by a divine vision, representing Oronte in Paradise surrounded by angels and saints. Jerusalem is captured. The hermit, who has performed prodigies of valour, and saved the life of Arvino, is himself mortally hurt. This hermit is Pagano, who, before he expires, obtains forgiveness from his brother."

There is very little interest in the plot, and the manner in which it is conducted by the poet has not helped to throw light on its obscurity. In respect to the music, with every wish to be lenient to Signor Verdi, whom we have been frequently taxed with underrating, we positively can discover nothing in it worthy of criticism. There is a pretty air for the tenor, "Ah! mia letizia," which Gardoni, who was in fine voice, sang with exquisite taste, receiving an encore; but even this is spoiled by the vulgarity of the *cabaletta*. A great fuss is made about the "Eastern" character of some of the incidental melodramatic pieces in *I Lombardi*, to which we can only reply, that if such be the style that obtains in the Orient, it merits even a worse reputation in musical matters than it enjoys—and that is barely possible. But we are thoroughly satiated with Verdi, and are not disposed to waste more words upon him, until it shall be our duty to analyse his new opera, *I Masnadieri*, which is now in rehearsal at Her Majesty's Theatre, which duty we shall endeavour to fulfil as conscientiously as lies in the power of human fallibility. Those who desire to know more about the music of *I Lom-*

burdi, we refer to *The Daily News*, which has recently come out rather strongly in *re Verdi*.

Much more agreeable is our task when we come to speak of the artists who endeavoured to instil something like vitality into this *caput mortuum*. To compare Castellan with Grisi would be unfair, and we are too entirely the well-wishers of the modest and amiable artist to serve her so unhandsomely. But Castellan has qualities of her own, which will serve her well enough without the aid of extravagant comparisons. She has a lovely voice, an earnest manner, a graceful delivery, and a large share of vocal art. With these she did all that lay in her power to lift the dull muse of Giuseppe Verdi out of the mire of mediocrity and that she failed to effect it must be laid to the heaviness of the muse, and not to want of zeal and talent on her part. What Grisi can do, with her wonderful power of electrifying masses by a single word or look, Castellan, with her gentle quiet bearing, has not the means of compassing. But the charming artist deserves praise for her perseverance, even in a cause so unworthy of it, and this we accord her *avec empressement*.

Gardoni was lucky in having music to sing something less unendurable, and consequently his success was greater. We have not heard this graceful artist sing with more judgment and effect since his first appearance in *La Favorita*, when he made so great a sensation. Gardoni is evidently not satisfied with his *statu quo*, favourable as that may be. To use a happy expression of the *Chronicle*, "he has hoisted the standard of progress,"—and to add a happier figure of our own, "he is determined to go-a-head." Moreover, as an actor, Gardoni makes daily and visible advance, and we have very little doubt that he will eventually turn out one of the most brilliant ornaments of the lyric stage.

Coletti, in the part of Pagano, was an immense improvement on Fornasari in the vocal requisites, although his acting may have lacked a shade of the energy which was the distinguishing characteristic of his predecessor's talent. For power and quality of voice this young baritone has no superior, and there is a certain earnest manliness in his deportment, which united to a great degree of sensibility in his acting, carries with it an irresistible charm. Coletti is certainly one of the most valuable of the recent acquisitions of the establishment. Bouché was excellent in the small part of Pirro, and the still smaller parts of Arvino and Viclinda were extremely well sustained by Signor Correlli and Mad. Solari. A word in praise of the invariable efficiency of Mad. Solari in whatever falls to her lot, may fairly be added here. Although of secondary importance, the careful artist in these subordinate departments of the lyric stage is highly essential.

Balfe is deserving of unqualified praise for the style in which he conducted the orchestra, which was spirited, intelligent, clear, and decided. The oftener we find occasion to reflect on the position of our gifted countryman in Her Majesty's Theatre, the more do we feel disposed to congratulate Mr. Lumley on the possession of so zealous and admirable an officer. Since the opening of the season Balfe's duties have been arduous and unremitting, but his determination to uphold the credit of the establishment to which he belongs, has helped him over all his difficulties, and he has come out from the ordeal with credit to himself and benefit to his employer. It is pretty nearly certain that without Balfe the artistic business of the theatre could not possibly have been carried on this season. Can we then, who wish well to the establishment, be too earnest or too frequent in praising him for what he has already done, and urging him to go on and still further prosper. The European name which Balfe has

deservedly won by his numerous dramatic compositions confers lustre on any establishment with which he may be connected, while his industry and devotion to the cause which he has made his own, if they cannot add to his great musical reputation, double, nay quadruple his value in the honourable and distinguished post he has now so worthily filled for two long and perplexing seasons.

The performances concluded with Perrot's *Les Elemens*, which excited the usual furore. Rosati was encored in her *pas*, and Carlotta Grisi, who danced more exquisitely than we have known even her incomparable self to dance, created an enthusiasm almost unparalleled in the annals of this greatest of choregraphic establishments. The encore accorded to Carlotta, which she long hesitated to accept from a most worthy and comrade-like motive (which Rosati overlooked, and which will be explained immediately) but at last was forced to accede to, was something "*Lindish*," if not altogether unprecedented. Poor Cerito, who regardless of her yet uncured foot (which she hurt on the previous Thursday) danced with all her wonted spirit and grace, was also encored in her *pas*, and though her accident was very generally published, and the pain she suffered was evident to all observers, the brutal public, disregarding her imploring looks and supplicating gestures, insisted on its being repeated; the result of which was that she was compelled to retire before the end of the *divertissement*, leaving the resolution of the elemental problem to Fire, Water, and Earth—Carlotta, Rosati, and the four principal coryphées, Cassan, Thevenot, James, and Honoré. It was the knowledge of this that made the kindly Carlotta backward to accept the encore which Rosati responded to (perhaps involuntarily—we are too glad to find a verdict in favor of so charming an artist) so readily. Carlotta knew that Cerito could not, without pain, go through her difficult *pas* twice in succession, and, sister-like, she was loth to glorify herself at the expense of her suffering comrade. It is this amiable and unjealous disposition that adds three-fold lustre to the incomparable talent of Carlotta Grisi, and makes her personally liked as much as she is artistically worshipped.

Nothing remains to say, but that *Roberto il Diavolo* was repeated on Thursday, with Mdle. Lind as Alice, one of her best characters; that *Les Elemens* followed; and that the house was crowded to the ceiling.

Taglioni has arrived—Marie Taglioni, the great star, not Marie Taglioni, the little angel—and now Perrot will doubtless set his inventive genius to work upon a *Pas de Cinq*, for Taglioni, Carlotta, Cerito, Rosati, and Grahn, the like of which shall have never been seen, and will probably never be seen again. *Va Perrot!*—do your best—and if possible outshine yourself. D.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE managers of the Royal Italian Opera appear to us to have the same idea of *prime donne*, as regards the required number at a theatre, as Figaro, in the *Barbier de Seville* has of love; "*En fait d'amour, trop, même n'est pas assez.*" and which they might justly paraphrase into; "Respecting *prime donne*, even too many are not sufficient for such a house as ours." In the same theatre with Grisi, Persiani, Alboni, Corbari, and Madame Ronconi, we were present last Saturday evening at the *début* of a new *prima donna*, in the person of Mademoiselle Steffanoni, who made her first appearance in this country, and was heralded by a great continental reputation. For what purpose the management engaged her with their present unprecedented strength of *soprani* we have not mental scope to fathom: it is certain she was engaged from the

commencement of the season, and we suppose they had no opportunity to bring her forward before Saturday. This is feasible, in as much as the Royal Italian Opera programme numbered Mdle. Steffanoni's among its promised *débutantes*; and assured the directors, up to the present moment, have been rigidly adherent to the expectations held out. It was no small risk on the part of the new company, after Grisi's repeated triumphs and Alboni's immense success, to put forward another candidate for further approval, and expect another ovation. But the management felt they submitted themselves to no terrible ordeal by testing the new *prima donna* before their audience, and the result proved their judgment correct, for Mdle. Steffanoni achieved one of the most brilliant of their numerous successes of the season. Verdi's tragic opera of *Ernani* was produced especially for the *début* of the fair *cantatrice*, the part of Elvira being one in which she had won the highest repute in several continental theatres. Mdle. Steffanoni's voice is a pure *soprano* of the most brilliant quality, combining sweetness and power in the upper register, but like most voices of the class, possessing no extraordinary power in the lower tones. To this splendid organ the singer unites the most irreproachable taste and consummate art. Her method of vocalization is entirely original, her *broderies* exhibiting with a perfect mastery over the voice the most surprising difficulties. Her sustained *trillo* is quite astonishing, and might vie even with Grisi's, while her intonation is almost faultless. Before alluding further to the new *prima donna* we deem it necessary to say a few words concerning the production of *Ernani* at the Royal Italian Opera on Saturday. The cast of characters, as usual in all performances at this theatre, was as efficient as it could possibly be. It was as follows:—

Ernani,	•	•	•	SIGNOR SALVI.
Don Carlos,	•	•	•	MADemoiselle ALBONI.
Don Ruy Gomez de Silva,	•	•	•	SIGNOR MARINI.
Don Riccardo,	•	•	•	SIGNOR PIACENTINI.
Jago,	•	•	•	SIGNOR POLONINI.
Elvira,	•	•	•	MDLE. STEFFANONI.
Giovanna,	•	•	•	MADAME BELLINI.

We were much surprised at perceiving Alboni cast for a *barytone* part, and could not refrain from surmising that the extraordinary capabilities of the great artiste would be somewhat unwisely tested by giving her a part written entirely for a man. But, however much there might have been lost in this curious transposition of parts, Alboni's exquisite singing, and her excellent acting, made the auditors feel too delighted to discern any difference, or find any fault in the substitution. The music of *Ernani* pleases us less than any opera we have heard from the pen of Verdi. None of the situations betray a glimpse of dramatic power. The *finale* to the first act requires but a little less musical depth, and a more thorough non-comprehension of orchestral effects, to render it quite contemptible. The unisons, are as lavishly made use of as usual in the composer's score and Verdi's poverty is as conspicuous in the music of *Ernani*, as in any opera of his we have heard. The same mawkishness, the same ultra-sentimentality, the same inanity of melody, or tune prevails throughout. We might, perhaps, allow some melodic merit to Elvira's *scena*, "Ernani, involami," which has a Pacinish flavour in it, but further concession we could not conscientiously make. The performance of the opera from beginning to end was magnificent, and created an absolute *furor*. The chorus, which appears to us to get better every night, was splendid in the opening Bacchanalian song, "Allegri! beviamo." Ernani's *andante*—

"Come rugiada al cespite,"

was beautifully vocalised by Signor Salvi; but the composition is unworthy the efforts of the great artist. After the first scene, Mademoiselle Steffanoni made her appearance, and was welcomed with repeated rounds of applause. The fair *débutante* is most prepossessing in looks and manners, and won the audience at the first glance. In form she inclines to the *embonpoint*. Her face, without being remarkably handsome, is exceedingly expressive, and her whole deportment is characterised by grace and ease. Her opening recitative—

"Forta è la notte, e Silva non retorna!"

set the mind at once at rest as to her vocal capabilities. It was in reality a splendid display of artistic singing. Mdle. Steffanoni executed some *cadenzas*, which exhibited the brilliancy of her voice and the purity and novelty of her style in such a manner as to draw down a loud and long continued cheer. The *cavatina* was still more splendid and obtained for the *cantatrice* a unanimous re-call. The triumph of the singer was now complete. In the first *finale* she came out with great power, her voice being heard distinctly above the immense chorus. Her acting also was very expressive and good. In her scene with Don Carlos, when she snatches the dagger from his side and threatens to kill him, she displayed considerable energy, as she did also in the subsequent scene when Ernani enters, and deadly defiance passes between him and the king. She gave the passage commencing—

"No, crudeli, d'amor non m'e pegno"

with immense fire and abandonment. We are, however, compelled to admit that her want of power in the lower register of her voice is somewhat inimical to the interpretation of the strongest passion, and that, though she appears to have intellect equal to the highest efforts, this want must, to a certain extent, militate against her attempts in the loftiest school of tragic acting. We need not remind our readers that all the grand artistes in the tragic line were, or are, endowed with great power in the middle voice, such as Pasta, Malibran, Grisi, and Pauline Garcia; and, indeed, without this power it appears to us that the artistes, however otherwise splendidly favoured with the gifts of nature, are but performing the task of other Sisyphuses, when they essay the lordliest school of passion. Mdle. Steffanoni's voice is a *soprano sfogato*, the very nature of which precludes, in general, the embodiment of tragic power in its grandest aim. In a few instances, and a few only we must say, this deficiency warred against the efforts of the splendid artiste; but, with these few exceptions, which justice wrings from us, we are bound to aver, that Mdle. Steffanoni's performance and singing throughout were really splendid. We are inclined to think that other characters, which do not involve the interpretation of violent feelings, will be found to suit better the capabilities of the singer. But of this we shall have opportunities enough to judge anon. After the first act, a general call was made for Steffanoni, and all the artistes appeared, when *bouquets* were thrown on the stage in profusion, and after their departure the audience would not be satisfied till they had them on a second time. We cannot omit noticing the singing of Marjaj in this act. We had no idea before of the great vocal powers of this artist. His scene with Ernani and chorus was exceedingly fine, and he gave the *scena*—

"Infelice! e tu credi!"

with immense fire and power, though his acting certainly lacked refinement. Salvi's acting and singing was admirable. Nor can we pass over the exquisite feeling and beauty Alboni infused into the *aria andante*—

"Da quel dì che t'ho veduta,"

in which she obtained a rapturous *encore*.

Act the second opens with a simple and pretty chorus, excellently sung. We cannot specify all the *morceaux* of this act. The duet for Elvira and Ernani, involving much pathetic singing and some fine acting, was splendidly given by Salvi and Steffanoni. The *ensemble*—

"Ah! morri potess adesso!"

was exquisitely vocalised by the two artistes, albeit the composition itself belongs to the genus bombastic. The *trio* following—

"Invite invoco or io da te,"

was finely rendered by Salvi, Marini, and Steffanoni. There is much bustle and some good dramatic situations towards the end of this act, but the music is all moonshine *behind a cloud*, and the *duo finale* is worse than nonsense.

Act the third takes place in the Catacombs of Acquisgrana. The conspirators assemble and doom the King to death. The King is pre-advised of the treason and lays plans to receive the traitors. At a signal they are surrounded by the royal troops: Don Carlos enters and the conspirators await their doom. Elvira entreats for them, the King is moved to compassion, pardons his would-be-butchers, and hands over Elvira to Ernani. We remember little of the music of this act with gratification. Alboni has a second *andante*, which she gave far better than the composition merited, receiving another *encore*, and Mdle. Steffanoni, in the appeal to Don Carlos—

"Ah! Signor, se té concesso,"

exhibited the tenderness and expression of her style which won her more admirers than any previous effort of the evening. A noisy, but somewhat dramatic chorus concludes the act, the singers being again called for with enthusiasm. It might naturally be supposed that the opera would end here, all the persons of the drama being made happy by the gracious pardon of his majesty Charles the Fifth. But no—there is a strange and unlooked-for *dénouement*. Don Silva is a rare melo-dramatic personage. He is an odd compound of love, old age, hospitality, patriotism, and cruelty. He is enraged at Ernani, a proscribed bandit, aiming at the hand of Elvira, his intended bride, and still more enraged that Elvira should return the robber's love. He persuades Elvira that Ernani is dead and she consents to wed him. Ernani returns alive just as the nuptials are about to be celebrated. The King surrounds the castle of Don Silva at the same moment, having followed close on the heels of Ernani. Silva, though furious, is on hospitable thoughts intent, and will not betray Ernani. Ernani is concealed in a hiding-place and, on the departure of the King, he is released, but Don Silva will not be satisfied until Ernani fights a duel with him. Ernani refuses, stating that he cannot die easy until he joins Silva in his plots against the King's life, and has some hand in his death. He gives his horn to Silva and swears, when he blows upon it thrice, he will kill himself, no matter what may be the time, or place. Don Silva accepts the compromise. It is upon this strange bond that the tragedy of the opera depends. In the last act the scene opens with the bridal festivities of Ernani and Elvira. The wedded pair, just newly twin'd, are breathing their honey vows of affection; but, oh, and alas! the fiend demon is at hand. Ernani hears the fatal horn that dooms him to bid farewell to love and the world; Silva enters and sternly demands the fulfilment of his lethal bond; Elvira pleads, but tears silver-shedded, and lily cheeks and white hands uplifted, and melting tones that might move a forest, are alike unavailable. The fiend demands his prey—and

Ernani, true to his oath, stabs himself and dies, Elvira fainting on his body. The act involves some dramatic situations, which afforded fine scope to display the powers of the artists. But the music is unequal to the situations, and were it not for the admirable acting of Salvi, Marini, and Steffanoni, would pass by us as the idle winds which we respect not. Steffanoni's appeal to Silva was extremely beautiful and her acting, throughout, designated by intensity and much feeling. Her bewilderment, when she finds that all hope is lost, was finely portrayed, and her agony, when she sees Ernani dying, was deliciously natural. Salvi's death was managed with consummate art, and the doggedness of Marini was finely contrasted with the despair of the unfortunate lovers. All the artistes were twice summoned, vociferously, at the fall of the curtain, and *bouquets* were again showered on the stage in honour of the fair *debutante*. Thus concluded another proud night for the management of the Royal Italian Opera: but the triumph of the night did not end with Steffanoni. Another *debutante* had yet to brave the critical inspection of the audience, in the person of the charming *danseuse*, Mdle. Plunkett, who made her first appearance in London for three seasons. But we must devote a separate paragraph to the fair daughter of Terpsichore.

Our readers must be aware that some few seasons since Mdle. Plunkett figured as a *seconde danseuse* at Her Majesty's Theatre. She was then very young, and had hardly completed her noviciate in the profession. Subsequently, a year later, we believe, Mdle. Plunkett appeared at Drury Lane as *premiere danseuse*, having, in the mean time, studied hard and made wonderful progress. She was in immense favour at Drury Lane. She was next engaged as *premiere danseuse* at the *Academie Royale* of Paris, where, for the last few years, she has been considered, after Carlotta Grisi, their best terpsichorean artiste. Mdle. Plunkett has, consequently, come to London a very different artiste from what she was when she was here last. The new *divertissement*, in which she appeared on Saturday evening, is little more than a succession of dances introduced into a brilliant *bal masqué* given in a grand saloon. The *entrée* of Mdle. Plunkett was the signal for a cheering burst of applause from the whole house; and we could not forbear from cogitating on the causes that led the visitors of the Royal Italian Opera to receive the fair *danseuse* with tenfold the enthusiasm they did Fanny Elssler on her first appearance. What a sphinx a theatrical audience is! In her first *pas* it was evident that Mdle. Plunkett was a close follower in the steps of Fanny Elssler and Carlotta Grisi. Some of her twinkling steps were really worthy the great originator herself, while her sylph-like bounds and graceful *poses* proved her the best disciple of the charming Carlotta. Mdle. Plunkett obtained immense applause in her preliminary essay. In the *pas de deux* with Mabile, her art was more completely exhibited, and her dancing was extremely brilliant and elegant. Her evolutions and *tours de force* were performed with a facility and accuracy that could not be surpassed, while her attitudes were highly graceful and striking. In this *pas* she reminded us forcibly of the inimitable Carlotta, in whose school, we were more assured than before, she had grounded her style. The applause consequent on this splendid effort, was most enthusiastic. In the *L'Andalusia*, a version of the *cachoucha*, she displayed her talents in the Elsslerian school, and danced with immense effect. In this *pas*, which exhibits to perfection the graces and attitudes of a *danseuse*, she was, perhaps, more striking than in any previous effort. Her *poses* were extremely beautiful and commanding, while the mechanism of her steps were the admiration of every

beholder. The *L'Andalusia* was the great triumph of the night for Mdle. Plunkett. A more successful first appearance could not be witnessed, and the managers have to congratulate themselves in obtaining the services of a most elegant and accomplished artiste. It is not necessary to allude to the remaining dancers of the entertainment. We must not, however, omit mentioning our favourite Baderna, who performed two *pas*, *La Bayonnaise*, and *La Viletta*, in her customary neat and finishe! style.

The success of Mdle. Steffanoni caused the proprietors to announce *Ernani* for Tuesday evening; but Salvi being taken suddenly ill, the *Barbiere* was substituted, Mario taking the Count's part, and we lost the opportunity of hearing the fair *debutante* in her second essay. Mario's performance of Count Almaviva was as capital as ever and his singing beautiful exceedingly. He was welcomed back to his old part with enthusiasm. On Thursday *Anna Bolena* was produced (first time) for Grisi's benefit. The cast embraced, Tamburini in Henry the Eighth; Mario in Percy; Tagliafico in Rochfort; Alboni in Smeaton; Corbari in Jane Seymour; and Grisi in Anna. As we have not space in our columns this week to give the lengthened account we intend of the performance of *Anna Bolena*, we have extracted two notices from the morning journals, which coincide as closely as possible with our own opinions. The learned critic in the *Daily News* thus alludes to the performance:—

"*Anna Bolena* was performed at Covent Garden last evening, for the first time, at that theatre. The performance was for the benefit of Grisi, and the fair *prima donna* probably never achieved a grater triumph. The opera is certainly Donizetti's *chef d'œuvre*; and the English queen is one of the characters in which Grisi's genius shines with the greatest lustre. Familiar as her representation of it is to the public, the audience, last evening, seemed to regard it almost as a novelty; their bursts of vehement applause appearing to express surprise as well as pleasure at its splendour. It was, from beginning to end, a wonderful exhibition of vocal power, but its musical excellencies were made subservient to its truth, energy, and pathos, as a dramatic representation. In the great scene which closes the first act, her exclamation, 'Guidici!—ad Anna!' was worthy of a Siddons; and her dying accents, in the final air, 'Cielo, a miei lungi spasimi,' were inexpressibly sweet and mournful. Her reception throughout the evening was enthusiastic. When she first appeared she was loudly welcomed; she was called for at the end of the first act; and at the end of the opera, after she had appeared before the curtain along with the other principal performers, she was again called for, the audience not being satisfied till she had presented herself twice, to receive showers of bouquets and wreaths from the boxes, and cheers and acclamations from every part of the house. Madame Grisi well deserves such a reception, not only from her transcendent powers, but from her strenuous and never-failing exertions in the discharge of her duty to the public. Tamburini's performance of *King Henry* was not inferior to that of Lablache; in aspect, costume, and action, he was a perfect picture of the terrible monarch; and his fine voice and energy of expression gave immense effect to the music of his part. Mdle. Alboni was *Smeaton*, a part quite fitted for her, and which she performed beautifully. She looked the youthful page to admiration, and her singing was delicious. In the romance, which *Smeaton* sings by the queen's command, in the first scene, her charming contralto tones, and exquisitely smooth and graceful execution, had such an effect that the air was encored with acclamations, and almost encored a second time. Mdle. Corbari was the best representative of *Jane Seymour* that we have seen; her action was natural and intelligent, and she sang with elegance and sweetness. We cannot omit to notice the singular beauty of the scenery, and the richness and magnificence of the manner in which this opera has been put upon the stage. As much care was bestowed in this respect as if it had been the first production of a new opera. The theatre was crowded in every part."

We take leave respectfully to correct the critic in two instances. Grisi was called for *twice* after the first act; and *three times* at the end. The accomplished writer in the *Morning Herald* is no less enthusiastic in his remarks:—

"Last night, Grisi appeared in her famous part of *Anna Bolena*. This opera, one of the best of Donizetti's, was highly popular in the days of Pasta, who first gave it importance by the tragic grandeur of her acting. The celebrity of this great artiste in it has, however, been thrown into shadow by the genius of Grisi, whose execution of the heroine has long been one of her most remarkable *chefs d'œuvre*. It is, in short, a part in which, as in other cases, she is not likely to meet with rivalry, for no singer of the day equals her in the demonstrations of insulted pride and resentful passion, like those which here abound. She again gave vitality to many ineffaceable remem-

brances. Her collision with the King in the finale to the first act, when frenzied by his jealous imputations, she now beseeches his forbearance, and now impetuously proclaims her innocence, were the fine strokes of histrionic power they ever were. The scene, too, in which she learns from Jane Seymour the cruel intentions of the monarch, with its bursts of surprise, wounded feeling, and angry apostrophe, is another of the deeply-coloured pictures of womanly irritation, unrivalled in its developments of affronted bitterness, not unmingled with the graces of pity, which Grisi alone can paint. Nor is the whole of the *dénouement* less entitled to the admiration it meets with, although bereft of those exhausting expositions of indignation, to which the miseries of utter and overwhelming hopelessness present so strong a contrast. In all these situations, Grisi exhibited the force of olden times, and filled up the dramatic outline with a breadth surpassed upon no former occasion; while her singing was an unbroken flood of masterly and brilliant vocalism—the cavatina, 'Dolce guidami,' in the last scene, being, as usual, the most fascinating of her solos. She was called for twice after each act, and absorbed all the bouquets that were thrown upon the stage. Mdle. Alboni, being entrusted with the little part of Smeaton, gave it the interest it would naturally derive from so pure and winning a vocalist as herself. She sang all the music beautifully—obtaining a loud encore for her first air. Notwithstanding an apology was made for Mario on the plea of hoarseness, there seemed to be but little real necessity for it, that admirable artiste executing the character of Percy with his accustomed sweetness and finish. His 'Vivi tu,' Rubini's pet triumph, was given with the nicest taste, and would have been encored, had not the intimation of the apologist been remembered. Corbari, as Jane Seymour, got through her two duets—neither of them matters of insignificance—with further accumulations of credit; and Tamburini is second to no one as the personator of the relentless Henry. The opera was, in every respect, broadly and effectively represented, the chorus singers exhibiting the greatest precision and vigour, while the orchestra was literally superb. The dresses and decorations were also rich and costly; one of the scenes, the vestibule of the King's council room, with its vista of perforated arches, its lanterns, trophies, and royal yeomen, meriting a separate and special word of praise."

En attendant our own notice, the above articles on the Royal Italian Opera will convey some notion of the enthusiasm created by the whole performance in general, and of Grisi's in particular. D. R.

LEIGH HUNT.

We have read no notice in the public journals for a long while that gave us more real pleasure than the following announcement:—"Lord John Russell has intimated to Mr. Leigh Hunt, in the handsomest manner, that it has pleased Her Majesty to confer upon him a pension of two hundred a year!" The old saying, "better late than never," is here happily exemplified; but it is a matter of no small wonder, indeed, that the grace should have been so long deferred. Nothing could be more invidious, or more unworthy of any government than the withholding a pension from a person, in every respect entitled to it from the Literary Fund, on no other grounds than simply because he was their opponent in politics. The object of the Literary Fund, we take it, is to provide for the necessities of those who have advanced the literature of their country, and who, by their writings, have tended to humanize and elevate the social feelings, independent of all bias from party motives, or sectarian opinions. With this fact staring us in the face, it is amazing how any government could have overlooked the amiable and accomplished writer, whose name stands at the head of our article. Leigh Hunt was one of the most conscientious writers of his day, and whether his principles were right, or wrong, he laboured zealously and manfully in the cause of humanity. With a dignified sense of the cause in which he wrought; stooping to no power, nor ever, "crooking the pregnant hinges of the knee, where thrift might follow fawning;" devoting his mind and his pen to the advancement of morality and the best interests of man, he went forward unshrinking determined, and never swerved from the rigid line his conscience dictated. That he had many and powerful enemies was the natural consequence of his unflinching spirit, and his detestation of subserviency. The friend of Shelley—the apostle of good and the hardy regenerator of man—Leigh Hunt proved himself one, who, if he had power, would use it to render the world better

and wiser. If his efforts failed, it must be attributed to the world that would not be ameliorated, not to the writer who expended his time and talents in showing vice in its true colours, and virtue in its own fair light. As a poet, if Leigh Hunt shine among the lesser luminaries of that brilliant constellation which dazzled Europe at the beginning of the present century, he acknowledges no borrowed radiance, and rejoices in a lustre more pure and unsullied than issues from many a more glorified orb. His writings are characterised by great simplicity and kindly feeling, are imbued with exceeding grace, and have a turn of natural sentiment quite captivating. His *Rimini* is a poem of sterling worth. His best work, in our opinion, is "Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries." In this work he defends himself most manfully from the aspersions of his enemies, and gives us a picture of his domestic feelings that makes the heart yearn towards him as a husband and a father. His critical notes of Shelley and Keats are inimitable specimens of analytic writing. Leigh Hunt has also wrought successfully as a dramatic poet. Previous to the bestowal of the pension, two dramatic performances were announced as about to take place at the Royal Italian Opera, Mr. Beale, the director, with his usual liberality, having granted the use of the theatre gratuitously. These performances were to be given by the Gentlemen Amateurs, who have figured on the boards of Miss Kelly's and the St. James's Theatres. An address was written by Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, to be spoken at the first representation, and another by Sergeant Talfourd, to be delivered on the second evening. After the announcement of the pension it was thought advisable to forego the performances altogether; a mode of proceeding we consider questionable, as it hinders many admirers of Leigh Hunt from paying their homage to his worth and talents. We have little doubt that the friendly committee who projected the getting up of the performances, have been guided in their withdrawal by Mr. Leigh Hunt himself. It is, however, determined that a dramatic performance, by the same gentlemen, shall take place, in behalf of the poet, at Liverpool, to be followed by another at Manchester. It cannot be doubted, with such an object in view, that the entertainment will meet with hearty and universal support.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.—Mrs. Glover's benefit took place on Friday week. We are glad to announce that the theatre was crowded on the occasion, and that the greatest homage was paid to the incomparable artist by a most critical audience. Her performances of the Widow Green, in *The Love Chase*, and Miss Biffin, in *Popping the Question*, are too well-known to call for any remarks now. Cheer after cheer followed her entrance, and the applause she received throughout the evening was enough to satisfy a very *gourmand* of praise. May she live many years to receive the same great tribute to her unsurpassable abilities. Murphy's stale comedy of *All in the Wrong*, has been revived with great completeness, but, we fear, to little purpose. Splendidly as it is put on the stage, and finely as it is interpreted by the actors, especially by Mr. Webster and Mrs. Nisbett, in Sir John and Lady Restless, we think the comedy cannot outlive a few performances. Nevertheless, to those who would like to see a comedy of a certain class, such as enchain our forefathers, and tended nearly to extinguish the glowing lights of Congreve, and which was considered the climacteric of witty writing in its time, *All in the Wrong* will prove a source of great entertainment, and give rise to much speculation. The greatest possible care has

been expended in its production at the Haymarket. The dresses are splendid and correct, and the scenery painted with the finest possible effect. Mr. Webster cannot be praised too highly for his endeavours to provide novelty and entertainment for his visitors.

FRENCH PLAYS.—The queen of tragedy is again among us, she who wears the mantle and the diadem as no real queen ever wore them; who has in a single inflexion of her voice, grief, rage, remorse, and the most tender and devoted love; Mademoiselle Rachel, the divine interpreter of the great poets, the incarnation of their sublimest conceptions and aspirations. Unfortunately her genius is so dazzling, that the other luminaries are cast into utter darkness by her presence, and fittingly, or at least coldly listened to, when she is away. This interrupts, in a measure, the action of the story, and would almost induce authors to imitate musical composers, who fit their scores to the voices with which they have to deal, and compose their music to measure. Neither can we blame them, although art suffers and languishes, and is thereby stunted in its development. The piece chosen for Madlle. Rachel's *début* was *Les Horaces*, by Corneille, in which her part, a mere episode in itself, is rendered by her the most prominent of all. We last year entered into a minute analysis of the principal and most salient points of her conception, we shall not therefore tire our readers by repeating them, suffice it to say, that she stood forth in succession the retiring, modest maiden, the loving sister, the devoted lover, surpassing even herself as she threw off the old, and took up a new phasis of the character. The curse on her brother was electrical, and there was a sort of savageness in her anathema on Rome, which made the blood run cold. None can forget the burst of ferocity given in that full-toned, deep, hollow voice, which commences with—

"Rome l'unique objet de mon ressentiment!"

and finishes in a paroxysm of rage, in which she identifies herself with the vengeance she calls down on the cause of her sorrows, and winds up with—

"Puisse—je

Moi seule en être cause, et mourir de plaisir!"

On Wednesday we witnessed the performance of *Marie Stuart*, adapted from the German of Schiller, or, we should rather say, mutilated to suit the exigencies of the classical mania, which, however omnipotent in the minds of exclusively scholastic students, and however admirable in the great Greek dramatists, and in some few of our modern copyists, become supremely ludicrous when applied to modern subjects and ideas, inasmuch as the pith and marrow of the subject matter are sacrificed to mere forms and conventionalities, formal and freezing as the Roman toga, or the Greek tunic, on the shoulders of the northern barbarian. In the present version of *Marie Stuart*, there is none of that variety of character which forms the great interest of *Camille*, *Phédre*, and *Roxelane*, and which progressing onwards to a grand climax, interests in its development, and eventually winds up the tale by a grand and striking *dénouement*; we have here but one side of the character of the heroine, a very incomplete history of her trials and misfortunes, and the plot marred by an almost universal sameness of colouring. There is, however, one great scene, which redeems all imperfections, that of the meeting of the two queens. This is taken almost verbatim from the German, and displays a wonderful knowledge of the human passions and of stage effect. In this scene Mademoiselle Rachel threw all her energies, and displayed such virulent and withering hate towards her sister-queen, as amounted to absolute ferocity. The sudden transition from prayer and supplication to

intense hatred—her humility subjected to the most severe ordeal—her bye-play, when taunted with the fate of her lovers, was admirable. The whole of this scene was listened to with breathless and intense earnestness, and will bear our entering into more minute details. *Marie* throws herself at the feet of *Elizabeth*, she exclaims—

"Reine, ne laissez pas votre sœur malheureuse,
Tiemblante à vos genoux vous supplier en vain ;
Et, pour la relever, tendez-lui votre main."

The position of the actress is admirably descriptive of the once proud and haughty queen, now a suppliant at the feet of her rival, she extends her hand, but when *Elizabeth* answers—

"Le ciel, juste entre nous, vous met à votre place,"

she starts to her feet, a sudden thrill pervades her whole frame, and the spirit of revenge, although subdued, begins to rise within her ; she continues, however, in her endeavours, and in answer to the queen's threat—

"Il menaçait ma tête, il va frapper la vôtre."

she answers—

"Je suis soumise à Dieu ; mais j'en garde l'espoir,
Vous n'abuserez pas d'un semblable pouvoir."

her anger seems to have vanquished, to give way to the profoundest humility, until *Elizabeth* again launches forth into vituperations on the amours of her captive, then the whole current of her anger, dammed up for a time, bursts forth with irresistible impetuosity, and she exclaims—

"Ah ! je ne voudrais pas au prix d'une couronne ;
Au prix de tous ces bords que la mer environne,
Pour les trésors du monde, échangeant mes liens,
Être telle à vos yeux que vous le seriez aux miens."

Her cry, "*Oh, ma sœur !*" was full of indignation, and spoke volumes of undisguised contempt and abhorrence. Her vehemence can no longer be restrained—she stands erect and firm before her haughty jailer—she proudly asserts her claims to the throne, and crushes her rival, who writhes in agony under the infliction—

"Le fruit de l'adultère,
Profane insolemment le trône de l'Angleterre."

Si le ciel était juste, indigne souveraine,
Vous seriez à mes pieds, car je suis votre reine."

This was given with wonderful and startling ferocity ; her exultation is at its height—she is repaid for all her humiliations—she has trampled her under her feet before her lover—she knows her fate, and embraces it with ardour, for she is revenged beyond her most sanguine hopes—

"Oui devant Leicester. Il doublait mon courage,
Je lisais mon triomphe écrit sur son visage.
Oui, quand j'humiliais des charmes orgueilleux,
Leicester était là : J'étais reine à ses yeux."

We have never seen such an effect as that produced by this scene ; it was indeed the triumph of histrionic art. The fifth act has nothing striking about it, and is much too long, even when *Mademoiselle Rachael* is on the stage ; there is a heaviness, a tediousness, which makes the fall of the curtain desirable. This is the author's fault, and we should suggest a few curtailments absolutely necessary. The part of *Mortimer* was played by *M. Raphael Félix* with much tact and discrimination. *Hélas !* for a worthy *Leicester*. We have seen *Talma* in the part, and *M. Marius* must suffer from the comparison. This gentleman is, however, better than he was last year ; he has evidently been at some pains to restrain his too powerful lungs within proper limits. *Madlle Rabut* was the *Queen*, and read the part tolerably, rather too amiably and graciously to come up to our idea of the daughter of *Bluff King Hal*. We must, however, do *Madlle. Rabut* the justice to say, that

we were pleased with her performance of *Valérie*. *Madlle. Vallée*, in the part of *Calorine*, was exceedingly pleasing and lady-like. *M. Rhozevil* also deserves a word of commendation. Of *Tancredè* we shall speak in our next.

J. de C—e.

CONCERTS.

MISS DOLBY AND MR. LINDSAY SLOPER.—It is not necessary to tell the readers of the *Musical World* who is *Miss Dolby*, or who *Mr. Lindsay Sloper*, or to remind them of the high position they both hold in their profession, and in the esteem of the public. The concert given by them in conjunction, on Wednesday evening, the 23rd ult., in the Hanover Square Rooms, was one of the best of the whole season. The programme was highly interesting and varied with judgment. *Mr. Willy's* efficient little concert band attended, and performed *Beethoven's* overture to *Coriolanus*, and *Sterndale Bennett's* overture to the *Naiads* ; the former under the conduct of *Mr. Benedict*, the latter under that of the composer. After tendering our acknowledgments to *Miss Dolby* and *Mr. Lindsay Sloper* for their good taste and artist-like spirit in supplying their friends with an orchestra (a fashion, by the way, which appears, happily, to be coming into vogue again, if we may judge by the present season), we must express the pleasure we experienced at hearing the overture to *Coriolanus*, which, though one of the masterpieces of *Beethoven*, is rarely heard in public, and is treated with marked neglect by the Philharmonic Society, notwithstanding the encore it received at its last performance, five years ago, under the direction of *Mendelssohn*. But let us hasten to speak of the performances of the excellent concert-givers. *Miss Dolby* first sang *Mozart's* lovely recitative and air, "*Resta O Cara*." Of this beautiful composition, and of the exquisite style in which *Miss Dolby* renders it, we have so often spoken, that it is enough to say she sang it as well as ever, and thereby thoroughly delighted every true amateur and musician in the room. Her next essay was the florid *cavatina* from *Semiramide*, "*Ah quel giorno*," which *Miss Dolby* vocalised in a style of perfection that would have charmed *Grisi* herself, and evidently much pleased *Mdlle. Jenny Lind*, who was in the room, and applauded our clever English "*nightingale*" as heartily as any one of the audience. *Miss Dolby* last demonstrated her talent in a couple of ballads, "*Forget thee*," by *G. E. Hay*, and "*Primroses deck the banks*," by *T. Linley*, both of which she rendered with infinite taste and feeling. The former is an elegant specimen of the sentimental school, which now obtains among our English ballad-makers, so different from the "*Chevy-Chace*," "*Nut-browne Maydes*," and "*Gawaine-and-Golograses*," that delighted our fathers. The second is a favourable specimen of the elder *Linley's* style. *Mr. Lindsay Sloper* performed thrice. His first essay was in *Mendelssohn's* *rondo brillante* in B minor, one of the early works of that great master and at the same time one of his most beautiful. This was the first opportunity we have had of hearing the admirable young pianist in conjunction with an orchestra. It is one thing to play *solos* and another thing to play *concertos*. For our own parts, in opposition to existing prejudices, we hold the latter to be by far the most difficult and by far the most honourable. It was, therefore, with double pleasure that we listened to *Mr. Sloper* on this occasion. The masterly ease with which he played proved him to possess, beyond a question, that experience without which a pianist may be a very good pianist but still only a pianist and not a musician. *Mr. Sloper's* reading of *Mendelssohn's* *rondo* was quite in the spirit of the author, and the great rapidity with which he took the time of the *allegro* was justified by the unerring precision with which he executed it. It was altogether a very finished and musician-like performance, *Mr. Willy* and his orchestra contributing their share of the general effect. *Mr. Sloper's* next performance was, in company with *Mr. Benedict*, a MS. duet for two pianofortes, composed expressly for this occasion. The duet is a work of too much thought and elaboration to be critically dismissed after a single hearing. We shall, therefore, merely say that we listened to it with that attention which was due to the merits and reputation of its young and rising composer, and were enabled to discern clearness of design, beautiful and well contrasted themes, and careful and consistent elaboration ; moreover, as a

display for the qualifications of two first-rate pianists it is highly effective and brilliant, and this was strikingly demonstrated by Mr. Benedict and Mr. Sloper, who played it in the most finished and admirable style. Stephen Heller's characteristic study, *La Chasse*, was the last piece executed by Mr. Sloper. This short sketch is as difficult as it is beautiful. Mr. Sloper took it at an immensely rapid pace, but sustained it to the end with unflagging power. We must dismiss the rest of the concert in a few lines. The other instrumental performances consisted of a *concertino* for two violins, composed by Fuchs, a Viennese professor, and performed with prodigious neatness and brilliancy by the clever brothers, Joseph and George Hellmesberger; and the Wedding March, from Mendelssohn's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, rendered with great spirit by Mr. Willy's orchestra. The vocal music offered a large variety of popular and classical *morceaux*, the former claiming the preponderance. Mr. H. Phillips gave his *scena*, (MS.) "On Lena's gloomy heath," which Mendelssohn composed expressly for him, and which he originally introduced at the first Philharmonic concert of the present season; and Miss Rainforth contributed an exceedingly pretty ballad from Tully's opera of *The Forest Maiden* (recently produced with great success at the Surrey Theatre); Madame Dorus Gras treated us to her air, "Des l'enfance," from Anber's *Le Serment*, Panofka's charming *romanza* and *mazurka*, "Il mal di paese d'una Polacca," and Clemenceau's romance, "La bouquetière du roi;" The Misses Pyne gave the duet "The ties of friendship," from Benedict's *Crusaders*; Miss L. Pyne displayed her great progress as a florid vocalist in the *aria*, "O luce di quest'anima," (*Linda di Chamouni*); Mdle. Vera and Miss Dolby sang the duet, "Divisi noi," from Rossini's *Bianca e Faliero*; Signors Brizzi and Ciabatta contributed the duet, "Parlar spiegar," from the same composer's *Mosé in Egitto*, and Signor Ciabatta sang the *barcarole* of Tadolini, "Se la vita;" Madame Dorus Gras, Mdle. Vera, Miss Pyne, and Miss Dolby, interpreted a sparkling and pretty *quartet* of Gabussi, "La rivolta del seraglio;" Madame Macfarren again delighted us with the beautiful air from Mozart's *Il curioso indiscreto*, which she has so opportunely rescued from oblivion; and lastly, John Parry introduced his "Lalla Rookh," which being *encored* he replaced by another of the joint *facettie* of himself and the prolific Albert Smith. Mr. Willy was, of course, the leader of his own band, and Messrs. Benedict, Sloper, and Kühne officiated as accompanists at the piano. Mr. John Parry, however, be it understood, accompanied himself—we should like to know who could accompany him—and Miss Dolby followed his example in her two ballads. The room was crammed to overflowing, and the programme afforded unanimous satisfaction. We have little doubt that Miss Dolby and Mr. Lindsay Sloper divided a good £300, net profit, between them—an event which, in the present dearth of public encouragement, is an indisputable proof of their high and deserving popularity.

MR. STEPHEN CHAMBERS, gave a *matinée musicale* on Tuesday last, at 16, Berners Street, Oxford Street. The vocalists comprised, Mesdames C. E. Horn and Stephen Chambers, Miss Ellen Lyon, Mr. C. E. Horn, Mr. Handel Gear, Mr. Wetherbee and Herr Brandt. The instrumentalists were Mr. Stephen Chambers (piano), Mr. Gerhard Taylor (harp), and Herr Lobbeck (clarinet). The performances afforded much satisfaction. Among the excellencies of the concert we may briefly notice a recitative and aria from *Torquato Tasso*, by Mr. C. E. Horn; a comic duet by Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Horn: a grand fantasia on the harp by Gerhard Taylor; Weber's Concert Stück on the piano, by Mrs. Stephen Chambers; and a very pleasing ballad of his own composition, sung by Mr. Handel Gear. Messrs. C. E. Horn and Handel Gear were the conductors.

MR. STOCKING gave an evening entertainment at the Princess's Concert Room, on the 16th ult. The vocal performers numbered Madame F. Lablache, the Misses Emily Badger, Lucy Pettigrew, Clara Soane, A. Alexander, Mademoiselle Cinzia Pagliardini, the Signors Brizzi, Massone, F. Lablache, and Pagliardini, and the Messrs. Phillip, Clark and Mr. John Parry. The instrumental executants, were Mdle. Cinzia Pagliardini (pianoforte), Master Thirlwall (violin), and Mr. John Balsir Chatterton (harp). Press of matter precludes us from entering into particulars. Mr. R. H. Andrews and Mr. Stocking officiated as conductors.

MADAME DULCKEN'S CONCERT.—The fair and accomplished

pianist provides, annually, a concert of such magnitude and importance, that it looks somehow, as though she thought it an unfulfilment of her duty to her patrons and admirers that an entertainment of some such kind had not taken place every day in the year, Sundays excepted, or included, as it might be, and that being precluded from giving these diurnal feasts, she thought it incumbent on her to combine the musical strength that might have been expanded over three hundred and sixty-five days into one. Let the reader but consider the programme and he will readily agree with us. It is as long and as wealthy as Regent Street.

PART I.—TRIO, "La scena è un mar instabile," Signori Brizzi, F. Lablache, and Lablache. (*Scaramuccia*). Ricci.—Aria, "Della vita," Herr Hoelzel. (*Il Bravo*). Mercadante.—Variations, Mademoiselle De Mendi. (*Cenerentola*). Rossini.—Air, "O ruddier than the cherry," Herr Staudigl. (*Acis and Galatea*). Handel.—New German Song, "Die junge Nonne," and "Frühlings Lied," (First time of performance, Madame Knispel. Mangold.—Duetto, "La più pura," Miss A. and M. Williams "Gabussi.—Tema con Variazioni e Finale, Pianoforte, Viola, Violoncello, Contra Basso, Flute, Hautboy, and Horn: Madame Dulcken, Messrs. Hill, Hausmann, Howell, Pratten, Lavigne, and Jarrett. Hummel.—Romanza, "Spirito gentil," Signor Marras. (*La Favorita*). Donizetti.—Romanza ed Aria, "Vieni, ah vieni," Madame Anaide Castellani. (First time of performance). (*Leonora*). Mercadante.—Adagio and Rondo, Violin and Solo, Herr Joachim. (*First Concerto*). Rossini.—Scena and Aria, "Cecilian Vesper," expressly composed for and sung by Herr Pischek. (First time of performance). Lindpaintner.—Duet, "Dunque io son," Madame and Signor F. Lablache. (*Il Barbiere*). Rossini.—Grand Air, "Quel doux espoir!" (First time of performance), M. Roger, Premier Tenor de l'Opera Comique de Paris, (his first appearance in London). (*Lambert Simnel*). A. Adam.—New Caprice on National Bohemian Airs, Pianoforte, Madame Dulcken. Schulhoff.—Romance, "Una vergine," Signor Gardoni. (*La Favorita*). Donizetti.—Couplets, "La Bouquetière du Roi," Madame Dorus Gras. Clemenceau.—Trio, "Pensa à guarda," Signor Lablache, Signor Coletti, and Herr Staudigl. (*Margarita d'Anjou*). Meyerbeer.—Duet for two violins, Messrs. Joseph and George Hellmesberger. Dancla.—New Scene, "Lalla Rookh," being a grand Oriental Overland Transit Buffo Romance, written by Mr. Albert Smith. Arranged by John Parry. Mr. John Parry.

PART II.—Quatuor, "Largo per sempre," Madame Castellani, Signori Fraschini, F. Lablache, and Lablache. (*Parisina*). Donizetti.—Duo, "Oh, du Geliebte," Miss Birch and Herr Staudigl. (*The Exile*). Nicolai.—Romanza, "Seul sur la terre," Signor Gardoni. (*Don Sebastian*). Donizetti.—Solo, Harp, "La Danse des Sylphes," Monsieur Felix Godefroid. Godefroid.—Duet, "Sul campo della gloria," Signori Fraschini and Coletti. (*Belisario*). Donizetti.—Duet, "Sul' aria," Madame Castellani and Madame Dorus Gras. (*Nozze di Figaro*). Mozart.—Fantaisie Militaire for Three Pianofortes (first time of performance), on Themes, from the Opera, *The Camp of Silesia*, by Meyerbeer, Mad. Dulcken, Messrs. W. Kuhe and Schulhoff. W. Kuhe.—Aria, "Du, die nie holder," Herr Pischek. (First time of performance). Zampa. Herold.—Aria, "M'inganno la mia speranza," Signor Fraschini. (*Adelia*). Donizetti.—Trio for three Violins, Herren Joseph and George Hellmesberger, and Mr. Sainton. (First time of performance. G. Hellmesberger.—Song, "Ah! quel plaisir d'être Soldat." (First time of performance), M. Roger. (*La Dame Blanche*). Boidieu.—Aria, "Ah rammento," Miss Birch. (*Leonora*). Mercadante.—Schifferlied, Herr Staudigl. (First time of performance). Speyer.—Duo, "Voi siete un nom' di spirito," Signor Coletti and Signor Lablache. (*Falstaff*). Balfe.—Capriccio, Flute, on an Air by Bellini, Signor Cesare Ciardi. Ciardi.—Serenade—"Deh, vieni alla finestra," Herr Pischek, and Violin obligato, Herr Joseph Hellmesberger. (*Don Giovanni*). Mozart.—Il Tremolo, "Air Italien," Pianoforte, (first time of performance), Madame Dulcken. Charles Mayer.—Chanson de Mai, Madame Henelle. Meyerbeer.—Aria, "Alla mia mente estatica," Signor Gardoni. (*Falstaff*). Balfe.—Trio, "Troncar se," Signori Fraschini, Lablache, and Coletti. (*Guillaume Tell*). Rossini.—Chorus, "Ridiamo, cantiamo." Nicolai.

From such a glittering heap of musical jewellery, what article of price shall we select for especial remark? or what shall we omit, from our unavoidably brief notice, that may not look invidious in the eyes of the assistants? To avoid this, we may state at once, generally, that the concert was one of the most brilliant that ever drew together a crowded assembly; that the performances on the whole were admirable, and that everybody appeared delighted with the entertainments; the only complaint being made, was, that many of the semi-fashionable folks had lost their dinner from the lateness of the hour to which the monster concert was spun out. *Place à la bénéficiaire*—we must first allude to the performances of Madame Dulcken—and yet, why comment upon the excellences of that of

which all are cognisant, and which none dispute? Why descant upon the voluble fingers, the exquisite taste, the fine mechanism, the delicate colouring, the truthful reading, and brilliant style of Madame Dulcken's pianoforte playing, when only to mention her performance is to leave others to suppose them? Will not each and all of the above qualities be readily understood, when we merely name that the great *pianiste* played in her best style? Indeed the public are so well aware of the artist's abilities, and have been so accustomed to read daily encomiums on her playing that we should not wonder if they would consider any further praise as superfluous as adding perfume to the violet, or new blushes to the rose. Enough to say Madame Dulcken's performance of Schullhoff's *Caprice* was characterised by all her excellence of method and expression; that the *Il Tremolo* was played to perfection; and that her portions in the *Otello* and the *Fantaisie Militaire* were as brilliantly executed as possibly could be. This last was a grand display of pianoforte playing by the three artistes. A word must suffice in praise of Godefrid's *solo*, and Joachim's *adagio* and *rondo*, both exquisitely performed: nor must we omit, among the instrumental excellences, the violin performances of the Messrs. Hellmesberger and Sainton, and the flute playing of Signor Ciardi—all admirable. From the vocal department we can only select a few performances for notice, with which the reader must rest satisfied. First of all, as the great novelty of the entertainments, we are led to point out M. Roger's singing. This gentleman made his first appearance in London at this concert. His singing of Adolph Adam's song exhibited him as one of the first of living *tenors*, whether we refer to his vocal powers, or his art. M. Roger's voice is exquisitely pure, mostly proceeding from the chest, and rings like a silver bell. He is entirely free from that *nasality* of tone which is so much injurious to the singing of the French school. His style is simple and chaste, and his method of vocalisation irreproachable. M. Roger produced an immense sensation in both his songs. We really have not room to specify any other portion of the vocal scheme. When all is excellent it is no easy task to select for preference. The conductors were Messrs. Benedict, Kuhe, and Vincent Wallace.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—After the first act of *Anna Bolena* on Saturday, when Grisi was called for, a magnificent *cadeau*, in the shape of a bracelet, was thrown from one of the stage boxes, which was handed to Grisi, who immediately placed it on her arm. The bracelet, which was inlaid with the most valuable jewels, and was of solid gold, bore an inscription as follows:—"From the Dowager Countess of Essex to Madame Grisi, on the occasion of her benefit as a small token of admiration for her talent and genius." Could any thing be more gratifying to the great Italian artist than a tribute from one of the greatest singers England ever saw? We have been assured that among all the costly *bijouterie*, the jewels of price, and countless *cadeaux* with which Grisi has been presented, there is none more prized than the bracelet so graciously presented to her on Thursday night.

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.—A Grand Concert took place last evening for the benefit of the Italian Gratuitous School, Greville Street, Hatton Garden. All the principal artists of the Royal Italian Opera assisted, by permission of Mr. Beale. The rooms were crowded to suffocation. A splendid concert was provided.

MADemoiselle Sophie Froco has arrived in London and will make her first appearance in a new grand *ballet* on Thursday next at the Royal Italian Opera.

EXETER HALL.—Spohr's Grand Oratorio, *The Fall of Babylon*, conducted by the composer, was given last night before a very large audience. The lateness of the hour, and the crowded state of our columns, preclude us from entering into a notice of the performance till next week. In our next number, we shall enter into a copious and analytic review of the work of the great master.

MR. MOSCHELES.—Messrs. Puttick & Simpson have announced to sell by auction, on Friday the 23rd inst. the extensive and valuable musical library of the above eminent composer and pianist, in consequence of his departure from this country. Among the works of Mr. Moscheles to be submitted to public auction, there will be found several of rare value. We direct the reader's attention to our advertisement sheet for further particulars.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—We are glad to hear, that a MS-Symphony by Mr. W. Bayley, and a Harp Concerto by Mr. John Thomas, will be performed at the Academy Concert this morning. Mr. Thomas will, of course, play his own concerto.

MR. FREDERICK WEBSTER.—The stage-director of the Haymarket Theatre, has announced his benefit for Tuesday next, when will be given a series of entertainments, which will combine the talents of the Haymarket and Adelphi companies. John Parry and other auxiliaries will assist. Mr. F. Webster, is the author of the clever "Analysis on the human voice," now being written in the pages of the *Musical World*, and we trust our numerous readers will not overlook his claim on their support in consequence. Mr. F. Webster is a Brother of the Ancient Order of Freemasons.

TO OUR READERS.

Erratum in the last article on "Etjah."—In comparing the social conditions of Mozart and Mendelssohn, and their consequent influence on their works, we spoke of the embarrassed life of the former which compelled him to write hastily. In the following sentence the compositor has made us say: "Mendelssohn unluckily for himself and the art, has never been in this embarrassed position. Need we say that it should be "Mendelssohn luckily for himself and the art," &c. &c.

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To commence at Eight o'Clock.
Tickets may be had at the above Rooms, and at Mr. Collins's Music Academy, 17, Queen's Row, Claremont Square, Islington.



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EXTRA NIGHT

On THURSDAY NEXT, July 15, 1847,

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The Free List is suspended, the Public Press excepted.

*. Pit Tickets may be obtained as usual at the Box-office of the Theatre, price 10s. 6d. each. Applications for Boxes, Pit Stalls, and Tickets to be made at the Box-office, at the Theatre.—Doors open at Seven o'clock, the Opera to commence at half-past Seven.

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MADemoiselle JENNY LIND'S

CELEBRATED SWEDISH MELODIES.

JUST PUBLISHED, by M. JULLIEN, 214, REGENT STREET, the whole of the **SWEDISH MELODIES**, as sung by **Mlle. LIND** at the private Soirées Musicales of **HER MAJESTY**, Buckingham Palace, and at **HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE**, with the original Swedish words and English adaptations by G. LINLEY, DESMOND RYAN, and J. WREY MOULD.

- | | |
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| No. 1.—“Pasture Song,”
Herde Sang, - - - - - | “Come hither, my pretty herd.”
Kom allt di underlil. |
| No. 2.—“Love Smiles no more,”
Tjerran i skog, - - - - - | “Hope's light is gone.”
Lingt fran dig skild. |
| No. 3.—“The Stars of Heav'n are gleaming,”
Allt under Hemme lens Faste, - - - - - | “Above the earth at rest.”
Der sitta stjer nor sma. |
| No. 4.—“Pretty, pretty Girl,”
Kom du lilla Fluka; - - - - - | “Behold its image in the laughing stream.”
Sag vill du blif va nug en van sagod. |
| No. 5.—“The Postboy's Return,”
Skjuts Gossen Pa Hemyägen, - - - - - | “Trot! trot! so ho! so ho! away we go!”
Hopp! hopp! se sa! se sa! Lat ga! |
| No. 6.—“Winter warm'd into showers,”
Gladjens blomser Ijordens, - - - - - | “Who can spy the peeping snowdrop.”
Hör du ej hur andar. |
| No. 7.—“The Sea King's Bride,”
Necken's Polska, - - - - - | “On a shore his ocean realm was leaving.”
O gvar dvaljs du klaraste bland sternor. |

To be continued, and to include the whole of the original and extensive collection.

THESE are the only authorised Editions of the Songs actually sung by **Mlle. LIND**, as will be testified by those who were present at Her Majesty's Theatre on Thursday evening, June 17, 1847, and heard there for the first time in public. The originality of their composition places them quite **APART** from those Songs which have been produced by various Publishers, bearing the name of **Mlle. LIND**, but which have never been sung by her on any occasion whatever.

THE **PIANOFORTE ARRANGEMENTS** are by **HERR KUHE**, accompanist to the celebrated Vocalist, and the Copyrights have been legally assigned to **M. JULLIEN** by **M. HIRSCH**, Stockholm.

LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO.

JUST PUBLISHED,

The whole of the above successful Opera, one of the *chefs d'œuvre* du genre of **DONIZETTI**, Opera Buffa, with Italian and English words.

- No. 1.—“Ev'ry one says it—all people know.”
Ciascun lo dice, ciascun lo sa.
- No. 2.—“We now must part.”
Convien partir.
- No. 3.—“Humbly suppliant at thy feet.”
Supplichevo! al tuo piè.

- No. 4.—“In hope my heart that spot regaineth.”
Qui tratto son da liete spemè.
- No. 5.—“We, born 'midst the rolling.”
Chi nacque al rimbombo.
- No. 6.—“The world is not my text book.”
Io son un uom di mondo.

In a word, the whole of the Music as sung by **Mlle. LIND**, **MADAME CASTELLAN**, **MADAME SOLARI**, **SIGNORI LABLACHE**, **GARDONI**, **COLETTI**, and **HERR STAUDIGL**, at Her Majesty's Theatre, forming the most complete Collection of Classical Songs of Italy ever published, entitled

LA LIRA D'ITALIA

LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO POLKA, by **JULLIEN**, re-demanded at the Grand Ball given in honour of Her Majesty by Her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland.

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JULLIEN AND CO.,
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The Musical World.

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{ STAMPED, FOURPENCE.

RACHEL.

THE pen hesitates to trace the words; but, alas! they must be written. Rachel, the incomparable Rachel, took her leave of the English public last night, and almost immediately—perhaps even to-day—will quit the shores of England. The play was *Virginia*. It was a triumph—for with Rachel to appear is to triumph—but a melancholy one.

We cannot, without poignant regret, bid farewell to this gifted and extraordinary woman, before whose talent all other talents sink into mediocrity. That Rachel is the most wonderful genius, the most perfect and accomplished actress, who, in any time, has trod the boards of any stage, is our entire belief. In her, and only in her, do we acknowledge the presence of those bright qualities about which our fathers are so eloquent. She is the ~~lot~~ of the daughters of night, with the raven hair, the flashing eye, the scornful mouth. An echo of the Grecian song, heard through the distance of two thousand years, yet lives upon her tongue; the souls of Sophocles, Euripides, and Æschylus breathe melody upon her lips, as the invisible winds upon the mysterious harp of Æolus. With her a mighty race will become extinct; when she is gone the voice of the tragic drama will be dumb, and poetry lament its oracle. She yet walks amongst us, but only as a memento of old times. Her face is the lamp that lights Melpomene's tomb in the ancient vault of the drama; her voice is the bell that tolls Melpomene's knell. Though she is with us, she is not of us; her eye, gleaming with a fire which is from heaven and dies not, looks with pity upon her uninspired companions. To her there is no future. She sees the past, folded in its shroud, and with clasped hands prays for her own hour to come. But her mission, which is to sing the drama's monody, must be fulfilled. When the last note is uttered, her heart will break, like the strings of some forgotten instrument, and her spirit fly to its home.

There are yet a few to whom the voice of Rachel is a warning and a prophecy. There are yet a few to whom that gentle form, stealing along the scene like some whited ghost, conveys a holy meaning. There are yet a few to whom that countenance—vibrating with expression more impossible to catch than the hue of theameleon—is as the moon—that,

“Wandering companionless,
Among the stars that have a different birth—”

climbs the heavens with silent step, the weary messenger of change. The moon foretels the changes of the year, and the face of Rachel, of which it is but a pale reflex, foretels the changes of the times. All things must die—the most lovely and the greatest, as the most unsightly and the meanest. And when the beauty and the life that give to that face a charm,

unutterable as irresistible, shall fall away, like dust, and leave a thing

“To make men tremble who never weep,”

it will be a sign that the drama's blood has ceased to flow, that the drama's heart has ceased to beat.

The characters sustained by Rachel during her present engagement have demonstrated the variety no less than the transcendancy of her talent. Whether as Camille, the gentle Roman girl, metamorphosed into a fury by the loss of her lover, her black hair streaming, her deep eyes flashing, her white arms waving, her whole frame convulsed with the intensity of despair and rage; or as the inspired Maid of Orleans, sheathed in resplendant arms, towering in counsel as in battle; or as the soft Virginia, clinging to the rough frame of her stern father as ivy to the oak, supplicating the knife with the innocent uplifted eyes of a lamb that knows not its terrors, shrinking from contamination, as the chaste snow from the kisses of the sun; or as the mother of the dissolute Nero, sublime in wickedness, haughty in humility, ambitious in counsel, terrible in reproach; or as the fate-struck Phedra, sinking under the weight of an unholy passion, distracting herself for that which is inevitable, moved by two opposite powers of attraction and repulse, that torment her soul with their incessant strife, gradually wasting and sinking, until her life goes out like the flickering embers of an unfed fire; or as the wise and beautiful Monimia, enduring the passion of the terrible Mithridates, and pining for the love of his more gentle son; or as the fair Amenais, a pale abstraction warmed into vivid reality by the breath of her genius; or as the spiritual coquette, the heartless, gay, and brilliant Celimene, killing with her wit, and curing with her eyes; or as the passionate, capricious, and revengeful Hermione, who silently consumes her own heart, and wantonly breaks that of her best friend, now all gentleness, now all flame, never knowing her own mind, insulting and humiliating her lover for the very fidelity with which he obeys her slightest wish; in one and all of these Rachel is equally wonderful, equally incomparable. There is not a passion which she cannot express;—love, hate, jealousy, revenge, hope, pity, joy, exultation, anguish, remorse, despair, pride, devotion, contempt, scorn, rage, irony, enthusiasm, all are completely at her control, all are ready to obey the slightest indication of her genius. To her the passions are as the keys of an instrument upon which the impulses of her heart can play it well, as the finger upon the *clavier*. Never was actress so gifted with the accomplishments of mind and the charm of personal attributes. There is something in her face that speaks of another and a higher world than this. The expression of her eyes is indescribable. Her forehead is the tablet of intellect. Her mouth the seat of passion, for

enough, without sanctioning the greedy conduct of a needy tradesman. If the above be untrue, I hope the management will give it a flat denial. It is my intention, however, to be at the box-door the moment it is opened, on the day stated in the advertisement, and I promise you a report of the state of the box plan. Let me give the music seller a little advice, which is, to mind his shop and let speculation alone.—Yours,

"ONE BEHIND THE SCENES."

Need we point out where the puff lies, cunningly as it is wrapped up in the attack upon a music-seller?

But while we are upon the matter we may as well give our friend the *Morning Post* a turn. The following oddly-phrased puff is not beside the subject, and may lead, at any rate, to yet more sober and useful reflection. It is *apropos* of Tuesday's performance at the Opera, and is quite a gem in its way:—

"The sea, however rough, did not prevent Lablache and Lind returning from Osborne House in time for the opera. *I Masnadieri* was given last night for the last time, and however divided opinions prevailed, was warmly received; apart Jenny, Coletti, and Bouché, each of whom, in different degrees, commanding a reception such as belongs alone to super-eminent artists and well-proven favourites of the public. As to Gardoni, one would not have regretted this new opera being given this season, were it only that it has put to the test all this young artiste can effect dramatically as well as vocally as a *tenore di forza*. This opera, with its consequent expenditure, however, forms one of the brightest efforts of the season, as part of a principle so long neglected, and as a duty now redeemed. It is not only that it is utterly disgraceful for the greatest theatre in Europe to be constantly borrowing and never returning any lyrical resources, but the production of novelty is essential, in the long run, to the existence as well as to the progress of art, as a boon to encourage the rise of new composers. One can but smile at those who would have it considered as the greatest merit to enact only old works. This is a very convenient and economical process of management; but even the *chefs-d'œuvre* will not live on the stage unless new and interesting works, even though they be inferior, do not keep up the filtration; as we see in the drama, the faultless works even of Shakspeare without a stage, because in our age the real dramatists are too rare to produce a sufficient number of plays to keep up the interest in classical works. To-morrow *Sonnambula* will be given for the last, and on Saturday we hope *Le Nozze* for the first time this season, with such a cast as was never before thought of."

It is amusing to remark the wriggling about Verdi's opera. Even the *Post* cannot get over the fact of its disastrous failure; and the boast about managerial wisdom and liberality is somewhat vague when we consider on what worthless stuff managerial wisdom and liberality has been in this instance expended. The blow at the Royal Italian Opera is well intended, but misses the mark; since no one will deny that it is much better to perform good old operas well than bad new ones ill. The term *FILTRATION* is employed with a beautiful independence of meaning; and the "never-before thought of" cast of *Figaro* is very amusing, when we consider that it is inferior both in completeness and in individual excellence to the cast at the rival establishment.

The next puff that attracts our attention is more astonishing than all the rest:—first, because it contains a comparison between Malibran and Lind, and gives the palm to the latter, with singular contempt of truth; and second, because it appears in the respectable pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*:—

"THE ITALIAN OPERA AND JENNY LIND.—Her Majesty's Theatre upon a gala night presents a very gorgeous spectacle, and I do not wonder that, apart from the music, it is a place of so much attraction. The mere sight of the company is enough to strike us poor provincials with astonishment; for I believe that in no other assemblage in the world will you see so much beauty, rank, and elegance congregated as here. The opera of the evening was the *Sonnambula*, and after the curtain had risen, and the preliminary scene was over, a fair, fresh, innocent-looking girl, attired in peasant costume, tripped upon the stage, and the storm of applause which literally shook the house welcomed the appearance of the famous Swedish singer. * * * The great charm of her performances seems to be this—that she combines together in extraordinary perfection the leading qualities of the actress and the

singer.* Nothing could be more natural, more touching, or more beautiful than the manner in which she embodied the character of Amina, and I write this with the full memory of the exquisite Malibran before me. But Malibran, with all her grace and genius, was more artificial than Jenny Lind. She always made it visible to you that somewhat of her simplicity was assumed; and occasionally she rather imitated the archness of the grisette, than the soft, modest, and yet playful demeanour of the village maiden. Jenny, on the other hand, is faultless in the expression of her emotions. Whether she is giving way to a burst of confiding love, or chiding her betrothed for his jealousy, or repelling with vexed impatience the approaches of the libertine count, she never for a moment is untrue to the proper nature of her character. I never saw any thing so perfect as the sleep-walking scene; Siddons could not have done it better; and if mesmerism had often such charming pupils, it would soon become a popular science. Her voice in singing is most charming, but I think it strikes one less with surprise at its compass, than with delight at the exquisite melody and birdlike clearness of its tones. Indeed, no more appropriate name could have been bestowed on her than that by which she is now familiar throughout Europe—the peerless Nightingale of Sweden."

That old "Christopher North" should have issued from the mountains, to write such a jumble of unmeaning rubbish, we confess, surprises us not a little; but we presume he had a good place for his trouble. Nevertheless, is it not a sad thing for art, that one of the great whips of criticism, the boasted enemy of charlatans, the crusher of rising genius in the bud, the mighty censor of letters, the brag, the bully, the swaggerer of the monthly press, the critic who lashed with his wordy cat-o'-nine-tails the brawny shoulders of Wordsworth, the nervous frame of Byron, and the frail form of Shelley; is it not a sad thing for art that even this self-constituted authority, so severe in censure, so chary of praise, so suspicious of innovation, so sceptical of original merit, should thus condescend to enroll himself among the motley company of puffers, that, defying the God of truth, set up a golden calf in Horeb, and kneel down, cringing, in the dust before it!

But we are tired of the subject. No one will accuse us of having received with coldness the claims of Madlle. Jenny Lind on her first appearance here. We were even studious to be kind, wishing rather to foster a youthful talent by encouragement than to blight it by disdain. But when after her striking failure in *Norma*, a part she attempted at the most unwise suggestion of her friends, we find her admirers not only lauding her for greatness where they should have censured her for mediocrity, but instituting comparisons in her favour at the expence of Grisi, and even of RACHEL, our patience is utterly exhausted, and we can but lift up our hands in amazement and our voice in remonstrance. It remains to be seen how long this madness will endure. We give it until next season, between when and now the eyes of the provincials will be opened, and the fever of the metropolitans abated. Madlle. Jenny Lind will then fall into the position for which nature and art have qualified her—that of a clever and promising, but not of a great, much less of an extraordinary dramatic singer. S.

[In the above, which we have been requested to insert and insert with pleasure, although we consider it somewhat overdrawn, will be recognised the style and the initial of an ancient and highly respected conductor of the *Musical World*.—ED.]

* Which insinuated that the great charm of an actress and singer is that she can act and sing:—a platitude worthy of the magazine that voted Coventry Patmore *flat*. ED.

SHAKSPERE'S HOUSE.

THE preservation of Shakspeare's house continues to absorb universal attention. Letters have appeared in sundry papers,

most of which laud the projection of the undertaking, and are not stinting in their vituperations, against Lord Morpeth and Her Majesty's government, for their refusal of co-operation and assistance. But while the government is apathetic, Prince Albert comes forward, and the Queen Dowager, and others of high names with the Corporation of Stratford, all subscribing handsomely—at least so we read in the *Examiner*, which gives the following on *dit*.

"We understand that a communication has been addressed to the committee of the Shaksperian Society, at Stratford-upon-Avon, by command of Prince Albert, intimating that it is the intention of His Royal Highness to contribute a donation of £250 to the fund which it is proposed to raise for the purchase of Shakspeare's house. This munificent contribution has been rendered still more valuable to the committee by the assurance which accompanies it of the strong interest felt by His Royal Highness in the preservation, as national property, of a dwelling which is connected with the greatest name in English literature. Her Majesty the Queen Adelaide has been graciously pleased to honor the proceedings of the committee by her patronage and a donation of £100. And the Corporation of Stratford has voted the very liberal donation of £100 for the same object."

We read the same announcement in the *London and Liverpool Advertiser*. But the strangest thing is yet behind. Another letter has appeared in the *Examiner*, which is likely to bring the undertaking to a very different issue from what was expected. It would appear, were we to judge from this letter, that Shakspeare's house—so called—is not Shakspeare's house at all, and that all the war of words, which has been lately engendered by Mr. Walter Savage Landor's enthusiastic letter in the *Examiner*, has had its origin in a fantasy and is likely to end in smoke. The letter runs thus:—

"To the Editor of the *Examiner*."

"SIR.—There is an enthusiastic and generous letter in your *Examiner*, of the 24th of last month, from Mr. Walter Savage Landor, complaining that Government, and Lord Morpeth in particular, had refused to purchase the house in Henley-street, Stratford-on-Avon, which has been for many years exhibited as that in which the immortal Bard of Avon first drew his breath. For the information of Mr. Landor, and I fear of many others, I take this means to inform him and them, from proofs which I could hereafter give, that the house in which Shakspeare was born is no more known than is the birth-place of Homer, of the prophet Isaiah, or of the divine legislator, Moses. These sacred and profane writers are known only through their works; but through them they must be known till chaos shall return and time be no more, and this ought to be enough. I greatly admire the spirit and generosity exhibited in Mr. Landor's letter; but I should most sadly have grieved if the Government had coincided in his views. An old friend of mine, a native of Stratford-on-Avon and an idoliser of Shakspeare, and myself, some few years since, through the public press, endeavoured to do away with this deception; but the exhibition of the old dwelling was profitable to the show-woman, and visitors, in such a case, had no objection to be deceived; and so it has gone on to the present day, and perhaps will go on: but Lord Morpeth and the Government shall have my most hearty thanks for not making themselves agents of or participators in it. For the information of Mr. Landor, whose generous enthusiasm I so greatly admire, I shall be happy to look up, should he wish it, the publication in which the proofs of the deception above stated appeared, and I have no doubt whatever but they will be perfectly satisfactory to his mind. It is sufficient for the lovers of Shakspeare, and the inhabitants of Stratford-on-Avon in particular, to know that theirs is the birth-place of the Bard; and if I were an inhabitant of that town, it might perhaps afford me little pleasure to reflect, that for aught I knew, or any one else knew, the house which I inhabited might stand on the very spot over which was the room in which the wonderful child, William Shakspeare first drew his breath. If this would not afford me pleasure—for it is merely conjectural—I can affirm on grounds free from suspicion, that oftentimes some pleasurable sensations do arise in my mind, when I reflect that the groundwork of the little education I received was laid in the same school in which the boy, William Shakspeare, with his satchel and shining morning face, went unwillingly (perhaps) to school. This, I observe, to me has always been a source of pleasure: I mention it, however, not I hope in the spirit of vanity, as a "*laudator temporis acti*," me "*quero*," but merely to show to Mr. Landor that I have some

personal knowledge of the matters concerning which I write. And with this conclusion I subscribe myself,

Your obedient servant,

GEO. WILKINS, Parsonage, Wis, near Manningtree, Aug. 3, 1847:

The above letter is apparently written by one who is satisfied he can prove what he advances. We have little doubt that Mr. Walter Savage Landor will at once accept the proffer of Mr. Wilkins, and investigate the mystery of Shakspeare's birth-place. After the above letter it is not to be expected that any one would advance a doit in the way of subscription until Mr. Wilkins's communication be proved to be an error, and the birth-place of the poet be incontrovertibly established. From the commencement we did not put much heart in the undertaking; we conceived that it would be nothing better than expending energy and enthusiasm in a wrong direction to glorify the poet, and we shrank from over-exerting ourselves in the cause, because we conceived that the preservation of the house was an utter impossibility for more than a very brief period; but we nevertheless spied faintly in the distance a real good that would result therefrom. The attention of the public would be called to the fact that no national Monument has been erected to him who was the greatest of all England's great men, and that it would be time now to entertain a thought of honoring Shakspeare with some lasting memorial to which every individual in the kingdom might have it in his power to bring his offering. Let the money already collected for the preservation of a house, where he was not born, stand as the first item on the list for the subscription to the new national Shaksperian monument, and let a general collection take place throughout the united kingdom. Even were the house proved to be that in which Shakspeare was born, we should vote for the money being laid out towards the erection of a national monument, for expended in that way alone would it have any enduring results. Mr. Wilkins's letter is quite satisfactory to us; and we have no doubt a cheat has been long practised on the public, which should be immediately investigated and exposed. We trust that those who subscribed towards the preservation of Shakspeare's birth-place will not, when the deception is laid bare, withdraw their several sums, but leave them in the hands of the committee, to go towards, what we have already hinted at, the erection of a GRAND NATIONAL MONUMENT IN HONOR OF SHAKSPEARE.

RONCONI.

(From the *London and Liverpool Advertiser*.)

Of Signor Ronconi as a mere singer, we shall not speak. His high talent in this respect is universally acknowledged, and it is not to be forgotten, that he alone, of all the *barytones* at present in England, has known how to conciliate the favour of a far more fastidious public than our own—that of Paris. But as an actor Signor Ronconi has, as yet, had scant measure of justice done to his genius—for a man of genius he undoubtedly is, and such men are rare upon the stage. France owns but one great tragic artist—a woman—we, of course allude to Mademoiselle Rachel. We ourselves have none. Germany is at present equally wanting; and on the Italian stage with the exception of Madame Grisi, we find none but Signor Ronconi. Unrivalled as the genius of Lablache in the *buffo*, is that of Ronconi in the higher and nobler walk of his art. Since the elder Kean we have seen no artist to be compared with him. Possibly he is too prone to sacrifice a merely vocal beauty to a great dramatic effect, but this is a fault which we should be pleased to recognize more frequently in the lyric artist. Anything is preferable to the cut and dry mode of vocalisation which realizes the score only, without touching the intention or the inspiration of the composer. On the third act of *Maria di Rohan*, that of Ronconi—for it would be absurd to impute it in the present instance to Donizetti—the fate of the opera

rests. Were the music poorer and weaker than it is, such acting as that of Signor Ronconi, in conjunction with his fine vocal execution of the part, must have carried it triumphantly through. The first burst of indignant surprise, and the fine touch of sorrow with which it concludes, on seeing the portrait, were worthy of any artist. Rachel never surpassed it. Equally fine was the terrible smile with which the injured husband gazed on the weapon which was to revenge him—and grander still the attitude in which he received the lover. It was a picture conceived and executed with the will and eye of a painter—a subject for study rather than for mere admiration. The *bravi* with which the scene was mingled by the audience, were—fine as in a vocal point of view, it undoubtedly was—directed to the magnificent acting of Ronconi, and when he was a second time called before the curtain, it was to respond to the unanimous enthusiasm of a public rarely moved so completely from their proverbial coldness. As a great tragic delineation, the part must take place and rank—in spite of the comparative poverty of the score—at the side of the highest exertions of tragic genius. Not a gesture which was not instinct with it—not a note but was subservient to the tragic purpose of the actor escaped from Signor Ronconi. He is a clever *buffo* singer, but as a male tragedian he stands alone on the modern stage. This is high praise—but we appeal to the whole range of Ronconi's serious parts to justify it. Why is it that the Direction of the Italian Opera at Covent Garden do not produce the *Beatrice di Tenda* as well as the *Maria di Rohan*? It is a better opera, and Signor Ronconi would find in it even greater scope for the display of his powers.

RACHEL AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MANY of your provincial readers, who may not have had the good fortune to have seen Rachel, would think the leader in last Saturday's *Musical World* a rhapsody. Your Manchester readers who have had that good fortune can now vouch for its truthfulness in every line, except the one about her so soon quitting England's shores. Luckily for us in the north, before returning to "La Belle France," Rachel has accepted engagements for Manchester, Liverpool, and, we believe, Edinburgh and Glasgow also. The spirited proprietor of our Theatre Royal, not content with giving us Jenny Lind, has this week furnished one of the highest intellectual treats that ever was given in a theatre in Manchester. In a theatrical experience of some two-and-twenty years, we never witnessed any dramatic acting at all approaching that of Mdle. Rachel, on Monday, in Camille, in Corneille's tragedy of *Les Horaces*. Who could think, to see that fragile yet graceful form, gliding as it were, upon the stage—that it was capable of displaying such extraordinary power? We must confess that we were not in any ecstasies with French tragedy—the strict adherence to the unities of time and place—the unvarying unchanging scene—the monotonous declamation in stilted tones of long speeches, all in rhyme, which, however varied in intonation by the talent of the different actors, still becomes wearisome, from the measure being the same, and an unavoidable *sing* or *whining* emphasis being given to the concluding word of each line. In spite of all this, however, when Rachel was once on the stage, we forgot every thing in admiration and wonder at the etherealized being before us! We were fascinated and could not withdraw our gaze! It is impossible to find terms to express adequately what is felt by every one on witnessing such a performance. All usual phrases seem so out of place in allusion to her—and, as to criticising, what is there to criticise?—her performance is perfection from beginning to end! To point out beauties even is difficult where all is so great, suffice it to say, that every scene of her's was witnessed with wonder and delight. The last and greatest scene of all, where

she curses Rome and goads her brother to the fatal catastrophe, electrified the house and in spite of its bad taste, and the evident exhaustion of the great tragedian, Rachel was summoned before the curtain, after her mimic death, to receive the customary but ill-timed tribute to her transcendent talents. The entire audience rose, the occupants of the dress circle, pit stalls, and all to cheer her. She appears to-night in *Phedra*, on Friday in *Virginie*, and Saturday, her last night and benefit (so say the bills), in *Jeanne d'Arc*. The rest of Mr. Mitchell's company do not call for any particular remark; all are respectable, at any rate, and that is much to say when appearing beside such a brilliant *planet*, for Rachel is more than a *star*. Mdle. Rabut pleased, indeed delighted us very much in *Valerie ou L'Aveugle*, in which she took the part of the blind girl; she played it admirably and with great feeling; at its close she was summoned before the curtain. There was a bumper house, so far as regards dress circle and stalls, a good pit, and the rest of the house empty. French plays do not attract a gallery audience, but we were surprised to see so few in the upper circle of boxes. The critique you gave in last week's number of the performance of the glorious band of amateurs, for the benefit of Leigh Hunt, from the *Liverpool Chronicle*, would apply exactly to the same performance in Manchester. Dickens was truly great, he reminded us in Jerry Bumps of Charles Mathews; so perfect is his study that he could prompt any one at fault, and in one instance gave a little bit, *impromptu*, to fill up a momentary *lapse* of one of his brother amateurs. As the actors appeared, and each well-known name was recognised in the persons of its owner, they were, one and all, warmly welcomed by the audience, especially Dickens, Lemon, Jertold, Leech, and Cruikshank. It was a gratifying affair on all hands and most gratifying in its results. It is supposed that the net proceeds of the two performances will realize something like £700, after paying the unavoidable expenses of the theatres, advertising, &c. To their honour, be it said, not one of the gentlemen, who thus devoted their time and their talents to the aid of their less fortunate brethren would receive a fraction towards their travelling expenses from London and back. They are repaid ere this in their own hearts!

A Treatise on the "Affinities" of Goethe, IN ITS WORLD-HISTORICAL SIGNIFICANCE,

DEVELOPED ACCORDING TO ITS MORAL AND ARTISTICAL VALUE,
Translated from the German of Dr. Heinrich Theodor Rötcher,
Professor at the Royal Gymnasium at Bromberg.

CHAPTER II.—(continued from page 505).

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SINGLE CHARACTERS IN THE "AFFINITIES."

AFTER we have seen the calm image of Charlotte in its great characteristic, we may watch it in the expression of its internal emotion and its feelings. In describing the Captain, we have already hinted that his clear understanding, his insight into everything practical—altogether the security of his nature must necessarily make a lively impression upon a heart like Charlotte's. This is the more natural, as Edward's qualities cannot in any degree counterbalance his own. But how will Charlotte display herself on being thus overtaken by her feelings? Can she ever succumb to them? Can the passionate feeling ever so print itself in her heart, that she will no more be able to separate from it? According to what we have already developed, this is impossible. With an individuality sharply delineated, the manner of its emotion is always prefigured to us in the firmly-impressed fundamental characteristics. Thus at the very sight of Charlotte we are already internally convinced of that solution, which is confirmed to us in the sequel.

In our first section we have shown why, according to the subject

matter and the whole keeping of our work of art, the feminine nature must stand in the foreground. The poet has, therefore, in the two feminine individualities, which exhibit to us the necessary forms of the solution in the struggle between the natural force of feeling and the law of morality, perfectly carried out the process of this development. Charlotte has, therefore, naturally had a greater abundance of thought bestowed upon her than her correlate, the captain.

According to her nature, the unfolding of this character will be completed in two necessary moments, which grow before our eyes: in the contradiction and the contest of the heart with itself, and in the perfect victory of the moral idea. According to what has been developed, the exhibition of the latter naturally takes the first position, and is disclosed on all sides in its full effectiveness. "Persons who keep the same pace must become indispensable to each other; a reciprocal good-will must result." With this reflection the poet introduces the sympathy of Charlotte for the Captain. The good-will, therefore, properly arises from this, that each one sees himself furthered by the other; it is, if we may venture on the expression, in a certain measure drawn along by the understanding in its very origin, and is not that pure disinterested feeling, which immediately seizes on the whole man, which entirely loses itself in the object, and without any reflection lives in it, on the contents and basis of feeling. Even in the manner, in which Charlotte's sympathy for her friend is for the first time shown, a remarkable trait of her individuality is brought forward. "A sure proof of her good-will was this, that she quite calmly allowed to be destroyed a beautiful resting-place, which she had particularly sought out and adorned in commencing her improvements, and which was opposed to his plan, without having even the least unpleasant sensation." If we consider that Charlotte's understanding had already approved the Captain's plan, we shall consider the voluntary abandonment of her favorite seat as a proof rather of a calm affectionate good-will than of passion, properly so called. In this trait, we already perceive that it will hardly assume the aspect of consuming passion. In general a sympathy, which only gradually increases, excludes the peculiar quality of real passion. By this, we by no means say that passion cannot and must not increase, but still, in its very commencement, it will be announced as a force, suddenly* and unconsciously penetrating the whole individuality; we must, as it were, from the first quivering of the flesh, already feel a foreboding of the consuming flame. In considering Ottilia, we shall not be in want of a voucher for what we have said, and a counterpart of what we have described.

With individuals who, by equality of pace, have become valuable to each other, the whole intensity of feeling will be preeminently manifested in those moments, when the *furthering* companion is to be removed from their presence. Thus, with Charlotte, the power of the feeling for her friend, which has been hitherto suppressed, breaks forth at the moment when she learns from the Count that she is to lose him. But her natural mastery over herself gives her before company an artificial self-possession. "Yet she was internally torn, nay, so moved, that she looked out for a fitting moment to withdraw from the company. The full heart was opened for the first time in solitude; the thought of the loss, which had hitherto been so far from her, through the sweet habit of living together, now maintained its full present power. The tears, already on the half-way, burst from her eyes, and now she flung herself into the narrow space of the little hermitage, and abandoned herself entirely to a pain—a passion—a despair, of the possibility of which, a few moments before, she had not even the slightest suspicion." With a nature like Charlotte's we measure, by such an outbreak of feeling, the greatness of the heart-force. If in this individuality the perfect victory of the moral consciousness over the natural force of feeling is to be exhibited, we cannot dispense with the expression of the latter, to comprehend the importance of the former. Even Charlotte must become a prey to such a moment.

This involuntary force, which the feelings, in opposition to moral consciousness, exercise upon Charlotte, is now manifested in a double way: first, in the region of imagination, and then in the domain of reality. The first forms into living shapes that which

governs us internally. Here it appears as the involuntary forming power, of which man is not master, but which first rightly unveils his most internal condition. The very fact that he is unable to destroy the forms which force themselves upon his imagination, and to supply their place with others, exhibits him to us, in this activity, as the product of a "will-less" power. To have fallen so completely under this power, that the imagination must, as it were, make living the image which rests upon the ground of feeling, that, in opposition to all better knowledge, it comes forth victorious—this makes the tone of the man, at such moments, perfectly unfree, and the man himself the mere instrument of a natural power. This is shown in Charlotte at the moment, when, with her husband in her arms, she is not able to banish the image of the Captain, when each of the two impassioned persons commits the *crime of thought*, and the imagination, by its right, which it maintains, announces the strength which the natural force of feeling has enveloped the individual.

After such a crime, which appears in the soft element of the imagination, ought we to wonder that reality also demands its tribute, and obtains it the sooner, the more intimate the individual has made himself with the object of his affection, the more he, while apparently guiltless, has filled himself with that object? But reality properly avenges only the innocent compliance on this willingly-moving power, and, at the same time, reveals the truth of this innocence and of this play of imagination. But here also the character of the surprise must not be denied. It is not a situation derived from the subject (person), nor designed by that subject, that must unfold to us the power of the heart. This would presuppose a familiar intercourse with the enemy watching within, an open compact, which it would be difficult, nay, impossible to break—nay, the individual would already have parted with moral shame. The more involuntary all appears to be, the more chance has introduced the fatal situation, the more decidedly does the sensation, which has hitherto been kept back by circumspection break forth. Here, for the first time, it is clear, what little command the most sensible and most confident natures have over themselves, and how all real moral consistency must be gained by a struggle with the evil one. It is not until reality opens the precipice to which the individuals are led by the "affinity" of their feelings, that they completely recognise it, and trembling shrink back.

All must be combined to augment the danger for Charlotte and the Captain, and to make manifest the astonished feeling. Charlotte filled with the image of the friend, who is now about to depart, on a waving boat, at the breaking in of darkness, confided by remarkable circumstances to her friend as a beloved burden, which he is to carry to *terra firma*, and finally clasped in the arms of this man, who is so passionately moved, and is so dear to her, is no more able to oppose a safe resistance to the elements which thus storm upon her; her strength seems for a moment to succumb to such a special coincidence of circumstances and her nature otherwise so certain of itself to depart from its equilibrium. This moment of self-forgetfulness is however, at the same time, a turning point for Charlotte. It only serves to collect again the usual strength, which has been forced back and to summon it to energetic resistance. With a nature, which is always accustomed to be conscious of itself,—to command itself, such a moment of self-forgetfulness makes an epoch for our entire life, shows it the danger in which it is floating, and summons every power to meet it. But if man has once comprehended his inmost emotions in words, he appears before them, to a certain degree, in the character of a master. Hence Charlotte's clear moral mind celebrates here—just where it seems to have lost itself—its most beautiful triumph, which in the most eloquent exhortation to self-control manifested itself with as much dignity, as with a spirit truly feminine. "We cannot prevent this moment from making an epoch in our lives, but it depends on ourselves, whether it will be worthy of us. You must depart, dear friend, and you will depart. I can only forgive you—I can only forgive myself, if we have the courage to change our position, since it does not depend on ourselves to alter our sentiments." In these words the usual position of Charlotte is expressed in the most concentrated and all-sided manner. In this self-possession, what a trembling of the heart,—in the victory, what an uneasy care, not to tempt the strength once more and play a thoughtless game with danger!

* The German word is stronger: "urplötzlich," that is, with *original* suddenness.

We here penetrate the self-consciousness, of a moral, self-controlling nature, which at once considers the moment as a warning to its moral dignity, to which it has to respond, with a consciousness of guilt, which can only be atoned by persevering in the former! How equally removed from a fluttering palliation of what has happened, and a presumptuous confidence in one's own strength! How clearly at last does her pure sense distinguish that which is inevitable and not to be annihilated in the sentiments, from that which belongs to the freedom of man, and by which therefore his guilt can be alone conditioned. For it is not until that which is not to be destroyed, that region of feeling which lies beyond her power is known as such, that the individual, by means of his freedom, is able to escape its consequences. Here first begins the imputation of guilt. For the last ground, for the sentiment, which has attained the immediateness of feeling, the individual can no more be made responsible, but he can be made so, if he does not voluntarily endeavour to free himself from the dark power he has recognised. Hence all that Charlotte can require of herself and her friend is to change their positions. This first brings to the light of day, that which ripens in the deepest abyss, this first calls forth the fatality of an invincible sentiment to a tragic conflict, in which it is certain of victory.

(To be continued.)

* * To prevent misunderstanding, it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

SONNET.

No. XLVII.

THERE was a time I hoped to find repose—
Hoped that life's troubles would ere long be past—
Small troubles those; they were not such, as cast
On the heart, scorch it till it wildly glows.—
YES I then hoped that I should shortly close
The gate upon all worldly troubles fast,
And calmly seek in mine own soul at last
That holy fount which for the chosen flows.
But all those tranquil hopes are now no more;
They were young dreams of what could never be.
'Tis mine to float on waters without shore,
Without a goal:—repose is not for me.
And I will bid the angry billows roar,
Hating repose. Roll on, thou stormy sea.—N. D.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

PRINCESS'S.—This theatre closed for the season on Saturday night. The entertainments consisted of some minor pieces, the principal parts of which were sustained by Mr. Charles Mathews. Mr. Maddox, in the course of the evening, delivered the following address:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—After having, with the exception of a vacation of ten days, kept open house continually for two-and-twenty months, I, thanks to your kind patronage, bring my season, for the seventh time, to a successful termination. My expenditure has been great, but your generous support has not only enabled me to reimburse myself, but has given me a fair margin of profit into the bargain. I do not, ladies and gentlemen, make so unwise a boast as to say that 'This is the only theatre in which the legitimate drama has found a refuge'—or hazard so unfounded an assertion as that, 'even when Shakspeare speaks, it is to scanty audiences;' on the contrary, Shakspeare does speak here, has spoken here, to anything but 'scanty audiences,' as crowded audiences and my pocket can testify. I think that we are as 'legitimate' as anybody. Mr. Macready and Mrs. Butler are 'legitimate,' lawful children—true representatives of our divine bard. And is not the talented Miss Cushman—whom I first had the honour of introducing to a British public—'legitimate,' too? And, by the way, I am proud to tell you that I have formed an engagement with that lady to appear in Shaksperian plays, in conjunction with Mr. Macready, on the opening of our next campaign. If that be not 'legitimate,' I know not what is. After all, the true test of public opinion is well-filled benches, such as I now see around me, and the very first season that, in making up my accounts, I find that I am a loser, I shall think 'there is something rotten in the state of Denmark,' and that my mode of catering for your amusement is unpalatable; but until that time arrives I shall pursue my present course, exerting all my energies to please, to give you every satisfaction; and,

when I issue my programme for the forthcoming season, I feel convinced that the important engagements it will announce will secure a continuance of your kind patronage. For the unvarying success which has attended my labours as lessee of this theatre, I beg to tender you my most sincere thanks; and, furling the banner of the Princess's for a few weeks, in the name of myself and the ladies and gentlemen of this establishment, I most gratefully and respectfully bid you farewell."

We are very well pleased to hear that Mr. Maddox has obtained a fair "margin of profit," as he poetically calls it, to reimburse him for his expenditure, and we agree with him that it would be unwise to make a boast "that his was the only theatre in which the legitimate drama had found a refuge"—simply because it would not be true. Certainly Mr. Maddox has flown his endeavours at the highest quarry of legitimacy, and if he has not always succeeded in running down the game to the best advantage, it must be attributed to combinations of circumstances over which he could have no control. It is only at the Princess's Theatre that one of the greatest actors of modern times, Macready, has now a chance of being seen. In the double engagement of Macready and Miss Cushman, the manager is determined to take the theatrical town by storm; and if these great artists be well-supported by a creditable company—we don't want all Cushmans and Macreadys—we have much faith in the issue, and prognosticate a plenary harvest to the treasury of the Princess's. Now have we some hopes of seeing *King John* performed, and *Henry the Eighth*, and other plays of Shakspeare, not hackneyed of late, and performed to perfection as far as the principal parts are concerned. We cannot conclude without wishing Mr. Maddox every success in his endeavour to uphold the Shaksperian drama at this theatre, and trust that the issue of the season approaching may be such as his fondest expectations would warrant.

Mr. Maddox liberally granted his theatre on Thursday night for a performance for the benefit of the deceased actor, Mr. Walton. *The Wife of Sheridan Knowles*, Mrs. Fanny Butler taking the part of the heroine, and Mr. Creswick that of the hero; the farce of *Somebody Else*, with Mr. C. Mathews and Madame Vestris as Hans and Minnie; the *Jacobite*, with Mr. Buckstone as John Duck; and the farce of *Early Closing*, constituted the entertainments of the evening. The house was well attended.

SADLER'S WELLS.—A section from the late Drury Lane Operatic Company have been giving entertainments at this house for some time past. The corps consist of the Misses Rainforth and Rebecca Isaacs, and Messrs. Allen, Borrani, Horncastle, &c.; the band is by no means indifferent, and the choruses seem well trained. We strolled eastwards a few nights since, and saw *Maritana* very creditably performed at the Sadler's Wells. Allen's Don Caesar was decidedly the best operatic Don we have seen, and the other parts were well filled, *Maritana* being sustained by Miss Rainforth in her usual unpretending and expressive manner. The operas already performed by the Company, besides *Maritana*, we understand, have been *Sonnambula*, *Norma*, &c. Mr. Tully is the conductor, and Mr. Griesbach the leader—both highly efficient officers.

SURREY.—A son of the celebrated John Reeve made his first appearance on the stage on Monday evening at this theatre. He took his father's great part of Marmaduke Magog, in the *Wreck Ashore*, and, taking all things into account, acquitted himself very creditably. As yet he is a mere novice in many of the ways and appliances of the stage, and at times appeared sufficiently awkward in consequence; but, nevertheless, the true *vis comica* was apparent, and the paternal whim and raciness were not wanting, and the shuffling gait,

and broad grin, that were wont to set the Adelphi audiences in a roar, were by no means faintly reflected. Mr. Reeve's person is good: he sings and dances right well, and, in short, has apparently every requisite to make a good comedian. After the piece he was called for and received with great applause. Mr. Buckstone played his original part of Jemmy Starling.

ASTLEY'S.—A new grand equestrian piece, entitled *The Prince of Cyprus, or the Horse of the Elements*, was produced on Monday evening with the most brilliant success. It is in reality one of the most gorgeous and surprising spectacles ever got up even at this house. The scenery is magnificent in the extreme, and the dresses and accessories of the scene on the same scale of grandeur. The feats of horsemanship are novel and striking; nor is the story indifferent for a piece of this kind. The plot is sufficiently interesting, and the fortunes of the Prince are watched with anxiety from the beginning. Barry, as Squire to the Prince, was excellent, and kept the audience in a continual scream of laughter while he was on the stage. The only drawback to the performance was an accident that happened to Miss Henry, who was performing the Princess. In descending from her horse, in the second act, she slipped and injured her ankle so much, that her place was assigned to another artiste in the establishment.

DEATH OF MRS. EGERTON.

Mrs. EGERTON, the well-known tragic actress, expired at her residence in Chelsea, on Tuesday, the 3rd instant. She was contemporaneous with Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Powell, Miss O'Neil, and Mrs. Bartley. Mrs. Egerton was born at Torrington in Devonshire, in the year 1782. Her father was the Rev. Peter Fisher, rector of Torrington. She made her first appearance on the stage at Bath in 1803. It was here she first saw Egerton, her future husband, who was a performer in the same company in which she was engaged. In a few years she made great progress in her studies, and her name had reached the metropolis. In 1810 she appeared at Covent Garden in Juliet. Mrs. Siddons' retirement from the stage in 1809 had left the tragic throne vacated, and it was expected that the new actress would, when time and experience had wrought their good results in her, have supplied the space left void by the great ex-tragedian. But a more dangerous rival than Mrs. Siddons started up in the person of Miss O'Neil, who in a few years after the death of the great actress burst upon the London public, like a sunrise at midnight. More dangerous than Mrs. Siddons, we have said, inasmuch as Mrs. Egerton had to stand comparison side by side with Miss O'Neil, and from playing the same parts, was more exposed to relative criticism. The consequence was that Mrs. Egerton abdicated the higher provinces of tragedy, and condescended to adopt the juvenile and melodrama. She soon found the latter to be her true forte, and indeed nothing of the kind could hardly be better than her Ravina in the *Miller and his Men*, Meg Merrilies, Helen Macgregor, Madge Wildfire, &c., &c. Upon her husband assuming the government of Sadler's Wells, she quitted Covent Garden. The first piece in which she appeared at this theatre was *Joan of Arc*, and so successful was her performance of the heroine, that the piece ran the whole season. She afterwards joined the Surrey corps, and subsequently was incorporated with the Olympic company. When Joanna Baillie's tragedy of *De Montford* was revived for Edmund Kean at Drury Lane, Mrs. Egerton was engaged to play Jane de Montford. In 1832, Egerton and Abbott became lessees of the Coburg Theatre,

which name they changed into that of the Victoria. After a few years performances at this theatre, Mrs. Egerton felt that her powers began to fail her, and she retired from the stage altogether. She died at the age of sixty-five. Mrs. Egerton was a member of the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund. Her remains were interred in Chelsea church last Saturday.

AN ANALYSIS OF THE HUMAN VOICE.

Compiled by FREDERICK WEBSTER, Professor of Elocution to the Royal Academy of Music.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 490.)

If there should be at any time a doubt as to the extent of the concrete interval, let stress be applied at its summit. When the interval is a note, the two sounds will form the commencement of the diatonic scale: for, with a little experience, the course of this scale can always be recognised upon the execution of its first and second degrees. The diphthongal sound of *a* does then, in this case, pass through the concrete interval of a tone; the movement being divided between the sounds of *a* and *e*, the first gliding imperceptibly into the last. But as the question here refers to the extent of the interval traversed, and to its upward direction, as well as to its concrete progress, it is necessary to guard against the utterance of the literal element with any emotion: for if it be done in a plaintive manner, with surprise, interrogation, or other impressive sentiments, or as if it were the close of a sentence, the concrete will be some other interval than the tone, or will move in a downward direction; this *tone* or *second* being, as will be shown hereafter, the instinctive mode of intonation, by which the mind denotes its simple thoughts exclusively of feeling or passion. I have called the first part of the concrete, or that of *a*, in the above instance, the *Radical Movement*: because, with a full beginning or opening, the following portion of the concrete proceeds from it as from a base or root. I have called the last part, or that of *e*, in the example, the *Vanishing Movement*, from its becoming gradually weaker as it rises, and finally dying away in the upper extreme of the tone. It must strike the reader that these terms can have only a reference to the two extremes of the concrete, since the gradual change of the radical into the vanishing movement prevents our assigning an exact point of distinction between them. When a single alphabetic sound, capable of prolongation, is uttered with propriety and smoothness, and without emotion, it commences full and somewhat abruptly, and gradually decreases in its upward movement until it becomes inaudible: having the increments of time in rise, and the decrements of fullness equally progressive. Let us call this movement the *Equable Concrete*. The varied mode of the vocal function in Song and Recitative, may help to illustrate the nature of this equability of the rising movement of speech. The long-drawn voice of one continued pitch, which we hear in Song and Recitative, is prodded in two ways. First—by giving the greatest proportion of time and volume to one continuous pitch, or to a level line of sound, if I may so call it, in the radical place; and by subsequently passing concretely, lightly, and rapidly through the vanishing portion. Let us call this the *Protracted Radical*. Secondly—by passing concretely, lightly, and rapidly through the radical, and then prolonging the voice with greater volume on a level line at the highest point of the vanish, let us call this the *Protracted Vanish*. Thus far then intonation exhibits three modifications of the radical and vanishing movement—the Equable Concrete of speech, the Protracted Radical, and the Protracted Vanish, both of which are used in Song and Recitative. But we shall have occasion to learn, as we proceed, the various relationships of the concrete to all the simple and compounded intervals, to the alphabetic elements, to time and to force. I have spoken of the radical and vanishing movement through a tone, with a view to explain, by that interval, the nature of the concrete rise, and its division into the parts that have been named. But in taking a wider survey of this subject we shall learn that this function, with all its properties, is performed on every other interval of the scale. Thus, if we ascend concretely from the seventh to the eighth degree, by the alternate use of *a* and *e*, as represented by the sixth diagram, that is, by laying a stress on the two extremes

of this interval, the voice will have a plaintive character very different from that of the *tone*, or interval between the first and second. Now the interval from the seventh to the eighth place of the diatonic scale is a semitone. This plaintive concrete therefore when attenuated, or made what I have called *equable*, by gradually diminishing the stress at its upper extreme, as represented in the seventh diagram, is the radical and vanishing movement of a *semitone*. Again, if we ascend concretely upon *a* and *e*, from the first to the third place of the scale, by laying a stress on *e* in that third place, the effect of this continuous movement will differ from that of the *tone* and of the *semitone*: for it will resemble a moderate degree of interrogation made on the element *a*. This concrete when attenuated, or made equable by diminishing the stress on its upper extreme, is the radical and vanishing movement of a *third*. By a process analogous to that just proposed for distinguishing the interval of a third, we may ascertain the concrete movement of a fifth, and of an octave. For these, with stress at their upper extremes, have an interrogative expression like that of the third, but each successively more emphatic or earnest in its degree, and then by diminishing the stress, as directed in the former cases, we have respectively the radical and vanishing movements of the *fifth* and the *octave*. In this manner then the ear perceives, under their various degrees and characteristics, the several vocal movements of a *rising* radical and vanishing semitone—of a *tone* or second—of a *major* and a *minor* third—of a *fifth*—and of an *octave*. But these intervals have their proper significations in the expression of speech, and will be particularly noticed elsewhere. I say nothing here of a radical and vanishing *fourth*, *sixth*, and *seventh*, nor of *higher* ranges than the octave; not because the voice does not perform these intervals, but because a reference to the above-named points is sufficiently precise for the purposes of our history.

(To be continued.)

SHAKSPERE'S HOUSE.

THE announcement which appeared in the London journals on Saturday, the 7th inst., relative to the sale of Shakspeare's birth-place at Stratford-on-Avon, historically considered, requires but little comment. The gentlemen of Warwickshire have aroused themselves at the eleventh hour. To avoid the foreclosing of a mortgage of very trifling amount, the Shaksperian property was allowed to pass into the hands of strangers. The whole of the premises in Henley-street were purchased by a licensed victualler, named Court, whose son still holds possession; but, from family disagreements, a final appeal is to be made on the 16th of next month to the ordeal of a public auction, and the produce of this memorable sale will be divided among the legal expectants. Thus far all seems fair and equitable; yet, from opinions, gossipings, and gatherings, attained throughout the wide range of the county—in Coventry, in Kenilworth, Warwick, and Birmingham—there appears to be a conflict of feeling and an apathy of action; and in the same spirit that Walter Savage Landor deprecated the "chattering and chewing" of the annual festivals at Stratford-on-Avon, so, too, did a writer in the *Morning Post* of the 25th of April, 1846, speak of the nonsense enacted at the Town-hall—the folly of polkas performed by "children at half price," and the one flute and a harp, that was to do honour to the immortal memory of Shakspeare! The same writer predicted that ere long every relic of Shakspeare having been exhausted—the *mulberry tree*, which a thrifty wight, not inaptly named "Sharp," purchased from the Rev. Mr. Gasbit, entirely used up—they, the townsmen of Stratford, would next sell the house itself! to be "sawn into quantities," and distributed for various considerations. The recent advertisements of Mr. Robins, the auctioneer, prove but too truly the accuracy of the writer. The birth-place of Shakspeare has now become a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence! That the present unseemly struggle

might have been avoided at the time that the last descendant of Shakspeare fell into difficulties, and mortgaged the property, is evident—a very trifling subscription among the inhabitants of the borough of Stratford would have secured the hallowed building from the chances of a public auction; but, alas! it would seem that what time, the destroyer, has spared, meanness, folly, and cupidity, have at length endangered. From information gathered upon the spot within the last few days, it appears that no less than four American speculators are on the alert, minute questions have been asked as to the soundness of the frame work, and the possibility of removing the timbers to North America. Private offers have been made, said to be to the amount of from four to five thousand pounds. The sum of three hundred pounds is stated to have been offered for the collection of the visitors' books, or, more correctly speaking, the albums kept for visitors. These books contain the autographs of many of the illustrious dead, and also of the living—Sir Walter Scott, Lockhart, Byron, Moore, Sheridan Knowles, Charles Dickens, and indeed every name distinguished in literature and science. A very curious one appears, dated July 12, 1847:—

"Sir Thomas Phillips, Bart., Middlehall, the discoverer of Shakspeare's marriage bond."

And among a variety of Russian nobility appears, written in excellent style—"Helena, Grand Duchess of Russia." The variety of all descriptions of adulatory verse is highly amusing, but the best is that inscribed on a tablet, and said to have been written by Lucien Buonaparte:—

"The eyes of genius glisten to admire
How memory hails the sound of Shakspeare's lyre!
One tear he shed to form a crystal shrine,
For all that's great, immortal, and divine!"

If Lucien did not write quite so well as Napoleon slaughtered, at all events the compliment of the Corsican is to be duly appreciated. These albums, or visitors' books, unquestionably form a curious collection—curiosities in calligraphy and orthography, and mementos of the "good, bad, and indifferent." Not less interesting are the pencilled memorials of visitors on the walls and ceiling of this time-honoured room. The following beautiful passage of Shakspeare's own writing may be faintly traced, and its application is not inapposite:—

"He makes sweet music with the enamelled stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean."

And it is just possible, that some wag, in order to check the garrulity of the middle-aged sybil who at present shows the building, has quoted the lines from *All's Well that Ends Well*—

"Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none! be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend
Under thine own life's key; be checked for silence,
But never taxed for speech."

The excellent moral philosophy of this passage must strike upon the hearts of all who can think; there are various others, gleaned from the same source, and applied to the same purpose. Apart, however, from poetical or historical recollections, it is necessary to place the statement of the Shaksperian Society, dated August 2, 1847, with that afforded to the writer on the morning of Thursday last, in the very room in which Shakspeare was born—and, moreover, in the presence of another gentleman from London, who, by permission, took notes of

the conversation. Mr. Court as did also Mrs. Court, entirely objected to that part of the following extract from the circular put forth by the society marked in italics:—

"That portion of the property which belongs to the Court family, and which is to be sold on the 16th of September, consists of the rooms which have been always exhibited as the house in which the poet was born, and of the Swan and Maidenhead public-house, on the east side of it; but there are likewise within the area of the property, on the western side, belonging to Mrs. Izod, four tenements, three of which were apparently erected or converted into habitations at the beginning of the last century, for before that period they seemed to be unnoticed; and the fourth, which, from the continuation of the framed timber front, and from the old doorways communicating internally, evidently forms part of the birth-place, but which, in 1771, was separated from it." The committee have much satisfaction in stating that they have, within the last few days, purchased of Mrs. Izod the four tenements above-mentioned, for the sum of £320, which, as it puts them in actual possession of a part of the house in which Shakspeare was born, cannot but be regarded as a most important acquisition at the present moment. The price which the committee have given for this part of the property, and for the advantage of at once securing it, may probably be referred to as some indication of the amount required for the purchase of the larger and more valuable portion of it, which they understand *realises from the rental of the inn, and the exhibition of the birth-place, from £80 to £100 of annual income.* The committee, at the same time that they do not venture to announce any more definite estimate of the value of the property, which is to be sold on the 16th of September, wish it to be understood that a very considerable amount will be required to carry out their views as regards the purchase of the property, and the placing it in the most favourable position for its future conservation, independently of effecting the further intentions of the committee already indicated."

The annual income from the business of the inn, and the gratuities arising from showing the birth-place, is said to exceed £300, per annum, and sometimes much more; in fact, varying according to the enthusiasm of the visitors, and their several characters: very large sums have been given for the privilege of sleeping in the chief apartment—ten, and even twenty guineas. And taking into consideration that the gratuities from an annual influx of an average number of four thousand visitors is rarely less than half-a-crown, the statement of the present holders of the property appears to be correct. Without impugning therefore the statement *hazarded* by the society which is at present so nobly exerting itself, and from the evidence of the visitor's books, the property is far more valuable than has been estimated, and will consequently require additional exertions for its obtainment. The suggestion of Harriet Martineau is in itself excellent, if practicable. She says—

"In every town and neighbourhood set on foot a penny subscription. Speak of the matter all of you, wherever you go. You will all of you give your pennies. Such of you as can spare a little time, and do not mind a little trouble, make yourselves agents and collectors. If you want information, or desire to transmit your funds, write to 'C. H. Bracebridge, Esq., the Hall, Atherstone, Warwickshire.' Mr. Bracebridge is the honorary secretary of the Stratford Committee. He will forward circulars to any of you who wish for a printed account of the business. One thing you will be glad to hear. Lord Morpeth has written to the committee to say that the Woods and Forests' department will accept the charge of preserving the house, if it is once bought. It will thus be taken care of without further charge; and all we have to do is to raise the purchase-money now. I will say nothing about the disgrace in the eyes of the world if this object is not accomplished, for I do not wish to appeal to your fears. My appeal is to your better affections—to your reverence and love. By all the noble thoughts that Shakspeare has aroused in you, I appeal to you to honour him now. By all his noble thoughts—by the philosophy of *Brutus* and the mirth of *Rosakind*—by the remorse of *Macbeth* and the innocence of *Desdemona*—by the dreams of *Hamlet* and the fidelity of *Imogen*—by the misery of *Othello* and the patience of *Cordelia*—I appeal to you to honour Shakspeare now. And according to your love and reverence of him, be quick and diligent in your work."

It is a pleasing task to announce that steps are being taken, both in Coventry and Warwick, for the carrying out this

suggestion. In Kenilworth, small, comparatively speaking, as the place is, the subject is warmly mooted. Strange, however, it may be to say, the town of Stratford-on-Avon is the *dullest* in the whole movement; the inhabitants appear to be, with a few exceptions, "waiters of Providence," sitting still and waiting for the wind to blow them along. The Royal Shaksperian Society, as stated in the *Morning Post*, already alluded to, has been divided against itself; *Mouldy* has quarrelled with *Bullcalf*—*Wart* has entered his execution against *Feeble*—and *Dogberry* has made his protest.

"There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pool.

As who should say—I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark."

Without offering any invidious allusions, there can be no harm in hoping that a little more life and spirit will be evinced by the inhabitants of Stratford, and that while calling upon Hercules they will put their own shoulders to the wheel. As far as the patronage of the townsmen of Stratford-on-Avon extends to the drama, and just within bow-shot of where Shakspeare died, is the theatre. This classically arranged building has been closed since the winter, and the pieces then played, and most heroically applauded, were adaptations from *Jack Shepherd*, a *trifle of dancing*, and a *few songs*. The same class of amusement is at this time being pursued at *Warwick*. The latter, however, being an assize town, there may be some cogent reason for such exhibitions. With regard to the sacred spot that holds the ashes of Shakspeare in the chancel of the parish church, it is true that the visitor may see the bust of Shakspeare, and remember the oft-quoted lines on Malone:—

"Stranger, to whom this monument is shown,
Invoke the poet's curses on Malone—
Whose meddling zeal his barbarous taste displays,
And daubs his tombstone, as he marr'd his plays."

But the valedictory inscription said to have been written by himself, commencing—

"Good friend for Jesus' sake forbear,"

is *carefully covered over with matting*, and entirely hidden from the view of the pilgrim stranger.

REVIEWS OF NEW MUSIC.

"*Les Voltigeurs*," *Deuxieme Quadrille Militaire*, composed and dedicated to Monsieur HENRI HEWITT, of Cork, by AUGUSTUS WEISBECKER. EWER AND CO.

The quadrilles dedicated to Mons., the gentleman from Cork—how strange Monsieur Paddy sounds—though very light, are indeed very pretty. They have all the requisites of music of the sort, at least of such as is only intended for the piano. Some of the tunes are quite exhilarating. The accompaniments are simple to a degree, there being scarcely a modulation in the whole set, if we except the finale.

"*The Shepherd's Mountain Song*;" *Ballad*, sung by Miss RAINFORTH, &c. Written and composed by J. HALFORD. S. NELSON, New Bond-street.

There is something characteristic in the above song, but the strain is not elevated beyond the common, and the form is not symmetrical. It is moulded too slavishly after the fashion of the old ballads, without possessing a particle of their grace and tenderness. *The Shepherd's Song*, however, has a catching tune, and that is the first germ of popularity in music. Mr. Halford's numbers are very so!

"*The Limerick Lasses Polka*," composed for the piano by AUGUSTUS WEISBECKER. EWER AND CO.

When we read the name of these dances, we expected to have

found them taken from Irish subjects, or the characteristic of Irish music copied. We found neither. What then? Why, we were inclined to call the *Limerick Lasses Polka*, or rather *Polkas*, for there are four of them, a decided misnomer. Nevertheless, these *Polkas* are cleverly written, and exhibit a pretty fancy, if not a decided originality in the author. The last is the best.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THERE has been nothing new since our last. MISs. Lind has played three times:—on Saturday, in *Roberto*; on Tuesday in *I Masnadieri*; and on Thursday in *La Sonnambula*. The ballet performances have offered no change. On Saturday and Thursday the houses were immense; on Tuesday the audience was far less numerous—the failure of Verdi's opera being incontestable. As there are yet two more performances to take place, and our analysis of the season will occupy an unusual quantity of space, we shall defer it till next week.

To-night *La Figlia*; on Tuesday *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and on Saturday the last night of the season.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

ON Saturday the *Lucrezia Borgia* was performed, with the ballet of the *Peri*. We have nothing new to record of the opera, or the performance, except that it appeared to us that Grisi sang better than on any former occasion in *Lucrezia*. Sooth to say, we never heard her sing more divinely than she did on Saturday. Her "Come, e bello," was perfectly faultless, and was warbled by her with all the thrilling expression and brilliant intonation that won us from ourselves when first we heard her in the *Puritani*. And then her last song, "Era desso il mio figlio,"—who that has a heart could have an unwet eye and listen to such strains? As warbled by Grisi, they might draw tears from the iron lids of Vulcan. The performance of *Lucrezia Borgia* is one of the most complete triumphs of the Royal Italian Opera, and was as splendid as ever on Saturday night. The chorus, "Bando e triste," was as usual encoored, as was also the trio in the second act by Grisi, Mario, and Tamburini; and Alboni received, according to custom, a double encore in the *ballata* of the last scene in the third act. All the performers were called for after each act, and Grisi was summoned three times at the fall of the curtain. Verily, there is a Grisi-mania, as well as a Lind-mania. By the way, why did Mario, who sang so finely on Saturday, omit his grand *scena* in the last act? The house was exceedingly full.

The *Gazza Ladra* was repeated on Tuesday for the third time; and here again we have nothing new to notice. That the opera with such a cast as that including Grisi, Tamburini, Alboni, Mario, Marini, Tagliafico, Polonini, &c. should create such a *furor* as it did previously, was inevitable. We have no expression, save that of unqualified praise, to bestow on the performance of the *Gazza Ladra*.

When we heard the *Semiramide* the first night of the season at the Royal Italian Opera, we avowed that we had never heard it before. We may conscientiously aver the same of the *Donna del Lago*, produced on Thursday last, for until then we had never been present at a complete representation of Rossini's delightful work. We had formerly listened to the music interpreted by all the great artistes. Donzelli, Rubini, Zuchelli, Pisaroni, and Blasis, had we seen in one cast; and in another, Curioni, Rubini, Tamburini, Brambilla, and Grisi. The greater part of the music was familiar to us from hearing it often; yet, somehow, had the opera an unfixed idea in our mind, and we could hardly even be prevailed upon to give an opinion of the work, so vague and incomplete was

the impression it had produced. We can only account for this by supposing that heretofore we had never heard the whole of the music, and that what we had heard, excepting the solos, duos, and quartets, had never been given in a complete form. The opera was sacrificed to the singers. No such sacrifices took place at Covent Garden on Thursday. Rossini was regarded before the artistes. The representation of *La Donna del Lago* on that evening, was one of the most complete ever witnessed on any stage. Indeed, if we were compelled to award the palm of excellence to the production of one opera at Covent Garden above the rest during the season, we should not hesitate to affix our fiat to the *Donna del Lago*. The getting up of this opera is truly a magnificent climax to the season. After the production of so many operas, each of which was a triumph, it must have been gratifying to the directors to find that the last vigorous struggle in a glorious cause was the most successful of all, and that the public responded with the utmost enthusiasm. Before further allusion to the opera, it is necessary to give a list of the *dramatis personæ*, which was as follows:—

James V., { King of Scotland, under the name of Hubert, Knight of Snowdon, }	Signor Mario,
Douglas of Angus, - - - - -	Signor Marini,
Roderick Dhu, - - - - -	Signor Bettini,
Malcolm Grème, - - - - -	Madlle. Alboni,
Ellen, - - - - -	Made. Grisi,
Albina, - - - - -	Made. Bellini,
Sereno, - - - - -	Signor Lavia,
	Signor Rovere,
	Signor Tagliafico,
Principal Bards, - - - - -	Signor Polonini,
	Signor P. Ley,
	Signor Piacentini,
	Signor Tulli.

The completeness with which the opera was done may be instanced by the single fact, that the singers who played the principal bards were among the leading members of the company, and had to make their appearance, unnamed and unrecognised, merely to join in the *finale* to the first act; and, indeed, the assistance they rendered to this inimitable *morceau* could not be over-estimated. The *finale* was sung throughout in a manner that would have roused to musical fury the dormant faculties of the composer himself. It is one of the grandest compositions of the great *maestro*, and is surpassed by nothing in his works, if we except the *finale* to the second act of *Guillaume Tell*. The music of the *Donna del Lago* is often beautiful, and always original. It is a pure specimen of the *romantic opera*. Here we find no violent feelings required to be embodied; no terrible situations demanding forced efforts from the composer; neither denunciations, madness, fear, tears, fire, rapine, or death. None of the furies—those particular friends of Verdi—are summoned from the horrid cell to mop and mow before the groundlings. All is calm and unforced; natural and easy; touching and beautiful. Who but a genius that felt the greatest confidence in his own power would have undertaken to illustrate the exquisite though simple story of the *Lady of the Lake* by music? Who would have dared to do it that did not feel within himself an ever-springing fount of melody, which alone could give a beauty and a meaning to the subject? The *Donna del Lago* is positively flooded with melody. From first to last there is hardly a phrase but what has something new and striking. We paid the utmost attention to the opera on Thursday night, and only found two *morceaux* we could have wished elsewhere. All the remainder, so we thought, was unexceptionably beautiful. These *morceaux* were the *cabaletta*, "Cielo! in quel estasi," to the duet, "Sei già sposa;"

and the last *motivo* of Malcolm's song, "Ah! si pera," the song itself being one of the loveliest things in the opera. These excepted we think the *Donna del Lago* an opera perfect at all points. The singing of Grisi, Alboni, and Mario we never heard surpassed—might we not say equalled? What a splendid refutation to the remark we have sometimes read, and sometimes been compelled to listen to—viz. "that Grisi was only great on great occasions, and that tragedy only could call forth her powers"—was the Diva's performance on Thursday! In her freshest day her voice was never fresher, never more delicious, never more pure. On her lovely brow—how lovely she looked!—sat consciousness winking, as though she would say to the audience, "Come, put tragedy and acting out of the question, and answer candidly, can Jenny Lind sing like that?" And she looked as if she knew they could but answer in the negative. She was encored, with Mario, in the favorite duet of the second act, which contains the air, "Aurora ah sorgerai," the prominent strain of the opera. She and Mario were also excellent in the *andante* movement of the duet, "Sei già sposa," which was exquisitely given. Mario was in finer voice than we have heard him this season, and seemed to relish the music with his whole heart and soul. He sang most splendidly in the duet. Grisi and Alboni were encored in the duet of the second act, "Ciel! quel destin terrible," a most exquisite piece of music, and admirably suited to exhibit the vocal powers of the two incomparable artistes. We do not think we ever heard ensemble-singing so absolutely faultless as that of Grisi and Alboni in this duet. The *scena finale* rests entirely with Elena, and here Grisi surprised every one of her hearers by her execution of the most difficult passages, and by the precision, power, and beauty of her voice. She herself never sang this brilliant *morceau* with more perfection, and the simultaneous shout of applause that shook the house when the curtain fell, evidenced the delight of the audience at hearing Grisi once more in her favourite character. Alboni, in Malcolm, appeared in the most important part she has yet sustained. Much, no doubt, was expected from the great contralto in Malcolm, a character which Pisaroni formerly made herself so famous in, and the recollection of which had not faded from the memory of many who witnessed Alboni on Thursday. We do not hesitate to give the preference to Alboni over Pisaroni, in this, or any other part. Pisaroni never had the voice of Alboni, and though, perhaps, as much a mistress of the art of singing, and gifted with a more powerful-toned organ, she never produced the same effect upon an audience as Alboni. The fair *contralto's* opening *scena*, "Elena, O tu," and the last *motivo* "O, quante lagrime," were incomparably better sung than ever we heard them before. We really do not think it would have been possible to have found a flaw in her singing. Never was a voice more adapted to a love-wail than Alboni's. There is such a honey-sweetness in the tones, such a hidden pathos, a sub-plaintiveness, added to the most intense expression, that it makes it the happiest vehicle for the heart's love-utterings. Alboni's recitative singing proves her to be the consummate artist, as much as her *aria* and *cavatina*. The opening recitative to the "Elena, O tu," was magnificently given. Her most beautiful effort during the evening was the love song, "Ah si pera," a composition worthy of Rossini, and full of fine feeling. No words can do justice to Alboni's reading of this song. It made the whole house pulsate as if it had been one heart—and a heart moved with one delight. Mario, in every respect, was incomparable in the disguised king. He was dressed to perfection and looked extremely handsome. He sang most

beautifully throughout. He restored the fine song, "Pace non trovo," in the second act, and gave it with immense effect. He was encored in the "Aurora ah sorgerai," in the last act, given behind the scenes. Marini was excellent in the first part of the opera. His want of upper notes told much against him in the quartet, "Cielo il mio labbro aspira," but he came out in the fine scene, "Taci, lo voglio," and in the cabaletta produced a great effect by his forte singing. To Signor Bettini was given decidedly the most onerous character of the opera; as in Roderick Dhu he has neither catching melodies to sing, nor is the part invested with any histrionic interest. We never heard a singer who could give the music of this part with any particular effect excepting Donzelli. The overpowering voice of that extraordinary tenor was just suited to the music of Roderick Dhu, and the singers since his time have done little else than fail in the part. Signor Bettini gave the music all the boldness and breadth it demanded. He sang with great taste and expression in the quartet, "Cielo, il mio labbro." The fall of the curtain was the signal for an absolute *furor*. First, in answer to the uproar, came on all the principals; then Grisi, *per se*; then again Grisi; then Costa was called for, and came on with Grisi; then Alboni, when Costa led both on; and then the tumult was appeased. We were much pleased that the audience, though at the eleventh hour, deemed Signor Costa worthy a special summons. No small part of the success of the season must be attributed to his skill, judgment, and determination. In every opera his band and chorus have wrung applause from very opposition, and perfection was attained where perfection was never dreamed of before. The manner in which he managed the chorus, the band on the stage, and his own orchestra, in the working out the three different subjects of the *finale* to the first act of *La Donna del Lago*, would be enough to rank him among the first of conductors. We shall have more to say of Signor Costa's good conductorship next week, when we shall furnish a resumé of the season.

Mdlle. Plunkett appeared, after the opera, in the Spanish *pas*, *La Manola*; and then followed *La Rosiera*, in which Mdlle. Fuoco achieved her usual success.

To-night *La Donna del Lago* will be repeated, with a new *divertissement* called *La Nayade*, composed by Signor Casati for the charming and intelligent Mdlle. Plunkett.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—As a subscriber to your *Musical World*, could you inform me, through the columns of the same, whether Mr. Vincent Novello and Mr. J. Alfred Novello are Lay Vicars at St. Paul's Cathedral. By doing so, you will oblige,
Yours truly,

Westminster, Aug. 5, 1847.

A SUBSCRIBER.

[Perhaps either of the Messrs. Novello, who are subscribers to the *Musical World*, would oblige our correspondent by an answer.]

To the Editor of the Musical World.

MR. EDITOR,—In your number, giving the notice of the Melodist's Meeting, it is said that prizes are annually given for English vocal compositions, and I can often see that some such prize has just been awarded, but can never hear of them before-hand. Now perhaps you can tell me how to learn when premiums are held out to competitors, as it is rather tantalizing to be always "a day after the fair." By so doing, you will greatly oblige
July 21, 1847.

A COUNTRY PROFESSOR.

CHURCH MUSIC.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Having been informed by a musical friend that if I wished to hear the musical portion of the service efficiently performed I must go

to St. Phillips', Stepney, on Sunday fortnight I did so, and was much pleased to observe it was performed after the manner of our cathedral service. The choir numbered about twenty and consisted chiefly of amateurs who had been trained by a choir-master, under the direction of the incumbent and his curate, both of whom joined ably in the musical portion of the service, setting a good example to the congregation. The Psalms for the day were chanted, *Decani* and *Cantoris*, to one of the fine old Gregorian chants. The *Te Deum* and *Jubilata* was King's service in F., one of the most useful services we have. The anthem was the "Blessed," by Kent. If I were disposed to be critical I might make some suggestions, such as the advantage that would be gained by ladies sitting near the choir and singing the verse parts instead of the boys, but where the service is generally so well performed, I can only hope that other churches in the neighbourhood will follow the example of St. Phillips', Stepney.

On Sunday week I went to St. Paul's, Chelsea, a church where I was informed the minister had been paying much attention to the improvement of the music. From its locality I expected to find a highly respectable congregation, nor was I disappointed, for long before the time of the commencement of Divine service every free sitting was occupied, and nearly every pew. The zeal and anxiety of the congregation to get seats put me in mind of those beautiful lines of Dr. Watts:—

"How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say, &c."

Here also I was much delighted to find an efficient choir of about twenty, performing Tallis's matchless service, chanting the Psalms, singing Dr. Boyce's *Te Deum* and *Jubilata* in A, with the other portions of the service, many of the congregation having provided themselves with the music, and thereby rendering themselves as competent to take part in the singing as the choir. How very desirable it would be if this plan was generally adopted; and how much more interesting to the congregation if they would take the trouble to qualify themselves to obey that part of the service when the clerk says, "Let us sing to the praise and glory of God." How many congregations there are that never attempt to sing at all! I am happy to observe this is not the custom at the above two churches.

On Sunday last hearing that Divine service was to be performed in Exeter Hall, a place so celebrated for Classical Sacred Music, where so much has been done by the Sacred Harmonic Society, with a view to create a more improved taste in the minds of the public for sacred music generally, I was anxious to hear how the singing would be conducted, and expected to hear some individual with stentorian lungs lustily singing the treble part of the tune, as is the case at the religious meetings annually held there, and in most dissenting congregations, but, to my surprise and astonishment, the first musical sound that greeted my ear was from a tuning fork from which the precentor gave the key note to an efficient choir, consisting of three melodious female voices, and about as many each alto, tenor, and bass voices, the precentor singing the tenor part, and with much skill and judgment guiding the whole. The shrill, piercing tone of the treble voices kept the vast assembly, which consisted of from 1500 to 2000 persons, well up to concert pitch, and the effect on all musical ears must have been most harmonious and spiritualizing. It appears that the reason of Exeter Hall being used for Divine worship arises from the circumstance of the enlargement of the Scotch Church in Crown Court, over which the Rev. Dr. Cumming is pastor, and it is expected that the Hall will be used for this purpose for the next three months. The Doctor preached an eloquent and appropriate discourse from the 18th chapter of St. Matthew and the 20th verse, "For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." From the impressive manner with which the learned preacher treated his text I should infer his preaching in Exeter Hall will add much to his already well-known popularity and usefulness as a preacher of the Gospel. After the service a collection was made to defray the incidental expenses, a system I much prefer to the one usually acted on in many churches and chapels for a respectable person (if not a seat-holder) to be kept standing till a certain portion of the service, and then perhaps obliged to fee the pew-opener to get a decent seat. If it could be ascertained I doubt not but there is more money drawn from the pockets of the public in this way than would serve to maintain an efficient chorus in all the places of worship in the metropolis.

I remain, sir, yours, &c., M. M.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

BOULOGNE SUR MER.—(From our own Correspondent, Aug. 6th, 1847.)—DEAR EDITOR,—Want of interest in musical

matters has delayed my letter to you, and as I am on the eve of starting for Belgium, I shall be brief in my communications. The Misses Pyne have returned for the season, and have announced their annual concert for next week. These excellent cantatrices stand in high favour here, and consequently enjoy the best patronage. Mons. Sina, the intimus of Beethoven, escapes from the heated Paris to enjoy the gaities and sea-breezes at Boulogne. He is a fine violinist, and celebrated in Paris for his masterly performances of the sonatas of Beethoven, which he knows by heart. I hope, some of these days, in succeeding to obtain a copy of an "original letter" of the "Immortal Maestro," which has never been presented to the musical public in any form. It was written soon after the completion of his Op. 59—the Razoumofsky quartetts. It proved to me that in these days Beethoven must have been in possession, not only of all the faculties of mind, but likewise of a very jocose disposition. Yesterday Miss L. Eyre, from Colchester, gave a *matinée*, by invitation, to hear her performances on the pianoforte and harp. She is a pupil for the pianoforte of Miss Bianchi, of Ipswich, to whom the credit is due of perfecting a most clever pupil, who, if she continue in her labours of study with assiduity, cannot fail to assume a most respectable position amongst our best pianists. Miss Eyre's harp playing is also very creditable. It appears that she does not confine herself to one school or style, for in the programmes of her ensuing *soirées*, Miss Eyre announces the names of Weber, Liszt, Thalberg, Chopin, Beethoven, Schulhoff, Stephen Heller, Prudent, &c., as well as harp solos by Bochsa. Mr. C. W. Glover (the "celebrated composer and pianist", as he announces himself) gives a *matinée* this day. My departure to St. Omer will preclude me from attending it. M. Godefroid is expected here, and I hear that the MM. Oberthür (harpist at the Haymarket Opera) and Gollmick, the pianist, intend visiting Boulogne shortly. My next letter will probably be from Aix-la-Chapelle.

I remain, my dear Editor, yours, &c. H. Z.

PROVINCIAL.

WORCESTER.—Mr. Wilson, the Scottish vocalist, gave one of his entertainments last evening, at the Natural History Society's large hall, which was filled with beauty and fashion. Criticism upon Mr. Wilson is superfluous; we shall, therefore, only say that "The Laird o' Cockpen" and "Allister M'Allister," were received with cordial greetings, while the more pathetic ballads—"The land o' the leal," "John Anderson," "The Stuarts of Appin," and "Lord Ullin's daughter"—held their customary command over the sympathies of the audience.

Mr. Bennett has concluded an engagement with the Misses Smith, who will give a Concert at the Theatre on each of the Regatta nights.

Miss Lloyd, of Leominster, was on Tuesday elected organist at the parish church of Tenbury, in the room of Miss Walker, of Shotton Park, the period of whose engagement had expired. The professional assistance of Mr. Done, of Worcester Cathedral, was called in by the churchwardens in determining the merits of the candidates. The salary is £25 per annum.—*Berrow's Worcester Journal*.

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.—The gala of the Madrigal Club at the Victoria Spa was well attended. The *fête* being held in the grounds of the Queen's Hotel, Bishopton, increased the pleasure of the party, and the arrangements made by Mr. and Mrs. Cranmer were so complete that perfect satisfaction could not fail following their exertions.

LIVERPOOL.—Jenny Lind will appear in an opera at the Liverpool theatre on the 5th of September. She may possibly sing at a concert a night or two after. Madlle. Lind has been invited by the Bishop of Norwich to stay at his palace during the concerts to be given in that city.

The celebrated French actress, Madlle. Rachel, will appear at our Theatre-Royal on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, the 16th, 18th, and 20th inst. The places in the boxes for these nights are rapidly filling up.—*Liverpool Mail*.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON AND LIVERPOOL ADVERTISER.

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to the following paragraph, which occurs in a letter inserted in your journal of the 24th ult., and headed "The Stage As it Is":—"Much sympathy with the project was expressed, and the house was crowded nightly, but somehow nobody paid except the poor lessee; and when, after the lapse of a month, no one could be discovered bold or devoted enough to follow in the wake of Mr. Stephens, and expend three thousand pounds for the benefit of a non-paying public in the production of another original play—with 'Martinuzzi' the scheme began, and with that distinguished cardinal it ended, George Stephens not only paying the 'piper,' but the dancers also, under which category may be classed every one who could, on any pretext whatever, obtain access to the theatre." May I be permitted, as the principal party concerned, to state, that scarcely half the above-mentioned sum of three thousand pounds was expended on a scheme which had its source in no personal point of vanity, but was embraced with the sole aim of enlarging the arena of the English drama. If I apprehend rightly what is intended by the phrase "paying the dancers also," the inference would certainly not be correct. There was no temptation whatsoever held out to the playgoing public that I am aware of, save the performance on the boards. As respects your correspondent's criticism, "Martinuzzi" would not have been that piece of mine which I should have selected for representation; and few competent critics can well entertain a humbler opinion of the merits of the tragedy, as put upon the stage, than, sir, your obedient servant,

July 28th, 1847.

GEORGE STEPHENS

MISCELLANEOUS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—It has been found impossible to produce "*Le Nozze di Figaro*" until Tuesday next, when it will be brought out with Lind as *Susanna*, supported by Castellan, Lablache, Staudigl, Coletti, &c. The next week is the last of Mademoiselle Lind's performance. On Monday the 23rd, she leaves London to fulfil her engagements at Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, and Edinburgh.

MADAME CATHINKA DE DIETZ, the pianiste, has recently been married to Capt. Shaw.

MR. PARLOE, who was for many years prompter at Covent-garden Theatre, died last Friday morning, after a lengthened period of mental disturbance and bodily suffering. Having on Saturday week become very violent, he was removed to Lambeth workhouse, prior to being placed in a lunatic asylum, but death terminated his sufferings before his removal could be effected. He had been a long time an annuitant upon the Covent-garden Fund, and his widow will now be entitled to the benefits derivable from it. Mr. Parloe was from boyhood on the stage, and being well acquainted with all that pertained to the theatrical profession, he was considered a most efficient and attentive prompter. Many years ago, he lost an eye by the stroke of a harlequin's sword, whilst acting pantaloons, having volunteered to do so at a minute's notice, in place of Barnes, who was taken ill during the performance of the pantomime.

JULES DE GLIMES left London for Brussels, on Saturday.

RACHEL.—There is some hope that this inimitable actress will give yet two performances at the St. James's Theatre, after the expiration of her provincial tour.

LEOPOLD DE MEYER left, on Wednesday morning, for Vienna, *via* Hamburg.

M. ESCUDIER, editor of *La France Musicale*, has returned to Paris.

THE DAGUERRETYPE.—We paid a visit, a short time since, to Mr. Beard's Photographic Institution, 2, King William Street, when we were shown several likenesses of musical notorieties, which greatly pleased and surprised us. That some of the likenesses taken by the Daguerreotype are not truly resemblances, we can readily understand, because the Daguerreotype does nothing more than return back a most faithful reflection of the countenance, exactly as it looks when taken. Now there are few of us who, under the process of having the human face divine transferred to representation, do not endeavour to look their comeliest, and by this very means destroy the general aspect under which alone we are known and recognised. One attempts to look literary, another essays dignity, if he be in office—or courage, if he be a soldier; the

ladies invariably strive to appear winning, and, of course, take the worst means in the world to do so, the whole countenance, under such efforts wearing an aspect of painful restraint; in brief, the submitting your countenance to be taken by the Daguerreotype, is a test of moral courage and presence of mind, the ordeal of which few can go through without exhibiting some signs of weakness. In every instance the photographic likeness must be an exact transcript of the face in every look, turn, and lineament, under which it presents itself to the instrument. We throw out these hints to put on their guard such of our friends as intend to be daguerrootyped, and to pray them *not* to endeavour to look one way or another, but leave it all to chance. We have seen some likenesses with Mr. Beard's new discovery of colouring, which, in point of finish, apparently surpass any miniature we ever saw, and, in point of similitude, are just as true as if they were reflected from a mirror. The daguerreotype likenesses, before the addition of the colouring, were very objectionable, as they represented every face with the pallid hue and peculiar uncomplexion of death. By means of Mr. Beard's discovery, every shade of complexion may be added after the picture has been taken, and this requires a most experienced and accomplished artist to effect. The photographic portraits we have seen in King William Street are among the most extraordinary specimens of modern art which we have seen for some time, and this is saying a good deal at a time when every week and day sends forth a new invention.

GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—A meeting of the stewards was held in this city yesterday, when it was resolved to delay the detailed announcement of the meeting for one week longer, in order that the whole of the arrangements may be fully published. We are glad to say that matters are progressing favourably.—*Gloucester Chronicle*.

THE KING OF BAVARIA.—A curious story has lately been circulated respecting this monarch, who is said to have dreamed that he saw three rats, one of which was very fat, another very lean, and the last stone blind. The King sought an explanation of his dream, and was informed by the gipsy that the fat rat represented his favorite, Lola Montes, the lean one his people, and the blind one himself.

MRS. WARNER has taken the Marylebone Theatre. Mr. John Cooper is engaged as stage-manager.

M. DUPONCHEL has engaged Cerito and St. Leon for the *Academie Royale* in Paris. He is also, we hear, in treaty with Rosati.

JENNY LIND.—The sale of tickets for Mademoiselle Lind's concert on the 15th September, has now been completed, and we understand that upwards of £1800 was drawn. It is currently reported among the musical profession that Jenny Lind *will be induced* to give a second concert in Glasgow.—*North British Mail*. [Indeed! How condescending!]

SHAKSPEARE'S BIRTH-PLACE.—So great is the curiosity excited by the sale of this relic of the immortal bard, that the catalogues are already selling at half-a-crown each.

NOT BAD FOR A YANKEE.—An American countryman, fresh from the magnificent woods and rough clearings, was one day visiting the owner of a beautiful seat in the Brook-line, and walking with him through a little grove, out of which all the underbrush had been cleared, paths had been nicely cut and gravelled, and the rocks covered with woodbine, suddenly stopped, and, admiring the beauty of the scene, lifted up his hands and exclaimed, "This is Nature with her hair combed."

LORD LANSDOWNE has appointed a son of Mr. Severn, the painter, to a situation in the Council Office.

TOM THUMS is building a handsome palace in America. When it is completed, never will an edifice have been raised upon so small a foundation!—*Punch*.

PRINCE ALBERT has intimated his intention to contribute £250 to the fund for the purchase of Shakspeare's house, an assurance of the strong interest felt by his Royal Highness in the preservation, as national property, of a dwelling connected with the greatest name in English literature.

MDLLE. FLUNKETT.—A new *divertissement*, composed expressly for this charming *danseuse* by the clever Signor Casati, of Milan, will be produced at the Royal Italian Opera, to-night, under the title of *La Naysade*.

DRURY LANE THEATRE—Among the engagements made by M. Jullien are Madame Viardot Garcia, Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, (we hope this is true), Herr Pischek, Herr Staudigl, Mr. Rooves, Mr. Whitworth Jones, Mr. Clement White, &c., &c.

MR. FRENCH FLOWERS.—We understand that Madame Spohr, wife of the celebrated composer, has undertaken to translate this gentleman's "Essay upon Fugue," into German.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—It is reported that the old company of Drury Lane Theatre, discarded by the present Lessee, will take refuge at this theatre and perform English operas during the winter.

MEYERBEER.—We learn from Berlin, by a letter of the 6th, that M. Meyerbeer, not having recovered his health at Frauzebrunnen, has gone to Marienbad, with the intention of proceeding to the waters of Gastein, in the circle of Salzburg, within the Austrian states. He is not expected to return to Berlin before the end of November.—*Morning Herald*.

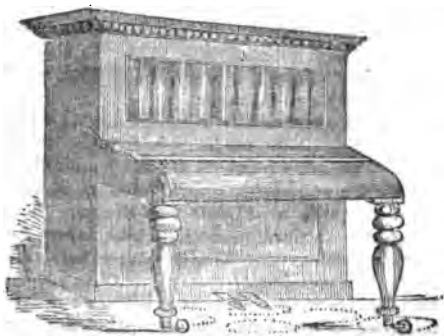
THE BISHOP OF NORWICH has offered rooms in his palace to Jenny Lind. The *Standard* is in great alarm at this new instance of horrid liberalism. "It is very right, very proper that jackdaws should build in the church; they have vested interests there," says the *Standard*; "but farewell to the primitive purity of the Establishment, when it gives a roosting-place to nightingales!"—*Punch*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Analysis of Her Majesty's Theatre, the Royal Italian Opera, the Amateur Society, and the Musical Union, will appear in our next number, of which two thousand extra copies will be printed, to answer the demand likely to arise from the unusual interest and variety of its contents

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SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTH-PLACE,

AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

The House in which Shakespeare was born is announced for Sale by Public Auction on the 16th of September next. A Committee has been formed at Stratford-upon-Avon for the purpose of obtaining Donations to enable them to purchase and save from further decay and desecration the walls which sheltered the cradle of William Shakespeare. Their intentions are set forth in an Address which has already been published in several of the leading newspapers, and which is in progress of extensive distribution.

His Royal Highness the Prince Albert has been graciously pleased to honour the Committee with his especial patronage, and has further evinced the warm interest which His Royal Highness takes in this National Object, by a Donation of 250*l*.

The Committee have also the satisfaction to state that the following Noblemen and Gentlemen, connected with Warwickshire by property or otherwise, have been pleased to honour the design with their patronage.

In the event of the property being purchased, the Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests has signified that that department of Government "would willingly take charge of Shakespeare's House, as a just object of national care."

A List of the Stratford Committee is subjoined, and also of Bankers, to whom Donations may be paid. A List of the Donations will be published hereafter and preserved at the Birth-place.

It must be obvious that from the near approach of the Sale, an early announcement of Subscriptions is indispensable to enable the Committee to carry out their intentions.

PATRON.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE ALBERT.

PRESIDENT.

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL DELAWARE,
High Steward of Stratford-upon-Avon.

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The Right Hon. the Earl Amherst,
The Viscount Villiers,
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Sir Robert Throckmorton, Bart.
Sir Gray Skipton, Bart.
Sir Charles Douglas, M.P.
E. J. Shirley, Esq., M.P.
W. Collins, Esq., M.P.

The Right Hon. the Viscount MORVETH and The Right Hon. the Lord ELLERMERRE have consented to act as President and Vice-President of the London Committee. The names of other Noblemen and Gentlemen from whom answers have not yet been received, will be published in a few days.

STRATFORD COMMITTEE.—Thomas Thompson, Esq., M.D., Chairman; The Mayor of Stratford-upon-Avon; Mr. Adams; Mr. Aikinson; Rev. W. Barrett, M.A.; Rev. J. Clayton, M.A.; Vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon; Mr. Flower; E. D. Ford, Esq.; E. Getley, Esq.; Mr. Gibbs; W. J. Harding, Esq.; B. H. Hobbs, Esq.; Chandos Wren Hoekyns, Esq.; W. O. Hunt, Esq.; W. C. Lacy, Esq.; Rev. T. B. Medwin, M.A.; D. Rice, Esq.; T. Umbers, Esq.; Mr. F. Ward; J. Webb, Esq.; E. B. Wheeler, Esq.

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Secretary—Mr. E. Ashwin, Treasurer of the Borough of Stratford-upon-Avon.

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Committee Room, Stratford-upon-Avon, August 2, 1847.



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LE NOZZE DI FIGARO.

Susanna	- - - -	Madlle. JENNY LIND,
Countess	- - - -	Madg. CASTELLAN,
Cherubino	- - - -	Madg. SOLARI,
Marcellina	- - - -	Madlle. FAGIANI,
Count Almaviva	- - - -	Sig. COLETTI,
Figaro	- - - -	Herz STAUDIGL,
Antonio	- - - -	Sig. SOLARI,
Basilio	- - - -	Sig. GUIDI,
Don Curzio	- - - -	Sig. DAI FIORI,—and
Doctor Bartolo	- - - -	Sig. LABLACHE.

To conclude with various Entertainments in the BALLET DEPARTMENT, in which Madlle. TAGLIONI, Madlle. ROSSI, and Madlle. CERRI, M. ST. LEON, and M. PERRON will appear.

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"Lo sguardo avea degli angeli," sung by Madlle. JENNY LIND.	Signor GARDONI.
"O mio castel paterno,"	Idem.
"Di ladroni attorniato,"	Idem.
"Carlo vive" (Scena ed Aria),	Madlle. JENNY LIND.
"Qual mari, qual terra" (Duetto),	Madlle. JENNY LIND.
"Carlo lo majo" (Duetto),	Signor GARDONI.
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Albina,	- - - -	Madlle. BELLINI,
James the Fifth,	- - - -	Signor MARIO,
Rhoderick Dhu,	- - - -	Signor BETTINI,
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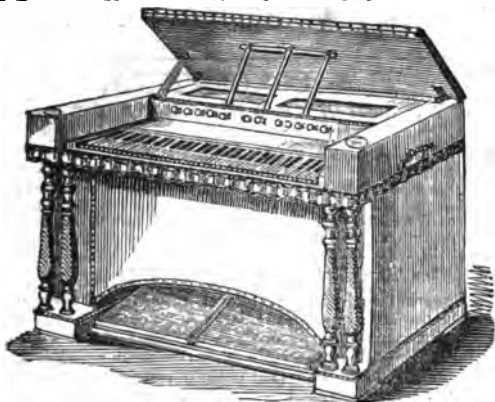
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1847.

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THE OPERATIC SEASON.

THE season 1847 having terminated, it becomes our duty to review the events which have signalized its progress. We commence with the Royal Italian Opera, a *resumé* of which has been furnished us by our *collaborateur*, Desmond Ryan. The extreme length of his review renders it impossible for us to insert the notice of Her Majesty's Theatre, which we have prepared ourselves, with some preliminary and general remarks, until next week. Elsewhere will be found our account of *Le Nozze di Figaro* and *Mdlle: Lind's Susanna*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

REVIEW OF THE SEASON.

THE year 1847 will be long memorable in musical annals for the establishment of a second Italian Opera in London. It will be memorable for the unparalleled feeling of partizanship, engendered in consequence of that establishment; it will be memorable for the breaking up of that system of managerial policy which considered art as nothing, and self-aggrandisement as everything; it will be memorable for monopoly overthrown, and reformation effected, whose influence will be surely felt for many a lustrum to come.

When we look back to this time twelvemonths—a poor year—and remember that there was then scarcely a breath uttered respecting the new Opera: when we call to mind that it was as late as Christmas-eve when Covent-Garden Theatre was entered by the artizans to commence the entire, dilapidation of that huge house, to build it up again and make it ready for performance by the spring; when we consider the powerful opposition against which the advancement of the new speculation had to contend, the immense sums of money to be procured for so expensive an undertaking, and the short time allowed for completion; and, finally, when we behold the theatre, thoroughly perfected, opening the first week in April, a period earlier even than at one time was announced, it seems to us like some event in a dream or fairy tale, or an act of invisible agency, as surprising as the enchantments of *Maugis*, or *Morgana*.

The causes whence arose this establishment require not to be considered too curiously by us. The principal singers, the chorus, and nearly the entire orchestra, with the conductor, thought themselves aggrieved by Mr. Lumley, and deserted his theatre to lend their services to the new speculation. There is no doubt Mr. Costa's secession from Her Majesty's Theatre the year previously was one of the assistant causes in the establishment of the new Opera. Mr. Costa had always been held in the highest respect and esteem by the members of his orchestra, and these, when they found an opportunity of serving under their former leader, did not

hesitate to desert Mr. Lumley's standard and take refuge in the ranks of the enemy; especially since they considered that Mr. Lumley was the aggressing, and Mr. Costa the aggrieved personage, and that for other reasons they had equal cause of complaint in their own cases. We have not taken the trouble to ascertain the exact discrepancy; considering it unnecessary for the purposes of this journal. Meanwhile, the project once set on foot, the new proprietors of Covent Garden were busily securing a company composed of all the first-rate artists that could be procured in Europe. They had already engaged Grisi, Persiani, Mario, Salvi, Tamburini, and Ronconi, all of whom had great names, and were known to the English public. Certainly these alone, of themselves, would have made a magnificent company, and might reasonably be supposed to satisfy the exigences of any musical theatre; but the proprietors had determined that the lyrical drama performed at Covent Garden should be "on a scale of efficiency in every department never before attempted in England," and for that purpose it was necessary the operatic corps should be considerably enlarged. Italy was searched for singers of reputation, and among others Marini, Rovere, Steffanoni, and Alboni were engaged. Great care was next taken to render the band and chorus as complete as possible. In the orchestra Sainton and Blagrove were placed among the first violins, the former as *chef d'attaque*, and the stringed quartet was encreased in power and numbers, such violinists as Mr. Dando consenting to swell the corps of the *ripieni*, and Mr. Jarrett willingly joining in the corps as *third horn*. Every department of the band was carefully revised by the indefatigable conductor, and though perfection was not obtainable in all points, there was brought together, as was subsequently proved, a body of instrumentalists such as was never heard in this country before, and most likely, such as was never surpassed in any country at any period. The chorus was also enlarged and improved; a great change for the better being hardly less effected here than in the band. Early in January the new company issued its prospectus. One of its most popular acts of administration, and one which certainly conferred a grace and gave an importance to the establishment at its outset, was the appointment of Mr. Beale as manager. The general esteem in which Mr. Beale was held, the high respectability of his position in society, his great influence in musical circles, his worth and independence as a man, and his character as a gentleman, lent to the new speculation a weight and a seeming it could not boast of before, and attracted thereto universal attention. From the appointment of Mr. Beale to the management may be dated the first dawn of the success of the Royal Italian Opera. The prospectus was issued in January, it ran as follows:—

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Established for the purpose of rendering a more perfect performance of the Lyric Drama than has hitherto been achieved in this country. Under the Direction and Management of Mr. B. C. It is proposed to produce, in the course of the season, some of the established works of Cimarosa, Mozart, Rossini, Meyerbeer, and others of the more modern Italian school, including operas by Bellini, Donizetti, Mercadante, and Verdi, on a scale of the utmost perfection in every department; to which intent the management has assembled a company embracing the greatest and most varied talent in Europe.

Primi Soprani—Mesdames Grisi and Persiani, Ronconi and Stefanoni (of La Scala, Milan, her first appearance). *Contralti*—Mesdames Alboni (of La Scala, and the Imperial Theatre, Vienna, her first appearance), and Corbani. *Tenori*—Signori Mario, Salvatore Lavia (of the Imperial Theatre of St. Petersburg, his first appearance), Tullì (of San Carlo, Naples, his first appearance), Salvi (of La Scala, Milan, and first appearance on the Italian stage in England). *Primi Bassi Baritoni*—Signori Tamburini and Giorgio Ronconi. *Primi Bassi Profondi*—Signori Marini (of San Carlo, Naples, La Scala, Milan, and the Imperial Theatre, Vienna, his first appearance), Angelo Alba (of Madrid, his first appearance), Polonini (of the Imperial Theatre, Vienna, his first appearance). *Primi Bassi Comici*—Signori Pietro Ley (of Madrid, his first appearance), Agostino Rovere (of the Theatres Royal, Naples, Milan, Vienna, &c., first appearance). *Seconde Donne*—Mesdames Antonietta Molliori (of La Scala, Milan), Amalia Linari, and Luicina Bellini. *Secondo Tenore*—Signor Emmanuel Slano (of San Carlo, Naples). *Director of the Music, Composer and Conductor*—Mr. Costa.

A powerful and numerous chorus of chosen and experienced singers will complete the vocal department. *Chorus Master*—Signor Bonconsiglio. *Prompter*—Signor Monterasi. The orchestra, formed of artistes possessing the highest executive powers, will comprise among its members the following distinguished professors, viz.—*First Violins*—Messrs. Sainton. H. Blagrove. Dando. Willy. Griesbach. Watkins. Case. Thirlwall. Thomas. Mellon. Patey. Zerbini. Browne. Goffie. Hill. *Second Violins*—Messrs. Ella. Newsham. W. Thomas. Payton. H. Westrop. H. Griesbach. Jay. Perry. Marshall. W. Blagrove. Betts. Kelly. Bort. Wilkins. *Tenors*—Messrs. Moralt. Hill. Alsept. Lyon. Glanville. Thomson. Hann. Westlake. Trust. R. Blagrove. *Violoncellos*—Messrs. Lindley. Lucas. Hatton. Lavenue. Phillips. Hancock. Hausmann. W. Loder. Goodban. Guest. *Double Basses*—Messrs. Anfossi. Howell. Casolani. Griffiths. C. Severn. Fratten. Campanile. Castell. Vaudreban. *Harp*—Mr. E. Perry. *Flutes*—Messrs. Ribas and de Folly. *Oboes*—Messrs. Barrett and Nicholson. *Clarinets*—Messrs. Lazarus and Boose. *Bassoons*—Messrs. Bauman and Keating. *Horns*—Messrs. Platt, Jarrett, Harper and Rae. *Ophicleide*—M. Prospero. *Trumpets*—Messrs. T. Harper and Handley. *Trombones*—Messrs. Clough, Smithies and Healey. *Drums*—Mr. Chipp. *Triangle*—Mr. Seymour. *Bass Drum*—Mr. Horton.

The military band of the Coldstream Guards will be under the direction of Mr. Godfrey. An organ of extensive compass has been erected in the theatre by Messrs. Flight and Son. The Scenery by Messrs. Grieve and Telbin. Poet and Translator of the Libretti, Signor Maggioni.

The Ballet—Of a brilliant and costly character, will close the performance of the evening, and no divertimento will be suffered between the acts of operas. The director has the pleasure to announce that he has concluded an engagement with Mlle. Fanny Elssler; and during the season, the following eminent danseuses will appear—*Premieres Danseuses*—Mlle. Dumilatre. Mlle. Plunkett. Mlle. Bertin. Mlle. Neodot. Mlle. Marietta Baderna. Mlle. Fuoco. Mons. Petipa. Mons. Delferier. Mons. Auguste Mabilie. Mlle. Aurial. Mlle. Demelisse. Mlle. Celeste Stephan. Mlle. Delechaux. Mlle. Levallois. Mlle. Duval. Mlle. Rita Pereda. Mlle. Arnal. Mlle. Anna Monroy. Miss Genge. Miss Hartley. Miss Barnett. Miss Kendall. Miss Rose Cohen. Miss Laura Maurice. Miss Chester. Miss Marsten. Miss L. Paris. Miss C. Paris. Miss Maskell. Miss Lee. Miss Kirby. Miss E. Claie. Miss Brown. Miss R. Wright. Miss Clifford. Miss Ward. with a numerous body of Coryphees and Figurantes. *Maitres de Ballet*—Mons. Albert (of the Grand Opera, Paris), and Mons. Biasis (of the theatre la scala, Milan.) *Leader of the Ballet*—Mr. Alfred Mellon. *Regisseur de la Danse*—Mr. O'Brian. *Composer*—Signor Alessandro Curmi (of the San Carlo Theatre, Naples).

Among the names of the composers whose works are promised we find those of Cimarosa, Meyerbeer, and Mercadante. But we had no opera of Cimarosa, nor of Meyerbeer, nor of Mercadante. So far the proprietors may be said to have broken the pledge of their prospectus, but when it is considered that almost all the operas produced at the new theatre had unparalleled success, and that they were consequently repeated oftener than was intended, it will be seen that this alone precluded the possibility of giving all that was promised; and a still more cogent reason, and one in which the public entirely sympathised, compelled the management to depart from the minute terms of the prospectus—viz., the immense success of Alboni, and her favouritism with the public, which demanded she should be heard as frequently as possible, and necessitated the production of operas in which she would have a part. Moreover it must not be forgotten

that every opera produced required as much time, pains, and expense as an entirely new work. With regard to the principal artists promised, strict faith has been preserved, if we except one of the *bassi profondi*, Signor Angelo Alba, who did not appear, and whose place was supplied by Signor Tagliafico from the *Italiens* at Paris. From the impression Tagliafico made in many of his performances, we are inclined to think that the Royal Italian Opera lost nothing by the exchange. With regard to the other portions of the prospectus, every item has been scrupulously observed; so that on the whole, it may be fairly inferred, that the directors of the Royal Italian Opera published their prospectus with an eye to its strict fulfilment, laying down no more than was compassable, and intending no more than was within their means: that nearly every thing therein promised was carried out, and that the departures from the prospectus were perfectly warranted by circumstances, and agreeable to the feelings of the public.

On Tuesday, April the 6th, the very day announced months previously, the Royal Italian Opera opened with *Semiramide*. The management could not have selected a better opera under all circumstances. In the first place the brilliant overture, and splendid instrumentation of *Semiramide*, would *a priori*, tax the highest powers and resources of the orchestra. In the next place the choruses were numerous and on a grand scale, and would perfectly display the completeness of the choral department; and lastly, the three principal characters of the opera would give Grisi, Alboni, and Tamburini fine scope to exhibit their vocal and histrionic capabilities. In addition to these, the magnificence of the scenery required for *Semiramide*, together with the costliness of the dresses, the scenic accessories, &c., and the provision of a military band on the stage, must necessarily afford an opportunity for conveying a complete idea of the manner in which the Royal Italian Opera management intended to produce operas on the stage. Therefore the *Semiramide*, agreeing with all these requirements, was happily selected. Never shall we forget the opening night of the theatre. The pit was half filled with people who, we conscientiously believe, never entered the walls of an opera house before. These, we presume, were attracted solely by the opening of a new theatre, and paid their eight shillings to behold Covent Garden converted into a "house for singing." Upon entering the Pit the light seemed somewhat dull, and the hangings had rather a dingy appearance. The shape of the house was pronounced on all sides irreproachable and a great improvement on the ancient theatre. While the eyes of every body in attempting to scan the ornaments, the ceiling, the proscenium, the hangings, the *facades* &c. and were endeavouring to penetrate a sort of haze that seemed to envelope the whole house, suddenly the whole area of the theatre was flooded with a light so pure and brilliant that one might have fancied it was broad daylight. "The lustre, the lustre," shouted simultaneously a thousand voices, and then there followed such a shout of applause, and such a clapping of hands, as must have warmed the heart of old Covent Garden, which had not felt such cheering for many years. And now that every portion of the house was so plainly visible its real beauties became apparent. Perhaps there is not in the world a more elegant theatre than Covent Garden. Witness the magnificence of its painted proscenium, the splendor, yet chasteness of its ornaments, the fitness of its decorations, and the symmetrical proportions of the whole. Certainly we have heard exceptions taken to a portion of its embellishments, and of its decorations, which would not seem

to be entirely ungrounded. The painted entablatures of the ceiling have been pronounced too heavy, and discordant in color with the brightness of the house. We are inclined to agree with this opinion. The curtains have been considered too dark, and it has been said that they render the appearance of the boxes dull and sombre, and are not in keeping with the brilliancy and lightness of the rest of the theatre. From this we take leave to dissent. The hangings are, in color, of a fine crimson, and to make them a shade brighter would be to bring them to the confines of scarlet, a very bad night color. Those who find fault with the draperies of the Royal Italian Opera are such, and such only, as have been accustomed to the glittering gorgeousness of the hangings of Her Majesty's Theatre, and can spy nothing beautiful save what dazzles, surprises and astonishes. The occupiers of the boxes, at all events, will have to thank the choosers of the Covent Garden decorations, as the color suits admirably the complexion of the ladies. With these exceptions the house was the theme of universal admiration. The lustre was pronounced the most splendid ever hung in a theatre, and the proscenium the most magnificent both in design and execution ever beheld. The provision of stuffed chairs in the pit gave entire satisfaction, another great improvement on the old system. And now the members of the orchestra began to make their appearance, and we recognised the faces we had known so many years at Her Majesty's Theatre. After a while Signor Costa appeared and was greeted tumultuously from all parts of the house. Then there was a pause interrupted occasionally by the tuning of an instrument; then the tap of the Conductor's baton on the tin reflector—a call to order and attention—then an uplifting of the baton—and the overture commenced. It was an anxious moment for Sig. Costa. The instant the band was heard its power was felt. The overture was magnificently played. The quickness and precision of the *allegro* passages, the mellowness and suavity of the *andante*, the accuracy of the solos and the thunder of the *fortes* were never equalled in our hearing. The band was faultless. We have opened the theatre to our readers, but we shall not tax their patience by leading him through the minutiae of this stirring night. It is unnecessary to allude to the enthusiastic reception accorded to Grisi and Tamburini. These, as they were expected, caused no surprise. Nor need we speak of the perfection of the chorus, nor the splendour of the scenery. But we cannot pass over one event of the evening, which caused the greatest surprise, and the issue of which has had an influence on the destinies of Covent Garden, as gratifying as it was unexpected, without dwelling on it for some space of time. We speak of the *debut* of the new *contralto*, Signora Alboni. So little was known of this lady in England, that we could learn nothing of her but what was vague and unsatisfactory. In our article in the *Musical World* of February the 6th, descanting on the prospectus issued by the Royal Italian Opera, we made mention of her thus:—"Alboni who is the only *Signora* in the catalogue, has a sort of floating reputation that oozes from time to time out of the adeposity of Italian Carnivals, whether deserved or not, we cannot pretend to determine." So little did the public think of Signora Alboni, that when she came on the first night as *Arsace*, they received her with the utmost indifference, looking upon her with about as little interest as upon any individual in the chorus. But she had not sung three bars of her opening recitative before she rivetted the attention of the whole house. The wondrous beauty and purity of her tones went right home, instantaneously, to every heart. At the end of the recitative the audience were excited to an absolute *furore*, and Alboni

was established in the public mind as a great singer, and for ever. Great as was Alboni's success on the first night, it was only a foundation for repeated triumphs during the rest of the season. By every new part in which she has appeared she has obtained an addition to her reputation. A contrast here naturally suggests itself with a popular singer belonging to the rival establishment, which we cannot resist setting forth. The antipodes scarcely present a greater contrast than is afforded by Jenny Lind and Alboni, whether it be in their persons, their talents, or their fortunes. The one came to London heralded by such a name as no artiste ever possessed before; the other came almost unknown, and certainly unreported. Jenny Lind's voice, though beautiful, is not faultless; Alboni's, beautiful in another style, is without a flaw. Jenny Lind's talent is as artificial as it is brilliant; Alboni's as natural as it is charming. The Swedish Nightingale is fair-haired, slight, and homely; the Italian Mavis is dark, stout, and very handsome. But in the amount of impression produced on the public mind, and the increase, or falling off of that impression, chiefly consists the great antithesis between the two famous artistes. Nothing could surpass the impression Jenny Lind produced the first night she appeared in London. This was an anti-climax. That impression has been wearing out ever since. We do not mean to say that Jenny Lind does not attract as large audiences now as on her first coming to London. That would be stating what we do not know. But, supposing she does, we can easily account for the prolongation of the Lind attraction. There are upwards of 200,000 people coming to London every week, all strangers. Now among so many it would be wonderful indeed if Jenny Lind, with her extraordinary provincial reputation, could not find a few thousands nightly, who, out of mere curiosity, would be induced to hear one whom the *Morning Post* has dubbed a *better singer than Malibran, and a better actress than Rachel*. We cannot lose sight of the fact, that with those who have heard her more than once, Jenny Lind's exorbitant reputation is declining. But the case is directly the opposite with Alboni. The oftener she is heard the more genuine and enthusiastic are the feelings she excites; and we have little doubt that ere a year passes by, the *contralto* of the Royal Italian Opera will have pulled down from her throne of pre-eminence the *soprano* of Her Majesty's Theatre. The first performance of the new company was a forerunner of the many triumphs of the season. We never witnessed an opera so splendidly executed in every respect as the *Semiramide*. The chorus, band, and principal singers were as powerful as art and indefatigability could render them, and the enthusiasm excited in the audience was the legitimate consequence of the finest combination of first-rate talent applied to the execution of a great work in the completest form.

We must now give a general glance at the performances of the season, and consider the causes that have conduced to the success of the new establishment; for be it known, that the success attending the Royal Italian Opera performances has been commensurate with the highest expectations. We must next allude to the principal singers, endeavouring to estimate their separate influences on the fortunes of the theatre; and finally devote a few lines to Signor Costa's importance as a conductor.

Seventeen operas have been given by the new company at Covent Garden during the season. Of these, five were Rossini's: namely, *Semiramide*, *L'Italiana in Algieri*, *Il Barbiere*, *La Gazza Ladra*, and *La Donna del Lago*: two were Mozart's (and such a twain!!!) *Don Giovanni* and *Le Nozze di Figaro*: five were Donizetti's, *Lucia di Lammer-*

moor, *Anna Bolena*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, and *Maria di Rohan*: three were Bellini's, *Sonnambula*, *Puritani*, and *Norma*: and two were Verdi's, *Ernani* and *I Due Foscari*. In addition to these there was given on two occasions a scena from Donizetti's *Betty*, for Mademoiselle Alboni. Some of the above performances must have been necessarily better than others. Those which were given in the completest form, and in a manner certainly never dreamt of before in this country, were *Semiramide*, *Barbiere*, *Don Giovanni*, *Figaro*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Norma*, *La Gazza Ladra*, and *La Donna del Lago*. The other operas, though carefully and completely performed, did not draw on the highest resources of the band and chorus, and achieved a less decided effect. The great impression produced by the *Maria di Rohan* and the *Due Foscari* was entirely owing to Ronconi's wonderful acting, the operas being considerably below average merit. The *Lucia* was an immense hit, due for the most part to Salvi and Ronconi, in consequence of their highly impressive acting and singing. Salvi's Edgardo was one of the great hits of the season. The *Italiana in Algeri*, introducing Marini and Rovere, was played three nights. The music captivated, but did not excite, and so the performance gave much pleasure, but awoke no enthusiasm. The *Sonnambula* pleased for a few nights, but was not violently successful. We suspect, but this is *entre nous*, that Persiani's position between Grisi and Alboni was anything but favorable to the display of her talents. Persiani is really a wonderful artist, yea, the most wonderful of them all, but unfortunately the people prefer voice, and Persiani's organ is deficient. The *Elisir d'Amore* did nothing, though it was splendidly performed, and Tamburini's comic acting should have been sufficient to guarantee it a long run. *Ernani* was given twice, introducing Mademoiselle Steffanoni. We forget what impression it produced. All the other operas were decidedly great triumphs, the performances surpassing by many degrees any thing of the kind ever done in England. To give some idea of the perfection of the *ensembles* in these operas, we may instance the *Lucrezia Borgia*, in which Marini, the *primo basso* who in Milan played the Duke with great éclat, undertook the part of one of the conspirators, without having three bars of solo to sing; and Tagliafico, Polonini, Pietro Ley, &c., all stars in their continental hemispheres, did not deem it beneath them to sing in the chorus. The *Donna del Lago* offers another instance of this perfection in the *ensemble*, wherein we find Rovere, Tagliafico, Polonini, Pietro Ley, &c., undertaking the Bards, who come on merely to sing in the first *finale*. That the chorus in general was vastly improved was evidenced in the first performance of *Semiramide*. We never heard a band of singers display so much precision, energy, and power. The female choir was absolutely faultless, and shewed the training they must have undergone to have brought them to such perfection. Of the orchestra we do not think it necessary to say more than we have said at the commencement of our article. It is universally admitted that a more complete and magnificent body of instrumentalists never assembled together in a theatre. Their performances alone at the Royal Italian Opera would be well worth paying to hear. We must now direct the reader's attention to the principal singers, and fairly set before him the value and importance of each artist individually, and endeavour, by a statement of facts, simply to arrive at a conclusion of how much service the artist was in furthering the success of the season: and this brings us to her who has been the most important and influential of all the vocalists in directing the fortunes of the Royal Italian Opera—Giulia Grisi.

Of the seventeen operas produced at Covent-Garden during the season, Grisi appeared in ten. These were *Semiramide*, *Puritani*, *Norma*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Anna Bolena*, *Due Foscari*, *Don Giovanni*, *Nozze di Figaro*, *Gazza Ladra*, and *La Donna del Lago*. Of the sixty performances of the season, she appeared in no less than forty-five. This alone amounts to a strong proof of her overwhelming importance in the Covent Garden company. But besides this, it is an incontrovertible fact that Grisi has created a greater sensation this year than she has done since she came to this country. The causes of this, which at first sight would seem paradoxical, may be readily found. It must be granted that when Grisi first came to London, however exquisite her voice might have been and finished her vocalization, and whatever sensibility and felicity of portrayal her acting might have displayed, she fell short of the loftiest efforts of genius. She was not yet fashioned to stand on the highest pinnacle of fame. She was just beginning to climb that hill on whose summit Malibran stood, and was beginning to put forth those wings which, at no distant period, were destined to waft her, yea, to the same towering height as Malibran. Grisi was yet young, and Nature had done so much for her that it rendered her somewhat careless of improving and cultivating her genius. The public were so contented with her, and their applauses were so rapturous, that she seemed to have gained all she desired. "The force of favor could no further go,"—so thought Grisi, but she was soon compelled to alter her sentiments. In attempting to depict some of the sterner characters of the Lyric drama, she found she had still something to consider and to learn. Stung by the unworthy comparisons of some journal of the day, her genius rose within her, and she was determined to do or die. A genius like Grisi's seizes and embodies with the rapidity of lightning. In a few brief seasons she stood pre-eminent as the grandest delineator of the tragic passions since the days of Pasta. But still all immediate competition was apart; there was no Richmond in the field to claim the "golden round" from her, and Grisi, from want of some extreme cause of excitement, occasionally allowed her intellect to "rust in her unused." We have frequently had cause to complain in the *Musical World* of Grisi's apathy and indifference. This was during the latter years of her engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre. We are now aware that there was a far stronger reason than natural indolence, or any want of exciting cause from the absence of competition, to account for Grisi's apathy and indifference. For the last two years of her engagement all friendly intercourse had ceased between her and Mr. Lumley. A misunderstanding, or, more properly, a breach had taken place between the artist and the manager, and Grisi, who thought herself insulted, went on the stage, night after night, utterly heedless how she sang, or how she acted. At the very first opportunity she broke from her bonds at Her Majesty's Theatre, and flew into the ranks of the Covent Garden company, determined to exert her genius and talents to the utmost, and show the world what LA DIVA could really do when she felt inclined. The manner in which she sang on the first night of the opening of the Royal Italian Opera proved she was still the greatest vocal artist in the world. Here every thing seemed to lend a spur to her genius and exertions. First, she was naturally anxious to establish the new theatre, after having quarrelled with the old one—a powerful motive for putting forth her energies; next she had a profound regard for the manager—a sufficient stimulus to press her onward in the cause; and lastly, Alboni's great success (for she knew beforehand what that success would be)

was enough to awaken any dormant faculty, and make her apply it to the best advantage. These motives combined, made Grisi exert herself to such extent, that those who heard and saw her in, what some call, her best days, declared she was never half so great as at the present time. Almost every opera in which she appeared had an immense success. Her singing was pronounced more marvellous than ever; and her acting was universally allowed to be equal to the finest efforts of Pasta and Malibran. Perhaps there was yet another cause, chiefier than those above named, why Grisi came out with such determined vigour and renovated powers. Had not the coming of the popular Jenny Lind something to do with those astonishing and arduous nightly displays that would seem to wear out, in brief season, a constitution, unless it were made of very iron? Was there not in the whirlwind of passion she allowed to sway her in *Norma*, a murmur, or underbreath, which seemed to say—"With this blast I blow into invisible fragments for ever the frigid efforts of the Swedish nightingale?" If there were not, there might have been, as that was exactly what did happen. We have not room to follow Grisi through all her triumphs. At no period of her career in England has she been received with anything like the amount of enthusiasm she has encountered this season at the Royal Italian Opera; and at no period has she sang more divinely, or acted half so magnificently. The season 1847 at the Royal Italian Opera has been the true climax of Grisi's reputation.

Next to Grisi we consider Alboni to have been the greatest source of attraction of the Royal Italian Opera corps. We are aware that there are many who will tell you that Alboni has been the chief loadstone of the company, but in this they decidedly err. Nor was that possible, even though Alboni's qualities were superior to Grisi's; seeing that Grisi on every occasion played the principal part, or one of the principal parts in the operas; Alboni only in four operas undertaking leading characters. Alboni, like Grisi, appeared in ten operas. These were *Semiramide*, *Italiana in Algieri*, *Barbiere*, *Maria di Rohan*, *Anna Bolena*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Gazza Ladra*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Ernani*, and *La Donna del Lago*. She appeared forty-three nights out of the sixty, or more than two nights in three. Her reception in *Semiramide*, on the opening night, was tremendous. We never witnessed a more decided case of super-eminent success. The whole house felt it, and acknowledged it by yielding itself up to a pitch of enthusiasm to which an English audience is rarely wound. The entire of the daily press—even the *Morning Post* could not shirk his chagrined pen from it—echoed the triumphant success. From that night we have marked the progress of this inimitable artiste in public favour,—for be it remembered that something of Alboni's immense success on the first night must be attributable to its unexpectedness—and we now behold her placed among the greatest favorites that ever adorned the operatic boards. Her performance of Malcolm Græme formed a splendid climax to all her triumphs.

Our old favorite, Tamburini, assuredly follows next, as the artist who has tended most to add weight and importance to, and encrease the attraction of the new operatic corps. Tamburini appeared in nine operas out of the seventeen, viz:—*Semiramide*, *Sonnambula*, *Puritani*, *Anna Bolena*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *Don Giovanni*, *Nozze di Figaro*, *Gazza Ladra*, and *Lucrezia Borgia*. He appeared forty times during the season in entire operas, and two or three in selections on extra nights. The service this great artist has rendered to the Royal Italian Opera cannot be sufficiently estimated. His admirable singing and unsurpassed acting in all he undertook, whether it was light comedy, or genteel comedy, or

elegant comedy, or serious drama, or melo-drama, or tragedy, were equally the theme of wonder and admiration. His *Don Giovanni* alone would have made his fame European. The Royal Italian Opera would certainly lose its right arm, if it lost the services of Signor Antonio Tamburini.

Signor Ronconi has been one of the principal sources of attraction at the Royal Italian Opera, or, more properly, would have been, had his services been more used. He only appeared in four operas, but in these four he achieved two of the greatest triumphs of the season. Those who have seen him in *Maria di Rohan* and *I Due Foscari*, have witnessed two of the most finished and powerfully tragic performances of modern times. We must greatly blame the management, however, for not bringing forward Ronconi oftener; for though his main power lies in deep tragedy, and few of the modern masters have written tragic parts to suit a barytone, at least one of his peculiar quality, yet, from his repertoire of 140 operas, there would surely have been found many which the public could have been pleased to hear. It will hardly be denied that among the greatest triumphs of the season must rank the *Maria di Rohan*, and *I Due Foscari*, in which the acting and singing of Ronconi were immensely great, and certainly entitled him to far more consideration than he has received from the management. What a pity the *Otello* of Rossini would not fit Ronconi's voice. What a magnificent performance it would be. It is Ronconi's misfortune that there is nobody but Verdi left to write for him.

Of Madame Persiani's attractive powers we do not feel ourselves bound to make statement, as that lady, from some cause we are unacquainted with, withdrew herself entirely from the Royal Italian Opera; or—we must give the fair artiste the benefit of the doubt—was taken ill, and could not perform after four or five representations.

Signor Mario is the most popular and accomplished tenor in Europe. He was an immense addition to the new company, and was one of its greatest attractions. He appeared in the following nine operas: *Sonnambula*, *Puritani*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Barbiere* (once), *Anna Bolena*, *Due Foscari*, *Don Giovanni*, *Gazza Ladra*, and *Donna del Lago*. He performed thirty-two times in entire operas, and five or six in single acts or selections. His most splendid performances were in *Sonnambula*, *Puritani*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, and *La Donna del Lago*.

Signor Salvi places us in the same predicament as Madame Persiani. He seceded from the opera before little more than half of the season had passed. His success, however, was unequivocally great. His *debut* was one of the most triumphant ever witnessed on the stage.

Signor Marini came from Italy with a very high reputation. He deserved it, in some respects, and belied it in others. The quality of his voice is the most beautiful we ever heard in a bass; but this fine organ is too frequently marred by dubious intonation, and its power lies too low to be at all times available. As an actor we think him better in comedy than tragedy, although he came to London with a great serious repute. His *Mustapha*, in *Italiana in Algieri*, was capital, and he was still more excellent in *Basilio*, in the *Barbiere*. His *Figaro* in the *Nozze* gained him many admirers. Taking him all in all, Marini was a great addition to the Covent Garden corps. This gentleman deserves the highest possible praise for permitting himself to be cast in inferior parts. The feeling is alike honourable and artistic. Signor Marini's commanding voice was found of immense advantage to the general tone of the opera, on many occasions, in parts hitherto thought of no consequence.

Signor Rovere, the buffo, claims great praise at our hands.

He was of decided utility in the cast of the best operas of the season. He *debuted* in Taddeo in *L'Italiana*, and acted with extraordinary comic humour, but which, nevertheless, appeared to the audience somewhat exaggerated. That it was not so, and that it was but following the true reading, we are reasonably led to infer from his subsequent performances, in not one of which did he betray the least tendency to extravagance. Signor Rovere's Leporello, Bartolo in the *Barbiere*, and Basilio in the *Nozze di Figaro* were excellent, and required little to render them first-rate. The Royal Italian Opera would meet with a serious loss if deprived of his services.

Signor Tagliafico has shown himself a most worthy member of the great vocal host at Covent Garden. On every occasion when his services were made available, he proved himself of the utmost utility, and in one or two instances come out with a power and an energy that would not have discredited the first living artist. He was magnificent in the Ghost in *Don Giovanni*.

Signor Polonini also deserves honorable mention for the efficient assistance he lent in sustaining several of the minor characters. He has a fine bass voice; and sings like a thorough musician.

Signor Bettini came late, and appeared under considerable disadvantages. He had to *debut* in one of Salvi's principal parts; and after that great tenor's success, the undertaking involved no small amount of risk. Nevertheless, he acquitted himself most creditably, and was received with much favor. He appeared only in two parts, which hardly authorises us to pronounce a determinate opinion on his real merits. There is no doubt that he has a fine voice, but we are inclined to think the parts in which he has appeared are out of its legitimate register.

Three fair artistes remain for us to notice of the magnificent group of the Covent Garden vocalists, viz., Madame Ronconi, and the Desmoiselles Steffanoni and Corbari. The first lady has been somewhat obliquely dealt with. She made her first appearance as Maria in *Maria di Rohan*, and though her performance was not such as might have been expected from Götis, it was, to our thinking, a highly admirable one. Strange to say, the very journal that upholds through thick and thin every thing that is done at Covent Garden, pronounced this performance a failure: and that in the teeth of the artist being recalled at the end of the opera, and obtaining more than an average amount of applause. We like fair play, and heartily hope that the writer in the journal alluded to was innocent of what he was writing about. That we were correct in the opinions we formed of Madame Ronconi was proved by the second appearance of that lady in Maria, when she was received with still greater favour by the public. Madame Steffanoni debuted in *Ernani*. She produced a very lively sensation, and is, in many respects, rarely gifted as a singer. The Countess in the *Nozze di Figaro* was the only other part in which this artiste appeared. She sang Mozart's music judiciously and carefully, and acted in a very lady-like manner. Mademoiselle Steffanoni proved a very praiseworthy substitute for Madame Persiani. Mademoiselle Corbari made decidedly the best *seconda donna* within our remembrance. This young lady is a most charming singer, has a charming voice, and only requires a little more self-dependence, and a little more time and experience—she is still very young—to make her a great artiste. She was the best Adalgisa we ever heard. She was also excellent as Elvira in *Don Giovanni*—a most arduous part, be it understood. Mademoiselle Corbari was certainly a worthy addition to the Royal Italian Opera Company.

We have now had our say respecting the band and the chorus, and all the principal singers whom we considered worth an especial notification in our review of the season; but we cannot conclude without devoting a few lines to Signor Costa, whose fame and position, independent of what he has effected for the Royal Italian Opera, would demand some attention from our pen. Perhaps no individual in Europe is more happily endowed by nature with qualities befitting the conductor of an operatic band than Signor Costa. To the talents of an accomplished musician; an amazing quickness of ear, decision and promptitude in the use of his baton; and a manner of wielding it that conveys a forcible meaning, together with almost an intuitive knowledge of the mode of treating a *morceau* dramatically, Signor Costa adds energy, ardour, and indefatigable industry in his office as general of an orchestra. He never spares time, nor study, nor labour, to effect that which time; study, and labour can effect. As a disciplinarian, he is the very Napoleon of the orchestra; treating all the members of his band in terms of the greatest familiarity, but without allowing them or himself to break that line of separation which he knows well cannot be broken on either side without the power and influence of the *chef* being compromised. For this reason, Signor Costa obtains the friendship and respect of every individual in the band, which therefore works under him, as though the work were a real labour of love. Signor Costa's kindness to the gentlemen of the orchestra in allowing them to absent themselves from rehearsals when they have engagements for which they receive payment, places him in an amiable light. His influence among a certain section of the aristocracy no doubt has had some effect on the success of the Royal Italian Opera season. We do not think that the Covent Garden management could have found anywhere a gentleman in every way so admirably suited to conduct their instrumental forces. But Signor Costa is not infallible; and we are sorry to be compelled to found so grievous a charge against him as that of not paying due respect to the scores of the great works of Mozart and Rossini. The introduction of new instruments into places in which the composer never intended them, and the eternal use of the noisy brass band, showed either a curious obliquity of taste; or a desire to please the public palate by making that extraordinary which was simply beautiful. The meddling with the scores of *Barbiere* and *Le Nozze di Figaro*, was decidedly an error, and did not tend to elevate the establishment in the mind of the musical public. We are quite sure if Signor Costa heard his own band as we hear it in the pit, he would soon find that the only effect produced by the additional brass, is to *drown all the rest of the instruments*—a thing not to be desired. The blast of Orlando's terrible horn at Roncesvalles, when he blew for succour, and was heard as far, yea, as Saint-Jean-Pied-de-Port, where Charlemagne lay with his army, only some hundreds of leagues off, seems but a child's penny whistle to the stunning, deafening strepitation of these instruments at Covent Garden. We are certain Signor Costa has not the least idea of the effect thus produced in his orchestra. If he is desirous of having his band *heard* to advantage he will in future dispense with them altogether. As this is honestly meant we trust Signor Costa will take a friendly hint from it; if not, we shall not give up the subject, but return to it again and again, determined to preach a crusade against these Saracenic intruders. And so we rest contented at present.

A few lines must suffice for the ballet. It must be conceded that the Covent Garden ballets did not excite the overwhelming interest they excited at the other house. *The operas distinguished them.* We need not name all the principal dancers

engaged during the season. A few names, however, will show these were all but equal to the great guns of Her Majesty's Theatre. First, we notice the universally-accomplished Fanny Ellsler, than whom no one who ever breathed had greater genius as a *mime*; then Dumilatre, a very elegant *danseuse*; and the graceful Fleury; and again the fascinating and beautiful Plunkett, who promises to be Carlotta the Second; and the sylph-like, ever-pointing Fuoco—so full of hope and expectation, that she is *ever on the toe*; and the Andalusian, Marietta Brambilla, who plays the castanets as no one ever played them before; and many more of inferior note,—showing that the Covent Garden management obtained all the Terpsichorean celebrities obtainable.

Several grand ballets, and a number of *divertissements* have been produced: Among these, *Manon L'Escant*, which exhibited Fanny Ellsler's splendid dramatic powers to great advantage, and Dion Bourcicault's *Salmandrine*, were among the most beautiful we have seen: The former was arranged by the accomplished Signor Casati, the latter by the clever and careful M. Blasie.

A strong word of praise is also due to Mr. Grieve for his admirable scenery, and another to Mr. A. Harris for his efficient and spirited direction of the *mise en scene*.

The Royal Italian Opera despite the Lind attraction, the prestige of the elder establishment, and the preference of Royalty, has had a triumphant season. No establishment founded in this country has ever given more general satisfaction; and now that confidence is confirmed, and the real intentions of the new company are seen, there is no doubt that the public will rush next year to support that which is excellent in itself, and is conducted on the best principles.

DESMOND RYAN.

A Treatise on the "Affinities" of Goethe;

IN ITS WORLD-HISTORICAL SIGNIFICANCE,

DEVELOPED ACCORDING TO ITS MORAL AND ARTISTICAL VALUE,

Translated from the German of Dr. Heinrich Theodor Richter,
Professor at the Royal Gymnasium at Bromberg.

CHAPTER II.—(continued from page 525).

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SINGLE CHARACTERS IN THE "AFFINITIES."

EVERY creature has a moment of the brightest bloom in its existence, in which that which it can become, according to its nature—its full organisation—steps into existence perfectly. This instant,* developed in its deep significance, exhibits to us this blooming point of Charlotte; for all the elements of her existence have been interpenetrated into the most intensive life; she rules, so to speak, at this instant, the whole measure of all her moral and mental powers, as far as she is capable of developing them. But here Charlotte, at the same time, breaks off the perfect fruit of this moment. She looks down, smiling, upon the contradiction and perplexity into which she has fallen, "she feels herself inwardly restored." But this internal repose gains its purest and most beautiful character from the fact, that it rests with self-consciousness on the deeply-felt significance of marriage, and this connects itself with the infinitude of the moral idea. Thus Charlotte is not only internally restored, but also allows the objective power of the moral substance, which has been removed from her for a moment, to rule clearly within her. It is, as it were, the atmosphere of her whole existence, the refreshing exhalation of which she now draws in at full draughts, and the life power of which she has never before experienced to such a degree. This is represented to us in the most judicious manner by the solemn renewal of the vow of conjugal fidelity, which, touched and kneeling, she repeats.

Indeed, Charlotte, in this great, important moment, is reborn as Edward's wife, for she has freely extricated herself from the labyrinth in which the unguarded natural force of feeling threatened irretrievably to leave her. The first vow before the altar was an oath of fidelity, which she had made without knowing the strength of its enemy, nay, without suspecting the possibility of an attack; the second vow, which she makes to herself, manifests to us the conscious exaltation of the moral idea, which has proceeded out of the contest. The certainty of the sanctity of the substantial power of marriage, has now changed itself into a moral consciousness, which becomes the truth, and, as such, penetrates the whole being. Charlotte has become perfectly aware of its high moral dignity, its force, and its importance.

What is still developed from this point, appears to us only as an out-beaming of this purest consciousness, which, however, can no more raise itself to a higher power (Potenz). The further utterances and actions of Charlotte are, therefore, only the unfolding, and, as it were, the voucher for this moral depth, which has once for all been gained, and which only brings itself perfectly to light.

What any one acquires by means of his moral liberty, is to him a gain, which he neither selfishly locks up, nor believes to be denied to others. He even exhorts his fellow-beings to acquire what he has gained by his struggle on this ground, and expects from kindred beings a victory over themselves with the same confidence, as he cannot suppose them to possess less moral energy. If Charlotte can collect herself to a renewed existence, why should she not hope the same from Edward? On her point of view, it is a very natural delusion, into which she has fallen just through her own strength and circumspection, that that which has been forcibly severed, may be again united. Whoever has so happily moulded† himself into the sphere of the self-denying, how should he not summon to reflection one held fast by passion, and make success dependent from his will alone. This justifies Charlotte in her eloquent appeal to Edward, in which she holds before him the mirror of her own soul. Here she rightly warns him to lay the axe to the tree himself, since, "No one can any more take care of us, we must be our own friends, our own tutors: no one expects of us that we shall lose ourselves in extremes." And looking upon herself as one escaped from passion, she entreats him with as much earnestness as tenderness, not to despise the counsel and aid which she offers. "In troubled cases, he who sees clearest, must act and assist. On this occasion, I am that person. Can you advise me so immediately to renounce my well-acquired happiness, my fairest rights—nay, to renounce *you*?" To understand the whole value of this situation, we must not forget that Charlotte expresses all this as something that has been thoroughly felt, and has thoroughly thrilled through her inmost being. The intensity exactly lies in this. Before a catastrophe so courageously passed through by Charlotte, such a warning would have been wanting in the fragrance of true womanliness; it would not have been without a shade of a certain "school-mastering," which one would always have listened to doubting whether thought and deed so completely kept pace with each other. This whole scene now appears to us so important, so truly feminine, exactly because we hear from the circumspect and clear-minded lady, a great event in the history of her own feelings—see spread out the germ of a treasure dug up in the depths of the heart. The clearness of thought has seized upon and purified the soul. Throughout the whole, we only hear the eloquent expression of her own purification from the dross of the natural force.

Whoever, like Charlotte, has allowed the moral power so completely to prevail in him, and by it has again restored himself, is able to practice self-denial generally, to renounce his own well and happiness. This is a trait which no more surprises with such a nature, after what it has accomplished. But, nevertheless, it is necessary that she who has seized us by the energy of moral dignity, should elevate us by her moral eminence in the renunciation of her own happiness. But let us consider more closely the circumstances under which this happens. To elevate above all

† The expression is, "sich dem Kreise einbilden." The general meaning of the words, "sich einbilden" is, "to imagine to oneself;" but these require the accusative, of the thing imagined; and the "sich" is dative. By going into the root of the word, I have given a meaning, which seems to me to suit the context, but for which I have no precedent.—Translator.

* Namely, when she weds the Captain.—Translator.

doubt the purity of a remuneration of one's own weal, we must have gained a double conviction: first, that that which the individual gives up, is really a dear and esteemed good; secondly, that he does not gain in exchange some other desired good—nay, that the very thought of such an exchange is decidedly excluded. It is through this certainty that the sacrifice first appears in its true essence, and the self-denying person in his moral eminence.

Let us compare with this general thought the concrete position of Charlotte. It is not until Charlotte sees the fate of several persons, who stand so near to her, in her own hand, that she perceives that the gates of deliberation are completely closed—that the individuals have lost themselves in the labyrinth of passion, that she sees in what has happened a command to resign the possession of Edward. She consents to the separation, with the reflection, "that there are certain things which fate obstinately purposes to carry out. It is in vain that reason and virtue, that duty and everything sacred, stand in the way; something is to happen which is right to fate, but which does not seem right to us, and thus fate at last carries its point, let us demean ourselves as we will." We here see Charlotte, who, before, with all the strength of her soul, exhorted Edward to *man* himself, and was unwilling to give up all claim to her dear husband, now thoroughly practise self-denial. Her mind bows to that which stands before her as unalterable, and a longer resistance to which appears to her as presumptuous obstinacy. It is not that her understanding pronounces as right that which fate has willed, but she rather bends it to a power, which she regards as unfathomable, but, at the same time, as immovable. Thus she perfects within herself her renunciation of her own views and understanding, and brings the sacrifice of a perfect self-denial.

But Charlotte is not satisfied with a resignation to a "conceptionless" (begriffslos) necessity; for thus, in opposition to her consciousness, had the power appeared to her, to which she resolved to bow. Such a clear nature can, so to speak, only pause for a moment at the difference between its views and actions; it would, during this difference, only yield to a blind necessity, and remain unrecanted in the act of renunciation. Hence it is, that the consciousness of bowing only to a "conceptionless" fatality, elevates itself into the acknowledgment that now an old illusion is dissipated, which had once seen, in Edward's urgency and perseverance, a real love, and had confounded friendly inclination with that full love, which perfectly comprehends the whole being. Placing in this error her whole guilt, which lies, as it were, beyond all imputation, she comprehends her renunciation in the deepest sense, as something commanded by a higher order of things, by which those who were destined for each other, and torn asunder by a mere human delusion, are again united.

The progress of consciousness in this matter is not to be mistaken. Resignation to a blind necessity has changed into a resignation to a higher order of things, which is recognised by the subject, and to which man must yield—nay, sacrifice his weal and woe. It is important that Charlotte exhibits to us the whole process of this elevation of consciousness. The tone of mind which the whole work and its development produces for us—namely, that a higher order of things, exalted above all choice and feeling, triumphs at last over all obstacles, whencesoever they may come,—this term is already acquired by Charlotte. Only in that clear-minded Charlotte, ever striving after the solution of the riddle, can such a result be produced—a result which reveals itself to her in the purest act of her moral depth, and hence appears more like an intuition from which the character of a mere *raisonnement* of the understanding is completely stripped. The thoroughly subjective colouring which is given to the whole passage, the gradual growth of this result, is the very thing which, at the same time, gives this movement of thought such a force, and makes it the manifestation of a great soul-contest.

But this sacrifice is only the expression of moral elevation, when the individual does not leave open to himself the least prospect of a compensation. As soon as the least doubt prevailed, whether Charlotte was resolved to reject the Captain's hand, when offered by circumstances—nay by Edward himself, the most moral significance of the renunciation would have been disturbed. We hence require the plain open declaration of the noble Charlotte, that she decidedly renounces this highest good, and with such a nature this

no more surprises us. Hence this resolution appears to us as the purest act of moral liberty, and of exalted clearness of mind, since to all the inquiry on the part of Edward, as well as to the Captain's question, what he dare hope? she only replies by this refusal: "We have not deserved to be unhappy, but neither have we merited to be happy together." In these weighty words, Charlotte takes upon herself the whole extent of a fault once committed, and at the same time effects an atonement by them, in the very moment when nothing more is opposed to the fulfilment of her inclination—nay, when all combines to make her consent to an union with the Captain, rather as an act for the happiness of others, than for her own satisfaction. Thus is the resignation of all claim to a clear possession, for the sake of a blind passion, connected with the resignation of one's own happiness, at the hands of a revered friend, into a moral deed which peacefully and satisfactorily solves all the collisions of the heart. Charlotte has brought herself quite pure out of the contest; her heart is troubled by no shadow of an impure feeling; at the same time, all harshness, all appearance of a pride in virtue, is so remote from this nature, that we rather see in her infinitely tender treatment of Ottilia the expression of a "fine soul," which has been touched in an infinitely painful manner, by a lot, which regards her only as the great sacrifice of unalterable destiny, determined as it was by nature itself. In the midst of this shattering catastrophe, not a word escapes her, which with self-sufficiency places the deed she accomplished with freedom, in opposition to the lot of the lovers. The last victory, as it has made her internally free from every relic of the natural force, has also endued her with that highest moral grace which, indeed, always determines itself in an innate tact, but never looks back upon itself with a composing glance, and suns itself in the contemplation of a moral preeminence. The relation of Charlotte to Ottilia appears to us, as it were, the exhalation which has placed itself round the moral purity and "virtuosity" of this noble lady, which in the presence of this individual fills us with a feeling of imposing pleasure. Thus is Charlotte the completed, living image of a truly feminine nature, exactly comprehending the greatness of her destination, endowed with all those gifts of heart and mind which have a claim to the exhibition of the most successful and satisfactory existence. That this last is denied her is her destiny—her fate exalted above all responsibility, which has confined her in a sphere, in which is fought out the contest between the natural force of feeling and the moral idea. Even she must be painfully touched by this destiny, since even the purest feast of victory is accompanied by a mourning for the sacrifices which have been required. Great, therefore, as are the results of this triumph, much as it shines before all as an evitable good, when it once comes to a contest, we nevertheless hear, even in the midst of the rejoicing, the cries of pain, which are involuntarily forced out of the proud heart of the conqueror, and which first utterly, silence the thought of a divine government of the world to the restriction of which this victory has, essentially contributed.

Because Charlotte is called to be representative of that point, which, by means of moral freedom, frees itself out of the discord, she required a perfect development, pursued through all its degrees. We have in our treatise carefully pursued the moments of this individuality, in which understanding and feeling so interpenetrate each other as to produce the most beautiful equilibrium, and have endeavoured as much as possible to bring to consciousness the moral relatives in their universal significance and internal connection. We have now, therefore, according to the declaration we made above, to turn to the last group—Edward and Ottilia; and, in the first place, to bring forward the fundamental characteristics of Edward's individuality.

(To be continued.)

. To prevent misunderstanding, it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Of Saturday *La Figlia del Reggimento*, and the ballet of *Le Jugement de Paris*, formed the entertainments of the evening. The house was full, and the accustomed "ceremonies" took place.

On Tuesday *Le Nozze di Figaro* was produced, in which

Mdlle. Lind attempted the part of Susanna. The other principal characters were thus distributed:—Countess Almaviva, Mad. Castellan—Cherubino, Mad. Solari—Count Almaviva, Signor Coletti—Figaro, Herr Staudigl—Dr. Bartolo, Signor Lablache. Thus, apparently, except in one particular, the cast was strong; but the result dispelled the illusion.

As so much was predicated by the admirers of Mdlle. Lind, in favor of her Susanna, the disappointment was greater than it might have been had nothing been said about it. We must confess that we have seldom witnessed a more unsatisfactory performance from an artiste of renown. There was neither the spirit of the part nor the spirit of the music. Beaumarchais and Mozart were equally lost sight of. Through the whole of the first act, Mdlle. Lind was as stiff and as formal as a boarding-school miss. We could not avoid thinking of Grisi in the duet for Susanna and Marcellina, "*La sposa novella*," and in the exquisite air, "*Venite, inginocchiatevi*," where Susanna tries the cap upon Cherubini; we could not but think of Grisi, and sigh for the presence of—we grieve to say it—her natural and lively comedy. But alas! in Mdlle. Lind there was not a spark of humour, not a glimpse of animation. The two first duets with Figaro were correctly sung, but both wanted a little more vivacity. The fine trio, "*Cosa sento*," with Basilio and the Count, was sadly handled; the two gentlemen did not seem to know what they were about, and the tameness of Mdlle. Lind's delivery helped little to make the matter clearer. There was some excuse, however, for Coletti, in whose behalf indulgence was asked, after the conclusion of the overture (which was played from a set of uncorrected parts, to judge from the wrong notes in the *forte* passages), on the plea of indisposition. Not that we think Coletti's heavy style at all fitted for the dashing Almaviva. We have already complained of the want of comic humour displayed by Mdlle. Lind in the air "*Venite, inginocchiatevi*," and unfortunately there was little in her singing to redeem it. Nothing could well have been more insipid. We were greatly disappointed in this song; anticipating something much more refined and sparkling. The only remarkable point was in the last verse at the *refrain*, on the words "*Han certo il lor perché*," which, however, Mdlle. Lind, whose classical taste is so much admired, took the liberty of delivering much too slow—making of a naturally effective point what is vulgarly termed a "gag." In the trio, "*Susanna or via sortite*," with the Count and Countess, where Susanna is behind the curtain, Mdlle. Lind was much more at home, and the ease with which she took the high C (albeit the said high C is not a very musical note,) was admirable. The charming little duet, "*Aprite, presto aprite*," for Susanna and Cherubino, pre-facing the latter's escape from the window, was executed in anything but faultless style by Mdlle. Lind and Mad. Solari. We, who know the duet by heart, could with difficulty make out any of the phrases of which it is composed. In the finale to the first act, the principal singers were either imperfect or inattentive, and the orchestra was unusually loud, although Balfe effected wonders in keeping it together. A great deal has been said of Mdlle. Lind's "bye-play." We do not deny that she is always engaged upon something—always essaying to act; but not the less are we compelled to affirm that her "bye-play" is often inappropriate, and consequently obtrusive. For example—while Staudigl was singing the "*Non piu andrai*," Mdlle. Lind who, as the representative of Susanna, should sympathise with Cherubino in his unexpected misfortune, was all the time making faces and gestures at him, significant of irony and contempt; and drawing away the attention of the audience from Figaro, to whom it should

properly be directed; a liberty which no actor should take with another. But to such a pitch of unreasonableness has criticism arrived lately, that if Mdlle. Lind simply walks across the stage, it is termed "good acting," or at least "a capital point." Such points, however, escape our faculty of appreciation. After the curtain dropped upon the first act, the principal singers were recalled—a cogent proof of how easily such an honor is gained now-a-days, when audiences who will not think for themselves, are led, by the example of interested persons, to commit no end of absurdities.

We must not leave the first act without noticing Lablache's "*La Vendetta*," a fine piece of declamatory vocalisation; Staudigl's "*Non piu andrai*," which, though deficient in power—the great German *basso* ill brooking the fetters of Italian accent—was vigorous and animated; Madame Solari's "*Non so piu cosa son, cosa faccio*," ("I know not what I am, or what I am doing,") the words of which exactly described her position; and Madame Castellan's "*Porgi amor*," which was (after Lablache's "*La Vendetta*") the best piece of singing during the entire act. Her "*Voi che sapete*" was not so good; and, moreover, it was absurd to put in the mouth of the Countess—a married lady—a song that speaks the sentiments of an uninformed youth, and can only properly be sung by a *damoiseau*, or a *demoiselle*—to borrow terms from *la langue Romaine*. If Madame Solari could not sing it (and it belongs of right to the Page), Mdlle. Lind should have undertaken it. From the lips of the maiden, Susanna, the sentiments it conveys might reasonably fall. Perhaps Mdlle. Lind did not imagine she could produce any effect in it, and so magnanimously resigned it to Madame Castellan, who sang it coldly enough.

The second act was sadly mutilated. The lovely duet, "*Crudel perche*," and the noble air, "*Vedro, mentr'io sospiro*," with the recitative that precedes it, were—owing, we suppose, to Coletti's indisposition—omitted. This put us out of humour, and we paid little attention to the rest. Of course the duet "*Sull' aria*" was encored—how could it escape it? And, to say truth, it was very gracefully sung by Madame Castellan and Mdlle. Lind. But what the audience meant by calling for a double repetition of the *fag end* of a piece of unaccompanied recitative—where Susanna, Marcellina, Figaro, and Barbarina wind up a passage with a long shake—we were puzzled to divine. Mozart, who wrote the passage, would have been puzzled himself. The *sandango* which follows the chorus, "*Amanti costanti*;" the air for Basilio, "*In quegli anni*;" and many other good things, were cut out altogether. But Mdlle. Lind restored the pleasing little ballad in F, "*Deh vieni non tardar*," which she sang with charming taste, sinning only by occasional exaggeration of *ritardandos* and elongations of cadences. In all other respects this performance was worthy of the best ballad-singing of Kitty Stephens, the queen of ballad-singers. One ballad, however, sung to perfection though it be, cannot atone for the mediocrity displayed throughout a whole opera. There remains nothing more to say but that the second finale was rendered with tolerable energy by all concerned, though with no great degree of intelligence. The curtain fell upon what can only be termed a failure.

The general performance of the opera did not reach mediocrity. The minor parts were inefficiently rendered. The chorusses were noisy, but neither refined nor invariably correct. The band, thanks to Balfe—who knows the score thoroughly, and must have fagged incessantly to get anything like order from such materials—was never so correct in expression, never less coarse and scratchy in execution. What a pity all the violoncellos were not Piattis, all the basses not Anglois, all

the oboes not Lavignes, all the violins not Pluys', Tolbecques, and Nadauds! Balfé would have had something like a band, then, for his *Figaro*. With a less intelligent and practised director, a break down, in the present instance, would have been inevitable. But this is not the first time we have had occasion to be thankful for Balfé's energy and skill during the season—nor the second, nor the third, nor even the tenth nor the twentieth—shall we say the fiftieth time? The costumes and scenery were not in that spirit of munificence which characterised the managerial policy previous to Mdle. Lind's arrival. Great stress has been laid by some of the press upon the fact of Mr. Lumley having deferred the representation of *Figaro* until the term of the subscription was at an end. But as the opera was represented the subscribers have no cause for complaint. They would have had legitimate reason to grumble, had they been obliged to hear Mozart's great work performed in such a fashion:

It would appear that the management of Her Majesty's Theatre has been sturdily endeavouring of late to merit the reproach levelled against the Israelites of old; who "waxed fat and kicked." Certainly, a very small part of the money that has flowed into the treasury since the "Nightingale's" advent, has flowed out of the treasury for the expenses of the *costumier*, decorator, and scene-painter;—while the band, inefficient as it was at the beginning of the season, is likely, from all we learn, to be still more so next season. Such economy is ill advised. A grand lyrical establishment without a band and chorus of appropriate excellence, is deficient in the most essential department of its machinery; and this is the condition of Her Majesty's Theatre at the present epoch. Mr. Lumley should mend the matter while he may. The "Lind mania" will certainly not last another season, even though Meyerbeer should come, with his *Camp of Silesia*, to prop it up. It is tottering even now. The stout and successful opposition to he recall for Mdle. Lind—which issued from certain boxes, after the second act of the opera on Tuesday night, was full of meaning and significance. John Bull is getting ashamed of the fatuity into which he so heedlessly allowed himself to be betrayed. A reaction is at hand. Mdle. Lind's *Norma* was a great failure; but Mdle. Lind's *Susanna* is a greater. Will the fair Swede essay another of Grisi's parts? We hope she may not be so ill advised.

After the opera we took the opportunity of witnessing our favorite of last season, *Le Jugement de Paris*, one of the happiest efforts of Perrot. Taglioni was all herself; Cerito more than ever animated and graceful; Perrot as lively as a squirrel; but Lucile Grahn's place was ill supplied by Rosati, who continues to look at her feet as pertinaciously as ever; and the part of Louise Taglioni was most clumsily interpreted by a *coryphée* whose name we did not learn, having no bill. In short much of the charm of last year's performance had vanished away utterly.

On Thursday *Figaro* was repeated with the same ballet. To night, *La Sonhambula* will be given, with *Le Jugement de Paris*, being the last performances of the present season, of which we must postpone our *resumé* till next week.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday and Tuesday the *Donna del Lago* was repeated for the second and third times. The enthusiasm it excited on the first representation was not an atom abated on the second or third. The same encores took place, the same recalls, and the same ovations. We must be necessarily curt in our notice, as we have already devoted so much space to the *resumé* of the Royal Italian Opera season. On Saturday, after the perform-

ance of *La Donna del Lago*, a new *divertissement* was produced for Mdle. Plunkett, expressly composed for her by Signor Casati, the talented *maitre de ballet*. Signor Casati has manufactured a very pleasing *ballet divertissement* from some slender materials connected with the fortunes of a Naiad, or Water-spirit. He has divided it into two *tableaux*, a sylvan and aquatic, both very beautifully put on the stage. Then Signor Casati has introduced various picturesque groupings; and has supplied some exceedingly pretty dances for the choregraphs. And Signor Casati, in fine, has composed some delicious *pas* for the ever-graceful Plunkett; and has woven a highly effective *divertissement*. The dancing of Plunkett was extremely elegant. Her dress was the most picturesque we have seen for a long time, and, altogether, she looked most charming. Mdle. Plunkett received immense applause, and had showers of *bouquets* flung to her after several *pas*. The *divertissement* was entirely successful, and will, no doubt, run to the last night of the season. On Thursday the *Nozze di Figaro* was repeated; and was magnificently done. The audience was roused to a greater pitch of excitement than at any previous performance, and after summoning all the performers twice, called for Costa at the end. We are glad to find that the public are beginning to feel the real worth of Sig. Costa at the Royal Italian Opera. Better late than never. The subscription season closes to-night with *Semiramide*; but on Tuesday, there will be one more performance before the curtain drops its last.

SONNET.

No. XLVIII.

I MAY conceal the truth with outside fair,
Deceiving others and myself the most;
Looking within, I feel what I have lost,
Glancing upon my heart—'tis written there;
The smile upon the lips, when eyeballs glare
With anguish, is not more an empty boast
Than mine, when—on a restless ocean tost—
I give the name of solace to despair.
Despair! rise in thy dark magnificence,
Come in thine awful truth, cast off disguise,
Tread out the torch of Hope, that makes men err,
With thy hot breath banish delusion hence—
As when, perchance, the sun, in wintry skies,
Melting the snow, reveals a sepulchre.—N.D.

GIORGIO RONCONI.

THIS celebrated dramatic vocalist was born in Venice on the 6th of August, 1814. His father, Domenico Ronconi, an artiste of great eminence in his time, was first tenor to Alexander, Emperor of Russia, Francesco 1st of Austria, and Maximilian of Bavaria. Giorgio Ronconi received his earliest instructions in singing, at Milan, from Rosa Ronconi, his sister, who, though an amateur, was an excellent musician. During this time his father was at Munich, fulfilling the office of *maitre de chant*, at the court of Maximilian—father of the present King of Bavaria, renowned as a warm patron of the arts and Lola Montez. At his return, young Giorgio, who had made considerable progress, and already knew more than his sister, profited by the experience and knowledge of his parent, and under his admirable tuition advanced rapidly in his studies. After two years practice he went to Pavia, a university town situated about ten miles from Milan; and, bitten with the rage for dramatic representations, entered into an engagement with the manager of the Opera there. He made his *début*, at eighteen years of age, in the part of Arturo (created by Tamburini), in Bellini's *La Straniera*. The composer himself was present, and felicitated Ronconi warmly on his success; and here a friendship was begun between Bellini and

Ronconi, which endured until the lamented death of the former put an end to it. The *impresario* of *La Scala* at Milan, the well-known Merelli; was also present on this occasion, and was desirous of securing the services of the youthful *débütante* for the *troupe* he was then forming for the Carnival. But Ronconi was fearful of risking the consequences, at his early age, of a failure at the largest theatre of Italy; and preferred accepting an engagement which was offered him, for the Carnival, at the little theatre of Cremona. There he appeared in *La Straniera*, Donizetti's *Olivo e Pasquale* (not *Don Pasquale*), and *Il Barone di Dolseim*, an opera by Pacini. His success was uncontested, and the result was an engagement for the Opera at Bologna, with Madame Ungher and Signor Poggi; afterwards the husband of Mlle. Frezzolini, the now celebrated *soprano*. At Bologna, Ronconi gained fresh laurels in *La Straniera* and *I Normani in Parigi*, an opera by Mercadante. The sensation he produced in this last opera was so deep; that it procured him an engagement for the great *fiéra* (fair) at Pádua, where the same operas were produced, with the addition of Mercadante's *Gabrielle di Vergy*, and *Eufemio di Messina* of Persiani. From Padua, Ronconi proceeded to Rome, where Donizetti; at the time, was engaged to write an opera for the *troupe* of the *Valle*, the second lyrical theatre in the city of the Cæsars. The popular *maestro* had but small faith in the new comer, and it was with a faint heart that he submitted to his care the principal part in his new work, *Il Furioso*. But contrary to all expectations, Ronconi created a perfect *furor* in this opera; and was the main cause of its success. So content was Donizetti, that the year following he wrote *Torquato Tasso*—one of his capital works—especially for Ronconi, the triumph of which is now a matter of history. For fifty-two representations in succession the theatre was so full; that crowds were sent away from the doors every night. After his success in *Il Furioso*, Ronconi appeared at Piacenza, and at Padua (for the second time), where he gained new honors. It was thence he returned to Rome, in the season of the Carnival, and achieved the triumph in *Torquato Tasso*, which we have already recorded. From Rome he proceeded to Turin, where, at the theatre *Carignano*, he sang in Rossi's *Il Disertore Svizzero*, Herold's *Zampa*, and Donizetti's *Parisina*. In the same season he was engaged at the *Teatro Reggio*, where Mercadante wrote for him *La Francesca Donato*, which, in spite of the favor accorded to Ronconi, achieved but a cold reception, and was not played more than nineteen times. In Italy an opera that is only played nineteen times is considered almost a failure.

Ronconi's next engagement was at the *San Carlo* of Naples, where his *Torquato Tasso* created the same sensation as at Rome. Not only were the *abonnés* of the great Neapolitan Opera wound up to an unusual pitch of enthusiasm, but a young and beautiful lady, Giovannina Giannoni, an enthusiastic amateur, and daughter of the Cesare Giannoni (pupil of the celebrated Fenaroli, of the Neapolitan *Conservatoire*), was so charmed by the talent of the young barytone, that, on making his acquaintance, and finding a reciprocity of sentiment on his part, she consented to admit his addresses, and in less than three months was wedded to him—which important event in the life of Ronconi happened on the 18th of October, 1837. From this time Ronconi remained two years at Naples, where he performed no less than 282 times. Among the operas in which he appeared, were *Torquato Tasso*, *Jean de Calais* (Donizetti), *Il Bravo* (Marllani), *Emma d'Antiochia* (Mercadante), *Il Campagnello* (Donizetti), *I Saraceni in Caltanea* (Persiani), and *Lara* (Ruolz)—all of which were written expressly for him—besides many others too long to

recite. At this time the theatre was managed by a society of distinguished Neapolitan *dilettante*. The *troupe* comprised the following celebrities:—*prime donne*, Madame Malibran, Madame Ronzi de Begnis, Madame Persiani, Madame Duprez (wife of the celebrated Duprez), Madame Schulz, Madame Ungher; *tenore*, Duprez (who commenced his career in Italy, and at this period, which was immediately previous to his appearance at the *Académie* in Paris, was a singer of very little note); Reina (a great vocalist in his day, and the admitted rival of Donzelli), Donzelli himself, Moriani, Salvi, Pedrazzi; *bassi*, Lablache, Coselli, (for whom Donizetti wrote *Parisina*) Crespi, Porto (nephew of the celebrated Porto, for whom Rossini wrote the part of Brabantio, in *Otello*, and who had the most extended register of voice ever known of its *genre*), Ronconi, and many others. This was the greatest, most various, and most efficient company ever known in Italy. And yet, with so magnificent a *troupe*, it is a positive fact, that on one occasion, in consequence of Duprez being absent on leave at Ancona, and Ronconi being indisposed, *the theatre was obliged to be closed*—and that on *Sunday*, ordinarily the most profitable day of the week in the Italian operatic towns. Herefrom two great operatic establishments, not far off, which we will not specialise by name, might derive a beneficial lesson, to guide them in the formation of their future companies.

During the three succeeding years Ronconi visited Livourno, Florence, Bologna, Verona, Trieste, Venice, Sinigaglia (*la porte des Français*,—Seno Gallia—the birth place of the great and renowned Pio IX, who was governor of the town at the time of the engagement of Ronconi, with whom he lived on terms of friendly intimacy,) Faenza, &c., each of which towns he visited at least four or five times. During his last season but one in Italy (the autumn of 1841), Ronconi was at Modena, where the well-known Laporte, formerly director of Her Majesty's Theatre, happened to be staying at the time. Laporte was so delighted with Ronconi's talents that he immediately engaged him for London, for the spring of the following year. Accordingly, after fulfilling his last engagement in Italy, at the Carnival of Milan, Ronconi arrived in England in April 1842. Laporte, whose judgment in artistic matters was justly renowned, had been struck with the talent displayed by Ronconi in two very opposite characters—Filippo, in Bellini's *Beatrice di Tenda*, and Dulcamarra, in Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore*—characters demanding respectively the deepest tragic and the liveliest comic powers. Madame Ronconi, who played the part of Adina in *L'Elisir d'Amore*, also favourably attracted the attention of Laporte, and was included in the engagement. On their arrival in England, however, the Ronconis found poor Laporte dead, and Mr. Lumley, the present lessee, in his place as director. Their engagement, nevertheless, was equally valid, and in *Beatrice di Tenda*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Don Giovanni*, *Elena di Feltro* (Mercadante), *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *Torquato Tasso*, *Roberto Devereux*, *I Puritani*, and *Mosé in Egitto*, Ronconi exhibited the variety of his resources, and the energy and originality of his talent, to singular advantage. After the season he undertook a tour in the provinces, accompanied by Thalberg, Made. Ronconi, and John Parry, during which he sang at forty-six concerts, in rapid succession.

Subsequent to this tour, Ronconi went to Paris, where he gave several concerts, and sang at all the *soirées* of the nobility, in company with Mad. Ronconi. His reception at Paris was so great that M. Vatel engaged him for the Italian Opera, where he made a brilliant *début*, and where he has remained ever since for five years) one of the most attractive members of the *troupe*.

At Vienna, where Ronconi had previously created a great sensation in 1839, Donizetti composed for him the opera of *Maria di Rohan*, in 1843, which produced an effect that has never been effaced in that city of connoisseurs. From Vienna Ronconi proceeded to Pesth, in Hungary, where he was equally well received. The operas there performed were *Maria di Rohan*, *Beatrice di Tenda*, and *L'Elisir d'Amore*, in all of which Made. Ronconi shared the success of her celebrated *caro sposo*. From Pesth Ronconi came back once more to Paris, where he formed an engagement with M. Salamanca for the opera at Madrid. At the Spanish capital he became such an immense favourite that M. Salamanca entered into terms with him, to form and direct the entire company for the ensuing year. The *troupe* engaged by Ronconi included Made. Persiani, Made. Ronconi, Salvi, Marini, &c. In the previous year (his first in Spain) Ronconi visited Barcelona, where he gave five representations; after which he returned to Naples, the scene of his most frequent triumphs, and performed with Made. Anna Bishop in *Beatrice di Tenda*. Since then Ronconi's visits to Paris have been annual; he is an enormous favorite with the Parisians, who will not admit any one to be his equal as a dramatic singer. The result of his engagement this year with the Royal Italian Opera is well known to the readers of the *Musical World*. Ronconi is an honorary associate of the *Accademia di Santa Cecilia*, at Rome, Naples, Venice, Bologna, and Firenze, and an honorary member of the *Capella Sistina* at Rome. His repertory is more varied and numerous than that of any other living dramatic vocalist. Twenty-five operas have been expressly written for him:—*L'avvertimento ai Gelosi*, by Balfe; *Il Furioso*, *Torquato Tasso*, *Maria Rudenz*, *Il Campanello*, *Maria di Rohan*, and *Maria Padilla* of Donizetti; *I Saraceni in Cattanea*, *Eufemio di Messina*, *Il Fantasma*, and *L'Orfana Savojarda* of Persiani; *Corrado d'Altamura*, and *Il Disertore per Amore* of Ricci; *Nabucco*, by Verdi; *Francisca Donata*, by Mercadante; and others by Ruolz, Vaccaj, Nini, Lillo, Rossi, Gervasi, Gerli, Raimondi, and Bornaccini. With these, and the other operas in which he is famous, Ronconi's *repertoire* includes no less than 140 works, by various composers, ancient and modern, in any of which he is ready to sing at a moment's notice!

Our own high opinion of Ronconi's dramatic and vocal talents has been given too often to need repeating here. It is enough to say that we consider him one of the most extraordinary of living artistes—one of the greatest and most versatile. And, to add another charm to all this, he is as modest and unaffected as a child.

RACHEL AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

SINCE our last, Rachel has appeared in *Phédre*, *Virginie*, and *Jeanne d'Arc*. There is a charm in everything she does; she realizes so intensely the *beau-ideal* of the tragic poet, that we find it difficult to pronounce which character she most excels in. We were delighted with her in Camille—as we faintly endeavoured to pourtray last week—and perhaps if asked to say which character we would recommend any one to see her in, who had never seen Rachel before, we should say Camille in *Les Horaces*. But to see her in Camille *alone* is to know but little of her talent. *Phédre* calls for far greater display of her tragic powers—and what more difficult to depict than the guilty love-stricken woman, consumed by a passion of which she is not only the unwilling, but the *resisting* victim! No one can describe her wonderful acting in Racine's masterpiece; it must be seen, and by those only who

have seen it can it be felt and appreciated. Her reception was far more enthusiastic than on Monday night, and she was recalled at the end of each act—even after the final close, so powerfully given, of her death by poison. This calling before the curtain is a most unmeaning and senseless custom, and after a closing scene like the one in *Les Horaces*, or in *Phédre*, it becomes truly painful, and jars all feelings of propriety; it must be a very doubtful sort of compliment to the actor when she has just been taking such pains to convince us she was dying! It wants reforming altogether; surely some more suitable mode of expressing approbation might be adopted. *Tartuffe* was admirably played the same evening by the other members of Mr. Mitchell's *troupe*, especially *Tartuffe* by M. Brevame, and Orgon's wife by Madlle. Rabut; nor must we omit to mention favourably Orgon's *beaufrère*, by M. Cloup, and the *suivante* by Mdle. Derouet—it was a capital performance. But one of Molière's comedies and Racine's tragedy make too long a performance to be given the same evening. We did not see her *Virginie* on Friday, but understand it was another triumph for Rachel. On Saturday evening we saw her, for the last time in Manchester, in Soumet's tragedy, *Jeanne d'Arc*—a most lovely picture it was! one that will never be effaced from our memory. We are sorry to say the house was not a very good one—the thinnest of the four, and that Mr. Knowles and Mr. Mitchell (whose joint venture it was) will be anything but gainers by this the first attempt at bringing out Rachel in the provinces! Next week we shall have Jenny Lind. Mr. Knowles will make money by her engagement, as nearly every place in the theatre is taken for her four nights.—Will she satisfy us as well as Rachel has done? We shall see. Meantime, the Lind seems to be falling into disfavour with the Editor of the *Musical World*, this last week or two, as well as Her Majesty's Theatre generally.

MUSIC AT MARGATE.

To the Editor of the *Musical World*.

SIR,—Observing that you frequently insert communications from provincial correspondents on matters musical, may I request that you will spare a corner for a sketch of our doings at Margate, in the harmonic line. Promenade concerts take place every evening, in the spacious room belonging to the Royal Hotel, under the direction of Mr. Gardner, a talented violoncello player, belonging to the band of Her Majesty's Theatre, who has adapted several overtures and selections from popular operas, as septetts for violins, violoncello, double bass, flute, cornet, and pianoforte; these are performed in a very efficient manner by Messrs. Bradley, Gardner, Taylor, A. Wells, Davies, Taylure, &c., most of whom play solos on their several instruments in very clever style. Interspersed with the instrumental pieces, are songs by the Misses Kenneth, Mrs. A. Newton, and others. Mr. J. L. Hatton, the composer, is announced for a pianoforte performance and a buffo song, and we look for his appearance with interest; he was highly successful last year. The concert terminates at half-past nine, when dancing commences under the direction of Mr. Mott, from Her Majesty's Theatre, and is kept up with great spirit and respectability for two hours, to a most excellent orchestra. The Tivoli Gardens are open every afternoon, and concerts take place in the evening under the direction of the veteran, Sinclair, whose property the gardens are; he sings Scottish ballads with great applause. Songs and duets are also nicely sung by Miss Harcourt and Miss Millar. After which dancing commences to a good band, and the whole concludes with a brilliant display of fireworks.

At St. Peter's, two miles on the Ramsgate road, music and dancing take place daily; and we have had some *soi-disant* negroes, with their banjos and their bones. There is a band of sixteen Germans on the Pier, which plays three times a day, while the visitors promenade. We have also our *Jenny Lind*, who sings ballads, accompanying herself on the guitar, at the end of the Jetty, when the tide is out; so, Sir, I think you will allow that Margate is not an anti-musical place. I perceive, in a popular Sunday paper, a sketch of our renowned town crier, which, I assure you, is by no means overcharged. Mr. Phillpott is one of the most eccentric and amusing fellows imaginable. He was born a poet, although his profession is only that of a cobbler; as he himself observes, "I cries all the summer, and cobbles all the winter." The manner in which he announces the amusements, the sailing of the steam boats, goods to sell, &c., is highly laughable; he generally accomplishes his *devoir* in doggerel verse, and the visitors crowd around him whenever they hear his bell. As a specimen of his poetical talent, I send you one of his recent effusions respecting the promenade concerts, premising that his delivery is most quaint and ludicrous; he lays emphasis and makes long pauses in wrong places, taking all sorts of liberties with the Queen's English—*ecce signum*—

(*Tingle-ting—Tingle-ting.*)

"Ye gents and ye ladies attend to my call,
When the consort is over—there will be a ball!

(*Tingle-ting—Tingle-ting.*)

"The gentry is invited
To the consorts for to go,
Where they will be delighted,
As very well I know.
The music, which is pretty,
Begins exact at eight,—
Then quit the Pier and Jetty,
And to the rooms go straight.
The singing is enchanting,
The playing very fine,
In short, there's nothing wanting
To make it all dewine!"

You shall hear from me again, the moment I find anything worth noting for the information of your readers.—Your obedient servant,

HARMONICUS.

Marine Terrace, August 17th, 1847.

PROVINCIAL.

LEICESTER.—Considerable excitement has been manifested during the last fortnight by the announcement of a concert to be given, for which the Distin family was engaged, and who made their appearance before a Leicester audience on Monday evening last, at the Theatre. The house was very well and fashionably attended, and we beg most heartily to congratulate our worthy townsman, Mr. H. Nicholson, on the success which has attended his spirited attempt to introduce for the first time these *artistes* in Leicester. Mr. Distin's performance of Dr. Arne's "Soldier Tired" was redemanded. Miss O'Connor made a favourable impression on the audience by her unaffected manner of singing. We must not omit to mention the piano-forte accompanying of Mr. Willy, which added greatly to the general effect, and who also played a concerto of Doehler's in a first-rate manner.—*Leicester Advertiser.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

CAMEO ENGRAVINGS.—The finest specimens that are known are those devoted to Mythological subjects, and consequently are liable to the caprice or fancy of the artist, whose object is to pourtray the general character, without the necessity of subscribing to the features, except so far as they are classically delineated. A young Medallist of the name of Picourt has struck out a new path, and has ventured upon taking likenesses on Cameos which

of course are unperishable, and his essays have been crowned with the greatest success by those of her Majesty and the Prince Consort. His stay in this Country will be of some duration unless called upon to resume his avocations as a medallist at Paris.—(*From a Correspondent.*)

BENEDICT left London, on Thursday, to join his family at Boulogne. Benedict intends during the recess to visit the principal towns of Germany.

FELIX GODFROID, the harpist has gone to Boulogne Sur Mer.

MRS. FANNY BUTLER.—An interesting anecdote is told of Mrs. Butler on her passage from Jersey to this island. It appears that the fair actress was very ill on board the steamer, and consequently not much in the humour to be disturbed or spoken to. The stewardess, however, was obliged to ask for the fare. Her application was responded to by Mrs. Butler, with a tone and attitude strictly theatrical—"Woman, when you see a poor creature, suffering as I am now, you should not ask her for money."—*Guernsey Sun.*

GIBSON, THE HARLEQUIN.—This popular pantomimist and dancer met with a premature death by drowning, on Sunday, at Liverpool, while bathing in the river Mersey.

A MUSICIAN IN TROUBLE.—About noon on Friday, as the band of the First Royal Regiment was at practice in the Regent-road Barrack, all the members of the band, with the exception of the non-commissioned officers and one or two privates, made a simultaneous attack on Signor Castaldini, the band-master of the regiment. Throwing a sheet over him, so as to prevent his identifying any one in particular, they beat him with their fists severely about the head and the body, though not so as to inflict any severer injury on his person than a sound thrashing. Of course all the offenders were immediately placed in confinement. Colonel Bell forthwith instituted an inquiry into the cause of this outrage; and from what we have heard, we understand that it is alleged to have been provoked by a long series of violent, harsh, and offensive treatment to which the men have been subjected by the band-master. This was the more irritating to the band, as Signor Castaldini is a civilian, and has therefore no right to abuse the power intrusted to him, as he has nothing to do with the discipline of the men, beyond the performance of his duty in teaching them music. As his name implies, he is an Italian, a musician of considerable talent, and successful as a teacher; but it is said that he has been in the habit of applying to the band generally the most contemptuous epithets, such as "English brutes," and other terms unfit for publication; and that his behaviour towards them has at length driven the men to inflict this summary punishment on the one holding for the time the position of their officer. They would have acted much more wisely in preferring a complaint of Signor Castaldini's conduct to Colonel Bell, whose known impartiality would have insured them attention, a fair investigation and ample justice. It is said that Signor Castaldini, on a former occasion was similarly treated by the band of the 11th Foot, for like conduct towards them, and that his connexion with that regiment was then terminated by his discharge. In all probability he will soon cease to be band-master of the Royals.—*Manchester Guardian.*

MR. STUART and his accomplished daughter have been playing with great success at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester.

A GRAND CONCERT was given yesterday in the concert-room of Her Majesty's Theatre, in aid of the Chorus belonging to the establishment. All the artistes lent their services gratis, and the attraction was immense, especially since Mdle. Jenny Lind descended to sing. We need not specialize all the *morceaux*. Those which obtained most applause were, of course, given by the Swedish Nightingale. She was encored in "Quand je quittai la Normandie," in "Sul l'aria," with Madame Castellan; and in two of her Swedish Melodies. The first song was brilliantly given, the duet was very charming; and the two National Melodies exhibited the peculiar qualities of the fair artist to very great advantage. Gardoni gave the "Spirito Gentil," from *Le Favourite*, with great expression and feeling. Staudigl sang two songs, one from Balfe's *Casle of Aymon*, in which he was much applauded. There were, besides, the usual solos, duets, trios, &c., and the whole choir gave choruses of Verdi and Bolognese. Balfe accompanied almost every *morceau* with his customary skill and efficiency. The concert-room was full, but not inconveniently crowded.

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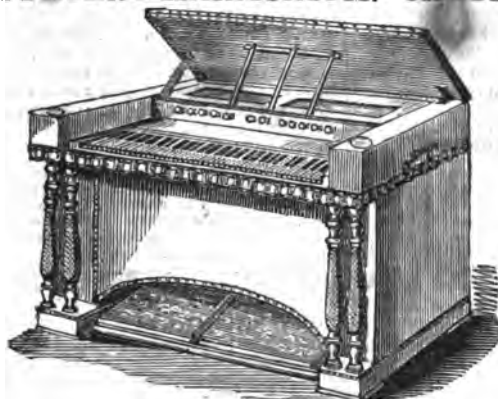
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No. 40.—VOL. XXII.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1847.

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THE GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

TO DESMOND RYAN, ESQ.

Gloucester, Sunday, Sept. 26th, 1847.

DEAR RYAN,—My last was cut short by the anticipation of an immediate ascent to the top of Gloucester Cathedral. But I did not go, and might have got to the end of my letter without interruption. The reason of my non-ascent I have forgotten. Therefore, without further preface, let me pursue the main subject of the present communication—the Festival.

To begin at the end—there has not been for many years a meeting which has given so much satisfaction and proved so light a burden on the shoulders of the stewards, who do not like paying through the nose, gentlemen though they be. But to return to the beginning—I have already furnished you with an account of the first day's proceedings, and the following are the remaining contents of my common-place book:—

Wednesday.—The clouds are gone to the hills; the sun rides alone in the sky; birds are singing, insects buzzing, bells chiming, carriages rolling; the old city is alive again, and the aspect of things proclaims a joyous Festival. It is strange—but I have remarked, since 1836, in the month of May, when *Paulus* was first performed, at the triennial Rhenish Festival, held that year in Dusseldorf—that the name of Mendelssohn is sure to bring fine weather. I cannot recall, during eleven years, any musical event in which Mendelssohn has been concerned, without the memory of blue sky and sunshine spontaneously accompanying the recollection. It will seem odd, but it is nevertheless true, and I have taken such particular note of it that I cannot be mistaken. The *Elijah*, this morning, the grand event of the Festival, is another instance to add to my collection. You will say, the oratorio opens with a prophecy that there shall be neither rain nor dew "for these years;" but this is merely punning upon the circumstance, and is unworthy of you. Certain it is, however, that the sky, which yesterday was all brown, to-day is all blue, and I have a superstitious credence that Mendelssohn's *Elias* is the real cause of the change.

The Cathedral was crammed to repletion. *Elijah* is destined to be a great popular idol, like the *Messiah*—an attraction never failing—a sure card in Festivals; and it deserves to be—for, nearer than any other work, it approaches the beauty, grandeur, and sublimity of Handel's masterpiece. The performance on the whole was excellent. The band was careful, the chorus on the alert, the soloists on their mettle. Madame Caradori and Miss A. Williams were the *sopranos*, Miss Dolby and Miss M. Williams the *contraltos*, Mr. Lockey and Mr. Williams the *tenors*, Herr Staudigl and Mr. Weiss the *basses*. I will not tire you with a repetition of details which have more than once been given in the *Musical World*. You know

my opinion of these vocalists, *apropos* of their exertions in the *Elijah*. Suffice it they exhibited their usual merits and their usual zeal. I have only to protest against the impropriety of taking from Miss A. Williams the part in the duet, "Lord, bow down thine ear to our prayer," which Mendelssohn himself assigned to her in Birmingham, and which is not suited to Madame Caradori's voice or style of singing. The conductor, Mr. Amott, had studied the score attentively, and only sinned, here and there, in dragging the times:—as for example in the overture, which was taken much too slow, and in several of the choruses. The organ, in the hands of Mr. Townsend Smith, was what Mendelssohn intended:—a medium for strengthening the harmony and varying the instrumentation—not a coarse obtrusive feature, as it has been made elsewhere. The sensation produced by *Elijah* justified all that the Gloucester amateurs had anticipated. Its success, both in an artistic and pecuniary point of view, was triumphant. There was but one opinion about it. Worcester, next year, and Hereford, the year after (unless Mr. Done and Mr. Smith, the organists of either cathedral, be not the men for whom I take them) will imitate the example of Gloucester, and make the *Elijah* the prominent attraction of the Festival.

The second miscellaneous concert took place in the evening, at the Shire Hall. Mendelssohn was again the feature of the programme, and with the overture and incidental music in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the performances commenced. Nothing new can be said of this *chef d'œuvre*. Let it suffice that the overture was well performed, albeit a shade too slow; the *scherzo* ditto ditto; the two-part song, "Ye spotted snakes," was ably rendered by the Misses Williams and chorus; the interlude, in A minor, of "Hermia seeking Lysander in the wood" was omitted; the *notturmo* was not so well played as the other instrumental pieces; the wedding march, brilliantly but noisily executed, was encored by the whole audience; and the final chorus "Through this house," went with great precision and delicacy. Like the *Walpurgis Night*, the *Midsummer Night's Dream* has now tested the ordeal of the three choirs; admired, applauded at Worcester, it was more admired, more applauded at Hereford, most admired and most applauded at Gloucester. A better sign of the advancement of musical taste in the provinces could hardly be looked for.

After the last echo of Mendelssohn's faëry music had died away, Alboni, the gorgeous Alboni, with her portly frame and winning smile, came forward and sang "Una voce poco fa," after her own peculiar fashion, and at once produced an impression which has had no parallel in the musical annals of Gloucester. It is enough to say that Alboni sang in her usual style, to account for the effect she produced. She was rap-

turously encored, and repeated the *allegro* with increased brilliancy. There was scarcely a note of Rossini's text, but the thing had a charm of its own that was quite irresistible. Alboni's triumph was followed by Staudigl, who sang a lugubrious recitative and air by one Fuchs in first-rate style, giving place to Miss Dolby and Mr. Lockey, who rendered due justice to Balfé's graceful duet, "The sailor sighs as sinks his native shore," and were in their turn followed by Mrs. Weiss, who distinguished herself favourably in the elegant song, "They little know the charms," from Benedict's opera of *The Crusaders*,—the first part concluding with the duet "Dunque io son," which was read in a style thoroughly original, by Alboni and Staudigl.

Then ensued the "interval of twenty minutes," which might have been termed an interlude, so loud was the *causerie*, and so boisterous the merriment; the prime motive thereto being John Parry's "London Season," in the course of which the *buffo unique sui generis* (it requires three tongues to apostrophise him) introduced, with singular felicity and *apropos*, the name of the gifted Alboni, whose singing had so stirred the hearts of the auditors. And to say that John Parry sang was to say that John Parry was encored—Albert Smith coming in for his share of the ovations, although not present to endure them *in propria persona*.

Weber's tremendous overture to *Euryanthe*, capitally played, began the second part, and was followed by Curschman's smooth *terzettinello*, "Ti prego," which was pleasantly chaunted by the pretty Misses Williams and Mr. Lockey. Then once more the voice of Alboni pealed through the building, until it was alive with pulsatory vibrations, that made the atmosphere quiver, as with delight at being thus deliciously oppressed. The air was "Il segreto," the well-known bacchanalian from *Lucrezia*. To describe the sensation and the triple encore demands a pen more used to apostrophe than mine, which I lay down in despair. It was a rare treat, however, to behold the crowd, moved as the sea by tempestuous winds, roar and roar again with convulsions of satisfaction. Mr. Lockey's quiet reading of Hatton's quaint serenade, "The silver moon," nevertheless, did not fail to find appreciators. Of the glee, "O by rivers," (also styled *serenade*), "arranged" by Bishop, from Wilson and Saville (a large companionship in such a small commodity) albeit nicely rendered by Miss Dolby, Misses A. and M. Williams, Messrs. Lockey and Weiss, I would rather say (because I think nothing) nothing. But no praise can be too warm for Miss Dolby, who in Mozart's unaffected and lovely air, "Quando miro," sang in such unaffected and lovely style as to move all hearts to feel, all hands to applaud, all voices to say, "once more!" And once more the charming singer gave a tongue to that divine melody, and once more impressed her hearers with a sense of her own great merits and Mozart's unapproachable supremacy. Nothing in the concert—not even Mendelssohn's *Dream*, not even Alboni's oily tones—pleased more than this modest air, thus modestly interpreted. The music and the singer were worthy of each other. Another encore followed, for Staudigl, who sang with glorious fervour, the glorious, "Ruddier than the cherry," from the pearl of pastorals, *Acis and Galatea*. It is but truth to say that the Gloucester audience knew what to applaud and what to be indifferent to, as well as any London audience I ever came amidst. They showed it in their instant appreciation of the two gems last mentioned.

Nor did the beautiful tone and finished execution of Mr. Williams, in a *fantasia* upon the clarionet, escape the best appreciation; the air, "Hope told," was exquisitely played,

and the variations were executed with masterly ease. Miss Martha Williams sang a little air, by one Krebs, "Dearest I think of thee," in a manner that was not the less attractive because it was wholly unpretending: A M.S. song, by H. Legent, "Old customs," though intelligently rendered by Mr. Weiss, did not make any great impression. The duet, "Bella imago," from *Semiramide*, by Alboni and Staudigl, was the last item of the programme, and played the audience out—which, by the way, was but a mean compliment to the great artistes who were singing. The attendance at this concert was numerous, but not inconveniently crowded, as might have been anticipated from the attractions of the programme. But Alboni's influence was more legitimately exerted after she had been heard, and early the next day not a ticket was to be obtained for the third concert, *par amours* or otherwise.

Thursday.—I shall make short work of this day's selection, in the Cathedral, which was fragmentary in form and egregious in length. The first part commenced with "Spring," from Haydn's *Seasons*—Miss A. Williams, Mrs. Weiss, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Weiss, taking the *solos*; and concluded with some fragments from Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*, in which Madame Caradori Allan, the Misses Williams, Mrs. Weiss, Messrs. Lockey, Weiss, Williams, Genge, Ashton, Smythson, and Herr Staudigl, were the principals. The second part began with a selection from Beethoven's Mass in C, the *solos* by Miss Dolby, the Misses Williams, Mr. Lockey and Herr Staudigl; proceeded with the chorus, "Rex tremendæ," and quartet, "Recordare," from Mozart's *Requiem* (Miss A. Williams, Miss Dolby, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Weiss,) the air, "Rolling with foaming billows," (Staudigl), the air, "With verdure clad," (Madame Caradori), the air, "In native worth," (Mr. Lockey), a chorus, "Gloria in excelsis," by Pergolesi, the air, "Gratias agimus," by Guglielmi, (Madame Caradori, with Mr. Williams on the clarionet), a duet, "Forsake me not," by Spohr, (Miss A. Williams and Mr. Lockey), the air, "But the Lord is mindful," from *St. Paul*, (Miss Dolby), a quartet unaccompanied, "Alla trinita beata," (Madame Caradori, Miss Dolby, Mr. Lockey, and Herr Staudigl), and a chorus, by Haydn, "The Arm of the Lord," and concluded with some pieces from Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, in which Madame Caradori, Mrs. Weiss, Miss Dolby, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Weiss, and Herr Staudigl officiated as principals. This motley classification of good and indifferent music produced an universal effect of *ennui*. It proved quite unattractive, moreover, for the attendance was unusually scanty, although the weather was fine, and expectations of a successful third day had been general. But the truth must be told:—*pol-pourris* are going rapidly out of fashion, and strong hopes may be entertained of their ultimate abolishment, never to be revived again, by which music will be an immense gainer.

Equally brief shall I be with the concert in the evening—the third and last—of which the following was the scheme:

PART I.

Overture—(Guillaume Tell)—*Rossini*.

Glee—Miss M. Williams, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Williams, and Mr. Weiss, "By Celia's arbour."—*Horsley*.

Aria—Madame Caradori Allan, "Il soave, e bel contento."—*Pacini*.

Air—Herr Staudigl, "In diesen heil'gen Hallen."—*Mozart*.

Aria—Madlle. Alboni, "Una voce poco fa."—(Il Barbiere di Siviglia.)—*Rossini*.

Glee and Chorus—Miss A. Williams, Mrs. Weiss, Miss E. Byers, Miss Dolby, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Williams, Mr. Peck, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Smythson, Mr. Green, and Herr Staudigl, "The Gipsies' Tent."—*T. Cooke*.

Romance Française—Madame Caradori Allan, "On m'a dit que j'étais reuse."—(La Fauvette du Canton.)—*Clapisson*.

Air—Mr. Weiss, "The light of other days."—*Balfé*.

Duet—Miss A. Williams and Mr. Lockey, "Do not shun me."—(Jessonda.)
Spohr.

Tersettino—Madame Caradori Allan, Madlle. Alboni, and Herr Staudigl,
"L'usata ardir."—(Semiramide)—*Rossini.*

New Song—Mr. John Parry, "Miss Harriet and her Governess; or, a
Young Lady's Thoughts on Education." Written by Mr. J. W. Roe,
arranged by John Parry.

PART II.

Grand Symphony—(B flat)—*Beethoven.*

Cavatina—Madlle. Alboni, "In questo semplice."—*Donizetti.*

Song—Herr Staudigl, "Non più andrai."—(Le Nozze di Figaro)—*Mozart.*

Ballad—Miss Dolby, "Forget thee."—*G. E. Hay.*

Recitativo and Aria—Madame Caradori Allan, "Invano alcun desir."—
(Armida)—*Gluck.*

Glee—Miss A. Williams, Miss M. Williams, Miss Dolby, Mr. Lockey, and
Mr. Weiss, "Believe me, tears."—*Sir H. R. Bishop.*

Ballad—Mrs. Weiss, "It is not form."—(The Bondman)—*Balfe.*

Duetto—Madame Caradori Allan and Madlle. Alboni, "Giorno d'orrore."—
(Semiramide)—*Rossini.*

New Ballad—Mr. Lockey, "Come down here."—*Blewitt.*

Finale—"God save the Queen."

Alboni triumphed again, was encored in both her songs, and solicited by a deputation from the stewards to sing yet another—with which solicitation she cheerfully complied, repeating the Bacchanalian from *Lucrezia*, which had created so great a sensation on the night previous. Here let me make the *amende honorable* to Mr. Lindsay Sloper, who has been accompanying Alboni on her tour, and there being no orchestral parts at hand, assumed his place at the piano, and played this sparkling song in a style of brilliancy and neatness peculiar to himself. Encores were also awarded to Staudigl in Mozart's fine air; to Mr. T. Cooke's clever "glee and chorus;" to Miss Dolby, in Mr. Hay's ballad; to Madame Caradori in the charming air of Gluck; and to the duet from *Semiramide* by Madame Caradori and Madlle Alboni. An encore was also deserved, though not obtained, by Miss A. Williams and Mr. Lockey, in Spohr's duet. The national anthem was not encored; but John Parry's new song—one of excellent humour, by the way—was enthusiastically re-demanded; in response to which John Parry sang *another*. On the whole this concert was much inferior to the first and second. The only great piece attempted, Beethoven's symphony in B flat, was shorn of the two last movements, and what was given was in a style that may be called slovenly, with strict adherence to truth. Nevertheless, owing to the extraordinary sensation produced by Alboni on the previous night the Shire Hall was crammed to an overflow, and many were sent away disappointed in obtaining tickets. Alboni is the whole theme of Gloucester *causerie*; you cannot pass up and down the streets without hearing an earnest discussion of her merits in almost every corner, nor can you approach a house where there is a piano, without hearing some young lady endeavouring to emulate the fervour and intensity of her "Yah-e-oo!" in the *Betty* affair, which absolutely fills the atmosphere of the city with strange and unmusical noises, the awkward ebullitions of amateur screamers. I cannot much admire this *tyrolien*, and I quite agree with a musical friend who observed to me that a Parisian audience would hardly tolerate it even from Alboni. But like the Ethiopian business, it has acquired, in England, the whole favour and sympathy of the mob. This I cannot deny; but I would rather not hear such a magnificently endowed artiste as Alboni descend to such means of courting popularity.

Friday.—The *Messiah* was performed this morning in the Cathedral, in first-rate style. The principal singers were Madame Caradori, Miss Dolby, Mrs. Weiss, the Misses Williams, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Williams, and Herr Staudigl, who all exerted themselves with commendable zeal, in rendering justice to the great masterpiece they were in-

terpreting. The band and chorus were admirable, and on the whole I have rarely heard the *Messiah* more satisfactorily performed. It is unnecessary to say more about this undying work, which every musician and amateur knows by heart, or ought to know. The attendance was good, but not so crowded as on the *Elijah* day.

In the evening there was another ball at the Shire-Hall, which was not so well patronised (although by no means ill patronised) as was anticipated. I amused myself by looking at the dancers for an hour or two—and then for an hour or two more—and eventually got to bed at five in the morning, and rose in time to miss the train for London by which I had calculated on going. And so I took a solitary walk in the country instead, and was enchanted with my excursion—for Gloucestershire is really beautiful and romantic.

The pecuniary result of the Festival, in respect to the Charity which it is intended to assist, may be gathered from the following, which gives the result of the last three Festivals, and has appeared in the Gloucestershire *Chronicle* and *Journal*:—

	1847.			1844.			1841.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
First day,	170	16	2	163	18	4	180	12	4
Second day, ...	240	14	4	111	9	4	126	7	11
Third day, ...	125	10	0	79	19	0	155	6	2
Fourth day, ...	147	2	6	175	0	4	121	1	*4
	£684 3 0			530 7 0			533 7 9		

By which it will be seen that the present year has considerably the advantage. Indeed, the Festival has altogether exceeded the warmest anticipations of the stewards, who are likely to issue, scot-free, from the ordeal of responsibility. This must be satisfactory to all, since it ensures the continued association of Gloucester with the other two choirs in future meetings. It would be a grievous thing were any untoward mischance to put an end to these really splendid meetings, which, while they assist an excellent charity, advance the cause of music. But the inhabitants of Gloucester must bestir themselves, and not leave the entire responsibilities on the shoulders of the stewards, who get nothing but *honor* for their pecuniary risk and their heavy labor. Instead of impeding the objects of the Festival, by raising the prices of everything, they should rather endeavour to promote them by offering increased facilities to visitors by accommodating them at a reasonable profit. They would thereby draw numbers to the town, during Festival week, who, as matters are now managed, keep away altogether, in fear of the exorbitant expense. Let them remember that, more than anybody they themselves would suffer by the annihilation of the Festival.

The Rev. Dr. Evans, one of the most zealous and active of the stewards, and Sir John Seymour, a liberal patron of the Festival, kept open house all the week for the artists and visitors from a distance, in a style of prodigal munificence.

The greatest kindness was shown to the members of the press by Mr. Brown, the excellent secretary of the stewards, who spared no pains in procuring them every information they required, and was unremitting in his courteous and gentlemanly attentions. The musical arrangements, on the whole, conferred much credit on Mr. Amott, under whose sole superintendence they were. Mr. Done was of good service in directing the concerts at the Shire-Hall; and Mr. Townshend Smith, as organist, acquitted himself with commendable zeal and talent. Nor must we omit to name with honor our excellent friend, Mr. T. Cooke, who filled the post of *chef d'attaque* with his usual ability and diligence.

On the whole I have spent a very agreeable week at

Glocester, which I am not sorry to have visited, if only for the sake of the Cathedral, which is one of the finest in the world, and is a glory to the city of which it constitutes the almost solitary monument. For the present, adieu. You will probably hear from me again next week.—Yours as ever, D.

P.S.—If you want a list of the company that has attended the Festival, you will find it in *The Times*, from Lord Ellenborough down to Mr. Grantley Berkley, who was brilliantly conspicuous at the evening concerts, and wore his shirt collar *nello stilo Byrono*. He is a well-looking man, considering his letters and speeches.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

RESUMÉ OF THE SEASON.

(Concluded from page 586.)

BUT little more remains to be said on this subject, to which we have already devoted more space and attention than our limits warrant. A few general remarks must close our present examination.

That the season has been one of almost unprecedented success there can be little doubt. It is even stated, with confidence, that Mr. Lumley has pocketed £22,000, clear of all expenses. We cannot believe it. The prosperity of the season is entirely attributable to Mdle. Lind, the loss previous to whose advent must have been severe, while the outlay that guaranteed her presence was doubtless very great. Add to this the enormous cost of the general company, operatic and choregraphic, and the probability of a large surplus at the end of the season appears in *nubibus*.

Comparing the prospectus that was issued previous to the commencement of the season with the record of what actually occurred, we find a long catalogue of sins by omission. The subject, however, is worn out; the unaccomplished pledges have been discussed *ad nauseam* by certain of the press, and all that invective has been able to draw from Mr. Lumley, in reply, is a sneer. But Mr. Lumley may fairly urge, in defence of the policy he has thought proper to pursue, "If my subscribers and the public be satisfied, who has a right to complain?" That the public was satisfied needs not to be insisted on; the crowds that flocked to Mdle. Lind's performances, up to the very last moment, sufficiently testifying it. Whether the subscribers were or were not satisfied is of slight consequence, since their numbers were but scanty. Complaints have been made, however, about the number of nights on which they were deprived of the advantage of hearing Mdle. Lind; but we have already said, and we rest firm in the conviction, that the subscribers heard her often enough for their money—oftener, indeed, than they had a right to expect. If there be any among their number who would rather hear one fine opera than one fine singer in several indifferent operas, these have a right to reproach Mr. Lumley for want of faith, in failing to accomplish the pledge contained in his prospectus, about *The Tempest* of Mendelssohn. If also, there be among their number any who prefer a variety of works, old and new, thoroughly well done in all respects, to a monotonous repetition of two or three stale operas, inefficiently represented, except in one or two particulars, these may also complain of the prospectus, which promised so much and performed so little. If, lastly, there be any among the number who prefer the classical works of the great masters to the threadbare trumpery of the modern Italians, who nourish themselves with the rinsings of Rossini's bottles, these also have a right to complain of the prospectus, which was as the mountain that groaned, and gave to the world—a mouse. But we hold the

opinion that "a lion," *quelconque*, is what the "subscribers," properly so called, chiefly demand; give them a *bravura* air from Lind or Alboni, and Mozart and Rossini may be shelved, for aught they care, *ad perpetuum*.

But next season will be the ordeal; next season will test the strength of the two operas, and the judgment of the public; next season will try the Lind-mania; next season will draw the curtain, behind which strange things are in preparation; next season will show whether two Italian Operas can or cannot exist in London—and, if the latter, which of the twain shall survive, and which give up the ghost. For the present, then, we lay down our pen, and shall not take it up again, until an occasion presents for a renewal of our "Chats with Rumour."

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DEVELOPED ACCORDING TO ITS MORAL AND ARTISTICAL VALUE,

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Professor at the Royal Gymnasium at Bromberg.

CHAPTER II.—(continued from page 618).

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SINGLE CHARACTERS IN THE "AFFINITIES."

IF now the sympathy which we feel for Otilia is, from the moment when her love for Edward fills her whole existence, accompanied by the painful surmise that a tragic fate is here preparing, this sensation is heightened by the increasing suffering of Otilia's soul—a suffering over which she has no control. But the fact that she is the very person selected to experience this fate, being placed in a conflict from which she cannot completely draw back—the consciousness of this fact changes any reproof which might emanate from a certain moral pride into the acknowledgment of a state which is elevated above imputation, and which unceasingly hastens towards its painful development. To use the poet's word's, "We observe with reverence a mind in which the seed of a great destiny has been sown, which must await the development of what it has received, and can accelerate neither the good nor the bad, neither the happiness nor the unhappiness, which can arise from it."

It belongs to the following section on the composition of the work to shew with what high art the poet has exhibited to us the state of Otilia's soul, especially by a contrast with the noisy proceedings of Luciane, and how by bringing Otilia into contact with elements so opposed to her, he has still heightened our painful sympathy. It is our present task, now we have brought to consciousness the fundamental traits of the character, to comprehend the tragical catastrophe of Otilia in unity with what has been developed.

Since Otilia's whole nature is absorbed in Edward, and this inclination, as we have seen, has penetrated her whole individuality, there was need of a fearful warning to bring her to reflection upon herself and the condition of her soul, and, as it were, to free her from herself. This warning from a high power she discerns in the death of the child, which immediately follows the passionate resignation to Edward, and which, as her return to Charlotte is delayed by this meeting, is caused by the hurry with which she endeavours to make up for lost time. Through this frightful event, which announces itself to her deep heart in the unveiling of a fearful crime, she trembles in all the depths of her life, and, as if guided by a higher inspiration, declares the renunciation of Edward to be a necessary expiation.

As with Otilia, everything has the character of immediateness,—of intuition; so does this act of perfect voluntary renunciation take place at a moment when every outward obstacle is removed, which yet opposed in any degree the highest wish of her life. As if sunk into a magnetic sleep, she hears in it the voice which, with unyielding strength, now demands the unconditional sacrifice of the heart. Even in the manner in which she hears this penetrating summons of her divine nature, the natural force maintains, as it were, its power, since every form of reflection, and generally a

gradual growth of this result is completely banished, and her resolution comes forth as a lightning-flash suddenly illuminating her whole being.

As Ottilia in this act has completely elevated herself above herself, so has she also at the same time completely freed herself from herself. The moment in which the beautiful child of nature, who has hitherto merely followed her own wishes unconstrained, and whose whole organization only impelled her to the fulfilment of her own laws, raises herself with self-consciousness into the region of moral freedom, has severed her from her whole former condition, nay, from her whole essential nature, the mysterious connexion with the macrocosm has given way to an open compact with the moral Idea, the "elective affinity" of the heart has changed into a free union with the divine spirit.

This free elevation of Ottilia carries with it—according to her nature—a double result which we must bring forward. Ottilia from this moment appears illumined by a superterrestrial clearness, in which she knows that she has thoroughly atoned for her offence, and at the same time feels cut off from every return into her former state of mind. The grace, which she feels, she participates, keeps her upright in the most fearful moment of her life. Here in the meeting with Edward, when the natural force of feeling once more gathers together all its strength, and forms before her the fulness of the happiest hopes and remembrances; here she completely plucks the first fruit of moral elevation, and feels herself powerfully sustained by the divine grace which powerfully reigns within her. Here, therefore, the internal element is completely accomplished, and the divine clearness, which is diffused over her, and which manifests itself by nothing more powerfully than by the energetic effort which she herself exercises on the urgent natural force in Edward, has elevated her both above herself, and above the whole sphere of the temporal and the finite.

But this elevation above herself at the same time announces itself as an absolute separation from the whole compass of her existence, from all the fibres and sinews which attached her to the natural soil of her life, and gives us the certainty of her freedom. Since Ottilia was nothing out of the natural power which entirely filled her, so a perfect victory over this is, in Ottilia, a delivery of the mind from the pressure of matter. This feeling, too, streams through Ottilia. Both sides are interwoven to an indissoluble whole. Ottilia, illumined by the views of moral freedom and divine grace, can regard herself as a consecrated person, who, educated in a most singular course, invisibly guided by a superterrestrial power, becomes herself elevated above every earthly ill, and in the purest activity sees her only satisfaction in educating others in a gentle way, and leading them towards their destination. But that such a fearful destiny is fulfilled just in her—that she is selected to experience extraordinary suffering, and to bring her heart, nay, her whole existence as a sacrifice, because in her are kindled the irrecoverable powers of the moral Idea, and the natural force of feeling,—this for the moment makes her regard herself as "a singularly unfortunate being, who, even if she be innocent, is nevertheless marked in a fearful manner."

But in truth the notion of Ottilia that she is elevated out of the multitude by a fortune quite peculiar, and chosen as a vessel for a great soul-suffering, is merged in the thought that she has thus become the organ of an Idea, which extends beyond the individual, and has, as it were, the honor of exhibiting in her individual appearance a great moral law for all. This is the case with Ottilia in the highest sense of the word. The victory of the moral Idea over the natural force, which in her fate appears in the most striking manner, is, as it were announced as a victory of spirit over matter. As Ottilia frees herself from the bonds of the natural force, so, being purified in herself, she turns against matter, and by her unconquerable dislike to eating and drinking, expresses at the same time her aversion from all that is earthly and material,—a dislike which with her has become an immediate natural determinateness, a secret law of her being.* But in this aversion from the material

is expressed at the same time the spiritualization of the whole being and its freedom from the body. Death only seals the absolute want of agreement between the unfree world of that feeling of natural law to which Ottilia's whole individuality has been subject, with that region of moral freedom which, as it is generally built upon the constrained natural man, comes, even in Ottilia's fall, to itself, and to a feeling of its highest energy, which is elevated above all natural determinateness, and which in the dissolution of Ottilia gives itself, as it were, the most striking and extensive confirmation.

That character of mystery, which is diffused over Ottilia's entire personality, once more comes forward at her death with all its weight, but fully in accordance with the individuality itself and its development. What else is exhibited in that miracle which Nancy, who has fallen down at the feet of Ottilia as if lifeless and apparently shattered, experiences by contact with Ottilia,—what else, we say, but the same victory of spirit over matter, which has presented itself to us in the renunciation and in the death?† In the cure of Nancy, by touching Ottilia, returns that secret power of natural determinateness, which swayed Ottilia's whole being, but in a higher form, since in it is immediately revealed to the senses, only the brightest energy of the soul over the body in its invisible mastery over matter. This mystery, indeed, like every other, is only for a sense which is thoroughly certain of the absolute power of the mind over earthly matter, and acknowledges its unconditioned effect, which passes over every limit of the understanding. Thus the miracle performed on Nancy also exercises its extraordinary influence over many as the place where the holy body is laid, became for them an object of pilgrimage, and "no one was old and weak that he did not feel himself refreshed and lightened on this spot."

Thus the image of Ottilia represents itself as a beautiful formed whole, which, while in its fundamental traits it announces itself as a mystery for the understanding, fulfils the mysterious laws of its organization, and in its tragic fall both atones for the crime of that resignation to the natural force of feeling, which is rooted in her individuality and also brings to view this eternal victory of moral freedom and the present energy of the mind above matter.

(To be continued.)

. To prevent misunderstanding, it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

SONNET.

No. LIII.

I thought of love but as a strange sweet pain,
Which in my youth I was compell'd to know;
Feeling the stream of life too smoothly flow,
I long'd to undergo that pain again.
I bared my heart, with that desire insane,
And call'd on love to bring me joy or woe,
To waken feelings wither'd long ago;—
I call'd on love, and did not call in vain.
I knew not what I ask'd—he came, he came,
And in his train brought demons of despair,
Like an avenger hast'ning to destroy.
And in my heart he rais'd no gentle flame,
But a dark lightless fire he kindled there,—
And then the fiends laugh'd with unholy joy.

N. D.

AN ANALYSIS OF THE HUMAN VOICE.

Compiled by FREDERICK WEBSTER, Professor of Elocution to the Royal Academy of Music.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 604.)

THE atonics, from the deficiency which suggested that name, afford no basis for the function of the radical and vanish. Most of them have a perceptible vocule, which consists in a short aspiration like the whispering of *e-rr*. There is no musical quality in their

sinking frame; here also a moral affection appears as that under which the body is completely crushed.—*Dr. Rötscher's note.*

† "Nancy appeared shattered in every limb. The girl was picked up, and by accident or through a special providence was rested upon the corpse,—nay, seemed with the last remains of life to wish to reach her beloved mistress. But scarcely had her dangling limbs touched Ottilia's dress, scarcely had her powerless fingers touched Ottilia's folded hands, than she sprang up, first raised her arms and hands to heaven, then fell down upon her knee before the coffin, and with devotional transport looked up to her mistress.—*Cited by Dr. Rötscher.*

* In this sense Göschel, in his "Discussions on Göthe's manner of poetizing and thinking," very sensibly asks: "Is Ottilia's death a suicide or the result of an irreconcilable misunderstanding between body and soul from which an insupportable disgust at everything material has been developed?" The death of Ottilia is with the greatest art, deprived of the character of an intentional deed designed with full reflection. It should also be observed that the reckless explanation by Mittler, of the sixth (seventh) commandment, consumes the last force in the

sound. They do furnish *Time* or the power of prolongation to speech, but on a wretched material. Though inferior in most of their properties to the other elements, yet it shall be shown, in treating on the expression of speech, that the *aspiration* is both significant and emphatic. The enumeration made under the preceding divisions, includes all the elementary sounds of the English language, which, apart from questionable and unimportant points, have been noticed by observant authors. There are three of the subtonics, and three of the atonics—*b, d, g, p, t, and k*, that have eminently an explosive character; the breath bursting out after a complete occlusion. From their serving peculiar purposes in speech, they may be distinguished as a subdivision, and called *abrupt* elements. In the beginning of a syllable, they produce a sudden opening of the succeeding sound; and at the end they exhibit their final vocule. The foregoing arrangement of elementary sounds was devised to display their relationships to intonation. For a closer view of this subject, I shall describe particularly the structure and functions of the *Tonics*. This detail was separated from the general view, in order to avoid distracting the reader's attention from the drift of that classification, by the interesting development which has been deferred to this place. In illustrating the nature of the radical and vanishing movement, by the tonic *a-le*, it was stated that this element consists of two sorts of sound, and that when uttered with inexpressive effort, the voice rises through the interval of a tone; the radical beginning on *a*, and the vanish diminishing to a close *e*. Now, as all the tonic sounds necessarily pass through the radical and vanish, they demand an analysis relatively to that concrete function pitch. These seven of the tonic elements, *a-we, a-rt, a-n, a-le, i-sle, o-ld, o-ur*, have different sounds for the two extremes of their concrete movement. The remaining five, *ee-l, oo-ze, e-rr, e-nd, i-n*, have each one unaltered sound through their concrete movement. The tonics may, therefore, be properly divided into Diphthongs and Monothongs. *A-we* has for its radical the sound of *a* in *a-we*; and for its vanish a short and obscure sound of the monothong *e-rr*. *A-rt* has for its radical the sound of *a* in *a-rt*; its vanish, like that of the preceding, being the short and obscure sound of *e-rr*. The radical of *a-n* is the sound of *a* in *a-n*; its vanish is the same in degree and sort with the last. The sound of these elements has heretofore been considered as homogeneous throughout: for their vanish being very faint in ordinary utterance, it has escaped perception. But it may be heard by using these elements severally with earnest interrogation. They will each terminate at a high pitch in a feeble sound of *e-rr*. *A-le*, as said formerly, has its radical with the distinct sound of the monothong *ee-l* for its vanishing movement. *I-sle* has its radical followed in like manner by a vanish of the monothong *ee-l*. The diphthong nature of *i* has long been known, and the discovery of it is attributed to Wallis, the grammarian. It is described by Sheridan and others as consisting of *a-we* and *ee-l*; the coalescence of the two producing the peculiar sound of *i*.

In this account it is admitted that the element is peculiar: one can therefore see no need of reference to *a-we* in the theory of its causation. A skilful ear will readily perceive that the radical of *i-sle* is a peculiar tonic, and will so report thereon without having recourse to any supposition as to its changes from a previous sound. *O-ld* has its radical in the sound of *o*, formerly supposed to be homogeneous. Its vanish is the distinctly audible sound of the monothong *oo-ze*. *O-ur* has a radical followed in like manner by a vanish of the monothong *oo-ze*. That the first sound of this diphthongal tonic is not *a-we*, but a radical of its own, may easily be proved by a discriminating ear; and a trial with the voice will show that *a-we* does not unite with *oo-ze* by that easy gliding transition which is heard in the junction of the true radical of *ou-r* with the same *oo-ze*. I have been at a loss what to say of that sound which is signified by *oi* and *oy* in *voice* and *boy*. It may be looked upon as a diphthongal tonic, consisting of the radical *a-we* and of the vanishing monothong *i-n* when the quantity of the element is short, and of *ee-l* when long. But from the habit of the voice it is difficult to give *a-we* without adding its usual vanish of *e-rr*; and this makes the compound a triphthong. If it is taken as a diphthongal tonic, this is the only instance in which the same radical has two different vanishes. And though this reason should not be conclusive against its classification, it suggests an examination of the subject. In case this sound should be considered as a

true diphthongal tonic, and analogies seem in favor of it, it would make the number of tonics thirteen, and the whole of the elements thirty-six.

(To be continued.)

REVIEWS OF MUSIC.

"*You cannot forget*;" *ballad, sung by Miss Dolby; the words from L. E. L.'s popular novel, "Ethel Churchill"; the music composed by G. LINLEY.—CRAMER, BEALE, & Co.*

A pleasing, plaintive melody Mr. Linley has found to set L. E. L.'s poetry. The composer has taken pains to avoid the general complaint made against ballads, viz. their being written too high. The highest note in the song before us is E flat, though an F may be used in the bar leading to the return of the subject, should the singer please. The accompaniment is simple and happy. We admire the song altogether.

"*May Flowers*;" *duet, composed by BRINLEY RICHARDS.—CHAPPELL.* We admire this duet much. The subject is tasteful, and neatly appropriated to the words, and the accompaniment handled like a musician. The voicing is excellent. We recommend this composition strongly as a drawing-room essay for two ladies. It will also prove a capital *piece d'étude* for practising duo singing.

"*Friends and Home*;" *ballad, written by A. W. HAMMOND; composed by G. BARKER.—CHAPPELL.*

THE merit of this ballad lies entirely in a certain popular expression, to speak mildly, which generally belongs to the compositions of the author. We cannot laud the song highly. It will surely find favorers among the multitude, who are devoted to such melting strains as "*Mary Blane*," and the like favorite compositions, but we cannot proclaim it the more on that account. In not eulogising the ballad, however, we would not deprive Mr. G. Barker of all the merit which rightly belongs to him.

"*Fantasia*" *for the Piano-forte: on the most celebrated American airs, sung by the Ethiopian Serenaders, by E. STIRLING.—METZLER & Co.*

A hearty, well-constructed, lively, and humorous *morceau*. The melodies introduced are "*Ole Bull*," "*Old Dan Tucker*," "*Lucy Neal*," "*I'm going over de Mountain*," and "*A Life by the Galley Fire*." We are quite sure this will prove a favorite piece, when it is once known, with all admirers of transatlantic tunes.

"*Psalms and Hymns*." *Parts 1 and 2, by EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, LL.D., F.S.A.—CHAPPELL.*

THIS is a work of much merit and great utility, and will be found of the greatest benefit to parish choirs, for which intention it has been especially produced. Part 1 contains a selection of Psalm and Hymn tunes, viz. thirty-four in Common Measure; eighteen in Long Measure; three in Short Measure; five in Peculiar Measure; and nine Hymn tunes. Part 2 comprises a selection of Chants, Sanctuses, Kyries, Services and Anthems, from the works of Tallis, R. and J. Farrant, Byrd, Child, Humphries, Flintoff, Boyce, Attwood, Crotch, Turle, Marbeck, Gibbons, Bryan, Rogers, Hayes, Arnold, King, Creighton, Richardson, Goss, and Beethoven. The work is printed in imperial octavo, and each part contains sixty-four pages of letter-press. The accompaniments are either for piano-forte or organ, and the editor appears to have paid every possible attention to the arrangement. For the editing of such a work the skill and experience of Dr. Rimbault renders him admirably adapted.

THE HANDEL SOCIETY.

MOST of our readers must be aware that the above society was instituted in 1843, for the production of a superior and standard edition of the works of Handel. Four volumes have been already delivered to the subscribers, viz.:—In the first year, *The Four Coronation Anthems*, "*The King shall Rejoice*," "*Zadoc the Priest*," "*My heart is inditing*," and "*Let thy mind be strengthened*," edited by Dr. Crotch; with *L'Allegro, Il Penseroso ed il Moderato*, edited by Moscheles;—in the second year *Esther*, edited by C. Lucas, with the

Ode for St. Cecilia's Day, edited by T. M. Mudie:—in the third year the *Israel in Egypt*, edited by Mendelssohn:—and in the fourth year, *The Dettingen Te Deum*, edited by Sir George Smart. The motives which directed the society were shown in the prospectus, issued after its formation, which set forth, "that the larger portion of the works of Handel having been written in this country, and the most important of them being set to our language, entitle them (the society) to claim them as national property; and the circumstance of their immortal composer having lived and died and left his manuscripts in England, seems to render it a sacred duty to transmit his texts, pure and unimpaired to the world and to posterity." With this true nobility of intention the Handel Society has spared neither time, pains, nor expense in producing the works of the composer in the completest form as regards the text, and in the utmost splendour as regards the printing, paper, &c. &c. The publication is entirely worthy the great name which originated it, and the age of improvement in which it has been produced. The subscription list already numbers upwards of seven hundred names, and is increasing with every year. We need hardly say that this magnificent work deserves a truly national support. The care and labour which have been expended in procuring the text in its original purity, the editing being entrusted to the first musical men in the country, and in one instance to the greatest living musician; the completeness and beauty of the work itself; and the mighty name of Handel must ensure for it, when its publication is made known, a universality of success surpassing that of any production of modern times. We call, therefore, upon all musicians to whom, perchance, the works of the Handel Society may as yet be unknown, to all amateurs and lovers of music, and to all who worship at the shrine of mighty intellect, to support the institution in, what we have entitled above, without any refinement, the nobility of intention.

The fifth issue of the Handel Society has been just sent us for review. It contains the *Acis and Galatea* edited by William Sterndale Bennett. To criticise this exquisite, most exquisite pastoral of the author is not required here. With its charms and its graces who is not conversant? It is a living, translucent fount of inspiration from beginning to end. It stands in the same regard to Handel's sublimer works, as Milton's *Comus* does to his *Paradise Lost* and *Samson Agonistes*. It is not the essay of genius towering in its loftiest flight on eagle wings, but the spontaneous effusion of less fiery moments, when intellect lay brooding with dove-wings in hours of serener contemplation. The *Acis and Galatea* is the most beautiful, as the *Messiah* is the grandest of Handel's compositions. To no fitter musician in existence could the present work have been submitted than Sterndale Bennett. This gentleman unites in himself every qualification requisite for such an undertaking. To the deepest and most devout reverence for the great author, Mr. Bennett adds in his own person, discrimination the most acute; an intuitive perception of the beauties of Handel, founded on his own consummate taste no less than his knowledge of the master; an untiring perseverance, necessary, when many copies are to be consulted and compared, and all closely examined; and a confidence in his own powers, without which judgment must waver, and research prove fruitless.

Mr. Bennett supplies in his preface a historical account of the *Acis and Galatea*, principally taken from Dr. Burney's "History of Music," which we extract in a compendious form for the gratification of our readers. "The *Acis and Galatea*, a *Masque*, written for his Grace the Duke of Chandos, was first performed at Cannons in 1721. There are no dates

on the MS. to indicate the precise commencement and completion of the composition. There is considerable doubt as to the original shape of the work, some asserting that it was composed in the first instance to Italian words, and afterwards adapted to the English text of Gay and others; but I think that the fact of Handel having written an Italian opera on the same subject, entitled *Galatea, Acis e Polifemo*, and to be found in Her Majesty's Library, has led to this confusion; and from the general appearance of the manuscript, I am of opinion that it was originally written to English words, as it now stands, although some of the pieces have doubtless been introduced since its first performance at Cannons. Amongst such pieces I may include the chorus, "Happy, happy we," at the end of the first act, which is not found in the MS., and which, unlike every piece in the work, includes a viola in the orchestral parts. The only reference to this chorus is to be found on the last page of the preceding duet, where Handel has written, "*Il Coro, la seconda volta*." The chorus in the Appendix, now, I believe, printed for the first time, must also have been written for some special occasion, and probably sung at the close of the performance. The chorus includes more characters than are previously introduced in any portion of the work; the orchestral parts are more numerous, and the principal solo singers are made to assist in the performance."

Mr. Bennett supplies other matter in the preface equally interesting, to which we beg to refer our readers. It will be seen that the editor had no small difficulty to contend with in the revision of the *Acis and Galatea*. Manuscripts of several pieces could not be found, and in the principal manuscript from which the text is taken the last page is wanting. Nor has Mr. Bennett entered on his undertaking without some responsibility devolving to him. "The usual performance of this work," he says, "must have been with a small chorus, and a small orchestra, and the Cembalo, or Harpsichord, which latter instrument had several important services to perform. The very meagre accompaniment in many places in the score was doubtless balanced by Handel himself, or some competent person, presiding at the Cembalo and filling up the harmony." He adds, "the Pianoforte arrangement which I have made is, of course, to be chiefly considered as an adaptation of the instrumental parts; but in many places, where I consider Handel entirely relied on the 'Cembalo' for accompaniment, I have filled up the harmony at my own discretion." This was unavoidable; but Mr. Bennett very properly has these parts engraved in smaller notes than those ordinarily used for the pianoforte, which can be either adopted or omitted at the option of the conductor.

We are also supplied by the editor in the preface with the following piece of interesting information. "It is, perhaps, not generally known that Mozart has put additional accompaniments to this work: a copy of his score (I believe his autograph) is in the King's Library at Berlin; another copy is at Vienna; and a third in the possession of Dr. Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy."

We cannot close our notice without a strong word of eulogy in favour of the publishers, Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co., for the splendid form in which the series of works has appeared. It is truly in every respect one of the most magnificent publications of this, or any other age.

MADAME BISHOP IN AMERICA.

THE American journals transmitted to us for several months past are filled with the most lavish eulogies on Madame Bishop, who is almost unanimously asserted to be the greatest

English singer ever wafted westward across the Atlantic. Her success has been really immense ever since she made her American *debut*, which took place at the Park Theatre, New York, on the 4th of August. Following the English absurdities in the case of Jenny Lind, the Yankees have Madame Bishop's likeness on handkerchiefs, cigar-cases, tobacco-boxes, clay pipes, &c., &c., and one of the omnibuses in the city is called ANNA BISHOP. All the press are strenuous supporters of the artiste, with the exception of the writers in the *Courier* and *Enquirer*, the self-same critics who so strenuously attempted to run down Ole Bull, Herz, and Sivori. We shall take an extract from one or two of the most moderate of the newspapers, which will give the reader a fair estimate of Madame Bishop's popularity in America:—

"(From the *New York Age*, August 8.)—The great musical event of the week came off here on Wednesday evening, on which occasion Mde. Anna Bishop, in whose praise the press of this city has been busy for some time past, made her *debut* as Linda in Donizetti's opera of *Linda of Chamouni*, and had every reason to be perfectly satisfied with the reception she met with. Mrs. Bishop is rather above the medium height, and has a purely English face and figure. Her hair is black, her eyes (we believe,) dark blue, her complexion beautifully clear and fresh, her mouth large, and her bust well moulded. The likenesses we have seen of her give no idea whatever of the original. She is more youthful than Mrs. Wood or Miss Stephens were in their zenith, and her face strongly reminded us of those ladies, more especially while singing. So lavish and hyperbolic had been the praises of those who had heard Mde. Bishop sing, that we confess we entered the theatre with a fear that our expectations were raised by these laudations to so high a pitch, that although her talent might be great, we should be disappointed; but she surpassed even our most sanguine imaginings—and as a finished vocalist of the best and most modern school, she stands pre-eminently above any English *prima donna* we have ever listened to; and with the exception of such transcendently talented artists as Pasta, Malibran, and Grisi, (we have never heard Jenny Lind,) we know of no rival she need fear among the continental singers of Europe. Let it be perfectly understood, however, that we are now speaking of her *talent*, her *skill*, her wonderful *execution*, and the surprising controul she possesses over her voice—we speak of these, *not of the voice itself*; for, despite the raptures of some, and the elaborate arguments of others to prove her voice splendid, and that the *sforzato* or veiled quality, as they style it, adds to its beauty, we do not hesitate to differ with them on this point, and declare this very mistiness a defect; that the *sforzato* in this instance arises from nothing less than a want of body or tone in the middle notes of the voice, while the moment she runs into the upper part of the scale, every tone and semi-tone is as brilliantly clear, ringing and metallic as if struck from a silver bell—there is no *sforzato* there—but a delicious, natural, healthy, musical voice which tells upon the ear electrically, whereas in the lower passages, while you listen enraptured to the wondrous trills and runs and daring efforts of vocalism which are made without an apparent effort, and achieved with a certainty and precision almost miraculous, you feel as if the voice came to you through some intervening medium, as if the singer were separated from you by a vapour, a gauze, or thin glass—and you wish the medium were away, that you might hear the voice more clearly. In a word, we believe that if Mde. Bishop possessed such an organ as nature bestowed on Mrs. Wood, she would have been entitled with full justice to the rank of the greatest English singer yet known, but as much as she excels Mrs. Wood in style and execution, just so much does she fall short of that artist in body of tone. Her opening *scena* in the first act was sufficient at once and alone to satisfy the most sceptical of her great abilities—this was still strengthened by her singing in the *duet* with Sirval and again in the *ballad* with which the second act commences, which, great as it was, did not excel her splendid singing in the *finale* to that act. This was beyond comparison, better than anything sung by the Italian *prima donna* while here, but for extraordinary execution and brilliantly elaborate embellishment, the *grand finale* was her *chef d'œuvre*, and was an effort that could not fail to call forth the most enthusiastic applause from the most critical audience in the world. As an actress Mde. Bishop is much better than the majority of the syrens, and in one or two instances displayed considerable dramatic skill. Her costumes were appropriate and excellent, especially that worn in the second act, which was as correctly designed and artistically complete as it was magnificent. Mde. Bishop was called for, two or three times and received several bouquets, and applause enough to satisfy even the greatest *gourmands* in that article.

"(From the *Sun*, New York, August 6.)—PARK THEATRE.—Madame

Anna Bishop, the *prima donna* of the San Carlo Theatre at Naples, made her first appearance at this house on Wednesday evening, and her reception was the most brilliant and enthusiastic we ever witnessed. In *Linda of Chamouni*, she had created a great sensation in Europe, and the beautiful music of Donizetti, seemed as it were a new creation in her hands. There is an exquisite finish in the vocalization of Madame Bishop—the qualities of her voice are admirable, and the development artistically perfect. There is but little apparent effort, and the effect is surprising. Her singing is the perfection of the art, full of warmth and glowing in pulses and fraught with earnest and graceful action. No wonder she sang the part of Linda fifty nights at the San Carlo Theatre, and charmed with her beautiful delineation of the Swiss girl, the most impassioned and critical audience in the land of the song. Nor has Naples been the only field of her triumph in that role. Its deep interest, the simplicity of the story, the touching melodies so exquisitely sung and with so much feeling, have given it in her hands an indescribable charm everywhere. It is destined to elicit her the greatest enthusiasm in its frequent repetition, as it has already done on two successive nights. We have not space for an elaborate notice, suffice it to say, never was success more brilliant and decided; never were tones listened to with more thrilling interest and admiration. Never did the achievements of science and nature combined, exceed those she has produced. Her voice is a rich *soprano* of extended compass, of highly finished and brilliant execution, with great flexibility, and at times throwing out tones of the most exquisite sensibility and delicacy. We repeat, Linda, in the hands of this great artiste, is one of the most brilliant triumphs our stage has ever seen."

"(From the *American Literary Gazette*, Aug. 12.)—PARK THEATRE.—Madame Bishop has achieved at this house the most brilliant triumph. In Linda, the beautiful opera of Donizetti, she has given a most signal display of her powers, and produced alternately the most pleasing and startling effects. While she has charmed the ear and thrown a spell on the senses, she has disarmed alike prejudices and criticism. She stands alone on the pedestal of scientific excellence. Our stage may have witnessed equal power, and more impulsive action, but never the same musical perfection. Nothing can be more exquisitely sung than the fine ballad, 'On the banks of Guadalquivir,' from the opera of *Lorella*; it is a fine flowing melody, beautifully adapted to her silver tones; the style throughout the most impressive and graceful; the shakes she introduces in this air, on three successive semi-tones, were the most perfect and delicious we have ever heard—a wonderful effort of articulation which could not be surpassed by the human voice. For two past nights one of the leading features of the evening has been the celebrated recitative from Rossini's *Tancredi*, 'O Patria,' and the splendid aria, 'Di tanti palpiti.' Nothing can exceed the brilliant execution and chaste expression she gives to this scene, so admirably adapted to her style, and so fraught with all the charms of song. It was enthusiastically received, and the whole house rising unanimously called for an *encore*. But of all her triumphs here that in the scene from the *Love's Spell* was the most dazzling. It was written for her at Naples expressly by Donizetti, and suited to her varied and peculiar style. Here the rich tones of her pure, flexible, and melodious voice, were admirably displayed; her power of execution, sustained with so little apparent effort—her graceful embellishments in such exquisite taste, and never obscuring by their redundancy the passages they adorn; the unerring certainty with which she seizes the most distant intervals and bursts on you with surprises sudden and resistless—in short, never were these more displayed, nor received with greater enthusiasm—never was the wreath of song more gracefully worn, more bright and full of sweets than her's. Her style is the perfection of art, and her tones breathe the most bewitching melody."

The above extracts we have selected because they appeared to us more reasonable, more argumentative, and by consequence, the nearer allied to truth than many others, which from their very extravagant praise and intumescence of phraseology, were calculated to convey anything but conviction to the mind. With most of the strictures of the writers, whom we cite, we are inclined to agree, and cannot think but that the encomiums bestowed are merited on one side, and conferred without prejudice on the other. When praise is given, even though it verge on the hyperbolic, and is counteracted by the expression of faults detected and blemishes pointed out, it is not irrational to conclude that the writer is swayed by judgment alone, and that he shifts, examines, and discriminates only to arrive at the truth. The bribed or prejudiced critic cannot conceal the natural bias of his mind.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

SURREY THEATRE.—On Monday Mr. Bunn commenced his operatic and dramatic campaign at this theatre with Balfe's *chef d'œuvre*, *The Bohemian Girl*. The company, orchestra, and chorus were nearly the same as those which performed last season at Drury-Lane. We have already given a list of the principal artistes engaged. The doors of the theatre were besieged for hours before they opened, and five minutes after the visitors were admitted there was not standing room to be obtained inside. There was much disturbance during the earlier portion of the opera, and, until it was announced to the audience that those who felt incommoded might retire and have their money returned, and until the theatre was partially thinned by those who availed themselves of the privilege, there was scarcely a single note of the music heard. The cast of *The Bohemian Girl* at the Surrey, differed in one respect materially from that of Drury-Lane: Miss Romer taking the part of Arline, a character which had previously been undertaken by Miss Rainforth, and in which that fair artiste won a most fair repute. It may be readily conceived that Miss Romer's version differed *in toto* from that of Miss Rainforth; that it gained in energy and power, but lost in elegance and delicacy; that although it might be more striking and telling with the audience, it was scarcely so natural or truthfully appealing. Miss Romer's acting and singing, nevertheless, produced a powerful sensation on the Surrey visitors, that lady having obtained an uproarious encore in all her solos. Mr. Harrison was received with immense cheers, and won, as a matter of course, an enthusiastic encore in the popular ballad, "When other lips," which he gave in his usual effective manner. Mr. H. Horncastle's Devilshoof was, dramatically, better than Stretton's, but, vocally, inferior. This gentleman's voice lacks weight in such parts. Miss Rebecca Isaacs made an excellent Queen of the Gypsies, and was received with great favor. Borroni was heard to advantage in Arnheim. The chorus was striking and effective, and the orchestra, though somewhat less in number than that of Drury-Lane, under the able direction of Mr. J. H. Tully, left little to be desired. The scenery and appurtenances exhibited the same regard to splendor and completeness that has always distinguished Mr. Bunn's management. Some of the scenery was extremely beautiful, and elicited great and lasting applause. After the opera Mr. Bunn was called for, and after some time made his appearance amid hearty and continued cheers from all parts of the house. From the place we occupied, and the frequent interruption to the speakers, added to the prevailing hubbub, every body calling "silence" as loud as he could, we could not catch three words of the speech; nor do we think the words reached the ears of any persons in the house who were further removed from the stage than the proscenium boxes, or the first row in the pit. The speech, notwithstanding, was vociferously cheered, and Mr. Bunn's unheard appeal was as well received as though every syllable had been audible. The entertainments concluded with Mr. Bunn's popular and amusing farce, *My Neighbour's Wife*, in which Messrs. F. Vining, Oxberry, and Attwood, and the Mesdames H. Hughes, R. Hughes, and Miss Rebecca Isaacs performed. Between the opera and afterpiece a *Pas de Deux*, by Les Sœurs St. Louin, and a *Pas de Caractere*, by Miss Annie Payne, were introduced.

Mr. Bunn has commenced his campaign with spirit, and under the most favorable omens. He has brought a company, a chorus and orchestra together, that certainly were never heard previously within the Surrey theatre; and he has had a success on his first nights unparalleled in the annals of that establishment. We are bound to aid Mr. Bunn in his endeavours

to disseminate the works of our best English writers on the other side of the water, where, it is acknowledged, the taste of the people is as different from that of the Middlesex side as though they were removed hundreds of leagues from the capital. Mr. Bunn has therefore a new world to exhibit his energies in, and a new audience to indoctrinate. We are bound, we repeat, to aid the manager in his new musical mission. The theatre has undergone some repairs, alterations, and re-decorations, and is in course of undergoing more. Among the principal improvements, a distinct entrance to the private boxes will be recognised as that which was most desirable. *The Bohemian Girl* has been played every night during the week, and continues to be as great a source of attraction as on the opening night. A new domestic drama is announced for Monday next.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The public interest in the experiment for restoring the plays of Shakspeare to the stage, in their original form, was manifested in an extraordinary degree on Monday evening, on the revival of *Macbeth* at this theatre, the house being literally crammed in every nook and corner before the curtain rose. Whatever may, in many cases, be urged against the practice of having altered versions of Shakspeare for the stage, as, for example, in the case of changing the catastrophe of *King Lear*, a gross profanation of the poet's genius, the desirableness of a close adherence, on all occasions, to the original text, may be reasonably doubted. The alterations on Monday evening were not very important, the chief one being the introduction of the short scene of the murder of Lady Macduff and her child. The zeal and ability shown in getting up the piece are deserving of all praise. From the most important down to the most minute of the scenic arrangements, the same care and attention were visible which have ever characterised this theatre. The vanishing of the witches is admirably done by means of gauzes brought in quick succession before the objects. This contrivance, with the stage darkened, gives as accurate a picture of the "vanishing into air" of the weird sisters as it is perhaps possible to produce. The grouping also, throughout the piece, is especially worthy of notice. Thus, in the gathering of the retainers of the castle immediately after the murder of the King, they appear first singly, then in twos and threes, and finally in groups, the whole exhibiting the taste and confusion of a midnight summons to arms. The banquet scene was very splendid, but it would have been better had the usual method been followed of bringing Macbeth's chair to the front instead of putting it between the tables, which were placed across the stage. In consequence of this arrangement, Mr. Phelps was compelled to deliver his first speech to the Ghost with his back to the audience, while in his second address to his unearthly visitor, which he spoke from behind the table in the midst of his guests, he was so far back, that the effect was again materially injured. Mr. Phelps's *Macbeth* is well known for its spirit and energy. The *Lady Macbeth* of Miss Addison was an uneven performance, at times exhibiting great force and truth, and occasionally sinking to the level of mere mediocrity. All her scenes were of this mixed character. The *Macduff* of Henry Marston was excellent throughout. The very trying scene, in which he hears of the murder of his wife and children, elicited a well-merited tribute of applause. Macbeth, in his encounter with Macduff in the last scene, is, according to the original version, killed off the stage, and his head brought in on a pole, which latter incident should have been omitted. On the appearance of the head it evidently required all the reverence of the audience for Shakspeare, to restrain an open demonstration of disapproval. At the end of

the play, Mr. Phelps was called forward amidst a hurricane of applause; after which Mr. Marston and Miss Addison stepped forward to receive their share of applause.

MUSIC AT MARGATE.

MARGATE.—Our correspondent, *Harmonicus*, informs us that Mr. Gardner, director to the promenade concerts, at the Royal Hotel, took his benefit on Friday evening, which, we are glad to hear, was very numerous attended, by a highly respectable company. The vocalists were Miss Felton, Miss Chambers, and Mr. J. L. Hatton, who sang several compositions with great success. Mr. Hatton performed a prelude and fugue of Handel's on the pianoforte, excellently; and he also took part with Messrs. Bradley and Gardner (violin and violoncello) in a trio by Beethoven. A solo on the violoncello was performed with great taste by Mr. Gardner, and loudly applauded. The performances concluded with a selection of popular quadrilles, waltzes, polkas, &c., played with great spirit by the band. The rooms will be closed this evening (Saturday, Oct. 2nd), after being open for two months. Mr. Gardner is entitled to great credit for the highly respectable manner in which the concerts have been conducted. *Harmonicus* says, that the renowned Phillpott, begins to make a long face, when he cries, for most of the summer birds have taken wing. Still the muses do not desert their devotee; he called on his old friend the other day, to show him his parting address; which, after much coaxing, he permitted our correspondent to copy, for the amusement of "The World,"—here it is—

A month ago,
As I well know,
In scarce a vinder could you see
"Lodgings to let,"
But now I'll bet,
'That you will meet
In ev'ry street
Vith nothing else, but L. E. T.
The season's o'er,
So, now no more,
From your humble servant—T. P.

A few seasons ago, the erudite Dolly Dubbins, with her pa and ma, paid Margate a visit, and on leaving, she sent a classical poem (?) to a local paper, entitled "Farewell to Margate," concluding with the following expressive and elegant lines—

"Farewell to the Steamers, the Pier, and the Jetty,
Where folk (as the Scotch say) so often got wettie,
Farewell to the bathing, the walks, and the rides,
Farewell to the donkeys, and all friends besides."

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

MILAN.—(From our own Correspondent).—My dear — *Dieu merci*, we are once again quiet, and one can reach one's house without the chance of being maimed by a set of ruffianly *militaires*. You will be surprised at my remaining here so long, and I fear that I shall get no *World* this week, so must make up my mind to wait for English musical gossip until I get to Venice. To-night we have *Linda di Chamounix* for the re-appearance of the Hayes. You shall have some account of it in a postscript to-morrow morning before post time. Jullien went from this to Bergamo to engage her for Drury-Lane, such was the *furor* she had occasioned here, but the fastidious director thought she was not sufficiently perfect for his *troupe*, which all the world are raving about. They could not come to terms. A report was raised here that Alboni was engaged by Lumley to appear with Lind; I at once contradicted it, and offered to back my assertion by a bet. By the bye, after dinner at the *café* yesterday, I saw a little

knot of idlers very much amused at something in a newspaper, and on my approach they showed me an article in *Galigiani*, copied from a Manchester paper, stating that "Jenny Lind manifested great emotion while regarding the casts of Weber and Malibran." I was jokingly reproached for belonging to a country where such absurd means were taken to procure notoriety for an artiste. You can have no idea of the ridicule to which this talented lady is subjected by the hyperbolic articles which are put into circulation to render her notorious. The charming Fanny Elssler is engaged here for the Carnival, with Perrot; she has 35,000 francs. Miss Noble, the daughter of the dancer, many years at Drury-Lane, has had great success in some of the Italian theatres. She was offered a lucrative engagement at Lisbon but she feared disturbances in that country, so will, in all probability, accept an engagement which has been offered her at the *Teatro Re*, for the Carnival. La Parepa is gone to Sienna, where she has created a great *furor* in *Beatrice di Tenda*. I saw Favanti and her sister at the *Scala* on Thursday; she is engaged to sing at Varese, to *strengthen the troupe*, which is now at Verona. Miss Bingley, an English lady of great talent, is gone to Parma as *prima donna*; she has to find all her own costumes!! The gossips say that Covent Garden is to have several additions to its already efficient *troupe* next season; but it appears the director is difficult to deal with, and will listen to none but those of undoubted reputation and talent. The fortunate director, Mr. Lumley, was rather more easy last season, for he engaged people who had never sang out of a village in Italy. The agents here (there are only two of any repute) find Mr. Beale a very difficult person to deal with.

P.S.—The *Linda* went very well, and the reception of the Hayes was tremendous; but, alas! the end of the first act showed that the size of the *Scala* had sadly deteriorated from the quality of her voice since last season, and I am inclined to think Jullien was right in not engaging her. The Milanese will not tolerate a defective note, however great a favorite the artiste may have been the year before. This was clearly proved last night, for painful indeed was it to hear how gradually the applause lessened towards the end of the opera. Gruitz, who sings in *Don Sebastiano*, is decidedly better; she has more compass and strength of voice. I enclose the *caste*, so you can make what use you like of it. It was as follows:

Il Marchese di Boisfleury	Soares Cesare.
Il Visconte di Sirval	Musich Rugenio.
Il Prefetto	Derivis Prospero.
Antonio, alfittajolo, padre di Linda	Corsi G. B.
Pierotto, giovine orfano savojardo	Poppi Amalia.
L' Intendente del feudo	Marconi Napol.
Maddalena, madre di	Ruggeri Teresa.
Linda	Hayes Catarina.

N.B.—Learti and his wife (late Miss Hobbs, who sang at Varese last year), are engaged by Jullien for concert singing; they are both first rate.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "The Musical World."

SIR,—Perhaps an account of Jenny Lind's visit to Norwich may not be unacceptable to you. She was expected on Saturday, the 18th ult.; but owing to the postponement of the Edinburgh concerts, from her illness, she was not able to reach here till the 21st; she was expected by the four o'clock train, when a very large concourse of persons came to meet her. She did not arrive till eight; when she immediately proceeded to the palace of the Bishop, having been invited by his lordship to take up her stay there during her engagement. She sang at these concerts on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, and Saturday morning; the concert on the latter, being the result of the success of the former two. These entertainments took place in St. Andrew's Hall, which was handsomely fitted up as at the festival; with the exception that the orchestra occupied

the site of the patron's gallery. This orchestra was well filled on the two evenings, and crowded on Saturday morning; and it is impossible to describe the enthusiasm with which Jenny Lind was received. Her singing excited the most intense feeling of wonder and admiration; the close of every song was marked with repeated rounds of applause, and there were several encores each night. Her voice has some qualities, which no other singer, as far as I am aware, possesses. Her echoing the notes of the Swedish melodies, is one of the most beautiful things I have heard, and the way in which she executes the different passages in the opening scene from *La Figlia*, and those in *Con Pazzienza*, is astonishing. Then her style is so pure; her intonation so perfect; her feeling so intense; there is so much sweetness in her voice, and her shake is so exquisite, that I can scarcely imagine any singing more perfect. Here she has created a perfect *furore*, the people are all Jenny Lind mad; and her noble generosity in giving up to the managers of the concerts (Mr. C. F. Hall, leader at the Surrey Theatre, a young man of talent, and Mr. G. Smith, late manager of our theatre), £200, because she thought, the prices of admission being reduced at the suggestion of one of the patrons, that the profits of the managers were not so large as they ought to have been, and also presenting £200 to our charities, has won for her most deservedly, "golden opinions." She consented to pay £50 towards the expenses of the extra printing, advertising, &c., rendered necessary by the postponement of the concerts: this, however, Mr. Hall positively refused, much to his honor, to accept. Much has been written of Jenny Lind, but not too much. I was delighted with her in London; but almost feared she would not be so attractive in a concert-room. I am agreeably disappointed. She enchanted every one—or nearly so, for there will always be some discontented mortals. Gardoni, and Madame and Signor F. Lablache accompanied Madlle. Lind. They all sang very charmingly. The latter was extremely happy in "John Anderson, my Joe," and in Balfe's beautiful ballad of "Chide not." The band was selected in London by Mr. C. F. Hall, and included W. Thomas, violin; W. L. Phillips and W. Reed, violoncelli; Percival, double bass; Willoughby, bassoon; King, flute; Handley, cornet-a-piston; Horton, oboe; W. Rochester, trombone; Kleibach, horn; Wright, ophicleide; Maycock, clarinet, &c., &c., &c. These artists, Mr. Balfe conducting, and Mr. C. F. Hall leading, played admirably. The overtures went well, and the accompaniments to the songs, &c. were, as they ought to be, made subservient, as helps and sustainers to the voice; and not controlling that organ by an overpowering noise. This band played at several promenade concerts, (Mr. C. F. Hall, conductor, Mr. W. Thomas, leader), and rivalled the excellence of Jullien's celebrated *troupe*. If you think the above worthy inserting, I shall be happy to see it in the columns of *The Musical World*.

I am, dear sir, yours truly,
MUSICUS.

To the Editor of *The Musical World*.

SIR,—Being a constant reader of your periodical will I hope be some excuse for my now troubling you. A gentleman, who is a great advocate for congregational singing, (which is a very desirable thing) gave me a letter to read, which is published in the church newspaper, "Toronto." The following I have copied, and I hope one of your many correspondents will be able to give some explanation. It says, "Whence comes it, that even in our largest churches, where there are both choirs and organs, the voice of congregational melody is hushed, and no one seems to think he has any part to perform in singing the praises of God?" The solution of this enigma will, I am confident, be found, not so much in any natural want of devotional feeling, as in the fact that our church choirs sing the melody of their tunes in the triple instead of the tenor; and in place of singing in unison, as was formerly the practice in the ancient song of the churches, make it a point as much as possible to sing in harmony. This, I am convinced, is the chief cause of the present indecent silence of our congregations, whilst the praises of God are being sung. The melody of the tune, whether it be chant or metrical psalm, is led off by the choir in the triple; it is expected the congregation will follow, but how is it possible? not one man in a hundred can sing a tune in the triple; and the consequence is, that the majority of every congregation are dumb—not willingly, but of necessity. I am no opponent of singing in harmony, quite the reverse, I readily admit that harmony is the perfection of music; but I contend that it is impracticable in congregational singing, and that unison singing in the tenor is the true and proper ecclesiastical mode of singing, and the only mode in which a body of musically uneducated worshippers can be expected to join heartily, and with joy, in singing the praises of God.

September 29th, 1847.

Yours, J. B. C.

To the Editor of *The Musical World*.

SIR,—Hoping that this may reach you before the next *Musical World*

goes to press, I take the liberty of requesting you not to pass over without notice the shabby way in which the audience were treated at the Gloucester Festival, by the curtailment of Beethoven's magnificent symphony in B flat, on the Thursday evening concert: At the end of the slow movement there was a most ominous pause, and great was our astonishment that no more of it was to be performed, (as we were told afterwards) by order of the Stewards, who actually considered it too long. Hoping you will excuse this liberty, I have the honor to be,

Sir, your obedient servant,

Bristol, September 30th, 1847.

A CONSTANT READER.

THE CLOSING OF COVENT GARDEN.

A Lay à la mode de Marmion.

(From the "Man in the Moon.")

Through Covent Garden's brilliant halls,
The crowds from boxes and from stalls,
Are hurrying o'er the polished floors,
And pressing to the outward doors;
In cabs and broughams borne along,
The parting guests the highways throng,
And murmuring still some well-known air,
In broughams couched, the happy fair,
Speed homewards to their rest;
And issuing from the portals wide,
With joyous sounds, the living tide
Rolls gaily to the west.
But, backward many a glance is cast,
The Opera season's o'er at last.

The war, which since the spring has raged,
By rival Opera's fiercely waged,
Now draws towards its close.
Retiring into private life,
And gathering strength for future strife—
The managers repose.
A gallant fight they both have fought,
With many varying chances fraught;
But had not Lumley Jenny caught,
His fate had long been sealed,
For Grisi still as Queen would reign,
And Persiani fought amain,
And brave Alboni not in vain,
Swore she to none would yield;
But both sides now from strife forbear,
And calmly for the Spring prepare.

Let Grisi then with Mario come,
Let Persiani not be dumb,
Nor young Corbani mute—
Let Tamburini's voice ring out,
Marini with his deep-toned shout,
With him the palm dispute.
And thou, our latest, dearest prize!
Alboni, let thy notes arise
In varied tones of joy or woe,
Now echoing loud, now whispering low—
As softly breathing wind.
Ronconi, too, shall lend his aid,
And spite of all the efforts made,
Costa shall yet his bâton wield,
And Beale's fine Theatre keep the field
'Gainst Lumley and 'gainst Lind.

PROVINCIAL.

CHELTEMHAM.—The Annual Concert for the benefit of Mr. Julian Adams, the eminent pianist, took place on Saturday evening last, in the Pump Room. A considerable degree of interest was excited, not only from the high esteem in which Mr. Adams is held as a musician and conductor of the concerts held in this place of fashionable amusement, but also from the announcement that the Collins' family would take part in the performance. Although the room was not full, yet the attendance was very good and highly respectable, many of the distinguished families at present sojourning in Harrogate being present. The programme was well chosen, containing selections from some of the first masters. The

Programme was well chosen, containing select ones from some of the first masters. The concerted pieces were performed with the utmost skill and precision; and the execution of the solos reflected much credit upon those who took part in them. The auditory frequently testified their approbation of the performers by bursts of applause. The song, "Then you'll remember me," given by Miss E. Collins, with cornet obligato, by H. Kohler, was encored; and we much admired a fantasia on the piano, by J. Adams, and a solo on the flute, by S. Saynor. The manner in which the violin was played by Miss Rossini Collins, and the violoncello, by Miss Victoria Collins, drew forth unequivocal expressions of admiration. The concert did not conclude till ten o'clock, and the audience separated much gratified with the entertainment.—*Harrogate Paper*.

WORCESTER.—The second concert of the Worcester Harmonic Society for the season took place at the Guildhall on Monday evening. Handel's *Athalie* was given almost entire: and as the oratorio was a novelty to the people in Worcester, (never having, we believe, been before given here,) it attracted a full and highly respectable company, the whole of the seats in the assembly-room being occupied at eight o'clock. The band was led by Mr. J. H. D'Egville, and Mr. Done was the conductor. Taken as a whole, the performance was excellent. Mr. T. Williams, brother of the talented ladies of that name, who have on more than one occasion delighted a Worcester audience, and pupil to Mr. T. Cooke, took the principal tenor parts. Mr. Whitehouse was encored in the air, "Ah, canst thou but prove me." The part of Joad, the high priest, was sustained by Mr. J. Jones, who also presided at the pianoforte. Of the band we can speak in terms of high praise. The choruses were, with perhaps one or two exceptions, sung with precision and effect. Handel's oratorio of *Jephtha* will form the subject of the next concert of this society.—*Berrow's Worcester Journal*.

BRISTOL.—(From a Correspondent.)—The fact that Jenny Lind's appearances at Bath and Bristol would be her last in England added no small impetus to the excitement which her engagements originated. The prices of admission were increased at both places, nearly seven-fold, yet the theatres of Bath and Bristol were crowded on the evening of the two evenings almost to suffocation. At the concert on Monday evening at the Bristol theatre an apology was made for Madame Solari, and Madame F. Lablache on the score of illness. But nothing was considered, or cared about save the "Swedish Nightingale," and so she could sing, the audience cared not one rush if the orchestra, accompanist, and pianoforte were labouring under indisposition. The reception of Jenny Lind was of course tremendous, and her singing excited various sentiments among the listeners, the majority being certainly among her admirers. I, for one, felt quite charmed, and though I would not rank her with such vocalists as Grisi, or Alboni, I must say she is a very superior artiste. The quality of her voice is I think over-rated. There is an unpleasant guttural sound in her singing, which I have never heard in the Italians. I take it her art is her all in all. Her execution is sometimes surprising, and pleases me as quite as well as Persiani's, though it may not have her astonishing flights of fancy, or self-dependencies which seem to make Persiani's singing so spontaneous. I was disappointed, I must confess, with Jenny Lind's "Casta Diva." Comparisons naturally suggested themselves, and I could not help feeling that the "Swedish Nightingale" had not power to usurp the throne of "La Diva." In the buffo duet from the *Il Fanatico per La Musica*, with F. Lablache, she was much happier, her singing being characterised by great beauty and expression. In the final aria from *Sonambula*, she was also excellent, and vocalised with great precision. The throatiness of her voice, just mentioned, injured, occasionally, the effect of this very brilliant display. The air was heard amid a tumult of acclamations. In the "Quando lascia la Normandia," from *Ritorno il Diavolo*, and in a *canzonet* of Haydn's, with German words, she sang with great purity and taste. Her greatest impression of the evening was the Swedish melodies. In these and like national airs which require purity of tone, and facility of execution, I do not think she can be surpassed, now that Madame Stockhausen is gone; and Jenny Lind certainly surpasses that delightful vocalist in warmth and energy, for Stockhausen was as cold as ice. Most of the Swedish melodies were repeated by uproarious request, and the concert concluded to the delight of nearly every one present. I need not allude to the concert which took place on Tuesday evening at Bath, which was almost in every respect a fac-simile of the one held the previous evening in Bristol. Mr. Balfe deserves the highest possible praise for the masterly manner in which he officiated at the piano and conducted. Mr. Balfe at the piano is really an orchestra in himself.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MADMOISELLE ALBONI.—This vocalist is engaged at the French Opera-house for a short period, after which she will proceed to fulfil an engagement in Hungary.—*Times*.

THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—A correspondent, in noticing the letter of E. D. C., which appeared in our last number, very prudently enquires, what would become of the Philharmonic and Ancient Concerts, were the operas at Covent Garden to take place on Mondays and Wednesdays; and, what is of the utmost importance, what would become of the band; for most of those who play in the orchestra at Covent Garden, are engaged at both the Ancient and Philharmonic, and have been so, for many years, "It winna do, E. D. C."

DEATH OF MADAME ALBERTAZZI.—We regret to announce, that this talented vocalist died on Saturday last, aged 33, after a protracted illness. In Vol. VII. of the *Musical World*, page 103, may be found a memoir of Albertazzi, whose maiden name was Hewson; daughter of a teacher of music. She was married to Albertazzi when only fifteen years old. She went abroad, and remained there for many years, performing with great success at various theatres. In April 1837, she made her debut at Her Majesty's Theatre, in the Hay-market, in *Cenerentola*, with decided success. She sang both at the Ancient and Philharmonic Concerts; and, in 1840, appeared with great success at Drury Lane Theatre. Her health began to fail; and when she appeared at the Princess' Theatre last year, her voice became visibly weak and uncertain; she has suffered severely for several months, and a rapid consumption ended her days in the prime of life, leaving a husband and a family to lament her loss.

MR. FRENCH FLOWERS is, we understand, composing an oratorio; we have not heard what subject the founder of the "Contrapuntists' Society" has selected.

MR. WETHERBEE has accepted an engagement to deliver a course of six lectures on the Italian and German schools of vocal melody, at the Royal Institution, Manchester, in February next.

ROSSINI has been appointed Captain of the National Guard at Bologna. The grand *maestro*, it is said, already takes great interest in his military avocations, and threatens to indite a National Hymn, the very sound of which will rouse all Italy to frenzy, and affright Austria back to her capital.

MADAME DULCKEN gave pianoforte *matinees* this week, at Weymouth, Southampton, and Ryde, with very brilliant success; and her performance elicited the greatest applause. She was accompanied by Mr. John Parry, whose buffo songs were rapturously encored, especially his last new one, "Harriet and her Governess."

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE will open this evening with the *School for Scandal*, and *The Invisible Prince*. The comedy will include in its cast Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Nisbett, Mrs. W. Clifford, Mr. W. Farren, Mr. Webster, Mr. Henry Farren, (his *debut*), Mr. A. Wigan, Mr. Creswick, Mr. H. Vandenhoff, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Brindal, &c. Miss Helen Faucit will make her appearance on Monday in the *Lady of Lyons*; and Mr. and Mrs. Keeley will perform the same evening in *Twice Killed*. Several novelties are in preparation, among which we may mention a new five-act comedy by Douglas Jerrold.

THE MESSRS. DISTINS gave concerts at Scarborough on Friday morning and evening last; at Whitby on Monday the 27th; at Stockton-on-Tees on Tuesday evening; at North-Shields on Thursday; and at Sunderland yesterday.

FREDERICK SOULIE, the celebrated French *litterateur*, died last week in Paris from chronic gout. He was one of the most brilliant and popular of the French novelists, and enjoyed

a great reputation for many years. His *Memoires du Diable* created a greater sensation on its first appearance than any work that had preceded it since the *Notre Dame* of Victor Hugo. Frederick Soulié died in the thirty-eighth year of his age.

THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE commences its winter campaign on Monday with *Macbeth* very strongly cast, Macready and Miss Cushman playing the principal characters. Mr. Maddox has brought together as capital a tragic company as could be well procured in the present state of the dramatic market. We perceive that Madame Anna Thillon is also engaged; but with her, who are to form the operatic corps we have no means of fathoming. The only vocalists' names we perceive in the list of singers in the *Macbeth* choruses are—Mr. Bodda, Mr. Barker, Miss E. Romer, and Miss Emma Stanley. But doubtless the manager has something more in reserve.

VIARDOT-GARCIA.—M. Jullien, during his late tour, ff^o red this celebrated vocalist the enormous terms of 100 guineas per night, to appear 40 nights at Drury-Lane theatre, the money to be deposited at Rothschild's bank. This offer, liberal as it was, was declined by Mad. Viardot. Negotiations, however, are still pending, and it is hoped that M. Jullien will eventually succeed in obtaining the services of this wonderful artiste for his new speculation.

ALBONI.—The renewal of this popular artiste's engagement has been certified for the Royal Italian Opera next season, at extravagant terms,—five times the amount of what she received for the season just expired. Alboni may not only say that she sang one night and found herself famous, but that she sang one season in London, and found herself a *millionaire*.

BALFE has gone to join Madame Balfe and his family in Paris. Gardoni and Costa have also arrived in Paris.

MDLLE. CORBARI makes her *rentrée*, with Grisi, Persiani, Mario, and Coletti to night, at the *Italiens* in Paris, in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. Her part is Elvira. Mdle. Corbari is re-engaged at the Royal Italian Opera next season.

MRS. NISBETT will appear for the first time in Helen, in *The Hunchback*, on Wednesday next. Miss Helen Faucit as Julia, Mr. Creswick as Master Walter, and Mr. Webster as Lord Tinsel, will render the cast unusually strong.

M. JULLIEN arrived in London on Tuesday from the continent. The admirable *chef* has returned from his experimental tour, furnished, we understand, with various musical novelties, to be forthcoming at the Promenade Concerts, which commence on Friday next. One of the musical novelties is the real Swiss horn to be played by M. Kœnig. Mr. Jullien has made sundry engagements during his *sejour* in Italy, of which we shall give due notice by and bye.

DRURY-LANE.—Two hundred workmen are employed daily in the alterations and decorations of this house. The hangings, we learn, are to be scarlet and gold, and the ornamental portions are to be on the lightest possible scale. The theatre, fashioned after the French Opera-house, will no doubt be extremely beautiful.

ACTORS AND SINGERS.—(From a *Dublin Paper*.)—"It has been invidiously alleged, by a certain class of men, more celebrated for their egotism than their judgment, that the salaries of singers are ridiculously disproportionate to those of actors; in short, that the least deserving are the most paid. They who are led to this consideration either wilfully blink their eyes on the naked truth, or are, from their vanity, so obnubilated in their mental optics, that they cannot distinguish rationality from inconsequence. There are three reasons, good and true, why the singer should be better paid

than the actor. First, the singer must be brought up to his profession and requires a specific course of education which involves an expensive outlay. The actor is the offspring of chance, one of Nature's pettings, and his education is always independent of his following—he may, or may not be taught—the profession involves no necessity. Secondly, the singer necessitates the abilities of an actor conjoined with his own. He that would aspire to be a great vocalist cannot dispense with the possession of the highest dramatic powers. On the other hand music is little, or no aid to the great actor. It is no recommendation to a tragedian that he has a brilliant tenor, or a splendid barytone, or that his intonation is faultless. The third cause why vocalists should necessarily be paid more than actors, is, that the voice is a precarious organ, and that the singer's livelihood is ever at the mercy of temperature and the weather, and that a catarrh or deafness will, in one moment, subvert the acquirements of study and experience, and nullify the finest efforts of genius. To this last, as a corollary, may be added that the ravages of time on the voice renders the singer's remaining on the stage, after the prime of life, a matter of infrequency. A great vocalist demands the possession of more abilities than a great actor, and spite of what may be urged by the class of men alluded to at the beginning of this paragraph against singers being paid immoderately, we pronounce that the singer is only paid proportionably to his circumstances and fortune. If Tamburini receives more money for singing and acting than Macready does for acting, it is only natural to pay one artiste more for doing two things well, than another for doing one thing well."

ADELPHI THEATRE.—A new and original five act drama of domestic interest entitled *The Willow Copse*, from the enjoined pens of Dion de P. Bourcicault and Charles Kenney, has been read and accepted by the fair manageress of this theatre. Report speaks in the highest terms of the new drama, which is written to include the entire strength of the Adelphi company.

THE JENNY LIND MANIA AT EDINBURGH.—"A Correspondent of the *Daily News* at Edinburgh, in a letter, dated Sept. 28th, descanting upon the abuses to which the inhabitants are exposed makes the following statement:—"A slighter but more ludicrous annoyance to which the fair inhabitants of St. Mungo's are exposed, consists, in such of them as are of Scandinavian appearance, being mistaken for Jenny Lind. The times have been that when a player left a town there was an end to him, but although Jeuny's doings at Norwich have been duly chronicled so as to put her *alibi* beyond doubt, a light-haired, blue-eyed maiden in Buchanan-street, was yesterday mobbed, from her supposed identity with the "Nightingale," and had to take refuge in a shop. And the trick of so hunting young ladies, either as a joke or for collecting a crowd to favor thieves, seems to have been resorted to more than once.

MR. EDWARD LODER is writing a new opera for the Drury Lane company to a *libretto*, founded on Sheridan's play of *Pizarro*, by Charles Rosenberg. Mr. Loder is also far advanced in an opera for the Princess's; the subject is *The Last Days of Pompeii*.

CHRISTOPHER TADPOLE.—(From the "*Ten Towns' Messenger*.")—By Albert Smith.—To sustain the interest required in any serial publication, it is necessary that the author be a man of acute observation as well as of general information, that he should be acquainted with the proceedings of every grade of society, and have seen life in all its shapes and hues. Very few men have had these advantages; those who have can scarcely fail to make the dullest tale interesting, and those who have not invariably are unsuccessful in investing their works with even the smallest atom of

humour or of wit. Mr. Albert Smith evidently belongs to the former class; he has made the ascent of Mont Blanc, and been professionally initiated into the mysteries of dissecting-rooms, as "Ledbury" will testify; occasionally he has peeped behind the scenes and penetrated into the sanctity of the green room; he has steamed it up the Rhine and down to Gravesend; visited Rosherville as well as Vauxhall; he has seen the Bridge of Sighs at Venice as well as paid the toll to its contemporary at Hungerford; and judging from his writings, it would be a matter of considerable difficulty to say what place the author of Christopher Tadpole has not visited, or what region he has not explored. The reading public have, however, been the gainers. His works have been stored with well-told anecdotes and comical reminiscences of travel. The "gent" has been somewhat robbed of his glory by the disclosures of this clever humorist. The ballet girl has reason to thank him for the good word he gave her in his little brochure of the name. "Stuck-up People" will feel an arrow from his shaft; public nuisances and private cant have received most effectual reproofs from his pen, calculated to be more serviceable in silencing either their imposition or hypocrisy than any other device invented by ingenious humanity. We like the writings of Albert Smith; in them there is no ill-placed sentiment nor false commiseration. No telling us that we are upon the eve of some social misery; no engaging our fears by pointing out an imaginary deplorable state, but a blithe and hearty good humoured style of writing, full of real wit and humour in every sense of the word—writing that will make you shriek with laughter despite your efforts to restrain it; not the stereotyped, conventional, aristocratic sort of laugh, but an unmistakable one that makes the walls ring again with its echo, and plays no inconsiderable part in aiding the digestive organs in the due exercise of their proper functions. His writing is natural; he sketches characters with amazing precision; Ledbury, as an instance, will strike home to many who have ambitiously attempted the continental tour business; and Jack Johnson, inimitable Jack, is nature itself. The present tale, Christopher Tadpole may not, perhaps, prove so interesting to the general class of readers as some of Mr. Smith's former works; although the characters themselves are drawn with life-like accuracy. Nor are the incidents of the plot commonplace or devoid of spirit; there is not, by any means, so wide a field for display as in Ledbury. Our author has not, however, neglected any opportunities to make his tale amusing. Christopher Tadpole is in no way an unnatural character; there are many such. Sprouts, a well-meaning shop-boy, figures prominently, and, notwithstanding the evidence of the accuracy with which the character is depicted (for we regret to say there are too many of the Sprouts' genus in the world), we think that all must give way to the characters of Gudge and Mrs. Hamper, to us the best drawn in the whole tale. The lawyer, a sordid-minded, ignorant man, incapable of a generous action, and untroubled with any ideas but those designed to entrap some of his less artful fellow creatures into his insidious snares; and Mrs. Hamper, one of those women whom, under any pretence, you cannot shake off; who will follow you with the perseverance of a starved spaniel; who cannot conceive that an addition of one to your small circle will be a formidable difference, and who, of course, always travels without her purse—*ergo* the expenses of the said one must be defrayed out of your own pocket. This work of Albert Smith's is like all the works of this author, a perfect copy of life; each character is sketched with fidelity; the plot is skillfully drawn; the interest is well sustained. We consider it one of the most attractive publications of the day, and it adds to the reputation which Mr. Smith has so deservedly gained.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received, on several occasions, letters from various Correspondents, requesting to know why certain numbers of the Musical World could not be procured. The only answer we can return is, that these numbers of the journal had a greater attraction than others, and that they were all bought up.

T. S.—*The poetry cannot be made available for more reasons than one.*

ITEM.—*Mr. G. A. Macfarren is in New York, and will return in the Spring.*

A CONSTANT READER.—*Mons. Hector Berlioz is appointed conductor of the Drury Lane Band. Mr. Jullien will, of course, conduct at the Promenade Concerts.*

INQUIRER.—*It was Madame Eugenia Garcia, Sister-in-law of Malibran, not Pauline Garcia, who appeared at the Princess's in Sonnambula, Lucrezia Borgia, &c., &c.*

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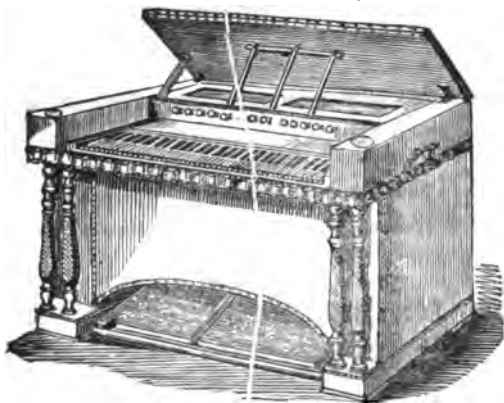
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Horn, Dohler, Thalberg, &c.,

Composed, Arranged, and Fingered by **THOMAS BAKER**, from HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE and the ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

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LETTERS FROM PARIS.

(No. 3.)

TO DESMOND RYAN, ESQ.

MY DEAR RYAN,—I have only time to write you a few hasty lines, into which I must compress all the news I can gather, on the *Boulevards* and elsewhere.

My journey from London offered little worthy of remark. The weather was fine and the passage from Folkestone delightful. N. B. When you take a trip to Paris, if you are not in a hurry, divide the distance from Boulogne to Paris into two parts—from Boulogne to Abbeville, and from Abbeville to Paris. There is much worth seeing all the way, and greatly as I was pleased with the department of the Seine and Oise, which I attempted to describe in my last letter, I was still more charmed by the hills and valleys of the Boulonnais, which I shall not attempt to describe in this. Among the remarkable objects, however, must be cited the *chateau of Pont-de-Brique*, an old edifice, in which Napoleon resided, with his *marechals*, when he had an army of observation near Boulogne; the little town of St. Mer, situated on a lofty prominence, overlooking a large tract of country, the *Basin du Boulonnais*, one of the finest bits of plain hill-and-vale scenery I ever saw, presenting, literally, the appearance of a gigantic basin, formed by a ridge of hills bounding, amphitheatrically, an enormous valley; the forest of Montreuil; and last, and best, the ancient fortified town of Montreuil, with the still more ancient Basseville adjoining, one of the most interesting objects in the whole of France. All these present themselves successively, in the order in which I have placed them, and all are well worth inspection. Sterne, you may remember, alludes to Montreuil, in his *Sentimental Journey*. Therefore don't fail, as I have hinted, to divide your journey from Boulogne to Paris into halves, and take both *routes* by daylight—or you will miss much worth seeing, both in respect of fine scenery and historical interest. Also, mind you get a seat in the *banquette*, or you lose the best part of the views, together with the society of the *conducteur*, who (I speak of him from the *Messageries Royales*—not Lafitte's) is a very well-informed and advantageously loquacious person, who, to make up for the slowness of his horses, tells you all he knows of the country, and a great deal more besides. But beware putting what he says into a book, or you may chance to be rebuked by the reviewers as Baron Munchausen the second.

I reached Paris at five o'clock on Tuesday morning. On arriving at Abbeville we stopped at an hotel, to partake of what was styled, in courtesy, a dinner, which consisted of nine or ten different preparations of sundry tough and ill-flavoured fowls, with some spinach, some fruits, and some egregiously unpalatable *vis ordinaire*. This refecton occurred at nine o'clock in the evening. I have forgotten the name of the

hotel, but I remember we paid three-francs-and-a-half per head for "the dinner," with something extra to the *garçon*. If you ever travel by this road, avoid entering the hotel at which the *diligence* stops—which might be called *Le Poulet varié*—and go to a *café* hard by, where you will get something to eat and drink, more palatable and less expensive. A fellow-traveller informed me that the horses, dogs and cats belonging to the hotel were all fed with the same dish, and that "*toujours fowl*" was so much the motto of the landlord that he never ate anything else himself, nor would he allow his family or his servants to nourish themselves with aught besides. At Abbeville the *diligence* was attached to the *convoi* on the railroad, by a mechanical process, which occupied more than half-an-hour in the performance, during part of which time, we were, like Mahomet's coffin, swinging mid-way betwixt earth and heaven. This contrivance is curious enough, but redounds more to the glory of the mechanic who invented it than to the personal comfort of the passengers who are obliged to submit to it. However, maugre the fowls of the landlord of Abbeville, and the ingenuity of the railroad mechanic, we arrived safely in Paris at the hour I have mentioned, and were extricated from the *convoi*, by a process similar to that by means of which we were previously attached to it.

Paris is filling gradually; the season will soon commence, and the great personages return from the chace and the other "pleasures" of a country-life. Yesterday it was raining all day long, and it was useless attempting to explore the town—for Paris, you must know, on a rainy day, is dirtier than all the towns and cities of England put together. Your only resource is the *Passages*, which are covered in, like Burlington Arcade, and these are numerous enough; besides which they are little towns of themselves, consisting of a number of arcades joined together in groups, like constellations, where, if you be a stranger, you may very easily lose yourself for half-an-hour at least. In these, and in the *Palais Royal*, you may find amusements to suit every taste—*cafés*, reading-rooms, billiard-rooms, shooting-rooms, *coiffeurs*, *restaurants*, *guingettes*, *cabarets*, *grisettes*, boot-cleaners at all the thoroughfares, and many other resources, combining pleasure and convenience. But, *blasé* to all this kind of thing, I contented myself by walking about, and as I observed the motley crowd of passers-by, constructing an imaginary *physiologie des passages de Paris*, until the time for dinner arrived, when I dined very agreeably, in society the most agreeable, and forgot altogether the inclemency of the weather and the filthiness of the streets, paven or unpaven—for there is little to choose between them in the rainy time—in the comfort and sociality of the moment. With whom I dined I shall not tell you—if you cannot guess, you must remain in ignorance.

To-day the weather is totally changed—sunshine bathes the

houses and the streets in golden hues, and everything looks gay and brilliant. Walking on the *Boulevards*, ~~near the Rue Richelieu~~, the first person I met—and on the *Boulevards* you meet all the world—was the fair and buxom Alboni, looking very handsome, and saucier than ever. I got some news from her, at least—and not the less welcome was it, inasmuch as it concerned herself. On Saturday* a representation—extraordinary will be given at the Opera (the *Académie* I mean), to be divided into two parts:—the first part will consist of a *ballet*; the second of a miscellaneous concert, in the course of which Alboni will sing the grand duet from *Tancredi* with Duprez, the grand duet from *Semiramide* with Alizard, an air from *L'Italiana*, and the *rondo* from *Cenerentola*. Should this representation prove attractive—and how can it be otherwise, when Alboni is concerned?—it will, I am told, be followed by a second on Monday or Tuesday, and subsequently, it is possible, by several others. The engagement of Alboni was made, in the names of MM. Duponchel and Roqueplan, by M. Marie Esoudier, one of the proprietors of *La France Musicale*, who went to Brighton, where Alboni was singing at a concert, expressly for that purpose. It is not true, as the London journals have stated, that Alboni is engaged to perform in the operas at the *Académie*. But it is possible that, in January, after her engagement at Pesth is concluded, that she may be persuaded to come to Paris and appear on the French stage. I doubt the result, however. The Parisians are all on fire to hear Alboni, and there will be no standing-room at the Opera on Saturday.

The affairs of MM. Duponchel and Roqueplan, who have succeeded M. Pillet in the direction of the Opera, are proceeding prosperously; the *recettes*, since the re-opening of the establishment, have been splendid. Duprez, has so well profited by his six months holiday, that he is all his former self again. I have heard him in *La Juive*, and *La Favorite*, two of his great operas, and was delighted both with his singing and his acting. It will be indeed difficult to fill up the vacancy that must be left when this extraordinary artist retires from the stage; there is at present nothing that approaches, or is likely to approach him, in his own walk. M. Poultier has been recalled from Italy, by the new management, and made his *rentrée*, the other night, in *La Muette*, which magnificent *chef d'œuvre* has been reproduced with the splendor and care that marked its performance when it was first brought out. If you want to judge the quality of the chorus and orchestra of the *Académie*, you should hear them in *La Muette*, the square and stilted instrumentation of Halévy gives but poor occasion for displaying their powers. In *La Juive* you will say that the reputation of the *Académie* orchestra is prodigiously overrated, but in *La Muette* you will say that it is full worthy of its celebrity. Poultier was successful, but I shall take another occasion to speak of him more at length. By the way, he sang your favorite song (while Fenella is sleeping) with very great feeling. Maria (whom Mr. Bunn once introduced to London) played Fenella, and your little Plunkett danced the *Manola*, which was rewarded (as in London) with an encore. The women here, at present, are Mdlles. Dameron, Nau, and Masson. The first I heard in *La Juive*; she is a clever singer and a graceful actress; her voice is a *soprano* of moderate power, which she manages with considerable skill, her person is prepossessing, if not decidedly handsome; but she has none of the elements of greatness. With Mdlle. Nau (who is engaged by M. Jullien for Drury Lane) you are already acquainted; Mr. Maddox introduced her to the London public three or

four years ago. Mdlle. Masson made an immense hit in *La Favorite*. She is a very young person, with, in my opinion, very great talent. Her voice is a *mezzo soprano*, the middle and lower notes of which are of delicious quality. She sings well, and is equally effective in passages where force and energy are demanded, and in those where grace and tenderness are required. She acts, moreover, with much judgment, and has a large amount of passion at command, which she always uses with effect, and in the proper places, avoiding exaggeration and inflated expression of all kinds. To conclude, Mdlle. Masson is a handsome person, and, as Jules Janin graphically expresses it, "*Sa robe fait des beaux plis*,"—which insinuates that she moves upon the stage with the ease and grace of one long accustomed to it, and that her garments are not embarrassments to her motion. Mdlle. Masson has since appeared in *La Reine de Chypre* of Halévy, and in *Charles VI.* of the same composer; but I have not seen her in either of these operas. By the way, there is a great out-cry against MM. Duponchel and Roqueplan, on account of the undue partiality they have hitherto shown for the works of Halévy. The *Académie* re-opened with *La Juive*, and already, in less than a month, we have had two more "grand" operas of the same calibre. If the new managers persevere in dosing the public with these tremendous opiates, the public will begin to think that they have gained nothing by the abdication of M. Léon Pillet, but two directors in the place of one.

Signor Bettini has appeared twice in *Lucie*, and has been favorably received; if he could manage to check his enthusiasm he would sing much better—but I believe you have observed the same thing in one of your Royal Italian Opera notices. The other singers now at the Opera are Paulin, a second-rate second tenor; Alizard, a bass, with the finest voice in the world, and a manner of singing by no means devoid of expression; Porte-haut, a bass, who sometimes reminds me of Borrani; Barhoilhet, whom you recollect at Her Majesty's Theatre singing very indifferently, and who at present does not sing differently; and some others whom I have no time to mention now.

The *ballet* is in high feather. Carlotta made her *rentrée* in *Le Diable à Quatre*, and was received with enthusiasm. *Lucie* being the opera, the house at the beginning was not very good; but Carlotta, one of the idols of the Parisians—who place her before all the dancers in the world, Taghioni and Ellsler included—proved such an attraction, that before the curtain drew up for the *ballet* there was no standing-room in any part of the house. With the exception of Duprez, Carlotta Gisi is the only artist whom I have seen applauded by the audience, independently altogether of the *claque de lustre*, a company of gentlemen who occupy the fourth, fifth, and sixth rows in the pit, and annoy the rest of the audience with their boisterous and incessant demonstrations of unfelt satisfaction. But Carlotta, like Duprez, is one of those talents *d part* that require no such artificial aid; she moves the audience to the heart, and the audience waits not for the *claque* to point out where and when they should applaud. Carlotta's *rentrée* was a new triumph.—(she must be tired of triumphs by this time)—and after the grand *pas* of the last scene the stage was covered with more bouquets than the charming *artiste* could hold in both her arms. Carlotta has also danced, several times, the *Pas de deux* in *La Favorite*, in which she first debuted at the *Académie*, five years ago. This is one of her most graceful and finished efforts, and is always an attraction to the Parisian public. On Friday she will dance in *La Giselle*.

* To night.—D. R.

Cerito and St. Leon make their appearance on Monday, in a new (yes, a new) ballet, called *La Fille de Marbre*, the music, with the exception of the waltz from *Alma*, composed expressly by Pugni for the occasion; the ballet and the music are both spoken highly of, and great things are anticipated of Cerito.

Miss Birch will, it is expected, make her *début* in about a fortnight, in *Guillaume Tell*, which is to be reproduced expressly for her with great splendor.

The *Italiens* opened on Saturday with *Don Giovanni*,—Grisi, Persiani, Corbari, Mario, Lablache, and Coletti, taking their usual parts. M. Vatel has been blamed for opening with this *chef d'œuvre*, because it has no prominent part for one artist to distinguish himself before all the rest—a very good reason, in my opinion, for selecting it. What a difference between the orchestra at this and that of Costa at the Royal Italian Opera! But more of the *Italiens* in my next. Meanwhile I may tell you that Castellan makes her *début* on Saturday, in *Lucia*, and that Ronconi and his wife (who have not been to Berlin, in spite of your correspondent) have arrived in Paris.

Donizetti, who left Paris, with his nephew and brother, a doctor—for Bergamo, was taken very ill, ten days ago, at Brussels, since which no news whatever has been heard of him, and his friends here are in the greatest state of inquietude. Balfé has just arrived from his country tour with Jenny Lind, who has gone off to Berlin *via* Hamburg. The post-time is at hand, and I must conclude. Good bye.

Your's ever,

D.

DRURY-LANE AND ITS PROSPECTS.

MR. JULLIEN has commenced his campaign in reality. The Promenade Concerts may be said to constitute the helical rising to the operatic dawn of the new Academy. Drury-Lane Theatre is renovated and redeccorated; has doffed its foul and wrinkled ugliness, and has donned the aspect of youthful and smiling beauty. The interior of the house is hardly recognisable. Its appearance is extremely splendid, yet nothing gorgeous offends the severest taste. The prevailing colors are scarlet and white; the ornaments are all in gold. The ceiling is remarkably handsome, and presents the appearance of the sky as seen through a dome. The curtains, scarlet and gold, profess the hues of the Royal livery. An extreme lightness pervades the house, and gives it a more capacious appearance than it was wont to wear. The circle above the dress has been transformed into private boxes. The change appears judicious. The new chandelier is chaste and beautiful, and diffuses a charming light throughout the theatre. The purest taste seems to have directed all the arrangements and alterations connected with Drury-Lane. It is now certainly one of the most elegant theatres in Europe. As we shall speak elsewhere of the Promenade Concerts, we shall overlook them here. Let us in a few words, now that Mr. Jullien's company is established, and his orchestra completed, speculate on the prospects of the new Academy. *A priori*, one thing is certain, that an equal amount of vocal talent has seldom, if ever, been congregated within the walls of this house. The new tenor, Mr. Reeves, has obtained in Italy the greatest reputation of any English singer since the days of Braham. We only heard him one night in a concert at Drury Lane last year, when we were immediately impressed with the beauty of his voice, and exquisite purity of his style and method. A gentleman, and no mean judge, who heard him at Milan, and knew the estimation in which he was held, declared to us that

he was considered the greatest tenor on the Italian stage since the retirement of Rubini. From what we have heard, and from what we learn, we are inclined to think that Mr. Reeves belongs to the Duprez, rather than the Rubini school. His *Edgar* in the *Lucia di Lammermoor*, we know from authentic report, created a *furor* with the Milanese. We believe Mr. Reeves will make his *début* in an English version of the *Lucia*. Of Pischek we need hardly say a word. Although his dramatic powers are unknown in England, his vocal qualifications have been sufficiently tested in this country, and have won for him a great repute. In Vienna, Berlin, and other cities of Austria and Germany, his histrionic capabilities have been spoken of as something wonderful. His performances of *Faust*, *Don Juan*, *Zampa*, and other characters, have placed him, with his own countrymen, among the first barytones in Europe. His first appearance may be reckoned upon in either of the three operas just named. Of Mr. Whitworth Jones, we can only speak from report, which gives him a splendid voice, and a fine, manly style. Of the ladies, the three principal *prime donne* are Miss Birch, Mademoiselle Nau, and Miss Susan Hobbs. The first-named vocalist has for several years held the position of first soprano in England. Miss Birch's high talents are too well known to require any comments in this place. Mdlle. Nau, who has lately been transplanted from the *Opera Comique* at Paris to the *Académie Royale de Musique*, is one of the greatest established favorites in the French capital. She was announced last season as engaged by Mr. Maddox for the Princess's, and was to have made her *début* in Howard Glover's opera, written expressly for her; but from some cause that has not transpired, the negotiation was broken off. Mademoiselle Nau is a singer of the brilliant school. Both as a vocal and histrionic artist she stands very high in French estimation. Miss Susan Hobbs we have heard on sundry occasions, some seasons since, at concerts. Her voice, a high *soprano*, appeared to us at the time to possess great compass and flexibility; but the organ was evidently unformed, and required a severe course of education. She has been studying in Italy for two years under the best masters, and is pronounced, in a late letter from our Milan correspondent, to be a first-rate vocalist. Notwithstanding this great display of talent, M. Jullien appears to us to require one very necessary component of a complete operatic company, a *contralto*. M. Jullien has announced in his recent advertisements the engagement of Miss Dolby for his concerts. If the manager could contrive, by any possible means, to obtain the assistance of this talented and highly popular artiste for his operatic corps, he would not only add to its intrinsic strength and efficiency, but the engagement would create a feeling of unqualified delight in all true lovers of music. Miss Dolby is one of the most—if not the most—popular female vocalists in England, and her engagement at the Drury Lane Academy would be one of the most politic acts of the new administration. We are much mistaken in M. Jullien's keen-sightedness, and his diplomatic talents, if he endeavour not to obtain, by might and main, Miss Dolby for his theatre. With such an array of talent, with the splendid chorus promised, and which no doubt will be made available, and with his magnificent orchestra, of which we had a good foretaste in last night's performance, it will be M. Jullien's own fault if his success be not triumphant. Several difficulties, doubtless, appear *in prospectu*, as when do they not, in a gigantic undertaking like that entered upon by the enterprising manager. We shall have more to say of the Drury Lane doings by and bye, when M. Jullien issues officially his operatic prospectus, which we expect directly the Promenade Concerts are concluded.

A Treatise on the "Affinities of Goethe,"

IN ITS WORLD-HISTORICAL SIGNIFICANCE,

DEVELOPED ACCORDING TO ITS MORAL AND ARTISTICAL VALUE,

Translated from the German of Dr. Heinrich Theodor Röscher,
Professor at the Royal Gymnasium at Bromberg.

CHAPTER II.—(continued from page 633).

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SINGLE CHARACTERS IN THE "AFFINITIES."

EVEN independently of our declaration in the first section, Luciana, as the most abstract opposition to Ottilia, would most aptly follow the description of the latter. But with us there is the additional circumstance that we have placed her in that group which is given to us by the sight of those natures, which stand external to the collisions, and with which therefore our glance is averted from the struggle of the heart. Hence with us Luciana took the lowest place, because she represented a point at which such a conflict between the natural force of feeling and morality cannot take place. Luciana announces herself as an individuality entirely lost in surface and outward show. As Ottilia is quite internal, and everything with her is only an occasion for a return into her sensitive thought, so, on the other hand, Luciana is completely cast into worldliness and averse from all the still-life of feeling. With very good talents, an over vivacious temperament, and a very advantageous exterior, she is in possession of all those qualities which secure her a brilliant part in society. But her whole being has regarded the diffusion of brilliancy as the highest goal of life. Completely directed towards the external, Luciana shews herself throughout utterly incapable of understanding a character completely opposed to her like Ottilia. Charlotte had already judged of Luciana that she was born for the world, cultivated herself for the world, and strove, by an innate domineering character, to make herself queen of that little circle to which she yet belonged.

The testimonial of the Governess, and especially the brilliant commendation which she gives at the public examination, so much the more confirms in our eyes that grasp at acknowledgment and at enjoyment of outward show, as in Ottilia's disposition, we at once perceive the greatest contrast to this tendency. The feeling of the triumph she had gained had made her even supercilious, and against whom could this feeling of victory rather be turned than against Ottilia, who in the sight of Luciana is nothing but a scantily endowed being, very subordinate to herself.* These traits, which were already shown to us during her residence in the boarding-school, and which of themselves have brought her into opposition with Ottilia, soon, on her actual appearance, came forth with much more decision, and cultivated to perfection. The elasticity and liveliness of her nature has almost reached the moveableness of a whirlpool, taking delight in the most noisy, restless impetuosity, and carrying others along in its course.† The endeavour to distinguish herself above others, and to riot in this feeling, has become heightened into a vain desire for brilliancy, which encompasses her entire nature, into the most bare-faced ambition to make herself, in every respect, the centre of society, and everything dependent on her own will and humor. But in this every relic of "internalness" and deep feeling is naturally lost, having yielded to an activity which is always directed towards outward show alone.

Since nothing is done by Luciana for the sake of the thing itself, and she is never able to forget herself in any one of her acts, so even the good which she does makes no pure impression, and the various benefits which she lavishes extravagantly enough, are marred by the character of ostentation, which always accompanies them. Hence it is never in her power, even to avoid afflicting a wound, nay, becoming cruel by her beneficence, because in everything she has only herself and her most subjective satisfac-

tion in view, and never understands how to adapt herself with delicacy to the particular cases. Nay, to delineate such a character the poet has purposely exhibited a trait, in which this longing recklessly to obtrude her beneficence, her care for others perfectly fails on the moral side, and changes itself into the greatest pain for the person for whom it was designed.*

Since Luciana is entirely deficient in depth of feeling, and rather, being impelled by a restless disquiet, an eternal grasp at change, plunges into the noisiest life,† and calls it forth when it does not already exist, it follows that we never see her turn her glance inwards and seek a quiet resting-place of hearty feeling and unostentatious intercourse. The self-will and extravagance of Luciana not proceeding from humor are even without the basis of love, and therefore act with no vivifying power upon the feelings, but rather cause pain and uneasiness. While a self-will, which bubbles up out of humor, always has a reconciling effort, because in the production of contrasts in the extravagant aimless binding together of the heterogeneous, it allows a feeling to shine through which reveals earnest in the midst of jest, so on the contrary Luciana's self-will is more strained and monotonous. Very characteristically for her nature, which is destitute of all feeling, it confines itself to a rapid attempt to seize every circumstance only on the ridiculous side, and always to perceive an occasion for ridicule. Humbleness is completely wanting to this selfish self-will.‡ A recklessness which brings out the ridiculous in things, and is only bent upon discovering this, appears to us much more as the product of an unfeeling understanding, which takes delight in apprehending far-fetched contrasts, and is not un frequently practised at the expense of others. Such an understanding is wanting in the element of a real humor, which does not pause at a one-sided grasp at the ridiculous, but everywhere, even when it good naturedly scoffs, exhibits a love which sees and brings out in everything a connection with the Idea. While to Luciana everything appears ridiculous, because her selfish self-will only considers things as isolated, and traces them from their internal connection, so with genuine humor the exhibition of the merely ridiculous is generally absorbed into the contemplation of an idea which is everywhere present. The morbid desire to trace the ridiculous everywhere therefore gives an evidence of internal coldness, just as genuine humor in its harmless operation reveals to us the most beneficent warmth of the heart.¶

As the deep nature of Ottilia strives against the wordly individuality of Luciana, which merely calculates on outward brilliancy, nay, even awakens in the latter a real dislike to this charming being,§ so are the more ideal persons generally repelled by Luciana's manner, as the poet has admirably signified to us in the cold, almost frosty deportment of the noble Architect towards her.|| For even her great endeavours to gain a homage from the Architect, and to count him in the number of her adorers, fails through the quiet equilibrium, which the natural aversion of the ideal youth from Luciana's worldly conduct opposes to her efforts. Neither was she able to make the poet an admirer, but on the contrary, is obliged to receive from him a painful sensation.

* We here remind our readers of the narrative how Luciana endeavoured to restore to society a young girl, who because she had the misfortune to occasion the death of a younger brother, had entirely secluded herself. But this violent attempt produces the most frightful effect on the young girl.—*Dr. Röscher's note.*

† According to the poet's expression, "Luciana always lashed before her the storm of life in the social whirlpool." *Ibid.*

‡ This unpleasant combination of "selfish" and "self-will" does not belong to the original, but arises from a difficulty in finding a good word for "Muthwille." I do not like "self-will," but still less do I like "petulancy," or "wantonness."—*Translator.*

¶ This desire of Luciana to seek the ridiculous everywhere, had manifestly given Ottilia occasion to express in her diary, the profound thought: "The sensual man laughs, when there is nothing to laugh at. Whatever excites him, his internal feeling of satisfaction is made apparent," and quite especially is the weighty word called forth: "The man of understanding finds almost everything ridiculous, the man of reason scarcely anything." We have endeavored also, to exhibit the sense of the expression with relation to Luciana's individuality.—*Dr. Röscher's note.*

§ This dislike had increased on Luciana's side. "A real bitterness had arisen in her relations towards Ottilia. She looked down with contempt on that quiet uninterrupted activity of the dear girl, which was observed and praised by everybody."—*Ibid.*

|| Here belongs the very masterly description of Luciana's representation of Artemisia, in which the Architect has to co-operate, as the builder who sketches the grave of Mausolus, but is not to be brought out of his tranquility and stiffness by any effort on the part of Luciana.—*Ibid.*

* In the Governess's letter it is said of Luciana, "she jumped about the rooms with her prizes and testimonials, and shook them in Ottilia's face. 'You have come off badly to-day,' she exclaimed. Ottilia answered very quietly, 'It is not yet the last day of examination.' 'But you will always remain the last!' cried the young lady, and bounded away."—*Dr. Röscher's note.*

† She scarcely allowed the oldest person any rest at the card-table. Whoever was in any degree moveable was forced, if not to the dance, at any rate to a lively game of forfeits, penalties, and puzzles."—*Offered by Dr. Röscher.*

It has always appeared to us a very refined trait for characterizing Luciana, that the poet makes her interested with especial vivacity and zeal for a class of artistical exhibitions, which is both subordinate in its nature, and is particularly adapted to shew forth one's own personality, and gratify one's vanity without trouble. We mean the representation of *tableaux vivans*, which completely occupies Luciana, and which she everywhere calls at once into life, certain that she will thus succeed in making herself a natural centre of society, and in being admired by the spectators. We have called this class subordinate, because it is completely destitute of all real ideality, and is only directed to a show of it, since it can make use of no other means than the form and personality of a few persons who chance to be brought together, which must be always relatively deficient.

Since in this region the mind can bring forth no product of its own, not being able, as in sculpture and painting, to elevate the given material into a sign and expression of the Idea, but must confine itself to artificially decking out that which is presented by chance—a common reality, so that it may have a show of the Idea, the *tableau vivant* always remains a poor substitute for the real art, which it imitates. It always leaves us in a state of contradiction between artistical illusion, ideal show, and common reality, since the last cannot be truly overcome and transfigured. At the same time this sort of exhibition gives great room to show one's self to advantage in every way, and by various means to turn all the attractions of form to account. Hence there will be no want of an effect upon the largest portion of the spectators, because people in general require a strong spring, and are by sensual illusion excited to a much higher degree than by a beautiful ideal appearance, which also requires an ideal tendency for its appreciation. This sort of artistic activity everywhere, as in the case of Luciana, owes its origin to vanity to an endeavour to produce strong effects with the least possible expenditure of art and technicality, and without any of that mastery over material which is gained by serious labor, and in the most allowable manner to make one's self an object of an universal attention,—nay, admiration, which can express itself without restraint at the charms of the form and the entire personality; while, on the other hand this acknowledgment can be received without blushing under the veil of art. Hence, it may be said, one reaps in sport without sowing. Hence Luciana is just as much inspired for the exhibition of *tableaux vivans*, as, on the other hand, Otilia, who is excluded from them altogether must feel a secret dislike to them, which, on the subsequent representation of the Madonna, she with difficulty overcomes. It is, therefore, an excellent thought that Luciana, who is so completely plunged into the world, is even in art seen to elevate herself only to a lively interest for *tableaux vivans*,* which are as worldly as herself, and only in the service of vanity. The deeper ground has been developed out of the nature of this class in harmony with Luciana's personality.

The figure of Luciana will certainly have awakened in us the conviction that in this soil a collision between inner powers cannot thrive, because such a collision always pre-supposes a certain depth of feeling and an endeavour directed inwardly. This is still more confirmed in us by the want of all heartiness and of all ideality in Luciana's relation to her bridegroom, this being so thoroughly external and superficial, that it completely removes all notion of capacity for depth and a warmth of genuine feeling.

As Luciana, on account of her nature being wholly lost in externality, cannot admit the possibility of this collision, so does the Teacher and the Architect raise us above it from an opposite cause. We will begin with the Assistant.

(To be continued.)

* To prevent misunderstanding, it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

* Luciana's whole nature is altogether closed to true art. Everywhere the effort is alone considered. Thus, it is said of her very characteristically: "Luciana, like all persons of the kind, who always mingle together, what is advantageous and what is detrimental to them, wished also to try her fortune in recitation, the memory was good, but to speak honestly, her delivery was spiritless, and vehement without passion." The want of depth is very definitely expressed in another place: "Luciana thought she understood everything better, and as her feelings were common, so to carry them out, the skill of a dear *soet-de-chambre* seemed quite as well, as that of an eminent artist. Further than an altar for sacrifice and a wreath, her imagination could not ascend if she thought to make a festal compliment on every one's birth-day.—Dr. Richter's note.

SONNET.

No. LIV.

THINK'at thou I'm happy?—There is scarce a day
That passes, but a lurid light it throws,
Making my heart some secret wound disclose,
Which in it unobserv'd, but rankling lay.
And all is self-inflicted. 'Tis the play
Of mine own thoughts,—the stream which ceaseless flows
From my soul's centre, pois'ning as it goes,
Which scatters wounds with its corroding spray.
The world is kind to me; but still—but still,
That bitter stream is ever onward rushing,
O'erwhelming ruthlessly each thought of bliss:
My soul itself is curs'd; I may not feel
That joy which flows for others, full and gushing;
For me there's venom in the fondest kiss.

N. D.

JENNY LIND! JENNY LIND!! JENNY LIND!!!

WE have yet, once more, the last time, to offer our readers a few extracts respecting the Swedish Nightingale. As Jenny Lind is, while we write, departing from our shores, we give them as a parting salute in honor of the accomplished vocalist.

No. 1.—(From the *Bath Gazette*).—Being as well pleased as most people with our own performances, we have the conceit to imagine that in our last paper we awarded her full due to Jenny Lind, and spoke quite as highly of her vocalization as the facts warrant. But while entertaining no prejudices hostile to the pretensions of the lady in question, we cannot be blind to the species of *Lindolatry* which prevails to the North, South, East, and West of us. Except on the old principle of "one fool making many," we can see no reason for any such ridiculous feeling as is exhibited towards the "Swedish nightingale." Neither do we deem it reasonable, because this fair lady has well-tutored vocal organs, can sing marvellously well, and produce a shake so pure as to be only comparable, in the ears of a neighbouring critic, to two notes rattled together, that therefore her name should be imported into every pastry cook's, halter's, or tobacconist's, shop in the empire. Surely we may concede that she equals all living singers, without being obliged to munch "Jenny Lind" comfits, wear Jenny Lind hats, or treat our adolescent friends with Jenny Lind cigars! We have no means of knowing to what extent this folly has intruded into those temples of vanity, drapers' shops; but doubtless shall soon find the "weaker sex," as they are unpolitely called, bedecked with "Jenny Lind" plaids, silks, and muslins. The "gents" are always the foremost in the march of folly and senility: and speedily will these exhibitants of their tailors, shall be found luxuriating in outré neck-ties and unexampled wrappers, dignified by the above common combination of alphabetical digits. We should be surprised at this amusing madness, did we not know, that if England be infected with a monomania, its sway is always right royal. Madden the English people about anything,—whether political, literary, or musical, and the result will be amazing. Inspire them with a penchant for a statesman, for a novelist, for a cantatrice, and it is wonderful how unanimous they are. They have not the enthusiasm of Germany, the ardour of Italy, or the levity of France, and it is therefore only by extreme good fortune on the part of an inventor of projects that they are aroused; but their pertinacity is marvellous. Once raised the clamour,—once obtain the sweet voices of the multitude,—and they are boisterous and untiring beyond example. Popular fame is proverbially transitory, but nowhere less so than in England. Thus it is, that at present we are blessed with a very fine and flourishing musical mania. The three kingdoms are wild about Jenny Lind. Cities, towns, villages, solitary farm-houses, are continually resonant with the name of the renowned songstress. People of all ranks, stations, and dispositions, crowd to hear her tones in *alissimo*, and profess themselves delighted. Any other opinion is pronounced rank heresy. The Queen graces her by the regal gift of a bouquet; young men commit dishonest acts to raise money in order to hear her. She is overwhelmed by encores, bouquets, ecstasies, testimonials; and last of all, provincial managers purchase her services at five hundred pounds a-night. As seven cities contended for the honour of having given birth to Homer, so there is contention as to the locality of Jenny's matrimonial predilections. Half the journals of the kingdom are wild on this topic. Cutlers, newspaper editors, clergymen, iron-founders, military Lotharios, Swedish peasants, simple "gentlemen," are named as future proprietors of the hand of this mistress of "linked sweetness." It is quite a fortunate hit for those journalists whose columns are usually dreary when Parliament is not sitting. The present season would try their resources terribly, but for Jenny Lind. One cannot get a French ducal murder or a Thames steam-boat explosion every week; yet on the feats, the connections, the intentions, the

triumphs of the "queen of song," it is possible to ring innumerable changes. We need not repeat that all this is wretchedly absurd, especially as all musical critics declare the superiority of Jenny's present rivals, Grisi and Alboni. Whether this opinion be right or wrong, every good judge of such matters must smile at the hack-writers, the empty connoisseurs, the praters, whose qualification is wealth of technical words, whose "valiant voices" have led to this universal uproar. We know that JENNY LIND sings well,—that her voice is limpid, clear, and constant,—but there is no foundation for this astonishing hubbub. It tends to degrade us in the eyes of sensible foreigners, and to deprive the nation of its reputation for possessing more than average sobriety, wisdom, and "common sense." Surely the lady's admirers can pay fitting respect to the musical abilities and artless demeanour of their prodigy, without losing their senses in an intoxication of delight. The truth is, that, sagacious as we English esteem ourselves, we are more easily than any people galled by overweening pretence, and its success is generally proportionate to its exaggeration. We reverence what we style respectability, and have great faith in the respectability of a good suit of clothes. We declare our contempt for quackery; and yet swallow tons of rubbish in the shape of universal panaceas. With us, men who effect profundity are esteemed profound, and pedantic smatterers are considered learned. And we greatly incline to the opinion, that JENNY LIND's successes, the noisy acclamations of her thousands of idolaters, and the accumulated store of pluvial gold are owing quite as much to this self-deluding spirit as to the eloquent music of her voice.

No. II.—(*From the Bath Gazette*).—At the Bristol theatre, on the occasion of Jenny Lind's late performance, the *élite* of the light-fingered gentry had a few pickings. Capt. Talbot, whilst passing along the lobby was relieved of his purse, containing about 7l. Another gentleman from London, lost his purse, containing six sovereigns. A lady for better security as she thought, gave her purse to her husband, when, hey, presto, it disappeared most mysteriously, and was found soon afterwards by a gentleman in his coat pocket, quite empty, the contents having been carefully removed by some expert thief.

No. III.—(*From the Glasgow Constitutional*).—THE LORD JUSTICE CLERK HOPE AND JENNY LIND.—The Inverary Circuit fell this year to be holden upon Thursday the 16th current. Could any of your readers inform me, whether the Lord Justice Clerk was present in the City Hall, Glasgow; having Madlle. Jenny Lind, upon Friday, the 17th? The object of this, apparently is to account for his lordship's haste to leave Campbellton without waiting for the jury, at the late circuit.

No. IV.—(*From the Daily News*).—JENNY LIND APPEARED at Exeter on Friday and Saturday, exciting the enthusiasm which has now become a matter of course. The prices of admission to the subscription rooms were £1 1s., 15s., and 10s. 6d. Some expert thieves were busy in the throng on the first occasion, and several robberies were effected. One gentleman lost nearly £2, another £3 10s., and a lady upwards of £100. Certain parties, it is said, speculated to the amount of £300 worth of tickets, which they were ultimately glad to dispose of at 6s. each.

No. V.—(*From the Bath Herald*).—We should like to make the acquaintance of the man who, after hearing Jenny Lind, could sit down coolly and write you all about it: speak in calm professional tones of the quality and register of her voice; anatomise the trills and cadences, the arpeggios and fiorituros with which she embellishes her song; discuss gravely the cast and expression of her features, and deliberate methodically upon her claims to beauty. Such a man's acquaintances, we say, we should be glad to make; we confess to a taste for monstrosities; such an unfeathered biped would have a charm for us, equal to Tom Thumb, the Swiss giantess, the Man-monkey, and the Bosjesmans; we should like to see him—behind the bars in his cage; but we should be sorry to shake him by the hand as our friend. Although yet young in the most sweet service of the public, a tolerably familiar acquaintance with the stage and the concert room has made us prematurely callous; we flattered ourselves we were proof against emotion; we can sit out the deepest of tragedies or the most pathetic of melo-dramas without winking, and have listened to the dulcetest of dulcet voices without being raised from our seat. Until we saw and heard Jenny Lind we *did* labour under an impression that we were indifferently self-possessed; from and after that time (as the lawyers say in the deeds) we have been abundantly convinced that that impression was a delusion and a snare. To fix the gaze upon Jenny's earnest eyes, and listen to the music which breathes forth as if from every feature in her gentle face, is at once to abandon all thought and remembrance of individual existence, and to yield up the imagination unconditionally to a charm more potent than that of the fabled syrens. And then to criticise her features! We have an innate respect for those strong-minded individuals who will undertake the execution of difficulties only just within the bounds of possibility; but we regard the man as a maniac who will attempt that which, *in rerum natura*, is not to be compassed. Were we a practitioner duly qualified, we would give without compunction an order for admission to the strongest room of

the securest lunatic asylum, of that individual who should be proved to have attempted anything so desperately hopeless as describing the face of Jenny Lind when lighted up with the fire of genius and animation. The task would be more easy to convey to a blind man, by verbal description, an idea of the prismatic colours. No! the face, the voice, the action, the expression of Jenny Lind, are things to be seen, and heard, and thought of, and dreamt about, and gloated over, but not to be described. With this negative exordium, then, let us proceed to note down some few circumstances connected with the charming Jenny's visit to Bath!!!

And so we bid adieu for a season to the fair Jenny, the far-famed Jenny, the overwhelmed-with-praises, the universally-sought, the great-curiosity-exciting Jenny. We wish her well, albeit we have labored hard to pull her down from that pride of place, where we were satisfied judgment and sober conviction could never have placed her. We wish her well, and trust she may return to us next season, with powers unimpaired and reason untouched by the frantic eulogies of her English admirers.

AN ANALYSIS OF THE HUMAN VOICE.

Compiled by FREDERICK WEBSTER, Professor of Elocution to the Royal Academy of Music.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 634.)

THE seven radical sounds with their vanishes, which have been described, include as far as I perceive, all the elementary diphthongs of the English language. The term diphthong denotes the transition of the voice from one tonic sound to another; forming thus the impulse of one syllable by a continuous gliding, without a perceptible change of organic effort in the transition. By the term elementary, as qualifying a diphthong, I mean to point out the inseparable bond of its constituents; the nature or the habit, whichever it may be, of the voice having so decreed the series of the two sounds, that the first or radical cannot, in unpremeditated utterance, be given without terminating in the second or vanish. The remaining five tonics are monothongs, and have one sort of sound for both the radical and vanishing movement, they are—*oo-oo*, *ee-l*, *e-rr*, *e-nd*, *i-n*. When the element *ee-l* is deliberately uttered, in the mode of asking a question with earnest surprise, one unvaried sound of *ee-l* is heard rising from the radical outset to the top of the vanish. This concrete rise in interrogation will be described hereafter, as being the interval of a radical and vanishing octave; but the homogeneous course of *ee-l* may be heard through the fifth, third tone and semitone. These modes of displaying the course of the unchanged concrete in *ee-l*, show an analogous result in the cases of the four other monothongal tonics. Whereas if the diphthongal tonics are uttered with the interrogative intonation, the difference between their radical and vanishing portions is at once perceptible. The nature of the tonics as here described, may be otherwise plainly shown. We learned in the last section, the distinction between the equable concrete of speech and the protracted radical, and protracted vanish of song and recitative. Now the use of these protracted forms of intonation will exhibit the structure of the tonic elements. For an attentive ear may perceive, when the diphthongs are *sung* with a protracted vanish, that the voice quickly leaves the radical, and dwells in continuation on the different sound of the vanish. The protracted note, in the vanish of the monothongs, will be the same in sound as their radicals. The words of an ordinary melody in slow time, or any church psalm, will afford proof on this point. Another mode of illustrating the real diphthongal character of seven of the tonics, may be drawn from the phenomena of rhyme. Rhyme is that peculiar relationship in the sound of syllables, which consists in a difference between the first sound of each, the compared syllables, and an identity between all the subsequent sounds, each to each; the agreeable effect of rhyme depending chiefly on the particular relation between the tonic sounds. The first condition is that of identity in the tonics, as *dame*, *came*. The second degree of relationship is made by tonics which have a different radical, but the same vanishing movement, as *cars*, *wars*. The third consists of those tonics that differ both in their radicals, and vanishes, yet are of nearest resemblance in their sort of sound, as, *good*, *blood*. The use of the second kind of rhyme

shows the composition of the diphthongal tonics. In the following lines the correspondence of oo-ze in *doom*, with o-ld, in *home*, and of a-le, in *obey*, with ee-l, in *tea*, is admitted as canonical, from the identity of the vanishes of a-le, and o-ld, respectively with the monothongs ee-l, and oo-ze.

Here Britain's statesmen off' the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

The assimilation of the sounds of a-le, and ee-l, by the identity of their vanishes, produces the monotony of the four following lines,
Swift to the Lock, a thousand sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear,
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "The Musical World."

"PUFFING."

Oct. 6, 1847.

SIR,—In this century, "puffing" has made so immense and ingenious an advance that it has become a very giant in its power and resources. It has ceased to be the pigmy thing it was of yore, a thing of ridicule and contempt, the exclusive property of the tradesman,—the special attribute of the counter and the barber's pole: it is now an organ of formidable grandeur and importance, capable of the greatest achievements, stretching forth its mighty, hydra-headed, branches far and wide, into every corner, an engine, most mysterious in its machinery, most wonderful in its works. In this century, "puffing" has ceased to be a trade, it has become a science,—an intricate and deep seated science! Let those who account this a misnomer, study the advertisement columns of our newspapers, the pamphlet forms presented us by the Hebrew tailors, the placards on our walls, the vans and boards perambulating the metropolis, the windows of the London shopkeepers, the nicely worded eulogiums that appear in the auctioneers' announcements, the poetical flights of fancy indulged in by the "Bed and Bolster Marts," the modern play bills, the —, but I shall go on until doomsday; let those who doubt study and ponder on but one of these things and they will be convinced, that *puffing is a science!*

There is a very striking example of the power, the mightiness, the grandeur, of this same science of "puffing," more prominently before the public. I approach the theme however with fear and trembling, for the subject is one, of which the world has heard, with which it has been bored, (the one is a *sequitur* naturally following the other) *ad nauseam*.

Jenny Lind—the very name so oft repeated begins to possess *ennuyants* properties—is the forcible example to which I refer. The reputation of the Swedish Nightingale, is based almost altogether upon puffs. The importance attached to her name is one of the greatest deeds of the science of "puffing," for it is through its medium, that she has attained the high position she now holds. For it is through its medium that her whole career has been one of triumph,—brilliant triumph. For it is through its medium, that she has been called "*the prima donna of prima donnas*," "*the greatest singer in the world*," "*a phenomenon*," "*a vocalist unequalled by past or present artists*," "*a better singer than Malibran and a greater actress than Rachel*," &c., &c., &c., that she has been magnified and praised till the force of puffery could no farther go,—when she is, in truth and fact,—a poor actress, and not a first-rate singer, with a very brilliant but far from a perfect organ.

The first appearance of the Nightingale in this country was the signal for the grand headlong outburst,—the gigantic display of the "puffing" in all its glory. The puffs previous to the arrival of the songstress, had been great, very great, but they sank into utter insignificance, before the grandeur of the storm which hailed her on her first appearance in this country. But it was, as we say of a storm of rain, "too violent to last." The effect was wonderful, unprecedented, because it was the grandest effort the science of "puffing" had ever undertaken. People were at first so panic struck,—so totally overwhelmed, by the immense force with which the torrent swept down, that they became, as it were, intoxicated with its tremendous fury, and were carried along with it, in spite of themselves joining and swelling the force of its hyperbolical cry. Indeed, it seemed heresy to be silent. Few beyond an isolated number of tough old musical philosophers were found powerful enough to resist the immense might of the opposing current. With time, however, reason returned, and the world has now commenced slowly but surely to retrace its steps, wondering at its own weakness and

determined as speedily as possible altogether to reverse a judgment so madly and heedlessly given.

The furious outburst of the science of puffing is now pretty well over. The direct system, the flying in the face of all truth and reason,—the out-heroding Herod course that had been pursued, in raising Jenny Lind so high above all the rest of humanity that other artists sunk altogether into pigmies in comparison with her, is a style of "puffing" now gradually dying off—becoming small by degrees and beautifully less. We now but seldom hear of it. The science of "puffing" has now (to use a hacknied nautical phrase) *altered its tack*.

If you meet a fierce Jenny Lind maniac, at the present time, he will scarcely venture to pronounce on his goddess, (*internatia*) the high sounding titles, quoted above, as of yore. No, another ramification from the puff-trunk is extended. Tell him that the Nightingale's voice is husky in the lower notes, and feeble and uncertain in the upper. He does not now directly contradict you, nevertheless he does not leave you unattacked in possession of the field. He will say, "*Perhaps so, but then what a dear good moral creature she is!*" Tell him that in your opinion Jenny's Norma cannot be better defined than in the words "frozen milk and water." He will reply, "*That may be but then how kind, how amiable she is!*" Tell him that her Susanna is worse than her Norma, he will answer, "*Very likely, but then how heavenly pure she is—how noble—how charitable!*" One is met no longer with opposition on musical grounds! The maniac no longer objects to your attacks but defends her moral character—which no one ever ventured to say one word against. The science of "puffing" unable any longer to keep up the delusion that Mdle. Lind is a musical phenomenon and superior to all other vocalists in a musical point of view, is now determined to make her a moral phenomenon—a paragon of virtue, an angel of piety—and therefore better than other vocalists, who does not profess the same qualities, and more deserving the public regard!

Heaven forbid that I should cavil at her morality or sneer at her piety. But still, I must say, that in my opinion these are matters, with which the musical public have nothing whatever to do. Mdle. Jenny Lind does not appear upon the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre to be examined touching her moral views, her amiability, her correctness of life, or her charity; but to exhibit and to have criticised her musical powers, her style of vocalisation, her voice, and her acting. What has the critic whose duty it is to judge and chronicle her musical talents, to do with her morality and the rectitude of her virtue, off the stage, in her private career? With what wild amazement would the judges of the Court of Queen's Bench stare, were they called upon to eulogize instead of condemning a felon, because he happened to be a splendid vocalist! And yet it is no less absurd to gloss over and praise Jenny Lind's musical deficiencies because she happens to be a very virtuous and pious young woman! By the way, the critic of *The Morning Post* will have it that she is a girl! I always gave the critic credit for very strange notions, but if girlhood is not passed at twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age I should like to know when it is? However, I do think that with the private life and actions of singers and actors the public have nothing whatever to do. They cease to be public property when they are off the stage, and to question or examine into their private career is neither more nor less, than an impertinent and disgraceful intrusion.

For my own part I would believe more about Mdle. Jenny Lind's good deeds and charitable actions, were I to hear less about them. I am not inclined to think very highly of charity, when it is followed by a trumpet, when it is the talk of everybody, when it is so puffed and reported in the newspapers and periodicals of the day, that its good actions become mere advertisements, mere vehicles to keep a name and reputation continually before the public eye. It appears to me to be, to say the least of it, a very equivocal virtue. It is not the charity of those, who "do good by stealth and blush to find it fame." Tales about Jenny Lind's refunding money to managers, with fears that they have not profited by her engagement, her terms being so enormous, make pretty paragraphs in newspapers, but it appears to me that much trouble would have been spared if those terms had been less exorbitant in the first instance, and the difficulty of refunding would have been obviated. But then the newspaper paragraphs—the advertisements—the "puffing," for it comes to that after all, would be done away with—mischief! Indeed, that would be, to such superficial musical merits as Jenny Lind's!

When I look back and see the immense length to which my dissertation on "puffing," has extended, I feel how many apologies are due to you for thus trespassing on your patience, and with the knowledge that every additional word but adds to my fault. I hastily subscribe myself,

October 6, 1847.

Your obedient servant, E. D. C

P. S.—My suggestion for changing the opera nights at Covent Garden to Mondays and Wednesdays has been met by, I fear, an insuperable objection, in the fact of the Philharmonic Concerts taking place on those evenings. It appears to me that my poor plan is in that respect entirely

* Quotations, reader, from the Jenny Lind critics, which might be increased *ad infinitum*.

obviated, and I have only left me to regret I so encroached on your space to no purpose.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Will you have the kindness to recommend to me, in an ensuing number of the *Musical World*, some songs that will suit the register of my voice, which is a barytone, ranging from F natural to D natural, or E flat, thus embracing nearly two octaves? It is very difficult for me to sing several flat E's, and I prefer going no higher than D natural. Henry Russell's style of songs is one which I like much, especially the more spirited of them. I can use the lowest notes of my voice without difficulty. I like songs the best that contain great contrasts of forte and piano. I have few means of choice among songs, which I trust you will consider an apology for writing to you on the subject. You criticise one of this week's *World*, by Linley, which I shall procure.—With much esteem, I am, Sir,

October 5, 1847.

A LOVER OF SONG.

[We are not sufficiently versed in modern ballad writing to recommend the songs required by our correspondent. Nearly all the bass songs reach the E flat, or E natural. Our correspondent had best apply at the publishers.—Ed. M. W.]

To the Editor of The Musical World.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Can you inform me whether your talented correspondent, Mr. Flowers, has ever turned his attention to, or composed anything for the accordion? I feel confident that a judicious arrangement of some of his organ fugues, which I have at present in my possession, would suit the instrument admirably. This beautiful and soul-thrilling sound produced only wants the patronage of some talented and energetic gentleman, like the one I have named, to bring it to its proper position, and make it truly a national instrument. I mention Mr. Flowers' name because, as an admiring reader of your journal, I have been frequently struck with his great perseverance and untiring energy in the cause of our beloved art. I have the honour to remain, dear Mr. Editor, your constant reader and subscriber,

Sept. 29, 1847.

A PROFESSOR OF THE ACCORDION.

To the Editor of The Musical World.

DEAR SIR,—Your numbers of the 2nd have only just reached me. I am obliged by your insertion of my letter relative to Jenny Lind's Concerts there, but there are a few errors owing, no doubt, to my bad writing. Will it be too much trouble to ask you to correct them?

Col. 2, p. 638, line 5 from bottom; for "these concerts," read "three concerts."

Col. 1, p. 639, line 1, for "this orchestra," read "the hall."

Ditto, line 9, and for "opening scenes," read "singing tenors."

Ditto, line 30, for "the latter," read "the second."

Norwich, Oct. 7.

Yours truly,

MUSICUS.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.—The season commenced on Saturday evening, with *The School for Scandal* and *The Invisible Prince*. The house was crowded in every nook and corner. The comedy on the whole was finely performed. Of Farren's Sir Peter Teazle, Mrs. Glover's Mrs. Candour, and Mrs. Nisbett's Lady Teazle, it would be superfluous to speak. They were as excellent as ever. Of the other characters, Mrs. W. Clifford's Lady Sneerwell, Mr. Webster's Moses, and Mr. Brindal's Trip, demand nearly the same praise. We thus behold a comedy supported, as regards six of its characters, in capital style. But this does not make the performance perfect. There are other parts as prominent which require to be conceived and embodied with equal life and strength, or the comedy must necessarily lose as a complete performance. The parts of Charles and Joseph Surface, for the first time at this theatre, by Mr. H. Farren and Mr. Creswick, demand a little consideration before we can arrive at their real value. The appearance of Mr. H. Farren is much in his favour. He is tall, well-made, and his deportment is gentlemanly and easy. He is a good stage tactician and has evidently studied in the Farren-school. Nevertheless with these qualifications we cannot think that Nature ever intended Mr. H. Farren for a light comedian. His voice is deep,

almost solemn: his look serious; he is totally devoid of that mercurial spirit so necessary to the impersonations of the Charles Surface class, and which characterised the performances of Elliston, Jones, and others. With all this we are inclined to believe Mr. H. Farren to be a young man of much ability, and have no doubt that by and bye he will find a part more in unison with his sympathies and powers. Mr. Creswick's Joseph Surface was heavy and monotonous. This gentleman has talent, but it is not always under the best governance, or the best judgment. His conception of Joseph Surface was certainly a mistaken one. Miss E. Messent made a most favourable *debut* in Maria. She is quite a novice to the boards, but played with as much ease and propriety as though she had been stage born. The comedy was received with much favour, and all the performers were summoned at the end. It was repeated on Tuesday evening.

On Monday Miss Helen Faucit re-appeared after an absence of three seasons. She played her own—absolutely *her own*—part of Pauline Deschappelles in *The Lady of Lyons*, one of the best and most finished original impersonations of modern times. Miss Helen Faucit was received with immense applause. Her performance of Pauline was characterised by all its former grace, elegance, feeling, and power. It would be no easy task to find its superior as a piece of acting on the English stage. Mr. Creswick played Claude Melnotte. He looked the part well, and in the earlier scenes exhibited no mean power as an artiste. In all the latter portions of the play we could discern but little indications of tragic ability. An entire want of intensity rendered the passionate scenes cold and ineffective, nor was his judgment always to be commended. Mr. Creswick, in secondary characters, may be entitled to eulogy, but at present his position at this house is somewhat elevated beyond his merits. On Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. Keeley appeared in *Twice Killed* with the usual effect. Mr. Keeley is, we understand, engaged to supply Mr. Buckstone's place.

On Wednesday *The Hunchback* was performed with, positively, one of the best casts we ever witnessed. Miss Helen Faucit was the Julia; Mrs. Nisbett (first time of performance), Helen; Mr. Creswick, Master Walter; Mr. H. Farren, Modus; Mr. A. Wigan, Lord Tinsel; and Mr. Howe, Sir Thomas Clifford. We repeat, *The Hunchback* was better cast than we ever saw it before, aye, even in Fanny Kemble's heyday. Miss Faucit's Julia is a great, very great performance. It is hardly possible to fancy a representation more exquisitely conceived, or more perfectly developed. We have seen multitudes of Julia's, from Fanny Kemble downwards, in the race of time, and confess we have witnessed none at all comparable to Helen Faucit's. Not only do ease and grace, which are Nature's free gifts, belong to her, and consummate art, which is the offspring of study and experience; but that innate faculty of imagining with truth and beauty, demonstrated by outward signs akin to that imagining, which is the rarest bestowal of Heaven, and which mortals denominate *genius*, appertains to this artiste. For power, truthfulness, and artistic finish, Miss Helen Faucit's Julia is equal to any performance we have seen in modern times. To select scenes in the play for particular eulogy would prove a task of no small difficulty. Perhaps the scene with Master Walter, after she discovers Clifford to be the steward of her affianced lord, and ultimately uses entreaties, reproaches, and threats to move her seeming hard-hearted guardian; and that in which she acknowledges, after many struggles her love to Clifford himself, were the most transcendent parts of her acting. These were incomparably fine. There was not a single look, attitude, or utterance which did not exhibit the tentings of a wounded

heart. We have endeavoured, in our feeble way, and briefly as we could, to do justice to this performance, but all we have said falls far short of the reality. Mrs. Nisbett's Helen, it may be well imagined, was admirable. This delightful actress could hardly be seen to greater advantage than in this character, which suited her vivacious and arch style to perfection. Her scenes with Modus were most excellent, and in her advances to her timid lover she displayed the greatest propriety in not outstepping the limits of feminine delicacy, a fault we have had frequently to lay to the charge of sundry modern Helens. In this newly undertaken part Mrs. Nisbett has added another shining leaf to her wreath of laurel. Mr. Creswick's Master Walter was a careful and effective impersonation. The character, as it demanded neither great tragic power, nor variety of phase in its embodiment, adapted itself well to the actor. Mr. H. Farren was infinitely better in Modus than in Charles Surface. The quaintness and humorous repose of the part were capitally conceived.—The performance obtained immense applause. All the principal actors were called for at the end. *The Hunchback* was repeated last evening with, if possible, greater applause, than on Wednesday. After the *Hunchback*, on Wednesday, *The Romantic Widow* was performed, and introduced Mr. Ranger in the same character, the Marquis St. Croix, in which he made his *debut* eight years since. He was received with great favor.

SURREY.—*The Bohemian Girl*, with the after entertainments varied, has been played nightly during the week, and on each occasion attracted overflowing houses, several nights hundreds having been turned away from the doors, not being able to obtain admission. Mr. Bunn's campaign promises great things.

PRINCESS'S.—The announcement of Macready and Miss Cushman's conjoined appearance in *Macbeth* drew a full and curious audience on Monday, the opening night of the winter campaign. It was the first time that these two celebrated artistes had played together in this country. Miss Cushman obtained a great and universal reputation from the moment she played Romeo at the Haymarket. Previous to that her claims to be considered a first-rate artiste were not conceded generally. There were many who argued, not without good grounds of reason, that her intellect was better adapted to melo-dramatic displays than to the loftier exhibition of pure tragedy. Her somewhat masculine conception of character, her want of grace, redundancy of action and frequent striving after effect induced us to coincide with this opinion. It was only when we had seen her in Romeo that we were induced to allow her the possession of the highest capabilities demanded in tragic impersonation. On Monday night her performance of Lady Macbeth threw us back once more upon the conviction that she was unsuited to the loftiest efforts of the histrionic muse. It was a performance unequal and inadequate, and failed to realise to sober judgment the grandeur, power, and intensity of the character she portrayed. Some points she certainly made which were new and striking, but these were opposed by so many errors, inconsistencies, and improprieties, that we arose from the performance thoroughly satisfied that the Lady Macbeth of Shakspeare was out of the pale of Miss Cushman's intellect. When last we beheld the actress in this character we viewed it far more favourably: our change of opinion may be attributed either to a falling off in the artiste's conception, or to the fact that by being placed in contact with Macready her performance was more exposed to critical judgment, her faults and deficiencies being thereby

made more manifest. Certainly the contrast, or comparison was anything but favourable to Miss Cushman, and though she obtained great applause, we are convinced the general impression of the performance was that of a comparative failure. The reading of the letter in her first scene gave the audience a foretaste of Miss Cushman's melodramatic conception of Lady Macbeth. It displayed neither taste, nor propriety; and the awful speech that follows was deficient in power and vitality. The banquet scene was good, and at the close, where the guests were dismissed, her looks and attitude of agony were conceived with great truth. Her answer to Macbeth's question, "How goes the night?" simple as the words were in themselves, in their tone and apparent abstraction, convinced us that Miss Cushman has moments when she is swayed by the most admirable judgment. The sleep-walking scene, which we admired so much on a former occasion, displeased us entirely on Monday night. She fell precisely into the same error into which Jenny Lind fell in the sleep-walking scenes in the *Sonnambula*, viz: illustrating every phrase, or word by a corresponding action. It strikes us that Shakspeare's notion was, that under such influences as pervaded the mind of his heroine one great idea would be paramount, and that however busy, or irrelevant the tongue might be, the absorbing thought of blood upon her hands, would be exhibited by a continued attempt to wash the stains therefrom; and the text, as it appears to us, explains it clearly. In Miss Cushman's variety of action, and essays of illustration, the whole scene lost its unity and its sublimity. Independent of this, the actions and attitudes of the actress were divested of all grace, and this, in no small degree, subtracted from the dignity of the representation. We are bound to admit that Miss Cushman was received throughout her performance with the greatest applause, but this does not alter our conviction one jot. Macready's Macbeth appeared to us grander than ever. It is indeed a most wonderful performance. We need not descant here upon what has occupied our pen so frequently upon former occasions. Mr. Cooper was not equal to Macduff. This actor is entirely deficient in power and pathos. The terrible scene in which Macduff receives information of the slaughter of his wife and children was rendered by Mr. Cooper so tamely that it degenerated into absolute burlesque. Mr. James Vining's Rosse was played with great propriety. A Mr. Conway, from the Edinburgh Theatre, made his first appearance in Malcolm. Having little to record favourable to this gentleman, we shall forbear criticising him on the present occasion, trusting that another opportunity may bring him before us in a better light. The chorus was altogether inefficient. Mr. Bodda was tolerable in Hecate. In the present epoch of stage reformation, in the prevailing reverence for Shakspeare, and the universal feeling gone abroad to give his works to the public in their naked integrity and purity, we are absolutely astounded at the retention of Lock's puny music fitted to words *never written by Shakspeare*. In reading the written "*Macbeth*," the mind receives a feeling of awe and horror, when perusing the congregation of fearful items that make up the magical ingredients of the cauldron. But how much is this feeling dissipated and turned into laughter, when in the *acted* play we find the following line tagged to the end of Shakspeare's awful catalogue:—

"Three ounces of a red-hair'd wench."

Is it possible that Macready, with all his adoration for Shakspeare, could have allowed so filthy and unmeaning a line to have lived by the side of the author's verses? It may be said that the music, being set with these words, required

their retention. Most futile reason. Then cut away the music altogether.—

"Three ounces of a red-hair'd wench."

Every component named by the witches to charm the metaphysical agents of evil, is particularised and circumstantiated.

"Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing.

Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witch's mummy; maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch deliver'd by a drab, &c., &c."

To this list of horrors, so perfectly in consonance with the hellish operations of the weird sisters, must be added an ingredient so low, vague and meaningless, as to convert the author's seriousness into the hyperbolical absurd. And such is the modern reverence for the works of the great poet. Nor is this all we have to complain of in the acted version of *Macbeth*. To give place to Lock's music, which occupies a considerable space of time in the performance, several scenes are omitted, and some of the finest speeches in the play expunged. Take that, for instance, when Macbeth seeks the witches in the cavern, and conjures them to answer his questions.—

"Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodged, and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundation, though the treasure
Of Nature's germains tumble all together,
Even till distraction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you."

The words in italics only are spoken; and this is what is called the restoration of Shakespere. Mr. Phelps deserves the lasting gratitude of all lovers of the poet, for being the first to rescue Shakespere from this foul emasculation, and rendering him in his full integrity. The fact is, that Lock's music should be omitted entirely, with the exception of the choruses, "Come away, come away," and "Black spirits and white," which alone the author intended to be sung; and even then, we should demand music something superior to that of the over-lauded Lock. *Macbeth*, in its modern guise, has too much of a melodramatic show, and all this musical podder tends to detract considerably from its grandeur and sublimity.

On Tuesday evening Miss Cushman played Mrs. Haller in *The Stranger*. This was an excellent performance, and the actress pleased us as much in it as we disliked her in *Lady Macbeth*. With the exception of Miss Cushman's *Romeo*, and perhaps her *Meg Merrilies*, we have seen her in no part which wins from us so much admiration. Her acting was natural, and extremely touching, and was unmarked by those extra endeavours at making points, which we have found fault with in noticing her *Lady Macbeth*. Mr. Cooper's *Stranger* was dolorous, and over-strained. The rest of the characters demand no particular notice. After the play a new afterpiece was produced, under the title of *A Romance of the Rhine*. It is apparently taken from the French and is tolerably translated. The piece is amusing, and was well acted by the

Misses Emma Stanley and Villars, J. Vining and Compton, Compton had a good part, and made it as efficient as it could be made. We are glad to see Miss Villars on the boards of the Princess's. She is a worthy addition to the corps *dramatique*. *The Romance of the Rhine* met with the greatest success.

On Wednesday *Othello* was played with an entirely new cast, if we except Macready in the hero, and J. Vining in Roderigo. Miss Cushman performed Emilia, and Miss Emmeline Montague made her *début* at this theatre in Desdemona. Macready's *Othello* never wholly gratified us. It is, to our thinking, an erroneous conception altogether. It appears, however, to be one of the parts in which the great tragedian is most favourably received by the multitude. For the actor's sake we wish we were of the mob. Miss Cushman played Emilia with a degree of fire and earnestness we have never seen surpassed on the stage. The scene in the bed-room, where Emilia taunts Othello, most deservedly drew down thunders of applause. Miss Emmeline Montague in Desdemona produced a most favourable impression. There is a natural grace and gentleness of deportment in this lady that befits her for such parts as Desdemona. We admired Miss Emmeline Montague some years since when she played Juliet at Drury Lane. Since then we have lost sight of her, saving through occasional provincial reports in which she generally obtained high praise. The part of Desdemona does not tax the highest capabilities of an actress, nevertheless there is sufficient in the acting to call for some of the rarest qualifications of a tragic artist. Our verdict is certainly in favour of the *débutante*, and we do not hesitate to pronounce her a decided HIT. Mr. Cooper's Iago was a powerless performance. We can say so just much for Mr. Conway's Cassio. This gentleman's nasal voice is much against him. He speaks as if he had a cold in his head. He has tact and experience in his business, but he has as yet given no indication of tragic genius. The performance was received with raptures by an over-thronged house, and all the principal actors obtained the usual re-calls.

Romeo and Juliet was produced on Thursday with Miss Cushman and Miss Susan Cushman as the hero and heroine. We have already overstept our limitations, and must postpone our notice of the performance until next week. *Macbeth* was repeated last evening. *The Romance of the Rhine* is played nightly.

PROVINCIAL.

MANCHESTER.—HARGREAVES' CHORAL SOCIETY.—The sixth annual meeting of this society was held at the Albion Hotel, Piccadilly, Manchester, on Thursday evening, John Owen, Esq., (one of the executors of Mr. Hargreaves) in the chair. The report of the committee was read by the honorary secretary. The treasurer then read the financial statement, from which it appeared that the total receipts (including £50 19s. 5d. from the Hargreaves bequest) were £1,488 10s. 8d. The expenditure amounted to £1,481 0s. 8d., the principal items being: musical fees, £1,023 5s.; purchase and hire of music £79 7s. 6d.; printing and advertising, £76 19s. 6d.; rent, £125 14s.; leaving a balance in the bank of £7 10s. The usual routine of resolutions having been passed, a conversation took place upon the importance of a more strict enforcement of the regulation respecting the admission of non-subscribers; and a resolution was passed unanimously to the effect that "the committee be instructed to enforce a more strict observance of the regulation respecting the admission of non-subscribers, by a more careful examination of the tickets on entering, to see that they are correctly filled up, according to the instructions printed thereon,—by requesting the instant retirement from the Concert Room of all parties found there in violation of the regulation,—and by adopting such other measures as they may deem necessary; and this meeting pledges itself, on behalf of the subscribers at large, to co-operate to the utmost with the committee in carrying out the proposed arrangements." It was

announced that the committee intended to commence their seventh season on the 28th of October with the oratorio of "Elijah," which was received with so much approval when performed in April last. Herr Staudigl would have been engaged for the part of the prophet, but his continental engagement would not allow of his presence in England at the time. Miss Birch had also been written to, but her engagement at the French Opera, would detain her in Paris. In consequence the Misses Williams have been engaged in the place of Miss Birch, and Miss Doty and Messrs. Lockey and H. Phillips are to resume their former parts in the oratorio.—*Manchester Courier*.

THE SONGS OF SCOTLAND, ENGLAND, AND IRELAND.—A musical treat of a rare character was afforded to a Croydon audience, on Monday last, in the selection of Song, Duets, &c., given by Mr. H. Phillips and Mr. Land. These gentlemen have united their talents for the purpose of giving a series of vocal entertainments, with, occasionally, an instrumental performance, and judging from the enthusiastic manner in which their efforts were received they will doubtless have a most prosperous career. Both gentlemen were warmly greeted on their entrance, when Mr. Phillips addressed the audience by saying that on the present occasion he felt unusual gratification in appearing associated with Mr. Land, whose talents as a pianist whilst connected with Mr. Wilson had been universally acknowledged and appreciated; he was unwilling to allude further to Mr. Land's merits in that gentleman's presence and would merely add that his vocal abilities had too long been suffered to lie dormant: in conclusion he ventured to hope by their combined efforts to be enabled to present music of a higher class than had hitherto been attempted at similar entertainments. Mr. Phillips, in the delivery of the remarks and anecdotes introducing each song, and in his address, was frequently applauded. Mr. Land, in his first song, abundantly proved how equally he is at home either as a singer or an accompanist; he possesses a well-trained tenor voice, singularly sweet and full in its upper register and capable of deep expression; he sang the *morceaux* allotted to him in a style that literally took the audience by surprise. His rendering of "Auld Robin Gray" was chaste and pathetic in the extreme: equal praise, too, must be awarded to "My bonnie Mary," and "The Lass of Gowrie," both of which were deservedly encored. In the duet from Donizetti's *Belisario* with Mr. Phillips he was no less happy in the florid Italian school: it was highly applauded. Mr. Phillips was in fine voice, and gave Calcott's scene, "The Last Man," in his usual manner, proving himself the *only man* that can do it justice. He was encored in a beautiful MS. song "Mine be a cot," taken from Rogers' Poems, also in Tom Moore's capital song "To ladies' eyes," and "The Bear Hunt." His chaste style of singing Dibdin's song "The Lads of the Village," afforded great delight to the lovers of English Melody. It may truly be said that "honours were divided" between the gentlemen, and the pleasure of their audience doubled by their auspicious co-operation. We consider this a union of great advantage to the public as a means of diffusing music of a certain character throughout the three kingdoms. A hearty burst of applause took up the closing strains of this decided musical treat which we venture to prophecy will be loudly echoed wherever it is given.—*Surrey and Sussex Standard*.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

PARIS.—OPERA.—The chief features at the Academy during the week past has been the *reprise* of the *Muette de Portici*, and the *debut* of Poulitier in *Masaniello*, after an absence of several years from the Opera. The engagement of Mademoiselle Alboni is spoken of as a certainty. This announcement has created a great sensation in musical circles. It is said she will make her *debut* at the latter end of the present month. Cerito and St. Leon will appear in a new *ballet*, written expressly for them, with music by Pugni, about the same time. Verdi's opera is in rapid progress. The third act has been rehearsed.

—THEATRE-ITALIEN opened on Saturday with *Il Don Giovanni*. Grisi, Persiani, Corbari, Lablache, Mario, Tagliafco, and Polonini were the chief executants. All were excellent, except Coletti, whose Don was very indifferent. A great concourse of visitors attended.

—TAMBURINI is in Paris, having arrived some days since. He would have departed last week for St. Petersburg, but for the sudden indisposition of his son.

—ROGER, the celebrated tenor of the *Opera Comique*, intends to set out for Italy after the expiration of his present engagement.

REVIEWS OF MUSIC.

"*Emigrant's Farewell*;" *Ballad*. Composed by N. J. SPORLE.—B. WILLIAMS, Cheapside.

MR. SPORLE's ballads are remarkable, in most instances, for a certain felicity of tune, which is sure to have captivations for lovers of simple song. The ballad before us has that degree of merit that appertains to the best compositions of the author. It is written in A, three sharps, and requires a voice of moderate compass to sing it, extending from E on the first line to E in the fourth space. The song will be found useful in indoctrinating beginners.

"*Cathedral and Church Chants*." Composed by JOHN HENRY MACFARLANE, Organist.—CHARLES JEFFERY'S.

THIS is part first of a work with the above title. It contains seventeen double, and eight single chants. They appear to have been indited by one thoroughly conversant with compositions of this class, and well versed in arranging for voices. The title-page is splendid, being printed in gold and illuminated colors.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF SEBASTIAN BACH.

(Translated from the "*France Musicale*.")

SEBASTIAN BACH was indisputably one of the most splendid geniuses which Europe produced at an epoch so remarkable for the reproduction of letters and the fine arts. Sebastian Bach played a character in Germany, analogous to that which Palestrina played in Italy; he contributed powerfully to the regeneration of music. By his original and vigorous compositions, and by his didactic works, he opened a novel and unexplored road-way to art.

In the retreat, where he had made his abode, the illustrious composer was visited by persons of the highest rank and consideration. Nevertheless, in the midst of all the homage which was rendered to him, Sebastian lived after a fashion the most simple and patriarchal. Luxury was banished from his establishment; order and propriety reigned his household gods; and a wife, who was truly a model for woman-kind, directed all as the presiding genius.

Sebastian had but an only daughter in the wedded state, a charming girl, full of intelligence and candour. He gave her the name of Cecilia, after the patroness of music, and lived in hope that she would resemble, by her virtues and her talents, her illustrious homonym.

We have said that Sebastian Bach was accustomed to receive frequent visits from those who revered art. The Baron de Norberg, a young man distinguished by his wit and by the good qualities of his heart, was one of those who mostly frequented his house. Springing from a noble family, the youthful baron enjoyed a high position and an independent fortune. In addition, he possessed, in an extreme degree, a love for the arts. He was a distinguished musical amateur. He used to pass hour after hour in the society of Sebastian Bach, and the master loved to converse with the young nobleman, and at last conceived for him a very lively affection. One day it happened that Sebastian was in the gallery, where he used to work during the warm days of summer, when the Baron suddenly entering, approached him, clothed as for a ceremonial visit, and before he had time to salute him, demanded of him his daughter's hand in marriage. At this unexpected offer, the illustrious master rose, lifted his hat from his head, and said, after a moment's reflection: "My dear Baron, I cannot be otherwise than highly flattered at the demand you have made to me; but I must add, nevertheless, that it is impossible to accept of the honor you wished to confer upon me." "How is that?" inquired the baron confounded. "Hear me, my dear friend! I am sometimes odd, and act on occasions like one distracted. Very

well, it is my humor. I have taken it into my head not to give my daughter in marriage even to the most illustrious man, unless he cultivate that art to which I have devoted my whole existence." "But consider" "Nothing on earth," interrupted Sebastian, "can alter my resolution in this respect. However, although it is impossible that you can become my son-in-law, I hope that will not hinder us from being as good friends as ever; but it is necessary that not the least word should transpire to my wife, still less to my daughter; and let you and me avoid all allusion to the matter from this time forward. It also appears requisite to me that your visits, however agreeable they may be to us all, should become less frequent, if, indeed, they should not cease altogether." The baron de Norberg retired astonished and confounded. He had assured himself of the mother's consent; and had received from the daughter's lips a confirmation that she would present no very great obstacle to his desires. He had never entertained a thought that he would have met with opposition from the father. The refusal, therefore, seemed to him more cruel as it was unexpected. He was overwhelmed and afflicted. After a moment's hesitation, he hastened to the mother and daughter, who awaited with anxiety the result of his mission. He related to them the reception he had met with. Sebastian's wife ran instantly to find her husband. She complained bitterly of the caprice that had carried him so far as to refuse so excellent an alliance for her dear Cecilia. The baron was rich, of high birth, and had great merits. What did he want more? Why refuse advantages so superior to what he expected? Such obstinacy was truly inconceivable. These arguments were enforced with as much force, as much heat, and as much eloquence as maternal tenderness and anxiety could inspire. But Sebastian was impregnable, and his wife, convinced that it was impossible to overcome his resolve, returned to the Baron de Norberg and her daughter, and related the ill-success of her enterprise. "My dear child," she added in conclusion, "you know that your father is the best of men; but his humor, however strange, we are bound to submit to. I know him long and well. It is absolutely necessary that his son-in-law should be a musician. When an idea once enters into his head, it is impossible to drive it away."

The Baron took leave of the mother and daughter; but before separating from Cecilia, he said to her: "I depart from you, because I cannot, at this moment, make or imagine any new attempt which could wear an aspect of success. Only I conjure you, do not banish me from your memory. I hope, some years hence to come back to you, and flatter myself, I shall then obtain the consent of your father." The Baron de Norberg departed without explaining himself farther. But a close observer might have remarked that a sudden change had taken place in his looks. The sadness and despondence, that had darkened his countenance had entirely disappeared. His voice was firm: his eye bright: his look assured. It was not difficult to see that he had conceived some sudden resolution, and felt that he had power to accomplish it.

Soon after the interview the Baron de Norberg quitted Germany. Four years rolled on, and still he returned not. During this long period, he wrote frequently to Sebastian and his family. His letters dated from Paris, London, Rome, Naples, or Florence, breathed the greatest enthusiasm for art. He related in these epistles, in a highly imaginative style, the impressions of his voyage, and spoke with admiration of all the great musicians he had seen, and all the grand works, the performance of which had filled him with wonder and delight.

It was at that moment an era of regeneration for Europe. Italy was at the head of that intellectual progress, and of that artistic movement which signalized the sixteenth century. The lyric drama, the splendour of which had disappeared in the chaos of the middle ages, had been resuscitated under the genius of Scarlatti. The elements of a new art were in a state of fusion. The burning and enthusiastic soul of the Baron was impressed in a lively manner by this *spectacle*, and his emotions betrayed themselves in a remarkable degree in his correspondence with his friends. His letters were replete with sparkling eloquence, information conveyed in an original and fanciful manner, and all that passed in the artistic world was analysed by ingenious and witty commentaries. Often in the midst of his interesting peregrinations, and his musical studies, the Baron would reiterate with all his poetical feeling the sentiments he had avowed for the charming Cecilia. Each of his letters was followed by a *postscript*, in which he renewed, in a respectful, and at the same time, a tender manner, the assurance of his unalterable attachment.

The correspondence of the Baron, however, after some time, grew less frequent, and at length ceased entirely. Sebastian Bach and his wife did not know how to interpret this silence. Cecilia was grievously afflicted.

One day that Sebastian had gone to Bonn on some business, his wife and daughter were seated in the large gallery which generally served for the *studio* of the composer. Cecilia was trying some new music on her harpsichord. Her light fingers were skimming over the keys, when the sound of footsteps made her pause, and turning round, she beheld—Judge with how much surprise—the Baron de Norberg. "Mademoiselle," said he "it is four years since I bade you farewell. I promised to return when circumstances would permit me, and I conjured you not to banish me from your recollection. It appeared to me then that I had it in my power, on some far future day, by dint of study and perseverance, to fulfil the condition that your father required as indispensable in a son-in-law. I put myself immediately to work. That art, which I only cultivated for pastime as an amateur, became, thenceforward the object of my constant studies; and love effected what neither fame, glory, nor the desire of popularity could effect. I have become a musician. Italy already knows my name and my works. Doubtless, there are many artistes more illustrious, and more deserving than I am; but your father will judge of my weak talents with indulgence, and render me credit for all my efforts—and now permit me, charming Cecilia, to make you judge of my progress," added the Baron smiling. He sat down and executed a *suite de melodies* of his own composition, written in an original form and character. In this work he retraced the emotions of his adventurous life, his visions of love and poesy, his aspirations towards goodness, his tortures in exile, his joy at his returning to his country, and the places made happy by the light of his dear heart's countenance. The style of the composition modified itself according to the different situations, and the songs, by turns lively and light, plaintive and melancholy, full of passion and tenderness, translated every varied impression of his soul.

Such was the work of the Baron de Norberg. In his case the merit of the executant equalled the talent of the composer. Cecilia and her mother listened with astonishment, with enthusiasm. But whilst they were spell-bound under the enchantment of this music and of this performance, they had not noticed a new auditor, who had glided imperceptibly into the room. It was Sebastian. The illustrious composer was himself seized with astonishment and admiration. He endeavoured

awhile to suppress the beatings of his heart, and to lull the sentiments which agitated him, but in vain. He could contain himself no longer; and throwing himself on the Baron's neck, cried, "No, my friend, I shall make no objection to your marriage. My child is yours. You did not withdraw yourself from her society to obtain her, without undergoing long and painful labors: you have given an amiable and incontestable proof of your attachment. Here me, my friend: When I told you that I wished a musician for my son-in-law, that must have appeared strange to you. Do not pre-judge me, however, as a capricious man, or one half-déranged. What I desired above all things was, that he who would become the husband of my beloved daughter, should embrace a profession, a career in which he would obtain an assured independence. The most splendid fortunes are liable to sudden loss, especially in these times of agitation and civil troubles. Who can foresee the ills that to-morrow may have in store for us? But talent and merit are solid advantages, which no outward disaster can take from us. These principles, based on a long experience, dictated my conduct towards you, when four years since you demanded from me the hand of my daughter. I said to myself, "Mons. le Baron has good dispositions for music. He is young: has time to labour. Let us turn these faculties in a happy direction: let us trace for him the route which he ought to take, and if he love Cecilia, he will know how to triumph over every obstacle, and regain for himself a rank in the artistic world." This, my friend, is what I then said. I could not explain all that clearly and precisely. Judge of my joy when I found you had devised my intentions. Cecilia, Norberg, my dear children . . . I bless you."

The marriage of Cecilia and the Baron de Norberg took place a few days afterwards. It was celebrated with a noble simplicity. The principal vocal societies of Germany assisted at the nuptial feast. Sebastian exhibited foresight in exacting that his son-in-law should possess a profession. De Norberg was soon able to convince himself of his father-in-law's acuteness of judgment. In consequence of the wars which desolated Germany he was deprived of all his fortune. He supported this loss with resignation, and found in the exercise of his art pleasures surpassing those of goods and chattels,

MISCELLANEOUS.

DRURY-LANE.—Mr. Jullien's Promenade Concerts commenced last night. We have but little space left to describe the splendid appearance of the house under its new aspect, the huge crowd that attended, the performances given, or the immense encores demanded by the enthusiastic audience. It is enough to say, in this hurried notice, that the theatre was universally admired for the novelty and extreme beauty of its decorations, and that the orchestra gratified the most fastidious lover of instrumental music. The vocal essays were entrusted to Miss Dolby, who was greeted on her entrance with the heartiest applause, and obtained a unanimous encore in two songs. In consequence of our going to press early we must defer particulars till next week. It would hardly be fair in a hasty article like this, to comment on the many splendours of the new decorations, the completeness of the band, or to attempt to describe, in few words, the excitement of the vast crowd assembled. In our next number we shall give full and true particulars of the new theatre, and the performances of the week.

HERB STAUDIGL has left London for Vienna. It is uncertain whether he will be able to obtain leave of absence from the Imperial Chapel during the winter, so as to enable him to accept an engagement from M. Jullien for Drury-Lane.

MR. HENRY RUSSELL is giving his vocal entertainments with much success in the provinces, having visited during the months of August and September, Chertsey, Farnham, Winchester, Salisbury, Portsmouth, Chichester, Arundel, Worthing, Hastings, Norwich, Yarmouth, Ipswich, Windsor, Reading, Newbury, Northampton, Coventry, Leamington, Stratford-upon-Avon; and during the month of October the vocalist will pursue his flight to Warwick, Wolverhampton, Shrewsbury, Wellington, St. Helen's, Derby, Nottingham, Chesterfield, Huddersfield, Halifax, Blackburn, Carlisle, Preston, &c.

THE NEW DECORATIONS OF DRURY-LANE THEATRE are simple, although exceedingly effective. The ground of the whole is a faint blossom colour, approaching a white, and the ornaments, which are all *appliqué*, are gilt. The fronts of all the boxes are laced with a trellis of large mash, formed of an enriched moulding, gilt, and upon this festoons of detached flowers, very nicely modelled, and also gilt, are suspended. On the dress boxes the festoons are looped through wreaths; on the next tier, tied with a gilt riband, and on the front of the third tier the festoon consists of riband only. The fluted Corinthian columns which form the proscenium, two on each side, have their caps and bases gilt, and the flutes entwined by a continuous wreath of flowers, gilt, as have also the small columns which support the boxes throughout the house. The whole of the ornaments, fruit and flower work, are of *papier mâché*—the ornamental moulding which forms the trellis being of a new patent machine-made kind, and were made, gilt and fixed in five weeks by Mr. Bielefeld. The ceiling is painted to represent the sky seen from a roofless building, and much ingenuity is exhibited in the endeavour. A continuation of the trellis work, rising from the walls, forms an inclosure around the lower part of the circle; and the central glass chandelier, a new one, is made to represent, by masses of drops, six flags, with lines of the union-jack marked on each of them by light. It is kept close up to the ceiling, and is seen to be held by six flying cupids. For colour, entire dependence is placed on the draperies, in respect of which Mr. Frederick Gye has taken a bold step. Acting probably on the proverbial partiality of the fairer portion of the British public for a red coat, he has adopted nothing more nor less for his draperies than bright scarlet cloth with yellow edging, which must produce a brilliant effect. The boxes are lined with a yellow patterned paper on a crimson ground. The "family boxes" have been cleared away, so as to form an inclosed area for standing spectators.—*The Builder*.

SIGNOR COSTA has been unanimously elected a member of the Royal Society of Musicians. Charles Knyvett is the senior member of the institution, having been elected in the year 1784. François Cramer was elected the same year, but two months later than Knyvett.

R. B. PEAKE, the celebrated dramatist, died suddenly on Monday last, at his residence near Queen's Elms, aged 55.—Mr. P. was the author of several highly popular plays, melodramas, and farces, among which we may specify *Amateurs and Actors*, *The Duel*, *Jonathan in England*, *Before Breakfast*, *£100 Note*, *Haunted Inn*, *Comfortable Lodgings*, *Bottle Imp*, *Master's Rival*, *Climbing Boy*, *Evil Eye*, *Blanche of Jersey*, *H. B.*, *Middle Temple*, *Uncle Rip*, *Miner's Well*, *Three Wives of Madrid*, *Sheriff of the County*, *False Mr. Pope*, *Colombia*, *Title Deeds*, &c. Mr. Peake has left a large family quite unprovided for. He accumulated some money by his dramatic writings, but lost it all, we understand, by an unprofitable speculation in the Lyceum—that most infelicitous of theatres. A subscription is about to be set on foot, which, we trust, will realise something handsome for the family.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.—A second trial of new works by members of this society took place at Erat's Harp Saloon on Tuesday last. Among the instrumental compositions brought forward, we may select the following as deserving considerable approbation:—A Trio, in B minor, for piano, violin, and violoncello, and a Sonata, in G, for piano and violoncello, by Charles Horsley (both musicianly works); a Sonata, in E, for violin and piano by Kate Loder (a pleasing specimen of this fair composer's talent); a Trio, in C sharp minor, for piano, violin, and violoncello, by Walter C. Macfarren (an exceedingly clever composition); and a Sonata, for the pianoforte, by Haite. Several vocal compositions, by Kate Loder, H. C. Banister, James Calkin, and James Coward, were also tried, and deserved the applause they obtained.

JENNY LIND'S GENEROSITY.—We have been informed that one of the performances at Bristol was generously given by Madlle. Lind for the benefit of Mrs. Macready, and that the proceeds of this munificent act of the Swedish vocalist amounted to nearly 1900*l.*—*Gloucester Journal.*

DR. ESSEX.—This well known musician died last week, aged 83.

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PROGRAMME for MONDAY, OCTOBER 11th, 1847.

PART I.

Overture, "Der Freischutz,"	Weber.
Quadrille, on Airs from Herold's opera of "Zampa,"	Jullien.
Symphony, the Andantino, from the Symphony in A,	Beethoven.
Solo, Violoncello, SIGNOR PIATTI, (his first appearance)	Piatti.
Valse, (first time) Miranda, composed on the occasion of Her Majesty's visit to Cambridge,	König.
Recit and Aria, "Grazie Clementi Dei" & "A te Riede," sung by Miss DOLBY (who is engaged for a limited period, and will make her third appearance on Monday, at M. JULLIEN'S Concerts),	Mercadante.
Quadrille, the British Navy, with Solos by Mr. Richardson, M. Barret, M. Prosperi, and Herr König,	Jullien.

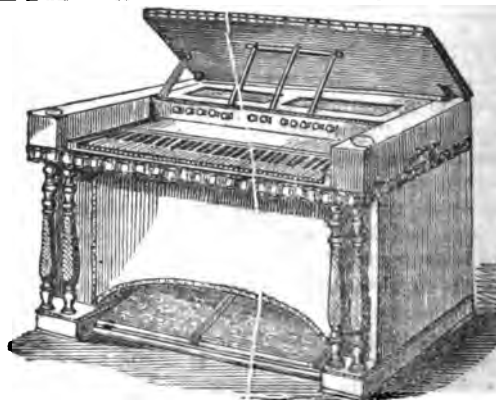
PART II.

Opera, "Norma," Grand Selection, with Solos for Flute, Clarinet, and Duo for Two Cornets, performed by Mr. Richardson, Herr Sonnenberg. Mr. Rowland, and Herr König,	Bellini.
Valse, Olga, or Princess Valse,	Jullien.
National Song, "The Swiss Girl," (third time) sung by Miss DOLBY,	Linley.
Polka, from Donizetti's Opera, "La Figlia del Regimento" (first time)	Jullien.
Solo, Flute, Mr. Richardson,	Richardson.
Polka, American Polka	Jullien.

Concert commences at Eight o'clock.

Places and Private Boxes may be secured on application to Mr. O'REILLY, at the Box Office of the Theatre; Mr. MITCHELL, Old Bond street; Mr. ALLCROFT, New Bond street; Mr. SAMS, St. James's street; Mr. OLLIVIER, New Bond street; and at M. JULLIEN & Co.'s Musical Establishment, 214, Regent street.

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* Nos. 1, 2, 5, 18, and 19 were played by M. Schulhoff, at his Concert on the 28th May, with the greatest success.

JULES SCHULHOFF'S CONCERT.

"M. Jules Schulhoff gave a concert on the 28th instant in the Hanover Square Rooms, before a vast concourse of amateurs and professors. The first piece essayed by M. Schulhoff was the *Allegro* from a Sonata dedicated to Chopin. The style of this composition is ambitious. The ideas are good, although the development is somewhat discursive, and the elaboration redundant. The next piece was of a wholly different kind. A "Caprice sur des airs Nationaux Bohémiens." The passages are very elegant, and there is a nice feeling for harmony and modulation, which, though sparingly developed, manifests itself most agreeably. A "Nocturne in A flat," (op. xi.) followed by an "Etude de Concert," (op. lii.) are deserving of still higher commendation. The *Nocturne* is expressive and graceful, and in its colouring occasionally reminds us of Chopin, although it has less vagueness of outline and less wildness of modulation than the majority of the effusions of the famous Polish pianist. The "Etude de Concert," a vigorous theme, developed with continuous power, is a composition of extreme difficulty. M. Schulhoff, however, executed it with consummate facility and grace, and the encore he forced from the whole room did not by any means surprise us. The last exhibition of M. Schulhoff's powers was devoted to a melody, without words, called "Le Zephyr." It is a gem of its kind, tuneful, harmonious, and graceful, and will in all probability find its way to the pianoforte of every amateur and professor in the united kingdom. On the whole, M. Schulhoff may be said to have achieved a triumph at his concert, both as a pianist and as a composer, and to have established his name in this country as one of the ruling spirits of his particular department in art. The concert was varied by other instrumental performances. The talented brothers, Helmesberger, played the *Adagio* and *Rondo* from Spohr's "Second Concertante," op. 88 (for two violins), with admirable precision and the most refined taste. M. Oberthur also gained distinction by a clever performance on the harp, of his "Souvenir de Londres," which he has appropriately dedicated to Parish Alvars. The Misses Williams were encored in Keller's pretty duo, "Spring is long since o'er," which they sang very nicely. Miss Bassano, in a *lied* by Proch, "Ah! mother dear," was graceful and unpretending. Kucken's pretty *lied*, "Thy name I whisper," and Weber's "Fair being! lovely as the Heavens," were both chastely rendered by Mr. Bodda, and his voice was favourably displayed in a simple *lied* by Krebs, "Loving, I think of thee." Macfarren's fine air, "Tintendo ingrata," one of the most beautiful of his vocal compositions, was sung with infinite passion and the truest expression by Madame G. A. Macfarren."—*Musical World*, No. 23.

Wessel & Co, 229, Regent Street, corner of Hanover Street.

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LETTERS FROM PARIS.

(No. 4.)

TO DESMOND RYAN, ESQ.

MY DEAR RYAN,—Tuesday, October 12—The star of your favorite Alboni has shone with even brighter lustre here, in "the City of the Arts," than in London, the "City of Commerce." At eight o'clock on Saturday night, the Opera was filled from top to bottom, with an audience composed of the *élite* of Parisian rank, fashion, literature, and art. To describe the excitement that prevailed is altogether out of my power. Expectation was on tiptoe, and a breathless silence governed the whole of the vast multitude, as the heroine of the evening stepped quickly before the foot-lights, with that mingled look of composure and modesty which constitutes so great a charm in her deportment. She was received with a shout of applause that shook the roof of the building for about half-a-dozen seconds, and then died away into silence profounder than before. Every man, woman, and child among the audience was, in the words of Keats,

"As quiet as a stone."

People feared to breathe, so intense was the anxiety to hear that voice which had instantaneously sung itself into fame at the Royal Italian Opera. You may imagine that I was not less anxious than the rest; and I can assure you I trembled for the result. Not only was it the personal interest I felt in the amiable *debutante* that roused me into an unusual state of excitement, but I felt that the honour of English criticism, the judgment of the English public, which had been first to proclaim Alboni great, was here at stake. We should either be laughed at, as "gulls," or respected, as connoisseurs. On Alboni depended our reputation as a musical nation. This is no exaggeration of what I felt at the moment, although it might be termed an exaggeration of the sober truth; for music does not altogether depend upon singers for its manifestation; nor is Italian opera the loftiest order of dramatic music. The question was soon decided, however. Scarcely had Alboni opened her lips, than the whole crowd was in an uproar. A few notes uttered, with seeming unconcern, by the young singer, conquered the hearts and convinced the judgments of the French public; guaranteed the soundness of English taste; and established her own right to be placed among the great artistes of the world. It was the quickest triumph I ever witnessed, the easiest won, the most thoroughly maintained, and one of the most dazzling and incontestable.

I shall not trouble you with a dry heap of details about what you have so often described yourself much more eloquently than lies in my poor means. Suffice it, Alboni sang a *cavatina* from *Semiramide*; a duet from the same (with Alizard); an air from *L'Italiana in Algieri*; and the duet,

"Dunque io son," from *Il Barbiere* (with Barhoillet), in her best manner; was encored, or recalled, after every piece; and after each successive performance, made faster her hold on public opinion.

On Monday the press, in language of glowing eulogy, echoed the voice of the public, and the *feuilletons* of some of the celebrated critics went to such lengths of adulation, that had not the public been there to judge, the public would have put them down for ebullitions of "wood men." In the evening, the same crowd, the same enthusiasm, the same triumph attended the second performance of the new comer. The programme was enriched by the bacchanalian, "Brindisi," from *Lucrezia Borgia*, which created a tumult literally out of pale of description. In other respects it was the same. To-day the press again teems with *feuilletons* in honour of the great *contralto*, who has been persuaded to sing on one more occasion, which is fixed for to-morrow night. Although there is no change in the programme, every place is already taken, and the crowd will be immense. I have purchased the *Journal des Debats, Constitutionnel, Presse, and Commerce*, and shall transmit you some extracts from the articles of Berlioz, Fiorentino, Theophile Gautier, and Scudo, which will no doubt prove interesting to the admirers of Alboni among your readers. By the way, do not forget the admirers of Alboni from the number, and how many of them would you have left? MM. Duponchel and Roques are the lucky men; Fortune lavishes her favors upon them, and fills their coffers to overflowing. It remains to be seen whether the successes of Cerito and our clever countrywoman, Miss Birch, and the engagement of Alboni, to appear on the Opera boards, as an actress as well as a singer, in the month of January next, will put the seal upon their already unexampled good luck.

Wednesday October 13.—It is now four o'clock, and the post leaves at five; I must therefore content myself, and you must be contented, with a few hurried lines, as appendix to my dispatch of yesterday.

To-night is the third and last appearance of Alboni. I saw her this morning at her hotel, on the *Boulevard des Italiens*. She was reading the *Feuilletons* of Berlioz and Fiorentino, with a sort of childish delight. She seems perfectly unconscious of being, which she absolutely is, at the present moment, the theme of conversation for all Paris. She asked me, in the most unaffected tone of sincerity, whether she had sung "assez bien," on Monday night, my answer, "très bien pour une petite fille," seemed to amuse her exceedingly. Alboni is assuredly, for a great *artiste*, the most unpretending and simple creature in the world. She has not the slightest notion of her position in her art, and in the eyes of the public and the musical world. She leaves Paris at the end of the week, for Pesth, where she has promised to

appear at the *Theatre Italien*. (At ~~Paris~~ there is a *Theatre Italien*, a *Theatre Français*, and in short everything but a *Theatre Allemand*! so national are the Hungarians!) Alboni has no written engagement; but having given her word—her accustomed mode of proceeding—she undertakes all risks, and thinks nothing of an expense of some five or six thousand francs, which she must inevitably disburse in travelling there and back and remaining for a month, in an affair which concerns her *parole*. In a month she is expected back to Paris, when, it is positively stated, she will appear upon the Opera stage, in *L'Italiana in Algeri*, *Robert Bruce*, *Otello*, *La Favorite*, &c. &c. Let us hope, for the sake of the Parisians, that this expectation, which I have from first-rate authority, may be fulfilled.

The success of Alboni has, it is said, driven M. Vatel furious. I hear that, by the advice of Lablache, he did not engage her for the *Italiens*, although he might have had her upon reasonable terms. You cannot imagine, my dear Ryan, anything more *pitoyable* than the Italian Opera here. You know my adoration for *Don Giovanni* (which has not been diminished since I have been lately reading Mr. Holmes' very entertaining memoir of Mozart)—you know that I regard it as the *chef-d'œuvre* of the human mind; nevertheless, I can assure you, it was played in such a manner at the *Italiens*, here, that it gave me positive pain to listen to it. The orchestra is very little better than what we have been used to at Drury Lane Theatre, and every year M. Vatel *improves* it by dismissing three or four of his violins; so that it is as much as M. Tilmant—a very excellent conductor, who for many years was the *vice* of Habeneck at the *conservatoire*—can do to make the accompaniments go, without coming to a stand still.

The chorus is equally mediocre, and the *mise en scene* would disgrace a barn. Although Grisi was as fine as ever—although Mario sang “Il mio tesoro” like an angel—although Persiani adorned Mozart's melodies with an infinity of meretricious ornaments—although Corbari was very modest and very charming—and although Lablache *diversified* the interest attached to the music of Mozart by an infinity of uncongenial buffooneries*—nothing would do. The opera went off as coldly as though it had been a cold and indifferent work, instead of the most glowing and passionate of inspirations. The Commandant, M. Rache, was detestable; and I sadly missed Tagliafico (who played Masetto), in the last scene. Coletti, for the sake of his well-deserved reputation as a careful and excellent barytone, should never attempt to play *Don Giovanni*, which is altogether out of his element. He is as heavy as lead, and as stiff as a poker—while his *fun* is sepulchral. Ronconi, who forms part of the company, who likes to play *Don Giovanni*, and *can* play it, in the bargain, ought to have been cast for this, the most important part in the opera—except Leporello, when he is devouring the maccheroni, and otherwise spoiling the effect of the last finale.

Madame Castellan's *debut* in *Lucia* was highly successful. I never heard her sing so charmingly, and the Parisians are quite in love with her. I was much pleased at this result, for there are few artistes at once more deserving and unassuming than Madame Castellan. Mario's Edgar was capital; his last scene was quite equal to anything I ever heard effected by Rubini in the same part. Ronconi has only played twice yet—both times in *Lucia*; talking of which, by the way, news has been received of the safe arrival of poor Donizetti, at

Bergamo, his native place. He was expected to pass through Milan, on his route, and a serenade was prepared for the occasion, to be executed under the window of the apartment it was thought he would occupy in the *Hotel de* —; but, as it happened, he did not touch at Milan at all; or if he did, it was merely *en passage*.

One of the chiefest delights of Paris, to any one musically inclined, is the *Opera Comique*. Here you can have a real musical treat:—a good orchestra, good chorus, good principals, and good music. I have heard *La Fiancée*, one of Auber's early works, revived; *L'Eclair*, a very dull comic opera by Halévy; the *Mousquetaires de la Reine*, by far the ablest work of the same composer; *La Dame Blanche*, the most popular achievement of Boieldieu; and other operas. *La Fiancée* is certainly one of Auber's very best works. The second act is a masterpiece. It is exceedingly well done, on the whole. Madame Darcier, who plays the *fiancée*, is a charming actress, and a very excellent singer, albeit occasionally given to exaggeration, both in her acting and singing; and she also lacks power in the concerted music. Mocker is a capital actor, but his voice, a tenor, is weak, and he cannot execute clearly. Bussine, the new bass, I do not like at all; his voice is unpleasant in quality, his singing unfinished, his deportment ungainly, and his acting that of a novice; who does not, however, want for confidence. Audran, another tenor, is an actor of great feeling, and he sometimes sings with great energy and *abandon*; but he wants finish and certainty of intonation. The orchestra is excellent. The wind instruments were so perfect that I could not but think, with regret, of some of the deficiencies of our London orchestras in this particular. The chorus sang well, and the general *ensemble* was admirable. In the other three operas I had the opportunity of hearing Roger, who is justly vaunted as the glory of the *Opera Comique*, and who has quite enough in him to be the glory of the *Academie Royale* and the *Italiens*. Roger is not only a great singer, but he is an actor of first-rate talent, excelling equally in serious and comic characters. His performance of the hero in *L'Eclair* is one of the most pathetic and beautiful things imaginable; it affected me almost to tears. Scarcely less admirable is he in *La Dame Blanche*. You should hear him sing the fine old melody, “Robin Adair,” which Boieldieu has arranged with such consummate taste; you would be enchanted. Roger quits the *Opera Comique* in the month of May; how to replace him will puzzle M. Basset, the director, for there is nothing that can approach him at the present moment. After a short tour in Italy, Roger will pay London a second visit, when I trust you will have more frequent occasion of judging of his admirable and varied talents than you had last year. By the way, Mr. Mitchell, the spirited lessee of the Theatre in St. James's, has been here some days, making arrangements for the forthcoming season. He entertains some idea of an *Opera Comique* to begin the season, and has already, I believe, made several engagements. It would be a *coupe de maître* (nothing new to Mr. Mitchell) if he could manage to persuade M. Basset to grant Roger a *congé* of two or three months; but I fear this is impossible, since the excellent tenor is already studying new parts in the forthcoming operas of Reber (from which, judging from his instrumental music, I expect great things) and Auber. With his part in the latter Roger is enchanted.

Balfe is hard at work on two operas; one for Jullien, which is nearly finished, and will, I think, somewhat astonish you; and one for the *Opera Comique*, for which M. St. George has supplied the *libretto*. He has also been offered a book for

* I have sent you an admirable article of Fiorentino, in the *Constitutionnel*, in which the writer has the courage to speak the truth about the error of the greatest of buffos.

the *Academie Royale*; but with all his rapidity it is impossible Balfe can compose three operas in four months (the duration of his sojourn here); only Mozart could effect such miracles. You are aware, I presume, that Balfe has renewed his engagement with Mr. Lumley for Her Majesty's Theatre.

Cerito's *debut*, owing to the success of Alboni, is postponed till Monday. The rehearsal of the new *ballet* took place yesterday; the music of Pagni seemed to please everybody, and although Cerito did not *dance* her part, she indicated enough to raise the highest expectations. Miss Birch's *debut* is not yet definitely fixed, but cannot fail to take place soon.

On *Friday* Theophile Gautier's delicious *ballet* of *Giselle*, with the charming music of Adolphe Adam, was performed at the Opera, after *Lucie*. Carlotta Grisi, in *Giselle*, was divine. I never saw her dance with more grace and *legereté*, act with more truth and feeling. *Giselle* is Carlotta's own creation, and will always remain one of her favorite parts. But bear in mind that *Giselle* at the *Academie* is a very different thing from the fragment you have been accustomed to see in London. It is worth coming to Paris to see it: it is a *ballet* in perfection. But with all its beauty, *Giselle* without Carlotta would be a *triste* affair—for *Giselle* is Carlotta, and Carlotta is *Giselle*.

I have been to many theatres, and have much more to tell you, but must, as "my hour is come," defer it, with a notice of Alboni's third concert (to-night) until my next. Adieu, meanwhile—*Portez vous bien*. D.

MUSIC.

(From the Bath and Cheltenham Gazette.)

Music transcends all graphic and verbal poetry. Rightfully, it is universal in its powers and influences; and it is for this reason that various authors have discovered certain analogies between music and painting, or between music and poetry. It is, in reality, analogous to all things. The beautiful and the hideous, the tranquil and the terrible, the harmonious and the discordant, all find musical expression. It surpasses all other modes of utterance; it will be the language of our spiritual futurity.

We have an enthusiasm for music. Not that we are, like the all-accomplished Dangle, "a decided critic in music as well as in literature;" not that we pretend to the authoritative position of connoisseurship, pronouncing musical decisions *ex cathedra*. There is nothing in the world so ridiculous as to see an amateur, possessed of mere rudimental knowledge, whose memory is stored with a quantity of useless technical jargon, picked up at concerts and operas, becoming a leader of opinion, simply by the influence of his solemnity and dogmatism. Such men, be assured, are as empty as they are vain; if there be any music in their souls, it is the mindless jingle of puerility.

A great musician is the greatest of poets. All true poets have within them the musical spirit, though mere manual and vocal skill may be wanting.

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter."

Death, which strips us of all worldly power and possession, will also divest our minds of their temporal acquirements; the skill, the science, the learning of humanity, are mortal as humanity itself. But genius was born with its inspired possessor, and will be eternal as its glorious giver. Genius, which could ever interpret the music of earth, will hereafter intelligently quaff the liquid language of Heaven. *Pœta*

nascitur. The man who communes with those musical utterances that are inaudible to common ears, knows far more of our lofty theme than the most dexterous of modern triflers on the piano.

The prevalence of musical empiricism in these days is the consequence and the cause of the absence of all love for the "concord of its sweet sounds." Earth's music has fled. Noise is better beloved; the uproar of a monster band delights the populace amazingly. It was not so, even in this matter-of-fact country of England, two centuries ago. Charles Knight, who is one of the few lovers of antique speculation and inquiry who are not mere pedantic husks, says that then—"The people were the heirs of poetry as well as of music. They had their own delicious madrigals to sing, in which music was 'married to immortal verse,'—and they *could* sing them."

Does not this disgrace us! Our "minstrelsy is a matter of sixpences!" Who shall presume to number those who, born with musical imaginations, are paralysed altogether because their sphere of life is musicless? Both Mozart's and Milton's have been mute and inglorious; and thus coming generations lose by the fault of the now existent race of men.

But let us consider the analogies of music to other arts and influences. First, as fit preparative, we would seek some perfect solitude, listening for those "unheard melodies;" and feeling all the ecstasies of inspiration as our spirit drinks in wave on wave of musical—but noiseless—delight. Whence do distil these winged glories? Is it the music of the spheres? Are there voices in those filmy clouds? Yes, to the enlightened, world-forgetting heart, these beauties of the universe are all resonant with the song of Divine love.

"That strain again;—it had a dying fall;
Oh! it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour."

Can anything more perfectly and pregnantly express, than do these words of Shakspeare, the analogy between nature and music? The loving Orsino heard, in the utterance of those delicious lutes, the sighing of the southern breeze over violet banks. To him, music was then the food of love. He was far in the perfume-breathing recesses of some fairy Elysium, "discoursing most eloquent music" to the worshipped Olivia.

But Byron has also shewn us the analogy between music and the intelligent beauty of the human countenance. In one line, which some of the sapient critics quarrelled with, being unable to understand it, he has described the greatest possible height of female beauty.

"The mind, the music breathing from her face."

Have you not, O observant reader, most frequently noted faces of surpassing regularity and beauty, yet very insipid notwithstanding all, on account of their stillness, their tame placidity? Have you not, on the other hand, been charmed with a strange surprise, as some not uncommon countenance flashed into sudden beauty by the advent of a single smile? If not, we give you no credit for the proper exercise of your perceptive faculties.

Very beautiful is the analogy between painting and the "divine art." Looking on a landscape of Claude's, your spirit's ear will be saluted with a tranquil and mystic melody, such as

"The daughters three
Sang around the golden tree."

We have gazed on the Madonnas and her mighty Infant, until

fancy has given us to hear the whispered songs of the ever-accompanying angels, and even the remote hosannahs of the jubilant choirs of heaven.

Years ago when there was life among the magazine-writers, we remember a beautiful conversation in Blackwood, on Keepsakes—on cherished memorials of deceased friendship or love. Christopher North declares his predilection for a lock of hair—"a soft, smooth, burnt, golden and glorious fragment of the apparelling, that once hung in clouds and sunshine over an angel's brow!" They talk of portraits—which should be exact and inspired resemblances,—and thus does the Ettrick shepherd speak thereon:—"There's aye something wrang, either about the mouth, or the een, or the nose—or what's warst o' a', you canna fin' faute wi' ony o' the features for no being like, and yet the painter, frae no kennin the delightfu' character o' her or him that was sittin' till him, leaves out o' the face the entire speerit—or, aiblins, that the portrait may na' be deficient in expression, he pits in a sharp, clever look, like that o' a blue stocking, into soft, dewy, divine een, swimming with sowle! or spoils the mouth a'thegither by puckerin' up at the corners; sa that a' the innocent smiles, mantlin' there like kisses, tak' flight frae sic prim lips, cherry-ripe though they be!" "And for this," says he, finally, "which he ca's a portrait, and proposes sendin' to the Exhibition, he has the conscience to charge you—withouten the frame—the reasonable soom o' a hundred pounds sterling!"

Most truly, it is so. You have a fine picture, but it is not your departed friend. It is valueless as a representation and unpleasing as a memento. But better than aught that can wake reminiscences of one whom death has taken,—better than a ringlet, or a portrait, or a ring, or a choice book of poems,—is a single strain of music; an old song, perhaps, very simple and beautiful, which you have a thousand times sung together. It is as the voice of the dead, speaking familiar phrases. It brings the presence of the loved one, perfect and vivid, before the mental eye. It verily rolls back the stream of life, and you are side by side with that dearest friend, of whom otherwise there was but a chill remembrance. It is no gross, tangible, commonplace, material relic,—a thing to be kept in the waistcoat-pocket, or hung against the wall,—but a spiritual and immortal keepsake, an inmate of the heart, a fragment of that absent mind, which remains with you ever. Has it not often, whether played by some skilled hand, or borne spontaneously upon a breeze that scarce ruffles the serene sky, moved you to joyous tears? Does it not bring a Lethæan draught to annihilate the weary interval, and to restore those happy times ere death has done his work of dread?

Music is the only mental solace. It alone "ministers to a mind diseased." It heals the insane, it cheers the melancholy. After wearying the soul with much study, how gratefully does it soothe and refresh, and obliterate from the brain the iron traces of deep thought. At such times, or after intercourse with the turbulent crowd, when wearied, and yet in some measure infected, with their worldliness, we would exclaim—

..... "Let my due feet never fail,
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars, massy proof,
And storied windows, richly dight,
Casting a dim, religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced quire below
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes!"

A Treatise on the "Affinities of Goethe,"

IN ITS WORLD-HISTORICAL SIGNIFICANCE,

DEVELOPED ACCORDING TO ITS MORAL AND ARTISTICAL VALUE,

Translated from the German of Dr. Heinrich Theodor Röscher,
Professor at the Royal Gymnasium at Bromberg.

CHAPTER II.—(continued from page 649).

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SINGLE CHARACTERS IN THE "AFFINITIES."

THE appearance of the Assistant (teacher) gives us the picture of a man who, with his whole soul and a clear mind, fills a highly respectable calling, and in this sphere of activity, which completely enchains him, is removed from the influence of the natural force of feeling. Whom would it better suit to awaken the notion of a mind and character elevated above the power of mere feeling, than one charged with education, who must have accomplished in himself that which he would attain in others? Does not all education tend to a subjection of that natural force which revolts against the moral and the universal, and to such a purification of the feelings into rational knowledge, that the former do not lose their rights?

In the region of education our assistant is, in every respect, at home. Not only by his calm deportment and his clearness does he elevate us above every passionate feeling, every wavering position, so that in regarding him we remain free from every anxiety as to an attack from natural force which might throw him out of his equilibrium, but he shows himself throughout as a sensible man of refined understanding and superior education. Having, by his apprehension of Otilia's character, already given us a proof how well he can individualize, how far he is removed from a mere abstract mode of education, which does not regard individual peculiarity, he also confirms us in this impression by his personal appearance. For as often as he expresses himself on the subject of human positions, enters into questions of education and cultivation, he not only knows how to speak well and impressively, but he shews a fine sense for the differences of human nature and its positions, to which sense he can give a form with as much grace as earnest.*

But with all this we cannot be deceived as to a prosaic characteristic in our assistant, which makes him incapable of claiming a whole and full interest so that he may be recognized as a really plastic form,—nay, which, with all his aptness, moral earnest, and tact, betrays a certain degree of stiffness and insipidity. This is the want of all energy of feeling and imagination. No nature paying homage to moral ends, however apt it may be, can avoid shewing a certain insipidity when we cannot discover in it a treasure of feeling and intuition, or, at any rate, in single traits the possibility of a great heart-power. We shall not refuse such a nature our respect, but it cannot excite us to a resignation of our whole being, or even to an inspiration. This impression is made upon us by the Assistant. It is already characteristic that he is entirely deficient in an ideal sense for art and for the creation of the forming imagination,—as appears from his expressions about the church and chapel. While the elevation of such a building by the hand of artist is to him a mixture of the holy with the sensual, and the distinction of certain places that they may specially serve to awaken devotion, is thoroughly repugnant to him, since "even the most ordinary surrounding objects should not disturb in us the feeling of the Divine;" he here professes a point of view which is completely abstract, and which excludes all sense and inspiration for art.† For him, therefore, the infinite is

* We here call attention to his conversation with Charlotte, in which the Assistant, when the lady has brought the garden boys before him, after a short examination highly praised by Charlotte, exhibits his mature views on the method of question and development, and afterwards makes very sensible and original remarks on the different points of view in educating boys and girls.—*Dr. Röscher's note.*

† "For my part this mixture of the holy with the sensual is by no means pleasing to me;—it does not please me that certain particular places are set apart consecrated and decorated in order to harbor and sustain a feeling of piety. No surrounding objects, not even the commonest, should disturb in us that feeling of the Divine which accompanies us everywhere, and even consecrate every spot to a temple. I should like to see divine service celebrated in the hall where one is accustomed to eat, to assemble socially, and to amuse one's self with playing and dancing."—*Cited by Dr. Röscher.*

only purely present in the sphere of the moral mind—in action—and this is the only region in which the Divine appears to him in a form worthy of itself. "That which is highest and most eminent in man is formless, and we should beware of exhibiting it otherwise than in a noble act."

We need not, therefore, at all hesitate to designate the region of the fine arts as one which is, in a certain degree, closed against him, which at least is unable to touch his inmost soul, and to reveal to him the Divine in a sensible form. But this want of ideality is not without influence on the nature of the man. We do not think we are mistaken if we discern in it a source of a certain Philistinism, which always involuntarily forces itself upon us while contemplating the Assistant.*

As he is deficient in warmth for art, and in general is without any romantic element his nature especially precludes the possibility of a full impassioned resignation to a beloved woman; nay, we must own, that the mystery of love, like art, appears to be closed against him. The whole individuality impresses us with the conviction that he has not combatted the natural force of feeling with great exertion, and is now enjoying the fruit of a great victory; much more has his natural temperament preserved him from passionate emotion, and from a conflict of feeling and morality, or has, at least, sportively elevated him above them. This prosaic side is again very definitely and clearly expressed in his relation to Ottilia. To his clear practised eye, and his pedagogical tact the excellencies and depths of soul in this wonderful being have revealed themselves, and the Assistant feels involuntarily rivetted by Ottilia. But in the whole development of his relation to her the prosaic understanding of a nature which always acts according to reasons, and circumspectly after certain aims, is much more apparent than the warmth of a deep overpowering feeling, or an impassioned resignation. Nay, his whole intention of uniting himself with Ottilia is a product of calm reflection, not of a feeling, which immediately draws him to this being and makes an union with it the vital wish which occupies his whole existence. Thus the beginning, as well as the maturity of this resolution is deducted from prosaic considerations and grounds which exclude a free unconditioned resignation.†

It is not that his moral nature is in the least contaminated by this, or that any suspicion of a selfish proceeding arises in us, but we perceive that even the sole being, on whom he bestows his affections, that even such a deeply feeling nature, as Ottilia, is not able to bring him a moment from his equilibrium, nor to change the cool sensible reflections, which represent to him her possession as so desirable into a pure expression of impassioned feeling. After this exposition we take leave of the Assistant to turn to the noble form of the Architect, who in the first place has this in common with the first, that in him also we perceive a nature which is sound in itself, and elevated above the natural force of feeling, but in which, at the same time, every shadow of a prosaic nature and of a 'Philistinedom' has given place to the most cultivated ideality.

* Solger, too, without going further into the ground of the phenomenon, has a similar notion, when he says, "The Assistant has a touch of pedantry. This relation to Ottilia is caught from our most peculiar every day life.—Dr. Röscher's note.—It should be observed, that "Philistine" (*Philister*) is a word originally applied by students to the towns: men, and generally designates an unpoetical person, with perhaps *respectable* virtues.—Translator.

† The Governor had made him the proposal "to continue the establishment with her, work in it as if it were his own, and after her death appear as heir and sole possessor. The chief matter seemed to be, that he must find a suitable wife. Secretly he had Ottilia before his eyes and in his heart; but many doubts arose, which were again counterbalanced by favorable events." Further, below, it is said: "If he wished to approach his end, a certain inner timidity always kept him back."—Dr. Röscher's note.

* To prevent misunderstanding, it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

(To be continued.)

DONIZETTI.

DONIZETTI, in one respect, must be considered the most extraordinary man of his age. Without decided of genius he has become the most popular dramatic writer of the day. Mozart is neglected—Rossini forgotten—Bellini beginning to pall upon the taste; but the grand *maestro*, as some of the

small journals of the Continent style him, has reached the topmost point of public favor, from which, so far from descending—the natural and inevitable concomitant of genius—he seems to rise hourly higher, heaping Pelion upon the Mount Ossa of his musical reputation. Donizetti has two reputations—the one as a great writer, the other as one of extraordinary facility. Leaving the former for awhile, let us examine how far this writer's facility extends; and what effect it would naturally produce on his reputation. It has been said of Donizetti, that he composed operas while journeying in his carriage from one place to another. We are not disinclined to give credit to this statement, at the same time it does not elevate him one jot in our opinion. We may allow that same readiness and aptness for writing to be styled *facility*, without ceding to it the award of eulogy. To write 'The Corsair' within a fortnight, or to compose 'Otello' or 'Il Barbiere' in eight or ten days, is an incontrovertible evidence of astounding genius; not because they were *quickly* done, but as they were done so *well* in so short a time. To write a thousand verses *stans pede in uno* is a greater instance of corporeal struggle than mental power. Facility *per se* is not genius; nor is improvisation perfection. If it were so, then the late Tom Hudson would be a greater man than Tom Moore; and Sloman bear the bell from Wordsworth or Southey. But, when this celerity in composition is evidenced in works worthy of endurance, it is, if not genius itself, a collateral proof of genius—its corroboration. The greatest musical effort of the human mind—'The Messiah'—was, comparatively, written in the shortest space of time. We have said enough to show that this faculty of facility by itself may be very astonishing without being at all an emanation from, or testimony of, the more elevated powers of the mind; but if compositions of the highest merit proceed from this quality, it must add another confirmation to mental capacity. It is like several bodies, which by themselves are inutile and inoperative, but acting in combination are powerful and useful ingredients.

Let us now consider what are Donizetti's claims to the highest name in the field of musical composition. If we view genius or talent by popularity, this composer must doubtless hold a superior place to Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, or Rossini; and, moreover, to all modern writers. There is hardly a theatre in Europe but boasts of his productions as the chief feature in its *repertoire*—hardly a singer of name who would not prefer displaying himself in Donizetti's music to that of any other composer who ever wrote. Until within a few years, when the hand of disease had stricken his powers, every journal had to record the enthusiastic reception of a new opera or the enraptured return of one already established. From Naples to Venice, from Vienna to Rome, from London to Paris, the chief successes of the lyric stages are attributable to *Anna Bolena*, *Maria di Rohan*, *Don Pasquale*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, or some other of the fifty or sixty operas of this most miraculous composer. Is a new tenor, or soprano, or barytone, to make his or her *début*—let him or her choose his part—whose opera does he or she select? Donizetti's! Is a new fantasia or set of quadrille to be written, whose music supplies the themes to Thalberg, Liezt, Dohler, Moschelles, or any other notable pianiste? Donizetti's! Is a young demoiselle in painted saloon hot from the teacher's hand—Crevelli, Tom Cooke, or other professor—to exhibit in public her virgin essay at vocalization, whose pathetic cavatina does she select? Donizetti's!!!

It is always, Donizetti—everywhere, Donizetti—in all mouths, Donizetti. We have said this composer does not

possess decided genius—we repeat it, not certainly genius. How then comes it, is the very natural question, that he has obtained a musical popularity that literally pervades the world? We shall endeavour to account for it. First let us suppose, always bearing in mind the decision of the prize comedy at the Haymarket Theatre, that Congreve had presented to any London manager “The Way of the World,” while at the same time was handed in a comedy such as “Who’s your Friend?” or “Grandfather Whitehead,” do you doubt for a moment which the manager, by preference, would select for performance? He *might* say, or he might *not* say, certainly, “‘The Way of the World’ is the production of a genius; but the public now-a-days does not require the productions of genius; they want that which they can all understand without any trouble. Give them plain, commonplace things a little varied; they desire no more. Let their senses be tickled with a feather, not searched with a probe—*voilà tout*.” And this is the secret—*tact* not *genius* is the qualification that certainly ensures the road to success. Donizetti has great dramatic tact, or the knowledge and appliance of *tickling* the senses of his audience with that which, upon consideration and examining, evidences neither profundity of thought, nor great musical knowledge. He has also infinite musical art; he measures with accuracy the general taste, and pitches his compositions to no higher flight than what may be within common range. We may be here attributing to method and design that which proceeds from a mind aptly consonant to the mental capacities of the great mass of his hearers, but the consideration leads to the same result. The composer has likewise a very superior tact in, and knowledge of, vocalization. He is the very tailor of singers, and can cut out an aria or cavatina to perfection to fit the crookedest and most puzzling capabilities, or exhibit excellences and endowments with the finest art. In this respect he is unparalleled, for which reason he is the idol of singers. As a scientific musician we should pronounce Donizetti clever; as a dramatic musician highly gifted. If we look over his most favourite operas, and consider the reputation they enjoy, we will be astonished at their paucity, or nearly total want of melody. No composer within our knowledge, who has gained a fair reputation, is so deficient as a melodist. Operas after operas have we heard of his, yet took no sweetness into our ears. We heard encores and grand effects and dramatic *trous*, but little or nothing to touch the heart. Sometimes he commences with great promise in an aria, as, for instance, in ‘*Vivi tu*,’ than which nothing at first can be more elegant, but soon the tenuity of his imagination is apparent, and the air is frittered into insipidity. But even these beginnings are rare, and his chief writing consists in phrases mostly common, but varied with sufficient tact and artifice to render them acceptable to the unstudied listener. How different from poor Bellini, of whom Donizetti is the very antithesis. The author of *Puritani* overflowed with tender melody; the author of *Lucia* overflows with matter, but not melody; the author of *Sonnambula*—but we intend, in a future number, devoting an article to Bellini, and as “comparisons are odorous,” so shall be silent here. Upon reviewing what we have urged concerning the composer under consideration, notwithstanding what we said of his capabilities generally, we confess ourselves astonished at his enormous success. We may allow him something on the score of his choice of *libretti*, in the selection of which he again displays his usual tact, but the pathetic and absorbing story of the *Lucia di Lammermoor*, the inimitable fun of *Don Pasquale*, or the high-toned feeling and interest arising from *Anna Bolena*, could not of themselves lift up an opera to the

reputation these have enjoyed. We acknowledge, we find ourselves puzzled here. We have heard but few operas of Donizetti which we could endure a second time without some infliction. We pride ourselves upon our taste, have some musical knowledge, and lack not the susceptibility to sweet strains: we can sit absorbed with *Fidelio* and *Don Giovanni*; entranced with *Barbierè*, *Guillaume Tell*, or *Freyschutz*, excited with the *Turco in Italia*, *Cenerentola*, or *Fra Diavolo*; feel delighted with *The Devil’s Opera*, or pleased with *The Mountain Sylph*, but Donizetti’s music neither absorbs, entrances, excites, pleases, nor delights us. Of a verity we must needs be most dull, most stupid, thus to differ from so great a portion of the musical world! Well, we will natheless repose on our stupidity, and still uphold our opinions against the mighty mass. Time is the great approver of all things good, and time will test the author of *Maria di Rohan*.

It may, with a show of reason, be said that Verdi is the popular composer of the day. We cannot think it. We consider the Verdi-mania to be on a par with the Lind-mania, which a few seasons will dissipate, leaving not a rack of reputation behind to comfort the neglected composer. Who would calmly think of comparing Donizetti with Verdi? Donizetti is a musician. Our deprecation of him only refers to his genius, to the possession of the loftiest order of musical capacity, which we certainly deny to him; and to that overgrown reputation, which we consider should only follow the greatest genius.

SONNET.

No. LV.

How many are the aspects love can wear,
Now basking in a dim, unreal state,
Pleas’d airy forms around him to create,
And shunning all things that like earth appear:
Now bound to earth with mighty chains, which tear
And rend him, when he would emancipate
His soul from the stern bondage of a fate
That makes him sport of ev’ry hope and fear.
Then there are joys, when the fond heart is lost
Within the compass of a dear one’s eyes,
Deeming that those small orbs the whole world bound;
Then jealousies, when the rent heart is tost
Upon a sea, whose waves are agonies;—
And for all this the one word “love” is found.

N. D.

RUBINI.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

THE most eminent *tenor* of our age, was born on the 7th of April, 1795, in Romano, a village in the province of Bergamasco. His father was a professor of music, and the young Rubini was initiated at so early an age in the national art, that we find him as a child of eight years, performing publicly on the violin, and singing as a church chorister. At twelve he made his histrionic *débüt* in a female rôle. The exceeding sweetness of his voice soon gained him a certain reputation; and on one occasion, after having sung with enthusiastic applause an air introduced into a comic opera, the manager magnificently presented him with *four shillings*! The progress of this triumph was somewhat arrested by the directeur of the Milanese Theatre refusing his voice in their chorus on account of its weakness. Thus compelled to join a strolling company, he starved through Piedmont, hardly gaining enough to purchase food. These misfortunes drove him back to Milan, where he thought himself most happy in obtaining an engagement to sing at Pavia, at a salary of £2 per month, during the autumn. His brilliant success in this place may be conceived

when we find him in an engagement at Brescia, during the Carnival of 1815, for £40. for three months. This sum was doubled the following spring, when he engaged to sing at the theatre of *San-Mosè*. At last, Barbaja, the famous *impresario*, engaged him for the *Théâtre dei Fiorentini*, at Naples, at the rate of 80 ducats (£14) per month. After a year, Barbaja wished to get rid of Rubini, in spite of his increasing popularity, only consenting to retain his services on condition of reducing his salary to 70 ducats per month. The singer received higher offers, but he preferred remaining in Naples, where he was taking lessons of the celebrated Nozzari. Nevertheless, he informed Barbaja, although he agreed to his proposals, he was perfectly aware of the advantage he took of his situation. When he returned to Naples, after having produced in Rome a very deep impression, his salary was raised to a proper amount. In 1825, he appeared for the first time in Paris, in the character of *Ramiro*, in the opera "*La Cenerentola*," in which he ensured his complete success, by that sweetness and flexibility of execution so peculiarly his own. The title of "*King of Tenors*" was unanimously accorded to him by the press and the *dilettanti*, on his appearance in *La Donna del Lago*, *La Gazza Ladra*, and *Otello*. But, Barbaja, who had consented to lend to the managers of the *Théâtre Royal Italien* in Paris, his *primo tenore*, demanded restitution at the end of six months. From Naples, where he returned in 1826, the artist was sent to Milan, and afterwards to Vienna. During this period, Bellini, with *Il Pirata* and *La Sonnambula*, and Donizetti with *Anna Bolena*, had measured the power and character of his voice with more success than Rossini. Until 1831, Rubini had been paid direct by Barbaja, who had been compelled to raise his salary to £2,400. On the recovery of his liberty, he made 125,000 francs (£5,000) in one year, in Paris and London, where he played alternately every six months. His reputation stood unrivalled, and his riches far surpassed those acquired by any of the singers at that time, favoured by fortune. There was no Jenny Lind of the day to complete with his success. In some time his annual income amounted to more than £10,000, and the property he gained may be valued at £100,000. He married, in 1819, Madlle. Chomel, a singer, whom he met at Naples, under the name of *La Comelli*. She was born in Paris, in May, 1794; she accompanied her husband to London in 1831, where she sang at Her Majesty's Theatre in *Il Pirata*, for the last time. When Rubini bade adieu to England; he he departed with the most solid testimonials of admiration. He went afterwards to the south of France, and thence to his native Bergamo, which he subsequently left, on an invitation from the Emperor of Russia. There he contrived to organize for the Czar, at St. Petersburg, an efficient operatic company, to the enthusiastic delight of the Russian noblemen, who continued to greet with hospitality, in their chilly clime, the sweet warbler of the more genial south. After two seasons he quitted Russia and the stage, for ever.

REVIEWS OF MUSIC.

"*Family Piano-forte Magazine*," including classical, methodical, and drawing-room pieces, calculated for the improvement of pianist students, Part 2. By CHARLES CHAULIEU, 3, Alfred-place, Bedford-square.

This work is specially written for the instruction of English schools. The harmonic dial in the first page will be found an ingenious and easy method of explaining the major and minor modes, with their enharmonic changes. The number before us contains an exercise in C minor, followed by a prelude, and two improvisations, and a sonata. The sonata is written in a simple style, and is well adapted to the pupil somewhat advanced in tuition.

Mr. Chaulieu deserves credit for the ingenuity he has displayed in his novel attempt at instructions on the pianoforte. In a musical point of view, the work is commendable.

"*O Nation, 'Christian Nation,' a Thanksgiving Hymn, for the Abundant Harvest of the year 1847, written by M. F. TAPPER, Esq. Adapted to a German air by the Rev. H. W. MAGENDI.—R. COCKS and Co.*"

The feeling which dictates this composition reflects much credit on the combined efforts of Mr. Tupper and the reverend gentleman above-named. The hymn is arranged for four voices, treble, counter-tenor, tenor, and bass, with accompaniment for piano, or organ. The arrangement must not be visited with too searching a scrutiny. Mr. Magendi is by no means devoid of musical acquirements, and has provided altogether a very pleasing musical homily. The words are praiseworthy.

"*Loyal Divertimento, on the Airs of "Noble Race was Shenkin," "God Save the Queen," and "Let every British Heart Rejoice." Composed in honour of the Birth Day of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, by W. H. HOLMES.—WESSLE and Co.*"

Mr. W. H. Holmes's name is guarantee for the excellence of any pianoforte work from his pen. He is one of the most admirable of our native performers on the instrument, and as a musician he holds no second rank in public estimation. The work under review is written without any endeavor after lofty composition, being intended for the use of learners, and fulfilling that intention by its elegant simplicity far better than if he had expended all the resources of his talent by exhibitions of elaborate counterpoint and difficulties of execution. We can strongly recommend the *Divertimento* to the practitioner.

"*Standard Lyric Drama.*" Part IV.—T. BOOSEY and Co.

As we foresaw in our first notice, the *Nozze di Figaro* will extend to six parts. To furnish the whole of the music, it was found impossible to restrict it to a less space. The six parts will form a handsome and convenient volume when bound, and though the entire work will cost more than the publishers at first anticipated, no lover of the great master's *chef d'œuvre* will grumble to pay a price for the opera less than what would be demanded for some half-dozen of the *morceaux* severally at the usual charges. A word must suffice to chronicle our continued commendation of the publication. The projectors are fulfilling their promises to the letter.

"*Osborne House Quadrilles.*" Performed before Her Majesty and the Royal Court at Osborne House, by the Band of the 74th Highlanders. Composed and arranged for two Performers on the Piano-forte, by HANS HARTUNG.—WESSLE and Co.

A very pleasing and well-written set of Dances. The subjects of the Quadrilles are sufficiently varied, while the general character of the series is happily preserved. Independent of their suitability for dancing, Mr. Hartung's Quadrilles will be found no indifferent exercise for two young beginners on the Piano-forte.

"*The Royal Polka,*" for the Piano-forte. Performed on the Anniversary of the Birth Day of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, at Osborne House, by the Band of the 74th Highlanders. Composed by HANS HARTUNG.—WESSLE & Co.

The composer is, we believe, Band Master of the 74th Highlanders. The Polka has more merit than Polkas in general. The tune is pleasing and effective, and the arrangement for the Piano handled with skill. The admirers of Polka dancing will find the above composition capably adapted for choregraphic displays.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "The Musical World."

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Having received an account of an Amateur Concert, given by Signor Brizzi at Plymouth, I should feel much obliged if you will insert it in your *Musical World*, as it may not only be interesting, from its novelty and the distinguished vocalists who supported it, but also give pleasure to the many pupils and admirers of this amiable and popular artiste.—Yours &c.

ORPHEUS.

Signor Brizzi's *Soirée Musicale d'Amateurs* took place on Thursday the 7th, at the Assembly Rooms at Elliott's Royal Hotel, and we never

saw the beautiful saloon look more splendidly than on this occasion. It was brilliantly lighted, crowded with the beauty and rank of the town and neighbourhood. The ladies, who took part in the concert, were Signor Brizzi's pupils. The admission to the room was by tickets only, presented to the nobility and gentry by Signor Brizzi, through the ladies who had kindly undertaken the office of Ladies' Patroness; they were—Countess of Mount Edgcombe, Countess of Rothes, Countess of Morley, Lady Elizabeth Bulteel, Hon. Mrs. H. Murray, Lady Louis, Lady Blackwood, Lady Hillyar, Lady Leeke, Lady Poole, Mrs. Calmady, Mrs. Soltan, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Seale, Mrs. Twisden, Mrs. Tolcher, Mrs. Grammel, Mrs. Trevor, Mrs. Smythe, Mrs. Col. Hamilton Smith, Mrs. C. Knapp, Mrs. Bisshopp, Mrs. Roe, Mrs. Paed, Mrs. B. King, Miss Williams, Mrs. Strode, Mrs. Hibbert, and Mrs. Isbell. The concert began shortly after eight o'clock.

PRIMA PARTE.

Coro.....	"Va Pens'ero."	Verdi.
Duetto.....	"Quando di Sangue."	Donizetti.
Cavatina.....	"Robert toi que j'aime."	Meyerbeer.
Quintett.....	"Donna del Lago."	Rossini.
Aria.....	"Anchio discinno."	Verdi.
Coro.....	"Cantiamo ridiamo."	Rossini.
Duetto.....	"Mi balza in petto."	Gabuzzi.
Aria.....	"Ecco il Pegno."	Donizetti.
Fantasia.....	"Pianoforte."	

SECUNDA PARTE.

Coro.....	"I Lombardi."	Verdi.
Duetto.....	"Maria Padillo."	Donizetti.
Duetto.....	"Ernani."	Verdi.
Trio.....	"Angiol di Pace."	Rossini.
Duetto.....	"O di quel outa."	Verdi.
Coro.....	"L'Aria in faville."	Rossini.
Aria.....	"Voi che sapete."	Mozart.
Duetto.....	"I Puritani."	Belini.
Finale.....	"Le Sonnambula."	
	"God save the Queen."	

The Lady Vocalists, who so kindly took part were, Lady Henrietta Leslie, daughter of the Countess of Rothes, Miss Blackwood, Miss Walker, Roboro' House; Misses Soltan, Little Efford; Misses Folcher, Ridgway; Miss Roe, Gunton Hall; Misses Smythe, Plympton; Misses Hillyar, Bulteel, Shenley, Troyson, Seale, Gammell, Trevor, Smith, Paed, King, Dunsterville, Cane; Mrs. C. Knapp, Mrs. Hibbert, and Mrs. Bisshopp. The Gentlemen were, Mr. Messingberd, Lieut. Drew, (14th regiment), Mr. Calmady, and Signor Brizzi. Mr. F. Williams accompanied the vocalists on the piano and also gave a *fantasia* and an *andante*, which he played capitally. The entire performance went off in the most admirable style. The choruses were sung with exceedingly great taste, and the other pieces were equally entitled to our warmest approbation, the whole forming a rich musical treat. The applause throughout the evening was exceedingly fervent. A higher compliment could not be paid to Signor Brizzi than to witness the approbation obtained by those whom he had had the honour of instructing, and, at the close of the performance, that master of song, Brizzi, was presented with a splendid diamond ring by his pupils as a token of their respect towards him and as a memento of the pleasant evening. After the *finale* the room was cleared for a dance and the happy party enjoyed themselves for several hours. The re-union of the evening called together a brilliant assemblage, about four hundred being present, amongst whom were all the *élite* and fashion of the county.

To the Editor of The Musical World.

SIR,—Accept my thanks for your politeness and promptness in inserting my letter signed "A Lover of Song," in last week's *World*. Perhaps some of your readers would oblige by giving me, through the medium of *The Musical World*, the names of some songs that would suit me, or of some that would bear transposition into a lower key, without losing their character or beauty.

I am, sir, your obliged and obedient servant,
London, October 12, 1847.

A LOVER OF SONG.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Feeling, as I do, great interest and delight in the works of Bellini, may I take the liberty of asking if you will be kind enough to send me an answer to the within stated questions, I shall esteem it as a piece of great kindness—I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

JAMES INGHAM,

Oct. 7th, 1847.

I.ay Vicar of Exeter Cathedral.

Questions.—BELLINI—Where, and when was he born?—Where, and when did he die?

[Bellini was born at Pisa, we believe, about the year 1806. He died at Paris in 1835.]

PROVINCIAL.

GUILDFORD CHORAL SOCIETY.—On the 12th instant a morning concert took place at the Public Hall, at which the major part of Haydn's Creation, with selections from his Seasons and Masses, formed a choice programme. Mr. Poole, Mr. Shoubridge, and Mr. Leffler were principals; and the local chorals gave the choruses, with assistance from Exeter Hall, effectively. At this meeting the conductor, Mr. Lemare, introduced, at the request of his patrons, his Seasonable Thanksgiving Harvest Home Hymn, the words of which, by Martin Tupper, Esq. of Albury, were primitively committed by that gentleman to his musical treatment. The arrangement was very effective and highly applauded, the author being present. Miss Poole's various solos; Mr. Shoubridge "In native worth;" and Mr. Leffler's well known portions, given with his wonted volume and depth of voice, were treats well appreciated. Mr. F. H. Lemare presided at the organ, and a most agreeable morning was enjoyed by every one present.

MANCHESTER.—A concert was given in the Athenæum Concert Room, on Wednesday night, by the Misses Holroyd, from the Royal Academy of Music, under the patronage of the mayor of Manchester, and Mr. James Heywood, M. P., but it was thinly attended. Miss Holroyd, and her sister, Miss Ellen Holroyd, were introduced to a Manchester audience last night week, at the concert given by the directors of the Athenæum; Miss Holroyd requires some practice before she attains to a high standing as a vocalist, the same may be said of the younger sister. Mr. Weiss has a good bass voice, and sings with considerable taste, but the room was considerably too small for his powers of voice, and the same may be said of the whole concert; the Free Trade Hall would have been far better adapted. Mr. Wrighton is a nice light tenor singer, and he gave the parts assigned to him with great taste. The whole went off flatly, and concluded a few minutes before ten o'clock. Mr. Wilkinson presided at the piano-forte, and a young man played some airs on the concertina.—*Manchester Journal*.

LIVERPOOL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The fourth undress concert for the season, held in the lecture-room of the Collegiate Institution on Monday, was, as usual, well attended. The pretty pastoral "Spring," from Haydn's "Seasons," formed the first part, the solos being taken by Miss Stott, Mr. Ryalls, and Mr. Armstrong. The voice of the lady seemed to be remarkably cramped, and Mr. Armstrong's singing, though in good tune, and correct, was quite destitute of energy and style. Mr. Ryalls's vocalism was of the most polished character, and the clearness and power of his voice completely proved the injustice of the wholesale condemnation recently indulged in by a section of the press on his performances at the Concert-Hall. The vocalist can discover, if the critic cannot, an immense difference in his capability of making his voice heard in a clear and open, over a close and confined atmosphere. The choruses, which for the most part are of a delightful and captivating character, concluding with one of lofty merit, were exceedingly well performed; but we did not exactly approve the time chosen by the conductor. The overture to Rossini's "Cenerentola," commenced the second part, and was admirably played. The selections of vocal music were from Spohr, Mendelssohn, Gabuzzi, T. Cooke, Beethoven, and Bishop, showing the cultivated and high taste of the directors. The best performances were Mendelssohn's beautiful chorus, "When the west with evening glows," which was most effectively given, and deservedly encored, and Bishop's glee, "Where art thou, beam of light?" The latter, however, required a male alto voice in preference to the female contralto. Miss Parsons, who took this part, gave a solo and sang with Miss Stott in a duet, "La Calabrees," by Gabuzzi, but her intonation was very thick, and apparently so difficult as to be quite painful to the listener. The concert terminated a little before ten o'clock.—*Liverpool Mail*.

HEREFORD.—Mr. Robert Carpenter's Evening Concert took place on Tuesday last, and the Assembly Room of the Green Dragon Hotel was filled with a fashionable and, above all, a music-loving audience. The concert commenced with Rossini's delightful overture to *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*; and though the instrumentation was not of the most powerful character, the work was executed with great precision, taste, and judgment. Bishop's glee, "O by Rivers," opened the vocal performances: it was given judiciously and in excellent harmony by the Misses Williams, Master Carpenter, and Mr. Robert Carpenter. Balfe's duet, "The Sailor sighs," followed; the duet singing of the Misses Williams is known and appreciated by the attendants at the concerts of our Musical Festival last year; on the present occasion, they discoursed most sweetly together. Miss A. Williams sang, "Casta Diva," if not with the brilliant and powerful execution of a Grisi or Jenny Lind, nevertheless, with purity and sweetness. A brother of these clever vocalists made his first appearance in a song by Severn, "Away, away, my angel love;" this song was not well chosen; it is, as we heard a judicious amateur observe, "a flimsy composition." Mr. Williams has a tenor voice of kindred character

to the contralto of his sister, Miss Martha Williams; it is rich in quality; full in volume; and soft and flexible in texture; it is capable of vast improvement, and as Mr. Williams has industry as well as musical taste, we expect to see him a great acquisition to the concert-rooms of the metropolis as well as of the provinces. Mr. Willy now stepped forward, and to a judicious pianoforte accompaniment by Mr. Townshend Smith, performed some very clever variations on a sweet but simple theme. Master Carpenter, who although at first a little unsteady and timid—rather a commendable feeling than otherwise—sang Cook's pretty ballad, "Farewell to the nymph of my heart," with much sweetness of expression. Miss Martha Williams deservedly obtained an encore in Knight's ballad of "The Soldier's Daughter," a composition of feeling, though not of great musical excellence. The first part concluded with the overture to *Zauberflöte*, which, though executed cleverly, manifested the absence of instrumental power. The fairylike yet spirited *Masaniello* overture opened the second part of the concert, and its performance greatly delighted the audience. The vocal performance of the second part commenced with Horsley's trio, "When shall we three;" though this is not one of the most popular compositions of this composer, it is undoubtedly one of the happiest of his compositions; the way in which the trio was delivered elicited heartfelt applause. After Miss M. Williams had afforded much gratification in Mercadante's "Semi abbandoni," Mr. Willy again delighted the audience with his playing. The genuine applause must have been very gratifying to Mr. Willy. A pretty ballad, by G. Linley, was sung very sweetly by Miss A. Williams. Benedict's clever duett, "Midst waving trees," was admirably given by the Misses Williams, their voices blending in that manner for which they are famed. A fairy-like song, "I love the merry moonshine," by Glover, was delivered elegantly by Miss A. Williams, and received a deserved encore. A glee, "Come see what pleasures," by Elliott, admirably given, closed the vocal performances, and the concert concluded with Weber's overture to *Oberon*—*Hereford Times*.

GENTLEMEN'S GLEE CLUB.—The second meeting of the season took place at the Albion Hotel, on Thursday evening, the selection for which was excellent. The principal vocalists were Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Winterbottom, Miss Parry, Messrs. Walton, Cooper, J. Isherwood and Father. The glee, "Blow gentle gales," was beautifully sung by Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Winterbottom, Walton, James Isherwood, and Sheldrick, and it was rapturously encored; but the principal feature of the evening was the performance of Giulio Regondi, on the concertina, and guitar. He played on the concertino De Beriot's First Concerto in D, originally composed for the violin, but arranged by Giulio Regondi for the concertina, the only alteration being the occasional introduction of harmonies and chords, to display the peculiar capabilities of the instrument. We cannot speak in terms too strong in praise of this young artist's talent: his execution is perfect, and his taste and expression peculiarly firm. In the second part he played a solo on the Melophonic guitar, with two additional bass strings to the Tonic and Dominant, making eight strings, while the common Spanish guitar has only six. He played the Thalberg's *Fantasia on airs from 'Don Giovanni'*, arranged by himself for the guitar, and although we consider the Concertina the more agreeable instrument, he delighted us by his extraordinary taste and execution on the guitar; indeed, the addition of the two bass strings makes a great improvement in the capabilities of the instrument. We regret that we have not time or space to notice more, particularly the excellent glee singing. Mr. James Isherwood was in excellent voice. We may add that the meeting was well attended. The host, Mr. Johnson, of the Albion Hotel, furnished an excellent supper, and all went off to admiration.—*Manchester Courier*.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.—The entertainments of the week have consisted of *The Hunchback* on Monday; Tuesday, *London Assurance*; Wednesday, *The Lady of Lyons*; Thursday, *The Love Chase*; and last night *The Hunchback* repeated. As we foretold, *The Hunchback* met with the most triumphant success. The combination of talent introduced could not fail to draw crowded audiences, and the manager was wise in repeating this popular play twice a week. The re-production of *London Assurance* on Tuesday was hardly less successful than *The Hunchback*. The cast was most excellent and comprised nearly all the actors in their original characters. With the exception of Mr. Webster in Mark Meddle, played formerly at Covent Garden by Harley,

and Miss Julia Bennett in Madame Vestris's original part of Grace Harkaway, the comedy includes the same performers who played in its first production. Mr. Keeley was received with great applause in his old part, Mr. Spanker, and elicited great laughter. Mrs. Nisbett's *Lady Gay Spanker* is one of the most brilliant and effective of her performances. Mr. Bourcicault certainly fitted her to perfection in the part. Mr. Farren's *Sir Harcourt Courtly* is too well-known to necessitate any particular comments in this place. Mr. Webster was capital as Mark Meddle. Nothing of the kind could be better. Brindal's *Cool*, his original part, was admirable, and Mrs. Humby, in *Pert*, her original character, was equally worthy of encomium. In short, the comedy was played as well as it could possibly be played in the present day; nor, indeed, as far as we can judge, could it well be surpassed by any list of actors who reigned together in our memory. The afterpieces of the week include nothing new: *The Romantic Widow*, *Twice Killed*, *My Wife! What Wife!* constituting the interludes and farces. This evening, a new and original farce, entitled *Who's my Husband?* will be produced; the principal characters thereof to be sustained by Keeley, Tilbury, Howe, the Mesdames W. Clifford, L. S. Buckingham, and Humby. On Wednesday next, a new and original play, in five acts, called *The Heart and the World*, will be performed, and will include in the cast the Messrs. Creswick, A. Wigan, Howe, H. Vandenhoff, Miss Helen Faucit, Miss Julia Bennett, Mrs. W. Clifford, Miss E. Messent, Mrs. Stanley, &c. &c. The lovers of Miss Helen Faucit are on the *qui vive* to see her in a new part.

DRURY LANE.—The Promenade Concerts at this theatre, during the week, have attracted larger audiences than, generally speaking, have been known on former occasions. The novelty and beauty of the appearance of the house, and the praises it has universally obtained from the press, have, no doubt, tended to increase the multitude of visitors. We are, however, inclined to think that a more laudable reason for the accumulation of spectators may be traced to the spread of music among the middle classes, in the dissemination of which M. Jullien, most undoubtedly, has participated largely. A single fact of late occurrence at the Promenade Concerts will exemplify this diffusion of musical taste better than the most elaborate arguments drawn from theory, or speculation. On Saturday evening the *allegretto scherzo* in Beethoven's Symphony in F was encored with a degree of fervor and persistence that would have done honor to the Philharmonic classical audience, and reflected highly on their judgment. This is no mean indication of the progress and march of music, when we remember, some five years ago, that a symphony of Beethoven's was actually hissed, and would not be heard throughout at the same Promenade Concerts. The encore of Saturday evening told plainly enough that the multitude is not so dull a beast as is generally supposed, and that if he be only properly indoctrinated, using at one time the coaxing means and at another the judiciously-coercive, as you would with any other baby, for the mob is Community's and Communion's youngling, you may lead him by insensible gradations through the whole alphabet of taste. The mingling of the trivial and the sublime in music at the Promenade Concerts exhibits M. Jullien's tact and his knowledge of humanity. Had he introduced at his first entertainments nothing but the highest order of music, he would not only have scared away the mass of his audiences, but he would have lost the opportunity of the power, which he now possesses, of infusing into the minds of his auditors a love and veneration for the beautiful and grand in music. We trust and hope, before many more

seasons have passed away, that M. Jullien, following the popular feeling, will find it necessary to give a larger portion of the compositions of the great masters than he does at present. He will then, indeed, be entitled to the appellation of a musical regenerator in this country. The magnificent band at his disposal cannot fail to do justice to the works of the master-minds of past or present times; and as perfection in the execution is requisite to the full understanding of these compositions, he has in his hands the chief moving power by which the best works may be disseminated.

M. Jullien's band consists of the principal part of the Royal Italian Opera orchestra, with selections from that of Her Majesty's Theatre, and a section of his own constituted corps. It is, therefore, hardly necessary to state, that his band is one of the most efficient in Europe. We will give a list of the principal names, from which the reader may draw his own conclusion as to the completeness of the body:—Messrs. Sainton, Richardson, Tolbecque, Collinet, Nadaud, Barret, H. Blagrove, Baker, Lazarus, Case, Kœnig, Sonnemberg, V. Collins, Baumann, N. Mori, Platt, Watkins, Harper, Hill, J. Harper, Rousselot, Jarrett, Hausman, Hancock, Cioffi, Lavenue, Prospere, G. Collins, Payton, Loder, Thomas, Howell, Goffrie, Alsept, Casolani, Rowland, Anglaise, Pratten, &c., &c., &c. Signor Piatti, the violoncellist, is engaged for a limited number of nights for the concerts.

We have thought it necessary to furnish a catalogue of the orchestra in full, since the same band is provided for the Drury Lane Opera. Those, therefore, who are anxious to obtain an idea, by anticipation, of the intended operations of the new academy, would do well to attend the Promenade Concerts and listen to M. Jullien's band in an overture, or a symphony. They cannot fail saying to themselves, if the singers and chorus be equal to the orchestra, then, indeed, shall we have music in perfection.

The performances of the week have consisted of overtures by Weber, Rossini, Herold, Beethoven, &c.; movements from symphonies of Beethoven; with the usual selections of quadrilles, polkas, mazourkas, gallopades, and vocal *morceaux*. The vocal department has been entrusted solely to Miss Dolby, who sang two songs on each evening. One of these, a Swiss national melody, has met with the greatest success, no less from the finished and pure vocalization of the charming artiste, than from the simple beauty and expressiveness of the song itself. This ballad is entitled, "The Swiss Girl," and will, we have no doubt, become one of the most favourite vocal *morceaux* of the day. Among the solo performers of the week, we should select for particular praise, Sainton on the violin, Signor Piatti on the violoncello, and Mr. Baumann on the bassoon. The performance of the last named artiste in selections from *Robert le Diable*, was received with immense favor. Kœnig, Richardson, and Barret, have also, by their admirable solo performance, tended to delight their hearers. Monsieur L'Anglois made his *debut* on Tuesday evening, and performed a solo on the contra-basso with the greatest effect. The entertainments on the whole have been admirably varied, and are entitled to much praise.

The appearance of the theatre demands a few additional words to what we have given in our last week's article. We have noticed the prevailing lightness of the interior and the simplicity of the decorations. On entering the theatre the ceiling first solicits attention. A light trellis-work, formed of crossed bars of gold, rises from the shoulder of the dome to a small height, through which is seen the sky of a beautiful ultra-marine colour. Beyond the trellis-work to the centre, from which the chandelier is suspended, the deep blue of the

sky warms to a rich golden-orange tint suggestive of a sunrise, and has an admirable effect, the light from the chandelier seeming to issue therefrom. The chandelier, supported by six golden cupids flying, is brought close to the ceiling, a necessary provision, as thereby it does not interfere with the view of the spectators from the upper parts of the theatre. From the body of the chandelier six arms issue, shaped like the Union-Jack, the compartments being signalized by gas-pipes, with jets of light at short intervals. This has a very happy and novel effect. Around the lower part of the dome there runs a large pipe, from which proceed gas burners, the multitude of lights filling the house with intense brilliancy. This is quite an original provision, but we think not altogether in good keeping with the harmony of the general appearance. For the Promenade Concerts, where something might be conceded to surprise of effect, the suppliancy of so startling a novelty may have its advantage, and will find many advocates; but we cannot help thinking that its retention in the opera season would be injudicious, as it would certainly detract from the simplicity which is the prevailing characteristic of the aspect of the theatre. The decorations and ornaments are in the best possible taste. The eye is no where offended by an extravagant display of colours, or embellishments. On the *façade* of the boxes a light trellis work of gold is overlaid on a faint bloom-colour, and the pillars supporting the boxes are twined at intervals with wreaths of flowers in gilt *papier-maché*. When we mention that the curtains and borders are in scarlet cloth and gold, we have supplied some faint notion of the appearance which Drury Lane wears at the present moment. The theatre, no doubt, will present a different aspect when prepared for scenic representation.

PRINCESS'S.—*Romeo and Juliet* was repeated on Tuesday, but failed to attract a large audience. We are not surprised at this. With the exception of Miss Cushman's *Romeo*, which is indeed an admirable performance, the play was most indifferently cast, there being hardly an actor who was adequate to represent the character allotted to him. Mr. Compton's Peter and Mrs. Selby's Nurse were both good, but none of the rest were above mediocrity. Miss Cushman's *Romeo* is her most equal and most admirable performance. There is something in the character of the youthful romantic lover that suits the actress to perfection. All the asperities and angularities of her acting appear to have been doffed with her feminine attire, and though the want of grace is still observable, it is not so obtrusive in *Romeo* as in her female characters, as neither dignity nor grandeur is demanded in the personation of the love-sick Montague. Miss Cushman has not here to contend to elevate herself by unnatural efforts, but to allow the predominant influences of the lover's character, intensity of passion and the keenest susceptibility, to pervade her mind and sway her in the performance. There can hardly be any scenic representation more truthful and beautiful than this artiste's *Romeo*. There is something in Miss Cushman's tone of voice that is absolutely love-pleading: a plaintiveness that sounds like an echo to Melancholy, Love's sister, and which fills the heart with recollections of happy days gone by to all. Her voice, in *Romeo*, is one of the greatest charms of the actress. In the garden scene it rings on the ear of night like Endymion's hushed music in his low complaints to the moon: and how beautiful it is, and how full of sorrow half concealed by an effort to give it a gay tone, in that heart-rending scene, when banished *Romeo* bids his last adieu to his new-wedded Juliet, it is impossible to express in mere words. But voice alone makes not up the excellence of the artiste. Her acting throughout is character-

raised by great power and great judgment. Miss Cushman's acting in the last scene is scarcely surpassed by any performance we have witnessed. It is full of passion without rant, feeling without exaggeration, and the deepest pathos without the slightest taint of mawkish sentimentality. It is, in short, an effort of the highest art combined with the finest appreciation of the beautiful and the true in nature. Alas! that we cannot say so much for Miss Susan Cushman, who is a fine girl, a handsome girl, yea, and a clever girl. Her Juliet, however, is an error. She neither looks, conceives, nor embodies the character. She exhibits talent, but not the talent required to impersonate the Juliet of Shakspeare. She possesses a fine form and a good-looking face, but not the face nor the form to captivate the lover of Rosalind, and turn him from his ancient love. Miss Susan Cushman is neither sufficiently juvenile-looking on the stage, the consequence of a somewhat large person and a certain seriousness of aspect; nor does she seem intended by nature to personify the softness and yielding qualities of the female characters; qualities which in the earlier scenes of the play, Shakspeare infuses into the love-awakening heart of Juliet, till she appears formed for no earthly purpose than

"Loves, tears, and kisses, sighs, and smiles."

It was only in the more impassioned scenes, such as the taking of the poison, and the scene with the nurse, she seemed to exhibit any sympathy with, or show any knowledge of the character. These scenes were performed with considerable skill and feeling, and displayed a tact and sensibility that would entitle her to rank high in the profession, were she to perform that which was most adapted to her talents. Her Juliet was too clever in general, and too artistic in many instances to be pronounced a failure. We may entitle the performance creditable. Miss Emmeline Montague appeared in Miss Hardcastle in *She Stoops to Conquer* on Saturday; and on Tuesday, after *Romeo and Juliet*, as Katherine in *Katherine and Petruchio*. Both performances were excellent. This lady will, we prognosticate, grow into high favor with the audiences of the Princess's before many moons have rolled on.

King Henry the VIIIth. was brought out in a very efficient manner on Wednesday evening, as far as regards scenery, costume, decorations, &c. The principal features of the performance were Macready's Cardinal Wolsey, a celebrated part of the tragedian's, and Miss Cushman's Queen Katherine, her first essay in that character in this country. The play of *Henry the VIIIth.*, poetically speaking, is not one of Shakspeare's masterpieces; and dramatically, is surpassed by most of the author's productions for the stage. We do not altogether coincide with Doctor Johnson's comment on *King Henry the VIIIth.*, when the great writer pronounced that "the genius of Shakspeare comes in and goes with Katherine," and that "every other part may be easily conceived and easily written." With all our respect for Doctor Johnson's great talents we doubt whether he could have conceived and written, by any mental exertion, much less easily and without effort, the character of Cardinal Wolsey, and the language put into his mouth. Nor can the attentive reader peruse the drama without finding many passages, which none but Shakspeare could have written, and many traits of characters which none but Shakspeare could have drawn. Of the poetry, even omitting all appertaining to Wolsey and Queen Katherine, we find many parts which belong to the highest order of writing, and which all the critics in the world could not have indited, even if they could have conceived them, and which no poet, save only one, could have moulded into such

harmonious form of beauty and expression. Let us quote, as an instance, Norfolk's character of the Queen:—

"A loss of her,
That like a jewel has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre:
Of her that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the King."

Surely the great moralist could hardly have understood Shakspeare when he said his genius, in this play, came in and went with Katherine. Was there no genius exhibited in the character of the wily Cardinal? Was there no subtlety of intellect expended in delineating so much vice and hypocrisy, yet keeping the possessor remote from our contempt; rendering him at the same time hateful and interesting; mean and transcendent? Did no genius dictate the speech on falling greatness, or the address to Cromwell? Of the characters too, have we not the lordly Buckingham, the faithful Cromwell, the gay and witty Lord Sands, with others, to disprove this calumny, for it is little else, of the leviathan Doctor? The play of *Henry the VIIIth.* is undoubtedly better suited to the student in his closet than to the spectator in the theatre; and had the critic confined his strictures to this point, we should have found no cause to quarrel with him.

Taking into consideration the number of characters in the play and their importance, the splendour and pomp required in the coronation pageantry, and the size of the stage necessary to give effect to the *spectacle*, we can hardly imagine any drama less adapted to the means of the Princess's, than *Henry the VIIIth.* Much care, and some attempts at magnificence, were certainly shown in its production on Wednesday evening at this theatre, and for this the manager deserves praise; but the cast of parts was so indifferent, and the performance, in consequence, so far below mediocrity, as to render the external speciousness little less than worthless. Of Macready's Cardinal Wolsey alone can we speak in any terms of eulogy. His personification of the wily priest was, indeed, highly artistic, and conceived with great judgment. The character was, perhaps, rendered too senile, and might be said to be at variance with history in this regard; but, nevertheless, looking at it as a dramatic embodiment, we cannot imagine any performance more finished, or more effective. In the third act, his acting was unquestionably a masterpiece. It is only in this act the poet appears to have elaborated his character, and endowed it with greatness. Macready seemed to have reserved himself for his closing scenes, and here he came out with a power scarcely to be surpassed. The speech, when the king leaves him, frowning on him, followed by the "lapsing nobles," commencing—

"What should this mean?

How have I reap'd it? What sudden anger's this?"

was worthy the finest efforts of the tragedian. Nothing could be more truthful and striking than his sorrowful exclamation—

"Nay then, farewell!

I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness:
And from that full meridian of my glory
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more."

The scene with Cromwell was splendidly acted, and the great speech before his final exit was delivered with the greatest pathos and beauty. Mr. Macready was called for at the end of the third act, and greeted with loud and unanimous applause. To Miss Cushman's Queen Katherine we may apply the same objections we did to her Lady Macbeth: a want of dignity, a lack of grace, an absence of repose, and a

straining after effects were equally noticeable in both performances. Her acting in the arraignment scene was divested of that solemnity and heroic grandeur which the poet has flung round the Queen with all the power of his mighty genius; and her death was conceived in a spirit identical with that which portrayed the expiring throes of Meg Merrilies. Miss Cushman has not the intellect to discriminate between the *poetical* and the *pictorial* in acting. Mr. Cooper's Henry the Eighth bordered very closely on the burlesque. We never saw this actor appear to less advantage. If it be his opinion that kingly bearing is incompatible with bluntness of deportment, and that he intend to make this character one of his standard performances, we would strongly recommend him to pay a visit next season to the Royal Italian Opera, and see Tamburini's King in *Anna Bolena*. If he be not convinced then of the strange error into which he has fallen, he must be incorrigible. Miss Susan Cushman's Anna Bolena was neither elegant nor artistic. She looked the part indifferent well, and that's the sole praise we can bestow upon her. Of the other characters charity forbids us to say one word. The play was announced for repetition on Friday and Monday. The audience seemed perfectly satisfied.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Colman's comedy of the *Jealous Wife* was revived at this theatre on Wednesday, to a house moderately well filled, Melpomene being evidently a greater favorite here than Thalia. The comedy was, on the whole, well played. Mr. H. Marston and Miss Addison undertook the parts of Mr. and Mrs. Oakley. Although Miss Addison's comic acting is inferior to her tragic, yet it contains many felicitous points. Her best scenes were, the one with her husband, in which she wheedles him into a confession of his supposed delinquency, and that with Lady Free love, who plays on her jealous fears. Here Miss Addison's manner was easy and natural; but her reproaches of her husband were too loud and violent. Mrs. Oakley, although a woman of strong passions, is yet a lady, moving in the highest circles. Miss Addison's voice is melodious, and she ought to give it fair play by dropping that inflation of style and straining at effect, by which she spoils some of her best points. Mr. H. Marston made a very efficient Mr. Oakley, and Mrs. Marston an extremely clever Lady Free love. Mr. G. Bennett, as the Major, although a little too boisterous, was highly amusing.

MARYLEBONE.—*Hamlet* has been produced at this house in capital style, as regards the dresses, scenery, and accessories, but as regards the actors, most indifferently. Mr. Graham's Hamlet was, indeed, strikingly original, and most of the other characters coped with the Prince in peculiarity of excellence. From this mass of indifference we would reserve from animadversion the Queen of Mrs. Warner, the First Gravedigger of Mr. T. Webb, and the King of Mr. James Johnstone. The latter gentleman seems to us to be the best actor in the company.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. WILLIAM MICHAEL ROOKE, the composer and professor of singing, expired at his residence, Claremont Cottage, St. John's, Fulham, on Thursday, after a tedious and painful illness. Mr. Rooke was a native of Dublin. He left Ireland in 1821, and from that period has since resided in London. Some years after his arrival he here, became Musical Director at the English Opera, and subsequently Chorus-master and Musical Director at Drury Lane. His avocations were various. He was for years previous to his death one of the principal second violins at the Philharmonic and Ancient Concerts, &c. He was considered an excellent teacher of singing, and among

his pupils we may mention Balfe, who, in his youth, studied under his instruction for some period in Dublin, Miss Forde, Mr. W. Harrison, and Mr. Clement White. As a composer Mr. Rooke was highly estimated, his opera of *Amilie*, having obtained a decided success at Covent Garden, under Macready's management, and many of his fugitive vocal *morceaux* having gained great popularity. Mr. Rooke's loss is universally regretted. In private life he was a most excellent husband and father, and a kind-hearted and staunch friend. It is to be hoped he has left his family sufficiently provided: if not, their deprivation claims the sympathy of every musician in this country.

MR. LINDSAY SLOPER, the eminent pianist and composer, was married on Tuesday last to Miss Batchelor, of Eton. May every happiness attend them, say we.

MISS PURDAY, a professor of music, perished by the fire, which occurred on Monday evening on the premises, Waterlane, Blackfriars.

MADAME DULCKEN intends giving a *pianoforte matinée* next week, at the County Assembly Rooms, Maidstone; John Parry will be the vocal interlude.

MADAME ALBERTAZZI.—The Queen Dowager has generously sent £10 to Mr. Frederick Beale, of Regent-street, for the benefit of the children of the late Madame Albertazzi.

JENNY LIND AT HOME IN LONDON.—Jenny Lind arrived in London, by the steamer, at Blackwall, on Saturday, the 17th of April, about three in the afternoon, and came to the west end through the streets on the Surrey side of the river to avoid the crowd of carriages always impeding Cheapside and the Strand. Mr. Lumley arrived in London early the same morning, after having seen his prize safely off for England. She resided for some short time with Mrs. Grote, the wife of the member, and then domesticated herself in a cottage at Old Brompton, next door to the Rosery (an accidental juxtaposition), the residence of the talented authoress Mrs. S. C. Hall. Between Mrs. Hall and Jenny sprang up a friendly intercourse. When Jenny first took possession of her new abode, Mrs. S. Hall, as a mark of attention to her celebrated neighbour, sent in her card; and, with her characteristic frankness, good-humour, and simplicity, Jenny immediately returned the compliment by a visit. Otherwise, during her residence in London, Jenny Lind saw few or none. Extremely quiet and retiring—passionately devoted to her flowers—and employing herself in all graceful and tranquil exercises, besides attending to her theatrical duties—Jenny Lind avoided company, and declined the invitations of half London. Earnestness and simplicity, a total want of self-value or parade, and a child-like disposition to be amused, and to be "let alone," are inherent in her character. If you saw her off the stage, you would take Jenny Lind to be the most unpretending person possible. In her dress she is as simple as a shepherdess, and she would be overlooked a hundred times over. She has remarkably quick observation, however, and a self-dependence, and a self-possession admirably contrasting with the bustle, and restlessness, and affected importance of some of the members of the large musical family. In the early part of the season Jenny Lind used to drive to the theatre at an early hour (in anticipation of performance)—five o'clock—as much to avoid the crowd which besieged the stage entrance in hope of catching a sight of her, as to obtain an hour's quiet before dressing for the representation. Latterly, however, she was later in her arrivals. Occasionally, in the evenings, after her performance, she would take a chair in the first entrance on the stage, and watch the ballet with great amusement.—*People's Journal*.

THE Queen Dowager, with her usual liberality and benevolence, has sent a donation of 10*l.* to Mr. F. Beale, 201, Regent Street, for the benefit of the children of the late favourite vocalist, Madame Albertazzi.

JENNY LIND paid a very gratifying compliment to our fellow citizen, Mr. H. Cooper, at the Exeter concert on Saturday last. It seems there is no retiring room at the subscription-rooms there, and Mdlle. Jenny was very near Mr. Cooper, whilst he played a concerto on the violin, with which she was so much delighted, that she hastily wrote on a slip of paper the words, "Je suis votre sincere admiratrice," which she handed to him with a sweet smile as soon as he had made his acknowledgments to the audience for a burst of well-deserved applause which followed his performance.—*Felix Farley.*

MR. AND MRS. MILLAR'S SOIREEES MUSICALES commenced for the season on Wednesday last, for which occasion an attractive programme of vocal and instrumental pieces was provided. The services of Mr. T. Wright (harp) and Mr. H. C. Cooper (violin), in addition to those of Mr. and Mrs. Millar, had been secured for the first soirée, and as both artistes are in the first rank of their profession, it may be supposed that full justice was done to the various compositions which they executed. Sir H. R. Bishop and Mr. H. Phillips are engaged for this series, the concerts of which will be continued at fortnightly intervals.—*Bath and Cheltenham Gazette.*

ENORMOUS SUMS PAID TO FOREIGN SINGERS.—The Englishman meekly submits to be fleeced, and consents to pay guineas instead of shillings into the hands of the very same people he may hear sing in Italy for one quarter the money. The fever for Jenny Lind has raised prices to a height that we shall take the liberty of calling scandalous. It is no good argument to state that English people can afford it, and therefore may do it. Money is money: 30*l.* is 30*l.*; and if one man thinks this an inconsiderable price for one single night's entertainment, we candidly confess we wish that some day he may want it. Such money is ill spent; it goes after a certain point only to enrich one singer, who pockets the cash, does not spend it in the country, and sends it perhaps to some bank in a dirty little foreign town.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

PUNCH AT THE PLAY.—(From *Punch*.)—Last week the dramatic season—of which *Punch* from time to time may take note—fairly began. We wish to be pleased: we have thrown open "the red-leaved tablet of our heart," and wish to be complacent with all the world. Nay, to show the extravagance of our benevolence, we wish to be at peace even with all managers—past, present, and to come. But we owe a duty to the world; and whatever our laundress may say of our private debts, duty is a debt we always pay, sometimes thirty shillings in the pound. London feels, as the savage saith, the stone rolled from her heart. Her playhouses are again opened; and it would seem, to the peculiar discomfiture of "Our Fast Man," that the fashion seems to be somewhat in favour of those old world matters, five-act dramas. Be this as it may, London is in the best of temper with her plays and players, reading the morning bills with brightening eyes, and determining at some theatre—the Haymarket—the Princess's—the Marylebone—or Sadler's Wells—to make a night of it. Moreover, the dramatic impulse has communicated itself—as though travelling by the electric wire—to Windsor. The Court will return very much earlier to London than was proposed, the Queen being desirous to personally patronize the English drama. This being the case, we understand that the Master of the Horse has already purchased two sets of

horses for play-nights; none of the cattle at present in the royal stables—from old habit—being manageable one step beyond the Italian Opera. (It is not generally known, but at present there is not a royal horse that does not shy at an English play-bill.)—Mr. Webster has in active preparation very handsome paraphernalia for the Royal Box, in the lively expectation of a royal visit: and Mr. Maddox will, on a like occasion, put forth something better than new. It is scarcely to be expected that Her Majesty will be so extreme in her patronage as to visit Islington, or Marylebone, yet when enthusiasm is once awakened, who shall prophecy a limit to its operation?—*Punch*—he confesses it—has, of late, neglected theatres. But—*Punch* is a courtier. All the world knows that. Therefore as his Queen determines to smile upon the English drama, *Punch*—like certain other patrons—will patronise it too; that is, when he can get an order, or be allowed to sell the use of his opinions for an entire season for one private box. (Wine and sandwiches will make him a slave for life.)—The Haymarket has opened merrily enough. Very pleasant was it for the actors—old faces and new comers—to feel that the audience was shaking them by the hand, and wishing them a pleasant season. Mrs. Glover had been—not to Margate—no, but to the Fountain of youth, and came rejuvenescent from the dip. And Nisbett—another duck!—brought back June to us in her sunny face and lark-like voice. At the first gathering, all—actors and audience—seemed to make holiday. "What do you think of this?" said a familiar voice to us. We looked—it was the ghost of Elliston in the boxes. With the mild dignity of a subdued bashaw, he observed, "I've just come up to see *Charles Surface*. It's very odd, *Punch*, but Nature has certainly worked out her raw material; there is not a real light comedian left. At the best but molten lead—not the true quicksilver—not the real mercury!" and the ghost feebly chuckled, and ere we could ask him news of his friend George the Fourth, faded—faded away. Shakspeare—though sophisticated Shakspeare—is mighty at the Princess's. In *Macbeth*—especially in the fifth act—Macready has delighted even "Our Fast Man." After seeing the actor, the "Fast Man" (he confessed as much to a friend) did not visit a Casino for a single week, and had some notion of going as far as Islington to behold Macbeth's head upon a pole. The "Fast Man," moreover, thinks Miss Cushman's Mrs. Macbeth first-rate. Miss Montague—the new Desdemona—is a charming actress, with a dove-like manner, and a voice of magical sweetness—a voice that would draw a suit out of Chancery. "Will it draw houses?" asks Mr. Maddox: and *Punch* answers—"Mr. Maddox, it will."—*Punch*, however, must not quit Mr. M. without expressing the intensest admiration of his scenery in *Macbeth*—it is so primitive, so perfect. The scenery of *Othello* is equally true; and then so domestic! though the bed of Desdemona, from its yellow tint, did excite in our mind a somewhat unpleasant recollection of "The Industrious Fleas."—The Lyceum will throw open its doors, and make, no doubt, a very handsome show. Vestris certainly carried confusion among the spiders of the Olympic, and was the first to turn a theatre into a drawing-room. Perhaps the curtains and chair-covers were sometimes a little too fine, and the pieces now and then a little too flimsy. Nevertheless, stage reform, as far as scenery and costume go, originated in Wyche Street, and we doubt not, we shall have the like rigid propriety at the Lyceum. Planché—President of the Antiquarian Society—has very recently discovered in Brokers' Row a complete set of tea-spoons of the fourteenth century, and is engaged on a drama of "stirring interest" to introduce them.

THE DISTINS have given concerts during the last fortnight in Scarboro, Witby, Stockton-on-Tees, Newcastle, Sunderland, North and South Shields, Carlisle, Whitehaven, Maryport, Cockermouth, Penrith, and Carlisle; accompanied by Miss Moriatt O'Connor as vocalist, and Mr. Willy, Jun. as pianist.

GRACE AGUILAR, the authoress of many popular works in favor of the Jews, died last month at Frankfort, aged 32.

MEYERBEER.—A medal in honor of this composer has lately been struck in Vienna; on one side is a bust of Meyerbeer, and on the other the following inscription: "To the great Musical Composer, 1847." M. Riesk, the engraver, has just had conferred on him the gold medal of merit.

DISCOVERY OF A VALUABLE ITALIAN MS.—Signor Carlo Guzzoni Degli Ancarani, in a letter to the Chevalier Salvator Betti (published in a Roman Newspaper) announces the discovery of an unpublished "Life" of Fra Girolamo Savonarolo, dictated by Brother Serafino Razzi, of the order of preachers. At the end of the MS. are some poems of Girolamo, which (especially a canzonet on the happiness of Florence) are sufficient to stamp him as a poet. A Florentine Journal proposes the erection of a monument in honour of this celebrated man on the site of his convent. A stanza in the *Ottava rima* is selected from the poems in question, as a proof of the truth of the above critical *dictum*. The subject is a pious invocation to the Deity.

A LIVERPOOL JENNY LIND.—"An amateur of 50 years experience" writes as follows, calling the attention of the editor of the *Liverpool Albion* to a gem in music, a future star of the first magnitude:—"I, an old amateur, an enthusiastic admirer of the art, and familiar with the best schools in all lands, fearlessly predict the certainty of Thursday last being memorable in the musical annals of Liverpool. I saw an announcement of the ballad 'The Banks of Allan Water,' at the Liver Theatre, in Church street, by a young lady, her first appearance on any stage. I went, partly from curiosity, but in some dread, fearing a torrent of cadences and a series of music lessons. The symphony commenced, and on came an elegant sylph-like girl, apparently about eleven years of age, modest, unassuming, and very pretty; but, oh! the melody she poured forth, the soul-feeling purity of tone! I was enraptured; so were the audience; we scarcely breathed. At the end, the burst of applause was enthusiastic and honest; not a soul in the house but joined in it. The house was taken by surprise; it was Jenny Lind again; the same freshness, the same nature. I remembered Jenny Lind's early history; this seemed a realization of a dream; there stood the child before me; and so beautiful too! Canova would have copied the head. I went again last night. If possible, it was still better,—the action so varied, yet so graceful. I cannot give you a better proof of the power of this young syren than this fact—I saw the sailors, rough fellows, crying like children near me."

BRITISH MUSICIANS.—The Society has announced its annual series of chamber concerts, to take place at the Harp Saloon in Berners Street, on the following evenings: Monday, November 1, 1847:—Monday, November 15, 1847:—Monday, November 29, 1847:—Monday, December 13, 1847:—Monday, December 27, 1847; and January 10, 1848. In addition to the works of the Members, selections from the compositions of the most eminent authors will be given.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.—His Royal Highness Prince George of Cambridge, accompanied by Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence and Sir George Wombwell, honoured Drury Lane with his presence on Tuesday night.

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No. 4.—National Air, "AU RIVE DU LAC." Arranged with Variations for Flute, Flageolet, Clarinet, and Oboe, performed by Mr. RICHARDSON, M. COLLINET, Mr. LAZARUS, and M. BARRET.

No. 5.—A Village Fête is in course of celebration.—The sun sets, and night comes on. The Spring, the period when the dreadful Avalanches fall, has arrived, and the thunder-like noise in the distance interrupts the Fête and warns the villagers of the near approach of this awful visitation.—The sound of the fitful wind and the drifting rain are mingled with the wild cry of the eagle, and other affrighted birds, sure tokens of the coming storm.—The terror of the people increases with the violence of the tempest; and the mountain torrent bursts its banks, threatening to overwhelm the devoted village. This convulsion of the elements at last detaches the overhanging Avalanche, and with an awful crash it bounds down the mountain side, carrying destruction in its path.—The village bell rings, a shout resounds through the valley, and the joyous chorus of the assembled villagers announces their escape from the threatened danger.

The Programme will also include an Aria by MISS DOLBY; the Overture to "Euryanthe;" the Allegretto Scherzando, from Beethoven's Symphony in F; a Solo by M. ANGLAIS; a Solo by Mr. RICHARDSON; the New Rhine Polka, &c. &c.

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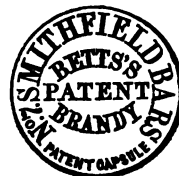
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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1847.

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LETTERS FROM PARIS.

(No. 5.)

TO DESMOND RYAN, ESQ.

Tuesday, October 19.—MY DEAR RYAN.—With the exception of Paganini, no artist, within the last quarter of a century, has made so great a sensation at the *Académie Royale de Musique*, as Alboni. The first night's success was not a mere excitement of the moment, the explosion of a long train of preparatory puffing, cautiously laid by cunning hands, but a legitimate triumph, the natural result of a splendid exhibition of talent, which, from being unanticipated, told with tenfold power; on the second night it was substantiated, on the third confirmed, and on the fourth ratified beyond further questioning. By this you will rightly presume that Alboni has appeared *twice* since I last wrote, instead of only *once*, as was expected. Her reception was so tremendous on Wednesday evening, that MM. Duponchel, and Roqueplan, after much persuasion, induced the celebrated singer to give one more "last night," on the Friday following, when the theatre was crammed to the roof, many hundreds, eager to hear her, being unable, at any price, to obtain admission. Could Alboni have been argued into setting aside her Pesth engagement, she might safely have undertaken twenty more performances in succession; the house would be filled, every night, to the ceiling, so great is the desire to hear her.

The programmes of the third and fourth nights were precisely the same as on the second. The attraction of the pieces included therein was so great that there was no necessity for any change. So that I need hardly tell you, as yet, the Parisians scarcely know the hundredth part of what Alboni can do. As you walk along the *Boulevards*, at night, almost every third person you meet is humming the refrain of the "Brindisi," which, pretty as it undoubtedly is, was never thought anything of by the Parisians, until they heard it from the lips of Alboni, whence it issued refreshed with new life and vigour. Poor Donizetti!—how would he have been pleased to hear his melody expressed in such honeyed accents.

[*En parenthèse* :—The present was hardly the time to issue the criticism which appeared in the last number of the *Musical World*. Not only, however, do I object to it, as *inappos*, at a period when the subject of it is perhaps on his death-bed, but I utterly dissent from the opinions it supports. If the writer can find no melody in Donizetti, he ought to be endowed with the ears of Midas, presuming that additional length of oraculars may be accompanied by an acuter sense of hearing. The very tune of which I have just spoken, "Brindisi," would alone prove Donizetti to possess the gift of melody; it is as fresh as a new-born violet, and as natural and easy as it is original. Moreover, he has written many such, besides others of a higher and more pathetic character.]

I promised you some extracts from the criticisms of the *feuilletonistes*, *apropos* of Alboni. Were I to translate the articles entire it would fill your whole number; I shall, therefore, content myself with some specimens from the best of them, which will make you acquainted through the medium of their own words, with the opinions of these distinguished and popular writers. To begin, then, with the *Journal des Débats*. M. Hector Berlioz, one of the most justly celebrated of living critics, thus commences his apostrophe :—

DEBUT OF MADEMOISELLE ALBONI.

"Here was one of those displays of unbounded enthusiasm which have for a long time been unknown to the Opera. The applause, the clamorous admiration, the *bouquets* thrown by *les dames du public*,* the encores, the re-calls, all this tumult of a real triumph, emanated from a sentiment equally real, of which the manoeuvres of friends, leaders, manipulators, and vendors of success, in nothing diminished the sincerity. It is such a pleasure to hear real singing! It is so rare; and voices at once beautiful, natural, expressive, flexible, and *in tune*, are so very uncommon! The voice of Mdlle. Alboni possesses these excellent qualities in the highest degree of perfection. It is a magnificent *contralto*, of immense range (two octaves and six notes; nearly three octaves—from low E to C in alt), the quality perfect throughout, even in the lowest notes of the inferior register, which are generally so disastrous to the majority of singers who fancy they possess a *contralto*, and the emission of which resembles nearly always a rattle, hideous notes in such cases, and revolting to the ear. Mdlle. Alboni's vocalisation is wonderfully easy; few *sopranos* exhibit equal facility. The registers of her voice are so perfectly united, that in her scales you do not feel sensible of the passage from one to the other; the tone is *unctuous*, caressing, velvety, melancholy, like that of all *contraltos*, though less sombre than that of Pisaroni, and incomparably more pure and limpid. As the notes are produced without effort, the voice yields itself to every nuance of intensity; and thus, Mdlle. Alboni can sing from the most mysterious *piano* to the most brilliant *forte*. And this alone is what I call singing *humanly*—that is to say in a fashion that declares the presence of a human heart, of a human soul, of a human intelligence. Singers unpossessed of these indispensable qualities, should, in my opinion, be ranged under the category of mechanical instruments."

M. Berlioz then indulges in some severe strictures on this unhappily large class of vocalists, which, as they do not immediately concern the point in hand, I shall refrain from transcribing here. He concludes with an anecdote about Handel, to which, as Fielding says, I have only one objection—that it is not true. This anecdote relates that the great composer of the *Messiah*, exasperated with the frigid insipidity of one of these "*filles de marbre*," laid hold of her, in the middle of a rehearsal, and pushed her out of the window! M. Berlioz adds with reason that Mdlle. Alboni will never

* That is not by persons appointed for the purpose; as is too often the case.

I am too much a John Bull, to allow a compatriot, a lady, and a fellow-artist, to be cajoled and ill-treated, either at home or abroad. I have already a *clue*, which I shall follow up steadfastly, and, in case of any eventual foul play, you may rely upon a full exposure of *all the parties* concerned. Meanwhile, let us hope that Miss Birch may speedily have her rights, and that I shall have nothing less pleasant to record than her triumph on the French Opera boards. I do not believe a word of a report which goes about, that M. ——— objects to Miss Birch's *debut*, on account of his fair *protégée*, Mlle. ———, who will be the actual representative of the Princess, when *Guillaume Tell* is produced. I do not believe one word of it—albeit a witty *feuilletoniste* did inform me that the motto of the illustrious composer of fifty operas was "*Ici on se tutoie—essayez vous les pieds, s'il vous plait?*"—stigmatizing the great man with the two-visaged morality of which poets have occasionally made Janus the sign. *N'importe*, if I find it necessary I shall respect neither persons nor names—and the *Musical World*, as you know, lies upon the tables of all the principal *cercles* and *cafés* in Paris. Moreover, Miss Birch has another friend in Paris, and a powerful.

To talk of something more agreeable and less wrapped in moral mist—I have received a letter from Brussels, which informs me of the brilliant reception of Carlotta Grisi at the Grand Opera. The queen of dancers has already appeared in *Le Diable à Quatre* and the *Jolie Fille de Gand*, while *Giselle* and, above all, *Esmeralda* are preparing. M. Auguste Nourrit, whose affairs have lately been in nowise prosperous, is now in a fair way of retrieving all his ill-luck; Fortune smiles upon him, and the twinkling of Carlotta's charming feet, has been echoed by the tinkling of five-franc pieces and golden Leopolds, which have showered abundantly into the treasury. As I guessed the six representations for which Carlotta was pledged have multiplied into twelve, and, instead of going to the Hague, as was anticipated, she will pass her whole month's leave of absence in Brussels—a fact upon which the good Belgians felicitate themselves mightily, and wherefrom the rail-road from Ghent, Bruges, Liege, Malines, Louvain, Tiselemont, and even Namur at one corner, and Ostend at the other, derives infinite profit, since every *convoi* brings new visitors to Brussels, eager to see, zealous to applaud, and unanimous to admire the most graceful and fascinating and perfect of all the daughters of Terpsichore. The following is a short extract from the letter I mention; for the details I can find neither time nor space:—

"Since I wrote to you last Carlotta has made her *début* with a success not more brilliant than her deserts, but quite unprecedented at the Brussels Opera. You, who know the lethargic constitution of the Brussels public, will scarcely be able to credit me when I tell you that the good "burghers" beat the English, and even the Italians, in the warmth of their enthusiasm. Flowers, coronals, sonnets, and other poetical effusions, unite in abundance, to fête and pay homage to Carlotta, than whom no goddess of the ancients was ever worshipped with greater pomp and ceremony. Come here, and I promise you some good operas, some pleasant company, some Belgian dinners, and ballets such as can only be where Carlotta presides at the helm."

The Parisians may therefore console themselves in the absence of their favorite, by the certainty that their judgment is respected and her merits appreciated.

Have you heard that Grisi and Mario have signed an engagement for St. Petersburg? It appears that their engagement with M. Vatel—*homme malheureux!*—expires next month, and that it will not be resumed. This is a deadly loss to Paris, and a wonderful acquisition for the capital of

the Russias. You may easily imagine how the magnificent Grisi will be fêted, and how the graceful Mario will be admired! By the way, for a wonder, I was very much pleased the other night at the *Italiens*. The opera was *Il Barbiere*. The Figaro of Ronconi was transcendent; he sang in the most masterly style, and his acting was overflowing with drollery and humor. I never in my life heard Mario sing with more wonderful finish, more intense and varied expression; while Lablache was more than ever irresistible in Bartolo; and Persiani, who happened to be in excellent voice, vocalised in such a manner as left all competitors in her peculiar school at an immeasurable distance. In Basilio, Polonini failed, and the orchestra, chorus, and *mise en scène*—what a contrast to the Royal Italian Opera—were in the usual style that characterises the performances in M. Vatel's establishment, and gave new aliment to the charges of the *Corsaire*, and the biting irony of Fiorentino, who treats the unlucky *impresario* even worse than the old man of the mountain treated Sinbad the Sailor, unmercifully riding him to death. I fear that M. Vatel will, unlike Sinbad, be able to devise no scheme to rid himself of his pitiless persecutor. Signor Costa has been a day or two in Paris; he arrived last Sunday, I believe, from Italy, *en route* for London, where he will doubtless be, ere this dispatch reaches you. The celebrated *chef d'orchestre* was present at the performance of *Il Barbiere*, to which I have just alluded; he gives a most disastrous account of Italian music in general, and with the exception of one acquisition (and that, which I am not yet at liberty to specialise, may be reckoned on as a jewel) has been able to find nothing worthy of his own great establishment in London; it appears also from his statement, that every Italian singer of note makes an express clause in his or her engagement with *impresarii*, that *they are not to be asked to sing in Verdi's operas*, which having of late caused the untimely dissolution of two feeble tenors, at Venice, has frightened all the rest of them out of their wits.

Rosati, the *danseuse*, is in Paris, but I do not hear of any likelihood of her appearing at the Opera. Flora Fabbri is also here, and will shortly make her *rentrée*; meanwhile the action at law, pending between her and Mr. Bunn (who, I am delighted to find getting on so triumphantly at the Surrey, and whose advertised "*Word with Punch*" is the object of general curiosity here) is rapidly coming to a crisis. Benedict has also arrived in Paris, *en route* for London. His opera, *The Crusaders*, which was to have been produced lately at Stuttgart, has been unavoidably postponed by a melancholy event—the death of Madame Pischek, wife of the celebrated barytone, who is now at Prague lamenting his ir retrievable loss. Benedict will return, however, next month, to Stuttgart, and *The Crusaders* will then be produced under his superintendence. He gives a glowing account of the reception of Jenny Lind at Berlin; it appears that the madness of the Londoners is but coldness by the side of the rabid intoxication of the Prussians. It is true that the German papers recount, in significant terms, the entire failure of the "Swedish Nightingale" in *Der Freischütz*; but of course that stands for nothing; so long as Jenny Lind can excite unheard-of enthusiasm in *La Figlia* and *I Masnadieri*, what does she care about the *vieilles* of Weber, Mozart, and other second-rate composers? Having concluded her present engagement at Berlin, the "Nightingale" has declined all other offers, and has retired to her nest at Stockholm, where she will rest her weary wings until Mr. Lumley requires her services next season, at Her Majesty's Theatre. I hear she has been offered fabulous sums, *un argent fou*, as the French

call it; but nothing can make the charming songstress give up the advantages of her winter-sleep. She is completely tired of triumphs, and her voice, already worn and wearied by over exertion, demands both care and medicine. I strongly recommend her to take two or three boxes of Stolberg's lozenges, the panacea of panaceas, which Paracelsus only dreamed of, but Dr. Stolberg realized substantially, for the comfort and benefit of the whole race of vocalists, male and female, biped and quadruped, feathered and unfeathered. At Berlin, Jenny Lind sang no less than six nights in succession, and so difficult was it to gain admission that even Benedict, who, by the prerogative, of calling, talent, and position, ought to have free ingress to all the theatres of the world, was compelled to pay six thalers (eighteen shillings) for a sorry place, anywhere or nowhere. Now that Jenny Lind has quitted Berlin, Mr. Lumley is daily expected in Paris, where, doubtless, his diplomatic genius will bring forth fruit, ripe and plentiful.

On Monday, the Feast of All Saints, Paris was like a beehive, or an ant-hill, absolutely swarming with living beings: The *Champs Elysees* presented the most animated and brilliant spectacle I ever beheld in my existence. Among the motley crowd so careless, so joyous, so eager for pleasure, a pale thin figure, with a countenance wan and worn, a frail and bending form, a melancholy smile, and a step as silent as a ghost's crossed me on the *Boulevard des Italiens*, and flitted into the door-way of the *Café Riche*, unobserved and unobserving. My companion, who marked the evident impression made upon me by this living phantom, inquired—"Do you know that man?" On my answering in the negative, he rejoined, with an accent full of sympathy and feeling, "It is Chopin." And he has been thus for nearly ten years—one step more would launch him into eternity.

The Theatre Francais has at length made its first *grand coup*. A new comedy was produced on Friday, under the title of *Les Aristocraties*. M. Etienne Arago, a political writer of democratic principles, is the author. To write a comedy in five acts, and in verse, was pronounced by Voltaire *l'œuvre du démon*. The aim of the *Aristocraties*, however, appears to me sufficiently flat for a demon. All the world allows that there are other aristocracies besides that of birth; for example, wealth, talent, &c. Had M. Arago told us this in a distich-epigrammatic, we should have answered, "all right, old fellow, we knew that long ago." But M. Arago is not so short-winded. He is determined to preach a sermon on his darling theory, and takes *five acts of rhymed couplets* to do it. Allow his position; let there be aristocracies, one, two, three, and four; let their names be Birth, Wealth, "Military," and Talent; and let Talent be the worthiest of the four—what then? This matter established, which is indisputable as a truism, does not prove that M. Arago has written a good comedy. On the contrary; he has merely shown us that another aristocracy may be added to the four-in-hand, which he drives with such evident satisfaction through the streets and thoroughfares of platitude—the aristocracy of *dulness*. M. Arago represents this "aristocracy" himself, with the magnanimity of a Quintus Curtius. The Roman sacrificed himself to the weal of his country by leaping into a gulf; M. Arago sacrifices himself to the weal of his profession by writing a comedy; the gulf closed its jaws, and swallowed up the life of Curtius; the abyss of sentiment has equally swallowed up the dramatic reputation of M. Arago; there was no danger from the gulf after the disappearance of Curtius; there will be no danger of any one attempting a five-act comedy *in verse*, on any such subject as the Aristocraties

after the discomfiture of M. Arago—for that M. Arago is discomfited I must aver, in the teeth of the *clacque*, and the brilliant essay of M. Jules Janin, which is worth 100,000 crowns to M. Arago's comedy, and has more wit, poetry and humour in it than can be found in the whole of M. Arago's five acts *in verse*. M. Arago should dedicate twelve golden candlesticks to the gifted *feuilletoniste*, who has built him a reputation in a day—and all because M. Janin wished to show that the *Journal des Debats* was conscientious enough, and liberal enough, and independent enough, and Quixotic enough, to praise the effort of a democrat in its columns—which did by no means astonish anybody—for now-a-days journalism has no party. *Tant mieux*.

But of the comedy, and of the actors, Madlle. Brohan, Madlle. Judith, Madlle. Mantes, MM. Provost, Regnier, Mirecourt, Geoffroi, and the rest, and of many other matters too long to mention now, I must defer speaking at length till my next. The hand of the clock on the *Bourse*, within a stone's throw of which I am now *not* writing, approaches the figure *five*—and the post waits for no man less than a Prime Minister, or an Ambassador. Good bye, for the present, and believe me, ever yours, D.

THE ITALIANS AND THE FEUILLETONISTES.

FROM two clever *feuilletons* by MM. Fiorentino and Gustave Héquet, we have translated a few stray passages, which, as they concern some of the popular Italian artists, will doubtless interest our readers. M. Fiorentino, in a very intelligent review of the performance of *Don Giovanni*, at the *Italiens*, offers the following sensible remarks relative to the Leporello of

LABLACHE.

"The colossal size of Lablache is altogether opposed to the part of Leporello, and renders the illusion impossible. I have heard many persons express great astonishment, and lament that Lablache had made the character of Leporello too prominent—obtrusive perhaps—and altered, in some respects, by too great a shew of pleasantry, and by too jovial and burlesque a physiognomy, the ensemble and seriousness of the work. Lablache is too great an artiste, too finished a comedian, too spiritual, too sensible to be ignorant that Leporello is no buffoon. Leporello is the good sense personified—he is the positive by the side of the ideal—the Sancho by the side of Don Quixote. As *rusé* as Figaro, as devoted as Caleb, Leporello adores his master; he weeps for him—excuses him before the world; but in secret, *en tête à tête* with his master, he does not fail to read him sound lectures. And it is he who amuses Don Juan in a sovereign manner. A little of a liar, a little of a gourmand, a little of a libertine, since it is necessary that vices should degenerate in their transit from master to man, Leporello is never involved in crime. The imperty of Don Juan makes him shudder. If he obey his orders, it is only against his inclinations, and in terror of his master's sword; and if he be subservient to his criminal designs, he never fails to warn the victims; and, after some dreadful day of treacheries, duels, and murders—after a night spent in orgies and debaucheries, I am sure that Leporello, retired into a corner, finds time yet to pray to God in secret for his own soul, and the soul of his master. Worthy Leporello!

Lablache is not an artiste to whom the *nuances* of character can be unknown, or unappreciable. Nobody understands better this tremendous *chef d'œuvre*. But it was necessary, so thought he, with all his power, to smooth each anxious brow; it was necessary, whatever might be the consequence, to drive away that dark and brooding *ennui*, which stretched its gloom, as a bat its pinions, over the listless audience; it was necessary to amuse the provincials, who flocked in crowds to the *Italiens* on the evening in question, and who, in their ignorance of the opera so loudly bepraised, and of the singers whose pompous eulogies were so far and high emblazoned, remained, as it were, glued to their seats, with necks extended, with mouths all agape, and eyeballs darting from their heads. This is the reason why Lablache gave himself so much trouble, and indulged in so many extra displays of activity; this is the reason why he introduced more French words and phrases than he is accustomed to do; in fine, this is the reason why the artiste *par excellence*, for one instant descended to the level of the public. Lablache

is so truly devoted to the interests of the theatre to which he belongs, and undertakes its cause with so much warmth, that he would even compromise his high artistic name to save his director."

In a notice of the same performance, M. Héquet (of the "National") thus apostrophises the Don Giovanni of Coletti.

COLETTI.

"It is evident Nature never intended Signor Coletti to play the character of Don Giovanni. I say it, without circumlocution or periphrasis, because, all things considered, it cannot take from him the claims, which he possesses by right, on the esteem of the public. On the contrary, in the very first scene, Signor Coletti proves himself not to be the man who could surprise and force a woman. He kills the commandant, and plainly shows the audience that he was but young in deed, and never killed commandant before, since he kills him as no Don ever yet killed man. When he attempts to seduce Zerlina, each spectator says to himself, "My God! what an excellent family man Signor Coletti must be!" In the finale to the first act, when Zerlina cries from within, in piteous tones, "*Gente, aita! aita, gente!*" we feel somewhat surprised that the good folks on the stage do not answer, with one voice, "Oh, nonsense! be quiet—Signor Coletti is incapable of so black a crime—we don't believe it." Signor Coletti, nevertheless, is a man of talent, who has received from nature a very fine voice, which he manages artistically and with taste; but he is too much of a good man to imagine the unbridled egotism, the diabolic pride, the ferocious and libidinous desires of that sublime incarnation of wickedness, whom the Abbé Da Ponte, after Molière, has created, and Mozart made sing. Everybody knows that this Italian Don Juan, so freshly lyrical, so original, so new, after that of Molière, is the work of a priest!—of a priest, in truth! who was as well suited to the sacerdotal robes as Signor Coletti is to play characters like Don Giovanni. He was a man of wit, and, I might almost say, of genius. In his old age he cast off his monk's habit, and emigrated to America. Garcia, the great tenor, and who perhaps of all singers best understood and could best impersonate Don Juan,* encountered in New York, about the year 1830, the old *collaborateur* of Mozart. It is to be hoped that Garcia played Don Juan before him—indeed he owed him so much. The *ex-abbé* was then upwards of eighty years of age. He had a wife and several children, for whom he gained an indifferent livelihood by teaching Italian to the fair-haired daughters of the New World. But let us leave Da Ponte and return to his interpreters."

Further on we find the following from the same pen in respect of

MADAME CASTELLAN.

"As for Madame Castellan she has no reservation to hope from me: I shall tell the plain truth in plain terms. Madame Castellan's voice is somewhat feeble, but sweet, mellow, and sympathetic. The lower notes are good, and the upper notes have a charming sonority when they are not forced. Her vocalising is neat, correct, and graceful, and it is evident that she has studied her art with determination and assiduity. Her style possesses elegance and much expression. Add to this, youth and very agreeable personal traits. Unfortunately when she sings, she has a fashion of half closing her eyes, and opening her mouth *a travers*, which has by no means a happy appearance. I have promised her the truth without reservation, and I keep my word. My criticism has been proffered with no other intent than to point out to the fair artiste faults which may be so easily amended. The success of Madame Castellan has been brilliant and legitimate. We congratulate M. Vatel on this excellent acquisition to his *troupe*. If his subscribers pardon him for having forgotten Alboni, it will be through the mediation of Madame Castellan."

And, still lower down, the following about the accomplished

MARIO.

"In the *Lucia di Lammermoor* Mario sustained the part of Edgar. I do not know what it is that has happened to Signor Mario, what example has struck him, what noble emulation has piqued him, but he sung the grand *scena* in the last act very differently indeed from what we have heard him on any former occasion. Anterior to the present performance, his voice was, as it always is, sweet and captivating—but it was devoid of expression: it merely flattered the ear—to-day it penetrates to the inmost soul. It seizes on the listener, moves him, makes him thrill and weep. It is, in fact, a complete transformation. Signor Mario is now certainly the most delightful tenor on the lyric stage. If he would endeavour to combine with his great vocal abilities the talents of a comedian what would remain for others? After the late transformation we witnessed in the *Lucia*, we cannot answer when the improvement in Signor Mario will cease."

We shall further consult the Parisian *feuillitonistes* from time to time, and offer anything we may find of sufficient interest to the consideration of our readers. Meantime, we take leave to conclude with another extract from the article of M. Fiorentino, which involves a triple and a triple-merited compliment to Grisi, Mario, and the Royal Italian Opera.

"The Theatre Italien has given Don Giovanni four times. What we have just said of Alboni may be also referred to Grisi and Mario. Mario is, without contradiction, the most accomplished tenor on the stage. If the theatre possessed such singers as he, nothing could be more perfect. He is young, handsome, in all the power and freshness of his talent: his voice is beautiful, and subservient to a rare intelligence: born and educated in the highest circle of society, he is endowed with its manner and its distinction. Who can sing like him, with the same ease and success, serious and buffo parts? He possesses flexibility and largeness, expression and grace, energy and purity. Dark and impassioned in *Otello*, tender in *Lucia*, touching in *Lucrezia Borgia* and the *Puritani*, he is graceful, brilliant, comic in the *Matrimonio Segreto*, the *Barbiere*, and *Don Pasquale*. There is no work in the repertoire in which Mario has no character—and none which he does not fill to perfection.

La Grisi, with her imperial and superb head, her queenly brow, her magnificent bust, hewn, as it were, from the most beautiful marble of Paros, has no rival to fear in the loftiest rôles of lyric tragedy. This she proved lately in London, where she sustained, in her single person, the entire weight of the repertoire; and where each time that other *comattrici*, even the most celebrated, attempted to personate her characters, they have failed in the most signal manner. Nevertheless, it is time that Grisi and Mario, whose talents are of the highest order, should exhibit these talents in new works. I am astonished, indeed, that these artistes can sing for ten years the same notes without gaping in the face of the spectators. *Don Giovanni* is an imperishable *chef-d'œuvre*, but the more sublime the work is, the more perfect should be the execution. To appreciate truly this work of the mighty master, one should have heard at the Royal Italian Opera, in London, the magnificent finale of the first act, with a triple orchestra, conducted by Costa, with its numerous chorus, and a dazzling *mise en scene*—a performance worthy of Mozart. The minuet was danced by Fanny Elssler and Adele Dumilatre. Singers, band, dancers, chorus, all seemed penetrated with the most profound reverence—with a sentiment almost religious—for this divine music. It is thus, indeed, that homage should be rendered to genius."

To every word of which we say, amen! from the very bottom of our understandings and our hearts.

A Treatise on the "Affinities" of Goëthe,

IN ITS WORLD-HISTORICAL SIGNIFICANCE,

DEVELOPED ACCORDING TO ITS MORAL AND ARTISTICAL VALUE,

Translated from the German of Dr. Heinrich Theodor Ritscher,
Professor at the Royal Gymnasium at Bromberg.

(Continued from page 689).

CHAPTER III.

THE ARTIFICIAL COMPOSITION OF "THE AFFINITIES."

HOWEVER often we turn to the artistical composition of the "Affinities," we shall never grow weary of admiring the extraordinary simplicity of the external means and of the whole action of our work, which with the slightest motives, a *staffage** almost uniform, with positions and events but little complicated, with a very small number of figures produces the highest effects. Considered from this point of view there is no work of art in the whole novel-literature, which to him who only seeks for an external gratification, for that which we call a material interest in the development of incidents, and the excitement thus produced, can be more unsatisfactory than our "Affinities." Because every thing takes place *within* the individualities, because the whole development occurs in the field of internalness, the novel requires for its comprehension a mind extremely cultivated in every respect. The composition of the artist is here everything: the mere matter, on the other hand, is nothing. What indeed is more common than a couple of married people, who through their feelings are powerfully attracted by two individualities, to whom, by virtue of their position, they cannot belong. And yet all turns upon this

* Query—Better than Ambrogetti and Tamburini. [Ed. M. W.]

* I do not know the technical English word for *staffage*, which signifies, in pictorial art, the filling up a picture with figures.—Translator.

single point. But what wealth in its development, what a charm in the exhibition of the state of feelings, which have grown to such visible clearness, that we can thoroughly live through every one of them, without any sacrifice of the ideality. The whole presents us with the fullest reality, with an event of every day occurrence, with the simplest circumstances, and yet, at the same time, it is a creation of the highest art, penetrated by an all present zeal, which has formed every organ of its body into an important sign of its invisible activity.

As the antique Epos was the poetical expression of the heroic condition of the world, and the purest organ for its collective interests and relations, so does the genuine novel in its highest form reflect the life elements of our modern existence, and reveal to us the soul of the world's present condition. Corresponding to the Epos in this, that both reveal an entire concrete view of the world, they differ essentially in this, that the antique Epos gives an exhibition of a condition of the world, which (exhibition) is most objective, and most independent, so to speak, of the subjectivity of the poet, while the novel, on the other hand, as a subjective epopee always develops to us—the concrete relations as reflected in the subject, nay, as in reality, so in a work of art, allows them to arise as products of internalness, and subjective intuition.* In this sense our "Affinities" is the modern Epos of marriage, which pursues the whole present condition of the world, and the interests of modern life down to the moral basis of marriage, and therein allows them to be recognised.

This already implies, that our novel limits itself to the district of its development, and excludes the comfortable diffuseness of an epic unfolding. While everything within that district gravitates towards marriage, it cannot contract itself to a field, which is extremely narrow, and cannot carry us into a broad stream of events and complications, amid which we lose sight of the simple relation. In this respect the "Affinities" seems to us the most decided contrast to "Wilhelm Meister," which, in conformity with its aim, has to extend, in epic development the most manifold circumstances of life, a wealth of the most different individualities, while the "Affinities" on the contrary, in conformity with its subject, is directed towards limitation. Contrasted with "Wilhelm Meister" it bears the same relation as that of the Epos, which embraces all the states of the heroic age, to the limited action of an antique drama.

Simple as are the action and the relations in our work, equally inobtrusive are the surrounding objects,† while they belong to the highest art, as Solger has very properly acknowledged. Feeling the weight and importance of the former, this thinker saw in the details of the circumstances the visible garb of the personalities. They are to him the daily life, in which the personality expresses itself, so far as it comes into external contact with others, and distinguishes itself from them. There always continues to be a homogeneous expression, while the interior is violently changed. This change is fearfully striking, if once the glance falls upon the peculiar circumstances, which always continue the same, or progress homogeneously.

Sensible and true as is this notion of Solger's, it by no means comprises the whole deep import of the surrounding objects in the "Affinities;" nay their proper artificial effect seems to us to proceed from a totally different element. We will endeavour to develop this, and thus to give an insight into the internal workshop of our romance. And, in the first place, we agree with Solger that the surrounding details form the garment of this personality, in which the latter externally displays itself. The laying out of the grounds, upon which the individuals of the action bestow so much care, and the progress of which is a constant back ground to the whole, is a product of that grade of refined cultivation, which everywhere impresses upon natural things the stamp of the human mind;—which converts nature into an ornament for ourselves, and makes it a copy of our personality. While in the laying out of the gardens and parks, Nature is, as it were, forced to adapt herself to our views, and to express our intentions, so does the poet, by such sur-

rounding objects, place us in a state of existence, which has man and man alone for its creator, and in harmony with the whole comfortable state of an advanced cultivation, to which our individuals belong, everywhere, as far as his power extends—freely subject nature to himself, and make it a copy of his own views. But this existence, in which, down to the minutest details, the human impress is visible, in which nothing is left in its immediate natural form, but all has felt the mastery of the human will—into this existence, we say, breaks the natural force of feeling, smooths its own paths, and in its power scoffs at the work, which the hand of man and human freedom have produced. In this contrast lies the highest poetical effect. Everything, we may say, in our work gives us a view of a pure human creation, produced out of freedom. The marriage itself, the comfortable existence arising from a tasteful employment of wealth, the park which is formed before us with the greatest care—all, in short, shows us both in the moral and in the natural sphere a pure human dominion, a free creation of the human mind. All in our work of art is wrought up to this view, that the contrast of that unfree natural force, which leads into this human existence, may come forward with a real shock.

It is in the objects which surround the individuals that we first truly perceive this contrast, and it appears to us, like a deep irony, that those who, with so much mastery, rule over external Nature, and to whose views she must conform, are so exposed to the storm of an internal natural force. This contrast is naturally heightened, as well as its effect, with the increasing passion, and with the variance, which becomes more and more incurable, while the objects laid out and formed by human hands look on quietly, and present, unchanged, the picture of a state of things, in which no place seems to be accorded to mere natural force. From what we have said, it results that the æsthetic effect in the change of surrounding objects rests essentially upon contrasts of thought, which here immediately press forward, and are, as it were, in a naïve manner brought to view. The same contradiction between freedom and natural necessity, which was recognized by us as the soul of the entire action, involuntarily comes forward here also, since these very objects, belonging to a nature changed and formed by the human will into an ornament, and according to our pleasure, of themselves direct our glances to the contrast of an immediate nature not included in us.

(To be continued.)

* To prevent misunderstanding, it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

SONNET.

No. LVIII.

LIFE does not flow in one continued course
So that its parts all with each other blend,
Each one beginning at another's end,
And each one in its turn a goal and source.
No, there are points where the stream gathers force,
And suddenly appears its course to mend,
As though to some new destiny 'twould tend—
Such points with joy we think on—or remorse.
And thus it was when first thine eyes met mine,
The changeless course of years at once was broken,
And all around the scene was new and strange;
And though the image be not always thine
That fills my soul; yet still through thee was spoken
That word of fate, which bade my life be new. N. D.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.—How Shakspeare surpasses all dramatists, past and present, in the fitness and construction of his plays for scenic representation is every day made more manifest. How our forefathers could have permitted the unhallowed alterations of the playwrights is not quite so evident. It is positively inconceivable that the audiences of any period could have endured such desecration of their favourite poet. In no single instance has the re-modelling of Shakspeare's plays for the stage been an improvement, and in most cases the alteration is a disgrace to the perpetrators, a disgrace to those

* The novel, says Göthe, is a subjective epopee, in which the author allows himself to treat the world in his own fashion. The only question is whether he has a fashion;—the rest will come of itself.—*Dr. Röscher's note.*

† "Umgebungen," that is to say, the scene and circumstances, which surround the principal figures.—*Translator.*

who sat to endure it, and a disgrace to the country at large. Thanks to our stars, we have fallen upon brighter days. The spirit of innovation that walks abroad has yet respect and reverence for the works of genius. But restitution, like reformation, as it is slow and gradual, must depend on time for its results. It has been reserved for the present age, we might say, for the last lustrum of the present age, to restore to our stage the works of our great poet in their purity and integrity. To Macready, certainly, is due the primal honour of this glorious undertaking. Many years ago, when he was at Covent Garden, he revived *Richard the Third*, almost as Shakspeare wrote it, and rescued one entire scene from the pilfering grasp of Nicholas Rowe. He did not go far enough, but he made the first step on the road of restitution. More late, when Covent Garden was under his own management, he made still further advances in presenting to the public the plays of Shakspeare, denuded of the interpolations of Garrick, Nahum Tate, and Cibber, the glorious triad of meddlers, who have made themselves infamous in the annals of the stage. The revivals of *The Tempest*, *Henry the Fifth*, *King Lear*, and other plays, will hand Macready's name to posterity, written in more bright and living characters, than even his transcendent talents as an actor. The spirit he set a-foot did not linger round the glories of Covent Garden and Drury Lane. It wended eastward and waved its banners over the little temple of Sadler's Wells. From thence it has lately flown over roof and spire, back to the west, and now beams round the long neglected shrine of "Marylebone," with a true and steady, if not a brilliant lustre. More recent still we have seen its light diffused with purer rays in that tiny temple of taste, yeapt the *Haymarket Theatre*. The re-production of *The Taming of the Shrew* at the Haymarket is undoubtedly one of the most complete that, in this age of restitution, has yet been given to the stage. The text of Shakspeare is adhered to to the letter, and not a line is omitted which propriety could preserve. But not only is the text closely followed, the very stage directions are observed, and the play is witnessed, exactly as Shakspeare intended it should be played, and as it was played in his time. There is no doubt had Shakspeare lived in our scenic-loving age, he would either have omitted the Induction, as cramping the *mise en scene*, which dramatic exigencies appear now to demand, or he would have transferred the action of the comedy, in the stage directions, to some more appropriate locale than a bed-chamber, in which it is intended it should be exhibited. *The Taming of the Shrew*, as now performed at the Haymarket, is entirely devoid of scenery, excepting two introduced in the Induction. The different scenes are merely signified by placards hung against the tapestry, on which are written the particular locale of the actors. Thus, in the first scene, *Padua, a Public Place*, is inscribed on the placard; and in scene the second, *Before Hortensio's House*, and so on. This is the only provision made to point out the change of place. Even between the acts, the Lord's bed-chamber, with Christopher Sly attended in state, is still presented to the spectator's view. Such was the fashion in which our ancestors, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, were wont to behold the dramas of William Shakspeare acted. Nor, in good sooth, strange as it may seem, does the mind seem to look for anything more in the scenery. We are inclined to think the exhibition of scenic splendour, magnificence of decoration, and completeness of detail rather deteriorates from, than adds to the reality, or verisimilitude, of stage representation. It is certain that too close an adherence to the pictorial destroys the poetical. When we

witnessed the *Taming of the Shrew*, we felt no want of a change of scenery. In the first scene, upon the entrance of Lucentio and Tranio, when the placard indicated a Public Place in Padua, we as readily imagined ourselves in such a public place, as though the most delightful scene, and most truthful, was represented by the accomplished pencil of Mr. P. Phillips, or Stanfield himself. It must be allowed that as in *The Taming of the Shrew*, we have a play within a play, and as the spectator knows that it is being performed in a bedroom, he is naturally satisfied with such scenery, or its substitute, as a country mansion and a set of strolling players could furnish at an hour's notice: still from the play we cannot help feeling we have learned a lesson in stage painting, and that it were far better, in the performance, to attend to other things of greater need. But of this more by and bye. The acting of the *Taming of the Shrew*, at the Haymarket, is (we speak of it in the present tense, as it is being performed two, or three times a week) most excellent. We have seen Mrs. Nisbett in parts better suited to her. In the two first acts she was rather snappish and fretful, than froward and bold: but her acting in the two last acts was truthful and beautiful. Mr. Webster made a capital Petruchio, the best we have seen for a long while. Nothing could be more bluff, hearty, and good-tempered than he appeared throughout the play. Keeley's Grumio was deliciously comic. We never imagined he could fill out Shakspeare before. Mrs. Seymour was lady-like as Bianca. Of the other characters we must distinguish Mr. Brindal's Tranio as particularly good, albeit we should prefer his omitting the gag with the cloak when he and his master change apparel. The other characters were well supported. We thank Mr. Webster with all our hearts for this inimitable revival. Two or three such productions—where are they to be had?—and echo answers, &c.—would do more to advance the true interests of his house than forty modern plays, whose success is only upheld by partisanship. We would be just, not invidious.

JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.—The concerts at Drury Lane continue to attract most crowded and fashionable audiences. Indeed, we may say, we never remember M. Jullien's entertainments to be so well attended. During the first few nights the promenade was so densely thronged that it was considered advisable to erect barriers at either side of the orchestra. This has been found a necessary accommodation as it tends greatly to break the pressure of the multitude. Other alterations have been made with a view to the public convenience. The programme is varied nightly, on each occasion one classical *morceau* being given. We attended on Saturday night last, when the house presented a most brilliant aspect, the boxes being completely filled with the *elite* of fashionables at present in London. Among others we recognized His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge in a private box, who seemed greatly to relish the entire performance. His Royal Highness expressed aloud his admiration of the band, after the *allegretto* movement from Beethoven's symphony in F. He seemed no less delighted with Piatti's violoncello solo, which followed. We never heard, on any instrument, anything more exquisite, on more perfect, than this young artist's performance on Saturday night. He is positively the Paganini of his instrument. Not only is his execution faultless, and astonishing for its rapidity; his tone most beautiful and powerful, but he exhibits in his playing the finest taste, and the most genuine feeling. The tones he produces from the violoncello at different times resemble the violin, the tenor, and even the flute. His harmonics are marvellously perfect. We never dreamt of hearing such mastery on the instrument. Signor Piatti is certainly

one of the first instrumentalists we ever listened to. At the close of his performance he obtained the most tremendous cheers from all parts of the house, the Royal Duke, himself no mean performer on the violoncello, applauding him most enthusiastically. Notwithstanding what we urged in our first notice respecting the Swiss Quadrille, from its continued and legitimate success, we are bound to admit that it is likely to become the most popular of all the composer's works. The introduction and finale have both been considerably abridged, and the *melodies de danse* are not now so much submerged as formerly in the symphonic frame-work of the composition. The introduction of the machinery, to which we objected as foreign to the purposes of music, is now altogether dispensed with; and a great improvement is manifest. The band, too, are decidedly more at home in their performance than on the first night, when the difficulties involved in M. Jullien's work were not mastered with that consummate ease we expect from this great instrumental corps on all occasions. The performance of the Swiss Quadrille is now quite perfect. We have heard several tourists, who have travelled through the Swiss cantons, express the warmest approval of M. Jullien's new work, not only as it brought back old friends to them in the national melodies, but as it so very happily and truthfully conveyed, as far as music could convey, an idea of a storm on the Swiss mountains. To the great majority of M. Jullien's audience the principal features of the new quadrille must be a sealed book, as it cannot be supposed that one in a hundred has visited the country of William Tell, and few therefore can form a notion of how closely the composer has imitated nature. Enough remains, however, to gratify even those whose highest mountain flight has not exceeded one hundred feet above the Zoological Gardens, or, in other words, the peak of Primrose Hill. The Swiss Quadrille is advancing nightly more and more into public favour, and, as we have said above, promises to become the most popular of the popular composer's works.

SURREY.—Balfé's opera of the *Enchantress* has been produced at this theatre in a style of great splendour and completeness. It has been, if possible, more successful than the *Bohemian Girl*. It is not necessary to criticise a work that has so frequently obtained our strictures and our approbation. The *Enchantress*, if not one of the composer's *chef d'œuvres*, is certainly one of his most dramatic works; and is, perhaps, better adapted than any other for scenic representation. The manager of the Surrey has caught the taste of his audience in a most miraculous way. Crowds are sent back nightly from the doors, and the enthusiasm of the auditors inside borders on an Italian *furor*. A new melodrama, called *The Traveller's Room*, written by Fitzball, in his own peculiar and exciting manner, has been produced lately, with great applause. It is played every night with the *Enchantress*, and both pieces, from their great success, will probably be run till Christmas.

REVIEWS OF MUSIC.

"*Souvenir de Donizetti et Mariani*;" containing the most admired subjects from the works of the above popular composers, arranged in the form of a "fantasia," for the pianoforte, by W. H. HOLMES.—ADDISON and HODSON.

A very brilliant and effective *morceau* without being too difficult. The composer has evidently indited the fantasia for proficient, or at least, for those who have made good progress in pianoforte playing. The introduction leads to the aria, "Ah! dolce guidami," from Donizetti's *Anna Bolena*, which is varied in a very happy manner. The next air introduced is also from *Anna Bolena*, "Come innocente, Giovane," treated with more suavity and grace; this leads

to another theme taken from the same opera, "Cielo a miei lunghi," which will afford the performer great scope to exhibit his executive powers, the composer having written semidemi-quavers for both hands in two entire pages. The last *morceau* introduced is Mariani's well known air, "Stanca di piu," which Mr. Holmes has handled in an elegant and striking manner. A brilliant finale in *allegretto* concludes a most admirable *fantasia*.

"*Shine on, thou bright beacon!*" Song. The poetry suggested by a seal with the motto, "Si je te perds, je suis perdu;" a mariner in a boat at sea, and one lone star in the sky: composed by COSMO ALEXANDER HEPBURN, Esq.—R. MILLS.

This song does not aim at any particular musical excellence. The air is simple and the harmonies obvious. It possesses, however, sweetness and expression, which, to most lovers of modern ballads, more than make amends for novelty of conception or mastery in arrangement. The words are well written.

"C. Goodban's Vocal Album;" containing four songs, two duets, and trio: The words by various Authors; the Music composed by CHARLES GOODBAN, Mus. Bac. Oxon.—J. ALFRED NOVELLO.

Mr. Goodban has given us in this work, a very pleasing set of vocal pieces. There are seven *morceaux* in the collection, of which, to our thinking, the first and fifth are the best. No. 1, "The Blind Girl's Hope," is a tender and neatly written ballad in E. flat, 3-4 time. The accompaniments are appropriate and effective. No. 5, "Faire Daffodils,"—Herrick's exquisite and well-known complaint, is a duet in F, 3-8, and is very sweetly written. It is, nevertheless, scarce quaint enough, but this will pass the knowledge of most hearers, and will be recognised as no want by the purchaser. Mr. Goodban has written the words to three of the seven compositions. We cannot praise his poetry as much as we can his music. It is strange that a Bachelor of one of the learned Universities should make "intervene" an active verb. Sorrow may "intervene," but it cannot be said to "intervene its clouds" between two objects. It is no less strange, than one gifted with a sensitive musical ear should rhyme "scenes" with "beams," "smile" with "trial," and "roam" with "shone." But too often do musicians fancy there is no craft in writing verses, and so, poor easy men they are tempted to manufacture their own metre, and in almost every instance they betray their ignorance of the commonest rules of versification, as we have frequently had occasion to show. Mr. Goodban's Album is, notwithstanding, a very meritorious work.

1. "In the joyous Spring;" Song, the words written by EDWARD J. GILL; the music composed by SIDNEY NELSON.
2. "Italia shall be free;" a Roman song of liberty, written by J. W. LAKE, Esq.; the music composed by SIDNEY NELSON.—ADDISON and HODSON.

The first of these compositions is a pleasing ballad; though something of the popularly common is apparent in its melody. It is nicely written for the voice, and will suit the generality of singers. No. 2 is altogether better as a composition, and will make a capital song for a barytone voice. In both instances Mr. Nelson has been successful in the arrangements.

"Mid waving trees" Duet, sung by Miss A. and M. WILLIAMS; Poetry by GEORGE LINLEY, Esq.; Music composed by JULES BENEDET.—ADDISON and HODSON.

A very elegant and effective duo, for two female voices. Mr. Benedict seldom pursues the common track in his compositions; and though the subject of the present duet is not strikingly original, he has exhibited much ingenuity in the introduction of novel phrases; and his manner of writing for the voices is entirely after his own fashion. This duet must find a host of admirers, albeit the words have nothing whatsoever to recommend them.

"The Standard Lyric Drama," Vol. I. The Marriage of Figaro, Part V. J. BOOSKY & Co.

The Marriage of Figaro will be completed with No. 6; on the

1st of January the first part of *Norma* will be issued. We most strongly advise our musical friends to avail themselves of this admirable work. In a few years, by becoming subscribers, they will have a complete and perfect operatic library, at one-tenth of the price for which the same amount of music, without a tythe of its excellence, could now be procured.

"*The Swiss Girl*," as sung at M. JULLIEN'S Concerts, Theatre Royal Drury Lane, by Miss DOLBY, to whom it is dedicated, by G. LINLEY.—JULLIEN and Co.

We venture to assert that ninety-nine readers out of a hundred will be puzzled to gather from the frontispiece whether Mr. Linley is, or is not the author of the "*Swiss Girl*." To many, the "dedicated to Miss Dolby" would sound very like the composer's authority. Now we know Mr. Linley is *not* the composer, though from being writer, or translator of the words, and from arranging the melody, he may, as we have known others do, fancy himself the veritable composer thereof; wherefore do we think it would sound more like a real artist to have the truth indited on the title-page, viz., "*arranged by G. Linley*." "*The Swiss Girl*" is a very beautiful melody, in common time, with a refrain, in 3-4, which has a very pleasing and novel effect. The air is perfectly Swiss, and is so simple and catching, that after Miss Dolby sings it nightly at the concert, it may be heard hummed and whistled all over the theatre. Miss Dolby is encored nightly in it. She sings it with great expression, and in the refrain reminds us, though remotely, of Alboni in the air from *Betty*. The "*Swiss Girl*" promises to be the most popular ballad of the day. Mr. Linley's words are not devoid of lyric merit.

"*Swiss Quadrille*," as performed at the Author's Concerts Theatre Royal Drury Lane, by his celebrated Orchestra. Composed by JULLIEN.—JULLIEN and Co.

Jullien's Swiss Quadrille, arranged for the piano, is very different from the same Quadrille as played by the Drury Lane band at the Concerts. The introduction and finale are necessarily dispensed with, and the Quadrille remains now an unsophisticated set of dancing airs, without the intervention of any symphonic embroidery. The Swiss Quadrille, under the present form, we are inclined to think, constitutes one of the very best sets we ever heard. The subjects are striking and highly pleasing, and are full of vivacity. No. 1 is a Chamois hunting subject, a capital melody, and full of character. The air is, we believe, original, and composed by Jullien. A *crescendo* is here used with good effect. No. 2 takes for its theme the beautiful Swiss melody, "*Le Chalet*." This is one of the most pleasing national airs ever written. The subject follows a light and playful *morceau d'introduction*, and is well worked out. This number will prove a great favorite. No. 3 involves the celebrated "*Ranz des Vaches*," of which it is needless to say one word. The melody is the national melody of Switzerland, and in foreign countries it is well known produces the same effects on the Swiss exile, as "*Patrick's day*," "*Rule Britannia*," "*The Campbells' are coming*" or "*Ar hyd y nos*" would on the Irish, English, Scotch or Welch emigrant. No. 4, another beautiful Swiss melody, "*Au Rive du Lac*," and very popular in the Cantons. This number will be almost in as high favor as No. 2. Two very brilliant variations are provided, which will tax the tiny fingers of the fair performers in no small degree. But this may be omitted, and the simple subject resumed. No. 5—an original subject of Jullien's—is indicative of the village fêlé. We admire this exceedingly. The opening is bold and new: the theme exhilarating and joyous, and worked out with capital effect. It finishes the Quadrille in the heartiest manner possible. Whatever may be the opinion of the world at large, and which just now we have no direct means of accurately certifying, it is our belief that the Swiss Quadrille is the very best composition of that class that ever issued from M. Jullien's pen.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 15.—Musical matters begin to assume a considerable importance in this city. Messrs. Herz and Sivori have given here three concerts with great *éclat*, and

they announce another series of nine. There has been a violent attack upon Sivori in one of the papers, which has called forth considerable antagonism in all the others, the natural result whereof has been a good deal of party feeling, an overflowing attendance at his last concert, and the most vociferous applause on his appearance that can well be imagined. Both Herz and Sivori are playing remarkably well, and are great favourites. Your friend, Madame Bishop, gave two concerts, at which M. Bochs played some of his harp fantasias. With all the wonders that modern Europe has produced upon this instrument, no artiste has surpassed him as an executant, and none has done so much for the development of the power of the harp, as this popular veteran. Two different choral societies are busily preparing opposition performances of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, the one under the direction of Mr. Chubb, the other of Mr. G. Loder. Mr. and Mrs. E. Seguin, with Mr. Beeston, who has successively appeared in London, under the names of Belton and Arthur, and now advertises himself as Mr. Arthuraon, are performing the old stock of operas throughout the States. Mr. Manvers and his daughter, with Mr. A. Giubelei, are about to make a similar tour, but they have appeared in this city with small success. A complete Italian Opera company, under the direction of Signor Sanquirico, formerly of the Opera Buffa in London, have arrived and are waiting the completion of a new theatre that is building for them, by subscription, to commence their proceedings. What occupies more public attention is a company which has been associated for the performances of Italian and English operas, and scenes from operas, which combines an unusual assemblage of talent, namely, M^{me}. A. Bishop, the English *prima donna*; M^{me}. G. A. Macfarren, the German *contralto*; Signor De Begnis, the Italian *buffo*; all of whom are well known to you, added to whom are M^{me}. Korsinkaki, a young German lady of much promise for *seconda donna*. Mr. Reeve, the brother of whom is to appear at Drury Lane, for tenor, and Signor Valtellina, a great favourite here, for *basso cantante*, the whole under the direction of Mr. Bochs. Mr. G. A. Macfarren, the composer, is amongst us, and is announced to write two grand scenes, the one from Shakspeare's *Macbeth*, for Madame A. Bishop, the other from Schiller's *Jungfrau von Orleans* for his *cara sposa*. Edward Loder's *Night Dancers* is being performed at the Olympic Theatre with half the music omitted and the other half completely transmogrified. Fridolin is made the principal character and is enacted by a low comedian. Albert is assigned to Mrs. Timm, a sister of Miss P. Horton. The Princess is omitted; the orchestral parts were arranged even for a smaller band, than that with which the opera was originally produced, the chorusses all sung in unison—in fact Loder himself would hardly recognize his work.—(From our own Correspondent.)

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of The Musical World.

GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

SIR,—Much interest having been evinced, and many enquiries raised with respect to the financial issue of our late Festival, we are now glad to publish, through your medium, the following particulars relating thereto. In the statement which, as treasurer, I have submitted to my brother stewards, it appears that the total amount of the expenses was £3127 4s. 2d., from which, deducting the sum of £2580 15s. 6d., the net amount received from the sale of tickets and books, there will remain a gross deficit of £546 8s. 8d.; consequently each of the twelve stewards will be £45 10s. 9d. minus. The result, although not so satisfactory as could be desired, exhibits, nevertheless, a most cheering prospect towards the continuance and future welfare of our ancient festival; for, although the principal vocalists were paid nearly £300 more upon the

late occasion than in the year 1844, yet the deficiency is £200 less than happened at that period, after taking into the scale the aid then afforded by a guarantee fund. And the fact that the present receipts shew an excess of £420 beyond those of the last meeting, we may, we trust, infer that the county families and the clergy are now bent on rendering that assistance which they have been accustomed for upwards of a century to afford, towards the cultivation of the finest musical compositions, and the enjoyment of a social intercourse, whilst at the same time we aid the cause of the widow and the orphan. It may not be irrelevant to add, that the late acting committee feel assured that the expenditure may be still considerably reduced, the item of the chorus especially, namely, £776 (and really the individuals composing the same could scarcely have done more than to cover their expenses, especially if their loss of time is any-wise considered), may, it is fairly assumed, be met nearly by one moiety, by the gratuitous services of local talent. We have two institutions established in Gloucester, in order to promote good church and choral music within ourselves, and three years will doubtless sufficiently perfect the meritorious exertions of those individuals who form such institutions, so as to render their assistance at our next and future meetings very important. It now only remains to notice that the total amount of the late collections made for the relief of the widows and orphans of the clergy, is £723 2s. 3d., which includes a donation since remitted by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol of £20. Here we also report an amended state of affairs, in reference to the contributions in 1844; but we have to lament that this large and opulent county and diocese should, in this important feature, be still deficient, when viewed in comparison with our neighbours and coadjutors at Worcester and Hereford.

I remain, sir, yours, very faithfully,

THOMAS TURNER.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

IT having been our pleasing task, self-imposed by the way, to furnish, from time to time, some short notice of the musical doings at Manchester, for the readers of the *Musical World*, in attempting so much, however inadequately performed, we have not been gratifying any idle ambition of beholding ourselves in print; indeed, at times, we have been somewhat startled to see the prominence given to our hasty scribble, placed as it has been beside the eloquent and glowing effusions of J. W. D. and D. R. We possess not the musical knowledge of the one, nor the elegant yet delightfully familiar style of the other; yet yield we to *neither* in our passionate fondness for music, nor in the sincere wish for its progressive advancement as an art amongst us. The *Musical World* being the periodical in this country devoted to such matters, we have always been anxious to see it contain a faithful record of all musical doings, provincial as well as metropolitan, with this single motive and purely for the love of the thing have these articles been inscribed. We have endeavoured to steer clear of favouritism on the one hand and hyperbole on the other, giving simply our impressions, as an amateur of such performances as came under our ken—and so long as considered worthy insertion shall continue to send such brief notices of Music at Manchester. This gloomy commercial year has been cheered by some halcyon days (or rather evenings) to such sons of trade in this hive of industry (a *city* now by the way) as have a taste for music and the drama. The production of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, for the first time in the presence of, and conducted by, its illustrious composer in April last; the amateur performance, by Charles Dickens and his worthy *confreres*, for the benefit of Leigh Hunt, in July; the advent of RACHEL amongst us (certainly one of the greatest luminaries of this nineteenth century); and, lastly, the appearance of Jenny Lind, are all occasions that are worthy to be marked with a white stone in one's memory, and, excepting the last, have all been briefly noticed by the writer in the *Musical World*. We assisted, as the French have it, at three of the four performances of the Swedish Nightingale, and were only prevented noticing them by sickness; in place

of doing so, however, we furnished, from a much abler pen, the best criticism we have seen on Jenny Lind, viz., the one from the *Manchester Guardian*. Unluckily the tide had turned of your favour, and the article in question only appeared as one amongst the extravagant provincial notices, weekly inserted, with notes of admiration, Jenny Lind! Jenny Lind! Jenny Lind! It is not necessary, indeed it would be fruitless now to seek for the causes of this artiste's unprecedented career in England; we do not approve either the excessive mania, or madness (*furor*), or the detraction that has perhaps been its consequence, and could have wished less of the latter to have appeared in the pages of the *Musical World*. Jenny Lind is gifted with talent, both as a singer and an actress that would have raised her to an exalted position amongst us, without the aid of all the extraordinary and extravagant puffing that was resorted to, but she certainly, without this adventitious aid, would never have saved Mr. Lumley from ruin, nor have commanded the ridiculously exorbitant prices that were paid to hear her in the provinces. We should like to see the *Musical World* lean neither to Mr. Lumley nor Mr. Beale (nor Mr. Bocha, *vide* Madame Anna Bishop), and hope the notices for the coming (some months hence) season of the rival Operas will be as free from *bias* as they were this year up to June last. Come we now to the object (like a lady's postscript) of our present writing.

HARGREAVES' CHORAL SOCIETY.—First Concert.—Seventh Season.—Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was judiciously selected as the oratorio with which to open the winter campaign of 1847-8 of the above society. Miss Birch having been engaged at the French Opera in Paris, and Miss Dolby at Jullien's Concerts, the services of the Misses Williams were secured in lieu of them, and Messrs. Lockey and H. Phillips, as before, for principals. The Free Trade Hall was quite as crowded on Thursday the 28th ult., to hear the second performance of the sublime work as in April last, when Mendelssohn himself was such an additional attraction. Of its execution we can speak in the highest terms: the chorus were positively *marvellous*, they evidently had rehearsed the music *con amore*, and sung it as though they loved it. We cannot notice every individual excellence where all was so perfect, but the following appeared most prominent. The opening chorus, "The harvest now is over, the summer days are gone," with its gushing yet mournful strain of melody, was delightfully sung. Mr. Lockey gave the fine air, "If with all your heart," more effectively than before, and the double quartet, "For he shall give his angels," was far more adequately rendered than on the first performance. Miss M. Williams was very good in the episode of "The widow," and delivered its recitatives with much feeling and propriety. But what shall we say of Mr. H. Phillips and his fine delivery of the many and arduous recitatives and songs in the part of the Prophet? He was as great as ever and delighted everybody. It was not until the last song, "For the mountains shall depart," that we could discover any marks of the hand of time on his once fine organ: still his elocution, conception, and taste, surpasses that of any living English baritone or bass singer. The Misses Williams, by the way, might take a lesson from him as to the delivery and distinct utterance of the words allotted to them. Miss A. Williams suffered from contrast with her great predecessor in the part she had to sing, especially in the holding note with the oboe, "There is nothing,"—else she acquitted herself very creditably, especially in the concerted music, which, like the choruses, all went marvellously. How this glorious composition improves on acquaintance! New beauties spring up never dreamt of

before, at every turn. In particular we were struck with the fine prayer of Elijah, "When the heavens are closed up," and its response from the people, "Then, hear from heaven, and forgive the sin," and the quartet and chorus of angels, "Holy, holy, is God the Lord." The favourite chorus, "Baal we cry to thee," was given with great spirit. The quartet, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord," narrowly escaped an encore. In the second part, the chorus again came out with great force in "Be not afraid," and that masterpiece, "Behold, God—the Lord passed by:" nor should we omit to notice the jubilant finale to the first part, the gorgeous "Thanks be to God," but we get extravagant about *Elijah* and must bring it to a close. The unaccompanied trio was encored, as it richly deserved; the Misses Williams and Miss Kenneth warbled it delightfully. Miss M. Williams took the time of the song, "O rest in the Lord," somewhat quicker than Miss Dolby; probably from that cause it did not produce the same effect, or procure it almost an inevitable encore. Altogether *Elijah* has been again a great treat to the members of the Hargreaves' Society, and fully justifies the selection of this, the greatest work of modern times, by the committee. It is a glorious composition and will live to the end of time. In concluding our notice of this most excellent concert, we are sorry to mention the unavoidable absence of the much esteemed leader, Mr. Seymour, who has had the misfortune to fracture his left arm by a fall. Mr. Conrain, the principal first violin, has had to take his place, assisted by Mr. Aldridge, Jun., of Liverpool.

MUSIC IN DUBLIN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

BAPTIST LILLO, the infant vocalist, pianist, and violinist, of whom the French press spoke in such eulogistic terms, on the occasion of his visit to Paris last summer, gave a concert on Monday evening, the 25th October ult., in the Round Room of the Rotundo, in this city, which was well attended. Mr. J. Werner Glover (pianist), Mr. Luffrein, (flautist), and Sig. Cavallini (clarionet), were the principal solo performers. The National Anthem, in B flat, was performed by an orchestra and chorus consisting of nearly one hundred performers. A novel and pleasing effect was produced by the second verse being sung by a contralto voice in the subdominant F, which accorded well with the religious character of the words. Rossini's brilliant cavatina, *Una voce*, was beautifully warbled by Baptist Lillo, the "Infant Nightingale," as the French press styled him. He performed the numerous *roulades* with the greatest precision and correctness of intonation, adhering with praiseworthy fidelity to the original score. Tadolini's quartet is a truly brilliant composition, the only drawback being that it is not sufficiently concertante, the pianoforte having by far the most prominent place, but which Mr. Glover performed with great power and brilliancy. The respective executants, on its conclusion, were loudly and deservedly applauded. Verdi's chorus, and Locke's music from *Macbeth*, went admirably. The "Swedish Melodies" were rapturously encored; and the concert passed off admirably, and to the apparent satisfaction of all present.

The Theatre Royal opened for the winter season on Saturday last, when there was a crowded and brilliant audience to witness the appearance of Allen, the favorite tenor, and the *debut* of a young lady, his pupil, in Bellini's popular opera of *La Sonnambula*. The *debutante* made a "decided hit," and has been spoken of in high terms by the Dublin press. She has a mezzo soprano voice of nice quality and of

considerable compass, an expressive face, good figure, and action at once natural and easy. With such requisites, I have no doubt but that she will prove a valuable auxiliary to the English lyric drama. As Mr. Allen's merits are already well known to your readers, I need only mention that he sang the music allotted to *Elvino* with good taste and judgment, and was encored in the favorite scena, "All is lost." The orchestra is under the able conductorship of Mr. Levy; and the chorus is full and efficient.

The popular vocalist, Henry Russell, has just concluded an engagement of three nights at the Music Hall, with considerable success.

A batch of Ethiopian Serenaders appeared here a short time since, but failed to draw good houses, which is not to be wondered at, considering we have had *niggers* of all descriptions, *usque ad nauseam*, so that a surfeit has been the natural result.

The Tyler Family are now performing at the Music Hall to poor houses.

Charles Kean and his *cara sposa* are to pay us a visit as soon as Allen's engagement terminates.

AN ANALYSIS OF THE HUMAN VOICE.

Compiled by FREDERICK WEBSTER, Professor of Elocution to the Royal Academy of Music.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 650.

BESIDES the differences arising from singleness of sound, and diphthongal combination, the tonics exhibit a variety in *time*, both when uttered separately, and in a syllabic association. Two general divisions may be made. *A-we*, *a-rt*, *a-n*, *a-le* *ee-l*, *i-sle*, *o-ur*, *oo-ze*, may be called long tonics: and *e-rr*, *e-nd*, *i-n*, short. It is not to be understood that the latter may not, by designed effort, be made as long as the former: they have their places in this arrangement, from their usual time in English syllables. In the prolongation of *i-n* it changes nearly, if not entirely, into *ee-l*: and as it thus seems to owe its character, in short pronunciation, to its abruptness, it might be merged in *ee-l* and rejected as a distinct element. When the long tonics are combined with other elements into syllables, their time is of every distinguishable degree, from a momentary impulse to the longest passionate utterance of an interjection, as from *o-tt* to *a-we*—from *ou-t* to *h-ow*—from *a-t* to *a-h!*—*a-te* to *h-ay*—*pe-a-t* to *ee-l*—*f-oot* to *oo-ze*, *c-a-rt* to *a-rms*—*k-i-te* to *i-sle*. The time of the short tonics, in combination, has much less variety. But however short any of the tonics may be, they do in their minimum duration still pass through the concrete movement, as will be shown hereafter.

All the elements, except the abrupt atonics *h*, *p*, *t*, have a variety in duration. The vocalty of the subtonics affords the means of their time, and its prolongation is next in importance to that of the tonics, for the purposes of vivid and graceful expression.

Should it be asked, why the diphthongs are here designated as elementary, when each may be resolved into greater simplicity, it may be answered, that the diphthongs, though compounded of the successive sounds, are inseparable in utterance: and regarding elements as simple efforts of the voice, these diphthongs may be ranked among them. I cannot pronounce the radical of a diphthong without in some sort, giving also its vanish. The radical may indeed be indefinitely sustained on its level line of pitch, and we may attempt to cut it off by a sudden occlusion of the voice; but it can be terminated only by a glide through the vanish, which, however quick, or feeble, or varied by aspiration or otherwise from its exact sound, may still be heard. In the equable concrete of speech, the rapid pronunciation of a diphthong may diminish the audibility of its second sound, but to an attentive ear it will not be altogether lost. And further, not only does the radical of a diphthong demand its own peculiar vanish, but cannot itself be carried through a given interval without sliding into that vanish. For when we attempt to lead the voice through an octave on the diphthong *a-we* or *a-le*, its radical may be continued up to the seventh of that scale: still the final close on the eighth will unavoidably turn

respectively to *e-rr* or *ee-l*. A similar change will take place on all smaller intervals, in an endeavour to make monothongs of the diphthongal radicals.

If an elementary character be denied to the diphthongs, by regarding them as separable sounds, it will not increase the number of simple tonics beyond twelve: for the reader may have already remarked that the vanishing portions of the diphthongs consist exclusively of the monothongs.

It follows, from what has been said on the indivisible nature of the diphthongs, that their radicals cannot be united with any other vanishes than those apparently allotted in the instinctive ordination of the voice: and notwithstanding what has been observed, assumed and transcribed by writers, on the subject of the diphthongal union of the vowels, the instances here enumerated appear to be all that belong to English speech. Every attempt to make further combinations produces a voice which wants the smooth transition and singleness of syllabic impulse, that characterises a diphthong, and which is found with its defined perfection, only in the double sound of the above-named seven elementary tonics.

As the diphthongal tonics are respectively produced by joining a monothong to a radical of different sound, and as all the possible permutations of their union are not employed, it is a curious subject of inquiry—whether it is within the power of the vocal organs to make a greater number of diphthongs than are here enumerated, by uniting, severally, every monothong with each radical tonic. Now as there are seven radicals and five monothongs, we might upon this scheme have thirty-five diphthongs. But it appears we have only eight, supposing *oi* to be included: *a-we* being severally combinable with two monothongs, and each of the others with one. Other conjunctions may be made; but they have not a fluent transition, like those which already belong to the language and have their literal signs. Would these new associations require a management of voice which is not altogether instinctive, and might therefore call for a practice and skill not yet reached by the English tongue? Have any of these supposed diphthongs been admitted among the alphabetic elements of other nations? And are these unused materials of speech to be classed with those resources in the animal economy, which are to afford their benefits under higher cultivation, and the widening demands of human improvement?

In elucidating this subject of the tonics, it is worthy of remark, that we may consider the diphthongs as mere syllables, compounded of a tonic and subtonic. For it is certain that the monothongs, when used as vanishes to the radical tonics, have in some degree the character of subtonics: that is, they lose the fullness of the radical opening, which they have when uttered by themselves. The vanish of *a-le* is very nearly allied to *y-e* if not identical with it; and the vanish of *ou-r* bears as near a relation to *w-o*. It will be evident too, on trial, that if a radical character be given to these vanishes, they will not unite with the previous radical into one impulse of the voice.

It was said, in a former part of this section, that the subtonics may be uttered separately: their own obscure vocalities bearing, respectively, some resemblance to those of the five monothongs. Hence it is, that some syllables may be formed exclusively of subtonics. In the words *bidden*, *fickle*, *schism*, *rhythm*, *ripen*, and their conjoiners, the last syllable is either purely subtonic, or a combination of subtonic and atonic. On these final syllables the radical and vanishing movement is performed; and though they exhibit the concrete function, they betray their inferiority in abruptness, force, and musical sound, when compared with the more perfect display of these properties on the tonics. The reason why words of this construction are necessarily divided into two syllables will appear in the following section.

(To be continued.)

PROVINCIAL.

MADAME DULCKEN'S MAIDSTONE MATINEE.—On Thursday this eminent artiste gave a *matinée* for pianoforte music in the County Assembly Room, which was attended by a numerous audience, which comprised some of the leading families in the county. Few performers could venture to entertain an audience, essentially intellectual, during a whole afternoon; but Madame Dulcken well knew her own powers. The illustrations of the different styles of composition "from grave to gay, from lively to

severe," were distinguished by a degree of completeness which delighted all present. Unlike some of our modern pianists, who seem to imagine that musical energy consists in "imitating the actions of the tiger," Madame Dulcken's playing is gracefulness and elegance personified, with such an utter absence of apparent effort as to strike the listener to her exquisite execution with astonishment. A greater musical treat has seldom been heard in Maidstone. The irresistible John Parry drew tears of mirth from the audience, by some of his most humorous effusions.—*Maidstone and South Eastern Gazette*.

WELLINGTON.—MR. T. HAYWARD'S CONCERT.—Mr. Hayward gave a grand instrumental and vocal Concert at the Town Hall, Wellington, on Wednesday evening last, under a most distinguished and numerous patronage, which included the *élite* of the towns and neighbourhood, among whom we observed Messrs. T. Eyton, St. J. C. Charlton, T. C. Eyton, W. Turner, W. Wyley, J. Horton, C. Newling, J. T. Phillips (New Lodge), R. Phillips (Brockton), J. Phillips, G. Marcy, R. W. Maxon, C. Stanier, T. Jukes, F. Buckle, M. Webb, J. Williams (Ketley Hill), R. Garbitt, T. Taylor, J. Rider, C. Steedman, W. Howlett, H. Evett, R. Greatwood, W. Nock, R. Palin, B. Smallwood, Revds. B. Banning, — Whitmore, — Gawthrop, H. Burton, &c., &c. The vocal performers engaged were Mr. John Parry, Miss Louisa Haynes (her first appearance in public), and Mr. Griffiths, of Wolverhampton; instrumental—Mr. H. Hayward, solo violin; Mr. Marsden, flute. The band for the overtures consisted of Mr. F. Hayward, first violin; second ditto, Mr. T. Hayward; flute, Mr. Marsden; tenors, Mr. F. Hayward and Mr. Griffiths; violoncello, by an amateur: grand pianoforte, Mr. John Hayward. We need scarcely observe, that Mr. John Parry, the inimitable buffo singer, received the most unbounded applause in his popular songs, "The London Season," "Miss Harriet and her Governess," "Matrimony," &c. Mr. H. Hayward also sustained his reputation as one of the first violinists of the place. Mr. Marsden acquitted himself in a very respectable manner on the flute, in the variations on Rousseau's Dream, and in a *fantasia* on airs from *Norma*. This being Miss Haynes's *début*, she no doubt laboured under some disadvantage in consequence, and appeared a little nervous in her first song, "Lamp of the Night:" she seemed to have acquired more confidence in, and gave in better style, "Go, forget me." Miss Haynes has been prepared for the stage, we believe, at a great expense, having been for some time a pupil of Garcia, at Paris: she has great compass of voice, and will, no doubt, with practice, rise in her profession. The performance on the whole passed off very well, and the room was filled to an overflow,—a sufficient proof of the estimation in which Mr. T. Hayward is held by the public of Wellington and the neighbourhood.—*Edinb' Journal*.

AYR.—TEMPLETON, the favourite and "king of song," honoured Ayr with a professional passing visit last evening. He gave his popular entertainment—"The Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle"—in the Theatre, which was crowded by a fashionable and brilliant assemblage. This entertainment has immortalised him among solo entertainers. It is not only rich in songs, which few can interpret, whether plaintive, majestic tender, or joyous, but strong in anecdotes, which none can tell like him. He has one great aim. He always introduces classical music amongst his popular selections—the execution of which cannot be surpassed in delicacy, brilliancy, and dramatic effect, eliciting both wonder and delight. Though he now treads his native soil, and in the vicinity of the birth-place of Burns, where a few years since he charmed every listener, he is the Orpheus of the nineteenth century, "whose songs gush from his heart"—who has a sentiment in every tone, and a tone for every sentiment. It would be difficult to describe the character of Templeton's voice. It is more like some curious instrument than a human voice—the sweetness of his upper notes lead to the belief that it is a *faissetto*; but this illusion vanishes when we hear him, without moving a muscle, or taking breath, swell from the breathing of the flute to the blast of the trumpet. Perhaps we can best account for the effects he produces by saying they emanate from that, which neither the finest organisation, nor the result of the most careful discipline, could of themselves accomplish. Templeton possesses a charm at least equal to this—an unstudied grace of action, suavity of manner, and gentlemanly deportment, without which requisites a vocalist may make a very good "musical box," but cannot attain the high position he enjoys. We have traced Templeton in his present tour northwards, and are happy to say that his progress has been attended with an uninterrupted series of success;—one more brilliant than the other. In Yorkshire, Lancashire, in Dumfriesshire, and Galloway, no concert-room was large enough to accommodate the crowds that assembled from all quarters to hear this gifted and accomplished vocalist; nor can this be a matter of wonder when we reflect that he stands on as lofty an eminence, and is as unapproachable in his line, as Jenny Lind is in hers. He not only remains the pre-eminent tenor who shared the triumphs of the still incomparable "spirit of song," Malibran, but, in his present entertainments, revives

the palmy days of Braham and Incledon by his increased power and splendid singing of their once famous songs—at once snatching them from oblivion, and renewing a taste for our national melodies amidst this newly-created mania for foreign music. Mr. Blewitt accompanied Mr. Templeton with his usual ability; and, at the end of the entertainment, favoured the audience with one of his comic songs, which sent them home not only delighted, but merry.—*The Ayr Observer*.

LIVERPOOL.—THE SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.—The celebrated vocalist, Mr. Wilson, who stands unrivalled as an illustrator of Scottish song, gave one of his entertainments at the Concert-hall, on Saturday evening last. The attendance was numerous and respectable. Mr. Wilson was in excellent voice, and all his efforts afforded unbounded satisfaction to the audience. His recital of Burns's popular and admirable poem of Tam O'Shanter, was a most striking and agreeable feature in the evening's entertainments, and was greeted with loud bursts of applause. During the interval between the first and second parts, Mr. John Smith said, a most pleasing task devolved upon him; Mr. Wilson had, as they were all aware, performed his duty, and they had now a duty to perform. He expressed his gratification at seeing so large an attendance, and after mentioning the good tendency of such entertainments, he said, in contrast to the busy world out of doors, the enjoyment they received there by those entertainments was a refreshing sunshine by which they felt relieved after the depressing business of the day. Their friend Mr. Wilson, who had delighted them so much, had given his services on that occasion in compliment, and in furtherance of the objects of that institution, having come down from London for the express purpose. They had with them one of their best and oldest friends, Mr. Rathbone, also several distinguished strangers from the colony of Prince Edward's Island, including the Hon. J. Pope, Speaker of the House of Assembly, and Mr. E. Palmer, who had come there, as well as themselves, to enjoy the sunshine. He concluded a very excellent speech by moving the thanks of the company to Mr. Wilson, for his handsome services on the present occasion, which was immediately carried by acclamation. The Hon. Mr. Pope expressed the high gratification which had been afforded him, more particularly as he was a stranger amongst them. He was glad to see such entertainments provided for the people, as they were the means whereby individuals, as well as families, were enabled to enjoy amusements of a rational character, combined with instruction. Those who attended would, he had no doubt, go home better husbands and better wives. He had been much struck with the moral tendency of the songs introduced, which was alike creditable to the vocalist, and those concerned in the management of the concerts. (Applause.) Mr. Wilson then made his appearance, and was received with three hearty rounds of applause, at the close of which Mr. J. Smith announced to him the vote of thanks which had been passed for his liberal conduct that evening, and the gratification he had at all times afforded by his vocal efforts. Mr. Wilson said that, in reference to the gratifying information Mr. Smith had communicated to him, he begged to assure them that it afforded him the highest pleasure on all occasions to be in that room. He often met assemblies higher in rank, but he never came before those who could better appreciate the efforts of the poet or the singer than those he was in the habit of meeting in that hall. He always looked forward to his coming there as a day of sunshine, which afforded him the highest pleasure. He thanked them sincerely for the mark of approbation they had given him, and concluded by assuring them of his most earnest desire for the welfare and success of their institution. (Loud applause.) We ought not to omit mentioning the excellent accompaniments of Mr. Jolley, a young man of great talent and unassuming manners, who shewed by his performance, that he was not only a fine pianoforte player, but a splendid accompanist, and that he had a just appreciation of the poetry as well as the music he was accompanying. Mr. Wilson may congratulate himself on having such a coadjutor.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

DUBLIN. THEATRE ROYAL.—The opening performance presented to us a *debutante*, in the person of a pupil of Mr. Allen—a young lady who, on the threshold of her professional career, proves that she brings to her arduous undertaking many of the most brilliant attributes of genius—an organ of considerable strength and exquisite sweetness, which has been most sedulously and successfully cultivated—a figure of true feminine grace, and a countenance of the most pleasing expression. The opera selected for her *debut* was Bellini's most successful and popular composition, *The Sonnambula*, in which she, of course, sustained the heroine, and with the most triumphant success. Throughout the opera we were delighted to witness in this young lady the rare combination of the melodist's power, blended with the accomplishment and skill of an excellent actress. We should pay but an ill compliment to the treasured knowledge of our musical readers, were we to enter into any enumeration or detail of the delicious airs and concerted melodies with which Bellini has so profusely, so gorgeously adorned this exquisite opera; all we shall say on that point is, that ample justice was done to each and all of these

compositions; and so complete was the success of the fair *debutante*, that at the falling of the curtain, she was most enthusiastically called for by the united acclaims of the crowded and fashionable auditory, and her success recorded in many long protracted peals of applause. A more successful *debut* has rarely, if ever, been witnessed. Mr. Allen, the Elvino of the evening, what shall we—what need we now say? The celebrity his talents have so justly acquired for him, renders criticism an easy and a pleasurable task, even to the most fastidious professor of the “ungentle craft.” We have rarely heard his melodious and well-attuned organ “discourse more eloquent music;” and, indeed, on this occasion, we could not shut out the notion, that natural anxiety for the success of his fair pupil stimulated him to many of his best and most successful exercises of a voice which is in itself all sweetness, melody, and richness.—(From a Correspondent.)

LIVERPOOL.—The accomplished Miss Emily Grant made her *debut* at the Concert-hall, Lord Nelson-street, on Wednesday evening, to a numerous and highly respectable audience, including several distinguished professionals, amateurs, &c. The universal cheers which greeted her, on being led on by Mr. Robinson, prevented her proceeding for some time with her opening song—“Love, dwell with me,”—her execution of which, as well as her other songs, brought into play all the resources of her fine soprano voice, revelling into the intricacies of the most difficult and elaborate passages, and surmounting them with a neatness and delicacy of finish, and all with such perfect ease, as could only be effected by the highest degree of art and cultivation, and which the audience testified their appreciation of by the frequent bursts of applause with which they interrupted her, and more particularly in her arch and expressive manner of rendering Balfe's favourite song, “Woman's Heart,” and for which, in the *encore*, she substituted “Love rules the Palace,” and that, if possible, with increased power, brilliancy, and effect. Her old favourite song, “Sound the Pibroch,” was received and encoored with equal enthusiasm, and the peculiar effects produced by the double echo she introduces, was listened to, as usual, with breathless attention. Miss Grant's voice is one of great power, compass, and flexibility, and has been evidently trained in the true and legitimate school of singing.—*Liverpool Chronicle*.

IBID.—THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.—On Monday evening the fifth undress concert took place at the Collegiate Institution, but the attendance was not so numerous as usual. The vocalists were Miss Stott, Miss Marie Stuart, Mr. Ryalls, and Mr. Armstrong. Mr. Henry Hayward, the celebrated violinist, was the only solo instrumentalist. The chief attraction of this concert was its instrumental performances, and of these a rich treat was presented. They consisted of Beethoven's symphony in D major; the “Meerestille,” by Dr. Mendelssohn; Berlioz's “Des Francs Juges;” the overture of “Fernand Cortez,” by Spontini; and Auber's favourite overture to “Masaniello.”—*Liverpool Journal*.

CHELTENHAM.—The Promenade Concerts, which take place twice a week at the *Rotunda* are very fashionably attended. At the last, Miss Le Grice, a pupil of Mr. Cianchettini, whose performances on the pianoforte we have noticed more than once, at the Royal Academy of Music in London, as well as in Cheltenham, appeared to the greatest advantage, and was indeed uncommonly well received, in two grand masterpieces of the art; one of which was Beethoven's immortal op. 53, and the other, John Cramer's exquisite “Andante” and bravura variations, op. 61. We found this young lady much improved since last year: indeed she is rapidly advancing towards perfection. Her execution is very brilliant, and her expression *quite classical*; denoting a true perception of the beauties of the great models—those models that are not subservient to fashion; *they will indeed, live for ever!!!* Miss Le G. can also show off in Liszt or Thalberg; but she has too much taste and feeling to desert the ancient for the modern. We, therefore, wish her well in all sincerity of heart.—(From a Correspondent.)

MUSIC IN AMERICA.

(From “*The Age*.”)

MADAME BISHOP's Concert took place at the Tabernacle on Thursday evening, and was attended by at least fifteen hundred persons, who were, if we may judge by the applause they bestowed upon the performances, perfectly satisfied with the entertainments provided. In addition to the treat, which it was known was in store for them from Madame Bishop's singing, much curiosity also existed to hear the performances of M. Bochs on the harp, and those who are admirers of that instrument had no reason to feel any disappointment. In

point of skill, M. Bochsa excels all harpists we have ever heard—the exquisite taste he displays in his selection of melodies, and the surprising variations with which he embellishes them, are beyond all praise. The ballad, “On the Banks of Guadalquivir,” by Madame Bishop, drew forth a rapturous encore, as usual, and charmed the unskilled lovers of music more than the elaborate and difficult compositions. This was also the case with her singing the Irish melody, “The Last Rose of Summer,” and for the encore “The Harp that once thro’ Tara’s Halls” was given. These melodies she sang with the most touching and characteristic sweetness, and fairly moved her audience to enthusiasm by the beautiful and most effective simplicity and truth she gave to the character of the words and music.

Messieurs Herz and Sivori gave a Concert at the Tabernacle on Tuesday evening, which was very well attended, and went off with great *eclat*. The orchestra was led by Rapetti.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BRITISH MUSICIANS.—The Society gave its first chamber concert on Monday evening. The performance commenced with Beethoven’s *sonata* in A, Op. 69, for pianoforte and violoncello, by Miss Binfield Williams and Mr. Guest. A song of J. L. Hatton’s followed, sung by Mr. Julian Kench; which was succeeded by Miss A. Williams, in a new song of W. Rae’s. A quartet (MS.) from Miss Kate Loder’s pen, was next given, interpreted by Messrs. Mellon, J. Banister, Weslake, and W. F. Reed. Part I. concluded with Mozart’s trio, “Susanna a via sortite.” The most notable feature in this portion of the performance was, Miss K. Loder’s quatuor, a composition of rare merit, and such as we never heard from the pen of a lady before. It is evident Miss K. Loder is intimately conversant with Haydn and Mozart, and upon their works she has founded the style and feeling of her compositions. It is hard to pronounce a decided opinion on a work of pretence, not *pretension*, and we shall do our judgment no further violence until we have heard the quartet a second time. The items in the second part were a trio in B minor, Op. 20 (MS.) by C. E. Horsley; a song of Walter Macfarren’s to Tennyson’s exquisite little poem, “Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,” excellently written; Henry Smart’s popular duet, “Summer is coming,” and Beethoven’s quartet in E. flat, No. 1, Op. 74. We shall have occasion, in a future number, to devote a column or two of our journal to the consideration of the prospects and management of the Society of British Musicians.

MADAME PAULINE VIARDOT GARCIA has left Paris *en route* for Dresden, where she is engaged for a series of performances. From thence she proceeds to Hamburg, and afterwards to Berlin. We may now state as a fact, that the great *cantatrice* has definitively settled with Mr. Beale, and will join the corps of the Royal Italian Opera next season. She will appear in the *Huguenots*, *Robert le Diable*, *Barbiere*, *Don Giovanni*, *Iphigenia*, &c. Her coming to England is already looked forward to with the greatest interest.

HAYMARKET.—A new comic drama, in two acts, to be called, *The Roused Lion*, is in rehearsal, and will be produced on Saturday next.

MADAME ANNA THILLON has arrived in London.

LOLA MONTEZ.—Among the curiosities which most attract strangers visiting Munich at the present moment, perhaps the most curious is the residence of the Countess of Landsfeld, the celebrated Lola Montez. Among the apartments thrown

open to public admiration is the countess’s bedchamber, which is fitted up with royal magnificence and taste. On the table in this room is a rare ornament—a superb album is laid out, filled with pieces of poetry, written in German, and in celebration of the charms of the beautiful countess, and on an embroidered cushion upon the same table a hand, sculptured in marble, is shown as a representation of “the royal hand that wrote the verses.”

THE LATE MR. BELLAMY.—The subscriptions for the purpose of erecting a tomb to the memory of this much-lamented and highly-esteemed gentleman are likely to be attended with a result favourable to the wishes of the friends of the deceased. In addition to the sums already received from various inhabitants of Bath, subscriptions have been sent from the following members of the theatrical profession in the metropolis, with whom Mr. Bellamy was upon terms of intimacy:—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, Mr. and Mrs. Bartley, Mr. Macready, Mr. Charles Young, Mr. Meadows, Mr. Hemming, Mr. W. Harrison, Mr. Charles Farley, Mr. John Cooper, Mr. Harley, Mr. F. Matthews, Mr. W. Farren, and Sir George Smart. Mrs. Macready, the lessee, and Mr. Chute, the acting manager of our theatre, have also contributed their donations towards carrying the desired object into effect.—*Bath Herald*.

M. DIZT, a celebrated Harpist, formerly a member of the Philharmonic Society of London, died last week in Paris, aged 67.

AN ORGAN has lately been presented to the new church of Bradford, Wilts, by Captain Palairt, R.N., a resident in the neighbourhood.

DEATH OF AN ECCENTRIC MUSICAL AMATEUR.—Died, on Wednesday, the 22nd ult., David Hatton, of Thornton, North Britain, better known in the locality as *Flutorum*, in the 78th year of his age. Few of his craft enjoyed equal reputation with the deceased for the peculiarity of his sentiments upon civil and religious topics. He had a handsome coffin made for himself some years ago, and realised the outlay, long ere he died, by exhibiting the mute, though eloquent *memento mori*. His house, both internally and externally, was a perfect curiosity, with figures, devices, and emblems of the most incongruous beings and objects in nature; many visitors resorted thither, in consequence. He had great musical talents, and invented a musical instrument (hence the name of *Flutorum*), something in the shape of an Irish bagpipe, upon which he played, with tolerable accuracy, most of the old Scotch tunes. He has left a considerable property to be divided amongst some distant relations, as he never was married.—*Scotch paper*.

MR. MITCHELL is expected to-morrow, from Brussels, to complete his arrangements for the Opera Comique, at the St. James’s Theatre.

A RIVAL TO ALL THE SOPRANI.—It is reported that a pupil of Mdme. Pasta will appear in the season 1849, at the Royal Italian Opera, who is likely to eclipse every European singer.

M. BERLIOZ leaves Paris to-day for London. Felicien David will visit London next spring, and intends bringing out, it is said, his last *great* work.

THE LATE MR. ROOKE.—A grand operatic concert will be given on Thursday evening, Dec. the 2nd, at the Hanover Square Rooms, for the benefit of the widow and children of the above lamented musician. Particulars will be announced forthwith.

GRISI has transmitted to England a donation of £50 towards the relief of the children of the late Madame Albertazzi. We are not at all surprised at this: from numerous other circumstances, which have reached our ears, we have long known that the *Diva* is as generous as she is great. In the same benevolent spirit, though not in the same largeness of spirit, Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria has sent Madame Albertazzi's children £10.

BRIGHTON MUSICAL UNION.—The following is the programme of the first *séance* which took place at the Old Ship Assembly Rooms, on Monday last:—

1. Quartette—No. 82 in F, two violins, viola, and violoncello, Messrs. Oury, Cramer, Hill, and Signor Piatti—*Haydn*. 2. Grand Trio—in B flat, Op. 97, pianoforte, Madame Oury, violin, Mr. Oury, violoncello, Signor Piatti—*Beethoven*. 3. Solo—violoncello, *La Sonnambula*, Signor Piatti—*Piatti*. 4. Quartette Concertante—in A, Op. 18—*Mozart*. 5. Duo de Salon—(MS.) pour piano et violin, Mr. and Madame Oury, *La Figlia del Reggimento*—*Oury*.

Among the subscribers and patrons are the Earls of Westmorland and Falmouth, the Hon. General Upton, the Hon. Lawrence Parsons, Admiral Bladen, Lady Capel, and Captain Newbury. The meetings are held once a week, under the direction of Mr. and Madame Oury.

MISS RAINFORTH, MR. TRAVERS, and MR. STRETTON, have been attracting full and fashionable audiences at the Newcastle Theatre. Donizetti's *Elisir d'Amore* was produced on Friday in a manner which would have done credit to a metropolitan theatre. The choruses and orchestral department were excellent.

MR. G. H. BIANCHI gave a concert at the Theatre, Ipswich, on Tuesday evening, composed entirely of English music. The vocalists were Miss Bassano, Miss Eliza Nelson, Mr. Leffler, and Mr. John Parry. The concert was given under the immediate patronage of the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood. The entertainments opened with Bishop's glee, "Blow gentle gales," sung by Miss Bassano, Miss Eliza Nelson, and Mr. Leffler. This was followed by Nelson's ballad, "The Wind," well executed by Leffler; after which Miss Nelson sang Henry Russell's "The Old Water-mill," with the greatest taste and feeling, and was loudly applauded; whereupon Miss Bassano gave a ballad of Maynard's in her usual style of excellence; and then Miss E. Nelson and Mr. Leffler indulged the audience with a duet; and Mr. Louis Emanuel, who, by the way, officiated as conductor during the evening, was admired in an impromptu on the harmonium; and "The Chough and Crow" was rendered with effect by Miss Bassano, Miss E. Nelson, and Mr. Leffler; and John Parry wound up Part 1, with "The London Season." In Part 2, we admired most Miss Eliza Nelson in a very pleasing ballad, called "The Happy Gipsies," which she gave most excellently, and in a style which promised still greater excellence. This young lady has a charming *mezzo soprano* voice, and her method is good. We have heard her but a few times, yet have heard enough to augur well of her future. Miss Bassano sang a Scotch ballad so admirably, that she received a unanimous encore. It is in the interpretation of such music that this lady excels. The concert went off with considerable spirit, most of the fashionables remaining to the end.—(*From a Correspondent*.)

MR. FREDERICK R. VENNA, Berks, son of Mr. Venna, of Reading, formerly leader of the band and composer to the Italian Opera, London, has been lately elected a student in the Royal Academy of Music, under the immediate patronage and recommendation of his Excellency the Right Honorable the Earl of Westmorland, President of the Institution. Mr. F. R. Venna's examination for qualification proved

so very satisfactory in every respect that he has been placed in the highest position in the establishment, which must prove very gratifying to himself and his respected father, who, on application for his admittance, received the following gracious letter:—

"Royal Academy of Music, 4, Tottenham Street, Hanover-square, 20th October, 1847."

"Sir,—I am directed by the Earl of Westmorland, to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 18th instant, and his lordship desires me to say, he will be most happy to give his recommendation for the entry of your son as a student of the Royal Academy of Music: and his lordship further desires me to add, that he very sincerely wishes your son every success in a profession in which his father has been so distinguished.

Believe me to remain, Sir, your very faithful,

J. PITT BONTAIN, General Superintendent.

To FREDERICK VENNA, Esq., Reading, Berks.

JENNY LIND.—The following has been the distribution of the £200, left by Jenny Lind for charities at Norwich.

Norfolk and Norwich Hospital . . .	£ 50
West Norfolk . . . Ditto . . .	20
Yarmouth . . . Ditto . . .	20
Blind . . . Ditto . . .	15
The Dispensary . . .	15
Sick poor Society . . .	15
District Visiting Society . . .	15
Eye Infirmary . . .	10
Lying-in Charity . . .	10
Benevolent Association . . .	10
Shipwreck Mariners Association . . .	10
Thorpe Hamlet Church . . .	5
Mr. Taylor, the Blind Organist . . .	5

£200

We think this distribution a most judicious one, and sure are we that every one will hail the kind consideration which prompted the presenting a portion of *Middle Lind's* donation to the blind musician, Mr. Taylor, whose latter years we regret to say, are blighted by the presence of distress.—(*Norfolk Paper*.)

SHAKSPERE'S PLAYS.—The earliest quarto editions of the plays of Shakspeare, wherein the title-pages are given exactly as they stand and in the form in which they are printed in the original editions. It has generally been said that there are twenty quarto editions of plays by Shakspeare printed anterior to the folio of 1623; but the fact is, that, exclusive of "The Taming of the Shrew," the title-page of the quarto edition, which bears date in 1631, there are only seventeen quartos. Steevens in 1766, to make up the number, added the two parts of *The Troublesome Reign of King John*, 1611, which nobody in modern times has imputed to Shakspeare, although "Written by W. Sh." was inserted fraudulently on the title-page by the old printer: he also reprinted among his "Twenty Quartos" the two parts of the *Contention between the two Houses of Lancaster and York*; but he strangely omitted *Pericles*, which had much more than an equal claim to the distinction. The undoubted plays of Shakspeare, which came from the press in quarto before 1623, were the following, and our list is made out according to the dates of publication:—

Romeo and Juliet, 1597—Richard the Second, 1597—Richard the Third, 1597—Henry the Fourth, part I, 1598—Love's Labour Lost, 1598—Much ado about Nothing, 1600—Midsummer Night's Dream, 1600—Merchant of Venice, 1600—Henry the Fourth, part II, 1600—Henry the Fifth, 1600—Titus Andronicus, 1600—Merry Wives of Windsor, 1602—Hamlet, 1603—King Lear, 1608—Troilus and Cressida, 1609—Pericles, 1609—Othello, 1622.

Thus it will be seen at once how irregularly Shakspeare's

dramas came from the press, viz. three in 1597, two in 1598, six in 1600, one in 1602, and another in 1603, one in 1608, two in 1609, and one in 1622. Why six separate productions were crowded into 1600, while in various years none at all appeared, is matter of curious and interesting speculation: five of these six were printed from good manuscripts, whether derived from the Theatre or from any other source, while the sixth was indisputably surreptitious, and never could have been authorized by anybody.—*Mr. Collier, in the Shakspeare Society Papers.*

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR CORK CORRESPONDENT is informed that no manuscript works are received by the Society of British Musicians, unless those of a member, or an associate: and we are of opinion that the same regulation prevails in all musical societies. If our correspondent have manuscripts lying by, which are supposed to be worthy of submitting to trial, then had our correspondent best join the Society of British Musicians, and send in the MSS. to the committee for approval.

G. S. P.—"Il Barbiere" is decidedly superior to "La Gazza Ladra;" and is, moreover, one of the greatest musical works ever written. To the other question, "which are Rossini's chefs d'œuvre in opera seria," we answer, "Guillaume Tell, Otello, and the Mosé in Egitto."

J. WAKEMAN.—We are sorry we cannot find room for our correspondent's letter. We feel the truth of his remarks, and would willingly oblige him by inserting them, but they are not of sufficient importance to claim a space in our columns.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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The Musical World.

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LETTERS FROM PARIS.

(No. 8.)

TO DESMOND RYAN, ESQ.,

Wednesday, November 10.—MY DEAR RYAN,—As usual, here I am, at the eleventh hour (three o'clock by the *Bourse*), just in time *not* to be too late with my hebdomadal dispatch. However, it is a chronic malady with me, that I cannot begin to work until I am absolutely compelled; and if there were another post at six, I should not commence my letter till four. During the current week my head is crammed with matter, that, by reason of our relationship, should be placed at your disposal; but when the time comes for me to turn it into prose, I am at a complete stand-still, everything of importance has gone clean out of my memory, and I am puzzled how to fashion the opening paragraph of my epistle. Here, however, you have it ready made; by force of complaining that I do not know how to begin, I have unconsciously begun—and so now for the news, *ventre a terre*, in full gallop!

The Opera being the first thing that presents itself to my consideration, let me begin by the Opera. Since my last there has been no novelty. Auber's *Le Philtre*, one of the most charmingly pastoral of all pastorals, has twice prefaced the *Fille de Marbre*, in which—although the nightly receipts are diminishing—the nightly reception of Cerito by the public is increasing in enthusiasm. You know the music of *Le Philtre*; it only then, remains for me to speak of the style of its performance here. This may be done in very few words:—Mlle. Nau, in *Theresine*, is mediocre; Alizard, in *Fontanarose*, is mediocre; Porthéaut, in *Joli-Cœur*, makes us regret keenly the absence of Massol, who was mediocre; Paulin, in *Guillaume*, is mediocre; the subordinates, Duclos, Bengraf, &c., &c., are mediocre; the orchestra is mediocre; the chorus is mediocre; in short *Le Philtre* was just as well, if not better, performed by the Belgian company, at Drury Lane, in the summer of 1846. On Sunday, as there was no Cerito the public was treated to *Charles VI.*, which I did not go to hear; and to-night, as there is Cerito, the public will be treated to *Lucie*, which I shall not go to hear—albeit the attractions of Bettini's Edgard, Paulin's Arthur, Porthéaut's Ashton, Bremond's Raymond, and Koenig's Gilbert, not to add Mlle. Nau's *Lucie*, will doubtless draw many amateur vocalists, pleased to listen to artistes who would be called amateurs any where out of the neighbourhood of the Rue Pelletier, and to draw a reasonable comparison in favour of themselves. No, my dear Ryan, I am insensible to this immense phalanx of talent, united together in the interpretation of this immense novelty—albeit I cannot but own that the affairs of the Opera are much more wisely and energetically conducted by MM. Roqueplan and Duponchel than

they were by that culpably neglectful Léon Pillet—who never would have imagined, in his most flighty moments, such a superb novelty as *Lucie*, cast with such singular efficacy and completeness. Paulin alone—that captivating *tenor léger*, who has been wronged, hitherto, inasmuch as M. Nestor has not yet consigned the principal parts of Duprez to his care—Paulin alone, that *Cupidon* of tenors, to whom might be applied Shelley's line, in the song of Beatrice Cenci,

"With a light and a heavy heart."—

(With a light head, understood)—Paulin alone, beloved of the Muses would be enough to stamp the management of MM. Roqueplan and Duponchel, with the epithet of ———, choose your own, my dear fellow, I have not time to consult a dictionary. Meanwhile there is no sign or promise of Miss Birch's *debut*, and after all said and done, I do not see very well how the presence of that clever artist would be consistent with the policy of the Opera directors, and the patronage of the *liberal press*, as at present disbursed. The *policy* consists in forming a company out of three elements:—persons who have no voices but would sing if they could, persons who have voices but no idea of singing, and persons who have no voices and no idea of singing; the *patronage* is disbursed by the critics in quantities, at so much *per packet*—the only journals *wholly independent* of, and by no means devoted to the interests of MM. Roqueplan and Duponchel being the *Coureur des Spectacles*,* and *La France Musicale*; the former expressing disapproval openly and in plain terms, the latter in the guise of praise, so flowery abundant, so thickly laid on, and so entirely without distinction of persons or things, that the public—or that part which consults *La France Musicale*—views it through the medium of Socratic spectacles, and distinguishes the esoteric irony of the editors, under what, to common minds, would appear an *impenetrable* cloud of words—or, to use another metaphor, afar off, as a meteor in a mist. Miss Birch, therefore, who has not only a fine fresh voice, but can sing very well, would not properly belong to any of the three elements of which the Opera *troupe* is composed; nor can she even be said to appertain to a fourth element, which as it is insignificant in proportion to the other three, I omitted to mention—persons who had voices once, and could sing once, but are disabled by time, and should by rights be conveyed to the *Hôpital* for musical *invalides*; these are to be found in the chorus, and—read fiddles and flutes instead of voices—are still more plentiful in the band; one or two may be found on the stage close to the foot-lights. However, I trust, next week, to be enabled to afford you some decided evidence on the subject of Miss Birch's appear-

* Edited by the well-known Charles Maurice, the dread of every artist resident in Paris.

ance; and till then, I drop the subject, which is not of the most agreeable, as matters stand.

The Paris concert season will soon begin; small shots, in the shape of *matinées* and *soirées*, given by vocalists and instrumentalists unknown to fame, are firing, at brief intervals; the proprietors of *La France Musicale*, foremost champions of the present management at the Grand Opera, have announced their first concert for to-morrow, with a *pas seul* on the violin by M. St. Léon, the dancer, as the principal attraction; Thalberg, the pianist, has arrived and has already refused to perform in public seven or eight times; Emile Prudent, his shadow, has departed for Algiers, in time to escape, what he could hardly avoid in the meridian of the season, an examination of his pretensions before the ordeal of a Paris audience;* Rosellen, Gorla, Kontski, and the countless tribe of minnow-pianists, are publishing new *pot-pourris*, to make sorry the hearts and sore the ears of amateurs; Gerald, and the host of white-balt vocalists, have re-commenced their singing classes; Chopin, who is rarely seen in the recess, is now wholly invisible; Felicien David is begetting another *ode-symphony* out of the ideal vacuum of his muse; Stephen Heller, Charles Hallé, musician-pianists of the true school, make themselves comfortable by their own fire-sides, fearful of stirring out, lest they should be saluted, on the *Boulevards*, by the roaring of some late-expatriated lion of the Dreyschock, or the Wilmers species; Liszt has not been heard of for the last six weeks; Vivier has gone to tell the "story of Pietro" to the inhabitants of the Hague; and a hundred other familiar signs forebode the near approach of that much-to-be-deplored epoch, when every day in the week swells the catalogue of benefit-concerts, or, in other words, musical performances of the most tedious, trivial, twaddling kind, by ones, twos, and threes at a time. As I have a plentiful dose of these in the London season, be assured the very first that demands my personal attendance will be the signal for my flight. So, if you desire to be enlightened as to the precise period of my return home, look in the musical papers for the advertisement of the first "grand concert of vocal and instrumental music;" and make up your mind that I shall be two-hundred miles off as early as possible.

Meanwhile, events of stirring interest in the dramatic world are casting their shadows before. Every day I expect to be apprised of the first representation of the new tragedy of *Cleopatra*, at the *Theatre Francais*, which I hope to be able to attend. The author is Madame de Girardin, wife of the proprietor of *La Presse*, whose books and *feuilletons*, under the pseudonym of Sophie Gay, are popular, and deserve the vogue they have obtained. I am nevertheless of Pirrhon's opinion, that a woman cannot write a good tragedy; *elle n'a pas de quoi*, I say it with becoming deference, *chapeau bas*; *elle n'a pas de quoi*, there is no denying it; but, then, Rachel plays the heroine, and that magnificent and inspired creature—who must not be classified into sex or species, being a thing alone, a sublime exception to the universal common-place—can endow the most empty words with meaning, can make even barrenness teem. You have heard, I presume, of the present interesting condition of the famous actress? if not, let this be your informant. I saw her yesterday, in the Rue de Rivoli, looking darkly bright, and fiercely beautiful; she is, among women, as the *niger cygnus* among birds; more rare, indeed! for there is but one Rachel; another can never be! Among the recent performances at the *Theatre Francais* have been

Andromaque, in which you know what Rachel makes of the passionate and capricious Hermione; *Mithridate*, in which her Monimia is a masterpiece of feminine dignity and tenderness; *Phédre*, the *chef-d'œuvre* of Racine and Rachel; *Les Horaces*, the *chef-d'œuvre* of Corneille and Rachel; *Polyeucte*, and *Athalie*. Whenever Rachel plays, the house is full to overflow; on the off-nights, until the recent production of *Les Aristocrates*, it has been but thinly attended. And yet Rachel is poorly supported, by Beauvallet and Lizier, both of whom are vastly heavy tragedians. Cooper would be a god-send here, if Maddox would let him come and study French. On Saturday night a performance took place, for the benefit of Lepeintre, an old-established actor and a great favourite with the public; Rachel appeared in *Athalie*, Bouffé in *La fille de l'Avare*, Arnal in *Le Poltron*, Lepeintre in *Le Bénéficiaire*, Plunkett in a *dévoilement*, and some of the Italian vocalists in a selection. The house was crammed, but the performances went off coldly, and you may imagine how late they terminated—seven o'clock being the hour for commencement.

Returning from the *Bourse*, last Wednesday, after posting my letter to you, I found Paris in a commotion, [*Paris Proper*, you must know, according to the best topographical authorities, lies upon the *Boulevards*, between the Rue de la Paix and the Rue Vivienne, on the one side, and between the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin and the Rue Grange Batelière on the other. There be, who for the sake of the Café Vacchette, the most economical of the great dining-houses, would extend the boundary as far as the Rue Montmartre; but this is an error of volition, sufficiently pardonable, by the way, to those whose pockets are not strong enough to resist the attacks of the Café de Paris and the Café Anglais.] As soon as I reached the *Boulevard des Italiens*, my attention was roused by the unusual aspect of things in general, and of *flâneurs* in particular. Small knots of individuals, busily occupied in conversation, spotted, at intervals, the whole surface of this great public thoroughfare, as clusters of stars the wide expanse of "the cerulean"—to borrow a word from one of your poems; countless couples, *bras dessus bras dessous*, were walking up and down, at irregular paces, engaged in discourse of seemingly intense interest; *citadines*, and *milords*, and other two and four-wheeled, one and two-horsed vehicles, from twenty *sous* to forty (by inexplicable gradations), were rumbling along, at a pace even slower than usual—a feat I should have thought impossible, but that seeing is believing—occupied by individuals, on whose physiognomies might be traced the consciousness of some extraordinary event. Vivier was taking advantage of the bustle to recount the *histoire de Pietro* to an honest unsuspecting German, whose "Was ist das Pietro?" accompanied by an earnest look of inquiry, did not melt the heart of the relentless *moqueur*;* and other signs, too numerous to specialise, declared, in plain terms, that something strange was in the wind. The first five or six persons, to whom I addressed a demand for explanation, vouchsafed me nothing further than a stare of astonishment. At last, however, I stumbled upon Balfe, who was issuing precipitately from one of the entrances to the *Opera Comique*:—"What is the matter?" said I; "Don't you know?" said he; "No," said I; "MEYERBEER IS IN PARIS!" said he—and before I could further question him, had vanished.

Well—thought I—Meyerbeer is in Paris, but what is that to me, and what is that to Balfe, and what is that to the *Boulevards*? Meyerbeer is in Paris, but why should that turn the prelude

* Never was artist more rarely heard, and never was artist more profusely eulogised than M. Prudent, pianist to His Magnificence, Ibrahim Pacha. I fear, however, he is not precisely puff-proof.

* Vivier, like the 'Ancient Mariner' of Coleridge, would seem to be compelled by the secret of his destiny, to be eternally taking somebody by the button-hole, for the purpose of relating this extraordinary history.

to confarriation—that usually quiet and sociable hour, when everybody meets everybody—into a tornado? Meyerbeer is in Paris, but why should the people in the streets be as straws blown about by a whirlwind? Meyerbeer is in Paris, but why should that metamorphose the urbane and philosophical inhabitants into irregular companies of *échappés de Charenton*? “I will tell you,” said Fiorentino, who placed his arm in mine before I observed him, and caught the tenor of my audibly-expressed reflections; “I will tell you.” And walking with me as far as the corner of the Rue Laffitte, he stopped suddenly, and in a subdued tone of voice he said, “Meyerbeer comes to Paris, once a year, and it is ever thus when he arrives.” “Why so?” I enquired. “I can’t exactly say,” was his reply, and turned away, leaving me as much as ever in the dark.

At last I met Panofka, who knows everything and everybody, and the reason of everything, and the peculiarities of everybody; and having no engagement I accepted his invitation to dine with him at the recently renovated Rocher de Cancale (excuse the three R’s) celebrated by Paul de Kock. Now, thought I, Panofka will tell me the why and the wherefore. And so Panofka ordered the dinner—which as he was to pay for it was in due form—and this was his taste. (I am in the circumstantial vein, so you must take all I give you and be thankful.) *Huitres d’Ostende*, 4 doz.—bottle of Chably *Première*; *Purée de Cressy*—bottle of Beaune, *Première*; *Merlan frite, garni d’éperlins*—bottle of Strasbourg beer; *Cotelettes de Mouton à la mignon*—bottle of Champagne (Sillery) *frappée*; *Poulet à la Marengo*—bottle of Chateau Margaux with *eau de Selz*; *faisan roti* and *purée de pommes de terre*—second bottle of Champagne *frappée*—*omelette soufflée, salade ordinaire, fromage de Rochfort—café noir (deux demi tasses)*; *eau de vie de cognac (deux petits verres)*; and *dessert*, involving divers fruits, *crèmes de chocolat, patisseries, sucreries*, and ices à l’eau and à la crème of various kinds and colours. This was Panofka’s idea of a dinner; and it was not a bad one, you will own. When we could eat no more, and drink no more, I took occasion to put the question to Panofka as to what was the cause of the unusual disturbance on the *Boulevard*. “Why,” said he, “Meyerbeer is here, to be sure.” “What then?” I rejoined. “Ah mon cher farcon, I can see you know little of Paris, and less of Meyerbeer—go and ask Jules de Glimes.” “But he is not in Paris, he is in Brussels.” “Well, go to Brussels, and ask Jules de Glimes.” And the next day I packed up a few necessities, and proceeded to the *chemin de fer*, in the Rue d’Amsterdam, and there, meeting Mr. Mitchell, who was on the point of starting, I took my place, and accompanied him to Rouen—where he had some business connected with his company for the ensuing season.

How beautiful is Rouen by daylight—with its Cathedral, its Quay, its Seine, its bridges, and its relics of Norman architecture; at least, so I have heard, and read, for by daylight I never saw it! How beautiful is Rouen by moonlight—with its Cathedral, its Quay, its Seine, its bridges, and its relics of Norman architecture; at least, so I have heard, and read, for by moonlight I never saw it! How beautiful is Rouen by starlight—with its Cathedral, its Quay, its Seine, its &c. &c. &c.; at least so I have heard, and read, for by starlight I never saw it! We started from Paris at three—Mr. Mitchell and I—and we arrived at Rouen by seven—Mr. Mitchell and I. But all was dark! The night was gloomy and tempestuous; the sky was buried in clouds; not a star, not a moon, not even a comet, when comets are plentiful as blackberries, was to be seen! Nothing was to be seen—not even

the darkness—for everything was, as it were, swaddled in a many-folded gloom of doubtful grey. As we passed through the streets, the houses seemed tumbling about our ears—as we passed the Cathedral it was as a gigantic shapeless edifice of mist, the very ghost of the Norman architecture—as we stood upon the bridge, we could not see the city—as we stood upon the city we could not see the bridge! But Mr. Mitchell persisted in asking me what I thought of Rouen, and took me out to see the Cathedral, and to see the other monuments of note, which were all as invisible as the future. In revenge, however, we repaired to the *Grand Theatre*, the *Theatre des Arts*, where usually the *grand operas* are given, and there we saw—as well as the fog, which nearly blinded the lamps, would let us—a part of the little *vaudeville*, called, *Une femme qui se jette par la fenetre*, very tolerably played, and the first act of Paer’s jolly old opera, the *Maitre de Chapelle*, which, though villanously rendered by all concerned, pleased me by its quaintness, delighted me by its cleverness and made me anxious to know more of its composer. After this, to wind up with *eclat*, we had a sumptuous dinner, at eleven o’clock, with two bottles of Sauterne that made the heart rejoice, and expelled all the vapours created by the fog. And then, at half-past midnight, without *voiture*—none being obtainable—knowing nothing of the city, and scarcely seeing a yard before our noses, we had to grope our way to the railroad station, without a guide; of course we went to the wrong place first, as there were two to choose, and had not only to retrace our steps, but to mend our pace, for the right station was a good half league away. By help of stamina, and resolution, and a civil inhabitant of Rouen, whom we met, just at the moment when we despaired of finding the way, we reached the terminus, in time; *two minutes later*, and we should have had to pass the night, with the fog for pillow (or rather wet-blankets and damp-sheets) in the streets of Rouen. At half-past five we got back to Paris; and at six o’clock, snug in bed, I fell asleep and dreamed of Rouen—Rouen—Rouen. I was wandering about the streets, all night, with Mr. Mitchell, and might have saved myself the trouble of coming back to Paris. But in my dream I had the sentiment of cold and heat at the same time, distinctly; my soul was at Rouen, and my body in Paris. I shall never forget the adventure—and please Heaven will pay Rouen a visit some day by daylight.

Of news I am scant. Meyerbeer, who came here with the fog, has consented to write a *one-act* opera for Mr. Lumley, in which Jenny Lind is to have the principal part. The wags say that Meyerbeer came to Paris to escape from Mendelssohn’s *Elijah*, which is preparing at Berlin, and to preside, after his particular fashion, at the first representation of Verdi’s *Jerusalem*, which is in a forward state of progress at the Grand Opera; but this I regard as a mere pleasantry. Meyerbeer has brought his wife and family here, *en route* to Italy, where they are going for the sake of health, and no doubt Meyerbeer’s wife and family, as well as himself, are anxious to hear the new creation of the celebrated Verdi, one of Meyerbeer’s most enthusiastic disciples and closest imitators. M. Vatel has, I hear, sent Alboni a blank treaty for her to fill up, and the opinion prevails that she will appear at the *Italiens* soon after her return to Paris. She is expected at the end of this month. M. Vatel—report says—has been offered 200,000 francs to give up the two seasons that remain of his direction; but—report adds—demands 360,000! You will be glad to hear that Mendelssohn,* while in Switzerland, was

* Our Correspondent had not been informed of Mendelssohn’s death when he wrote.

not idle; he has *positively* composed the first act of his opera—*Larline*, not the *Tempest*—and two violin quartets; who will eventually have the opera in London remains to be decided. Carlotta Grisi is still reaping laurels at Brussels. Adolphe Adam's new theatre, in the Boulevard du Temple, the *Opera National*, whose object is music for the multitude, will open next week; on Saturday I hope to be able to attend the dress rehearsal. Mr. Green and his balloon are creating a furore at the Hippodrome; on Sunday nearly 200,000 persons witnessed his ascent: next Sunday up he goes again, in company with a *pair de France*, and some other simpletons, who pay through the nose, as I hear, for their seats. And thus the world wags here. Excuse the length of this; I had no time to make it shorter. Good bye, till next week. Yours, D.

P.S. Madame Grisi assures me that she has *not signed* for St. Petersburg—but she does not say she *will not*. Rosati will appear at the Opera.

Death

of

Dr. Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

THE greatest musical genius in the world has left us. Yes! Mendelssohn is dead—vanished suddenly before our eyes, like some mighty star, but newly quenched, towards which all gaze was turned. In the pride of life, in the zenith of his fame, has he departed from us. While the echos of his *Elijah* were yet ringing silverly in the ears of universal England; while the fame of that immortal work was spreading its author's name on the four winds of heaven, exacting its commemoration before the living world, the spirit of the composer fled for ever. Yes! Mendelssohn is dead! We linger on the words as though there might haply be some error of the brain in our giving credence to all we have heard; and that some dream, some hideous nightmare, had brought us the terrible news. For, can we believe that he who so lately shook our hands in sweet fellowship, the music of whose voice is yet audible to our hearing, the intellectual beaming of whose countenance still plays before our eyes, is now but an earthy clod, a lightless, pulseless, motionless thing of clay—corruption's crop, the worms' proper harvest? Alas! it is no error of the brain, nor dream, nor hideous nightmare! Mendelssohn is dead! From mouth to mouth fly the fatal words. The streets are rife with sad accounts of this universal calamity. It needs no bills in mighty type to chronicle the report. His death is music's eclipse, and all eyes are sensible to the "dunest cloak" that ever misfortune threw athwart the bright day of art.

It is impossible to estimate the loss of Mendelssohn to the musical world. Had he died full of years like Handel, Haydn, and Beethoven, his great countrymen, our regrets would have been qualified by the consideration that he had outlived his time and fulfilled his mission. But he died in the very prime of manhood, at the age of 38, and in the fullest powers of his genius. His last great work, *Elijah*, has been universally pronounced his masterpiece, and when we call to mind how lately this oratorio was written, we must concede to him, at the moment of his death, the most perfect possession of his lofty abilities. If we consider the amount of intellect and variety of capacity, the powers of imagination and reflection, the acuteness of perception and observation, and, above all, the knowledge and experience that are demanded to make up the sum of a great musical composer, we shall not hesitate to

place Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy side by side with the greatest musical geniuses the world has produced. Yes, Mendelssohn was a genius in the truest sense of the word. Possessed of a mind singularly clear and luminous, he, from his very childhood, grappled with the science of music, and mastered its knowledge with as much ease as other boys would acquire their alphabet. Music may be said to have been cradled with him. From his earliest years he not only displayed the most surpassing capacity to appreciate the mysteries of his art, but he also gave proof of that enthusiasm, without which there can be no real genius, no more than there can be fire without heat. Fortunately this enthusiasm, which so often renders genius like an unbitted steed, was, with Felix Mendelssohn, under the governance of the most admirable judgment. Never was musician more conscientious, and never did composer allow himself to be less influenced by momentary flights of fancy, or unweighed impulses—those rock upon which so many bright intelligences have been shattered. Though possessed of the utmost facility in composition, Mendelssohn never allowed his first impressions to go before the public before he had submitted them to subsequent repeated inspections. He owed this, he thought, to his own fame as an artist, and to the world, who in purchasing his works, expected from him something better than the sweepings of his studio. In this respect Mendelssohn's conduct might form an admirable example to all future writers, the following of which would teach them not only to prize art the more, but to know themselves better. Modesty, we are sorry to say, is not one of the peculiarities of the musical class in general. Mendelssohn's intellect was deep and searching rather than vast and comprehensive. His mind loved rather to cling round the true and beautiful, and to pore into their recesses for hidden joys, than to roam at large, in quest of unknown worlds, and not finding them, draw upon his imagination only. Originality, in the strictest term, may be applied to Mendelssohn as a composer. In the face of the great masters of all times he founded a new school: a school, which having truth for its basis, and knowledge for its superstructure, will live while music lives. But we do not wish, in this place, to enter into an analysis of the composer's works; nor is it our intention to give more than a cursory glance at his life. In an early number, when the materials in our possession are arranged, we shall enter into a critical review of all his works, and endeavour to estimate, satisfactorily to our readers, the effect his music has produced on the present age. Meanwhile, we trust our subscribers will rest satisfied with the following succinct notice of his life and works.

Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy was born at Hamburgh on the 3rd of February, 1809. Before he was six years old, he gave extraordinary indications of a genius for music. His parents, especially his mother, herself a musician of no common order, immediately decided on having the young Felix instructed in music, and accordingly placed him under Zelter, who taught him composition. His pianoforte instructors were Ludwig Berger, Klein, Hummel, and Moschelles. He subsequently studied counterpoint under Cherubini, who augured the greatest things of his young pupil. Before he was nine years old, his performance on the pianoforte was so astonishing, that his friends advised him to play in public; and in consequence, he made his *debut* at Berlin, in 1818. His success was most triumphant; and all the journals teemed with eulogiums on the boy-pianist, and prognostications of his future. In 1824, when but fifteen years of age, he first published his compositions. These consisted of four quartets, and a sonata. In 1827, his opera, *Die Hochzeit de Camacho*, was performed at Berlin. From this period up to the moment of

his death he was giving compositions to the world, embracing all sorts of works, from the "Lieder ohne worte," or ballads without words, to the Oratorio. His pianoforte works are perhaps more important than those of any other writer. But music was not alone Mendelssohn's study. He was a proficient in almost all modern languages. With the English he was intimately acquainted. It was after poring over the magic pages of Shakspeare he wrote the overture and supplemental music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, of which it is not saying too much, that it is worthy to be wedded to such immortal verse. We do not remember the first year of his coming to England, all that shall appear anon; but it was subsequent to his journey to the Hebrides that he composed the overture to *The Isles of Fingal*, one of his most brilliant and characteristic effusions. About the same period, we believe, or a year later, he wrote the *Melusina*. In 1833, Mendelssohn was appointed musical director of Dusseldorf, which he held for two years, and resigned for the post of director of the Gewandhaus Concerts, at Leipzig. At the Musical Festival at Dusseldorf, on the 22nd of May, 1836, his first grand Oratorio, *Paulus*, was produced. His last and greatest work, the Oratorio, *Elijah*, was first produced in this country, being performed at Birmingham in August, 1846. It was subsequently performed at Exeter Hall in April last, and afterwards at the Gloucester Festival. Although the promise of the Opera of *The Tempest* was an idle report, and utterly unfounded in fact, Mendelssohn had yet thoughts of writing for the stage. After leaving England this spring, and fulfilling some necessary duties on the continent, he betook himself, for the benefit of his health, to Interlachen in Switzerland, with a determination, as he expressed it, of abstaining from composition altogether. But—

"Quiet to quick bosoms is a hell."

Mendelssohn could no more rest, unfortunately, than could the sun stand still. All his friends and his medical adviser entreated him to give his brain repose. He had previously been afflicted with two strokes of cerebral paralysis, and the physician too well knew how likely the third was to prove fatal. But all remonstrance was fruitless—Mendelssohn could not exist and be idle. Accordingly he set to to write an Opera entitled *Larline*, the libretto of which had been furnished him in Paris, and applied himself to the task with so much assiduity that he had the first act completed before he left Switzerland. There is little doubt that the mental exertion applied to this composition had some participation in the cause of his death.

The published works of Mendelssohn amount to one opera, four overtures, two symphonies, three quartets, two quintets, two sonatas, concerto for pianoforte, psalm "Non nobis," "Ave Maria, for eight voices, six books of "Lieder ohne worte," two fantasias, three chorales, and numberless varied temas, rondos, lieder, capriccios, fantasias, &c., for the piano; and his two imperishable Oratorios, *Paulus* and *Elijah*. Among his manuscripts may be found an overture and symphony, several chorales, the Walpurgis Nacht, cantatas, an operetta, entitled *Leiderspel*, some sacred pieces, and music adapted to *Antigone* and the *Cædipus Colonnus*. We have reserved the specification of these composition to our promised notice on the Life and Works of Mendelssohn.

We quote an interesting extract from a letter of Mr. Moschelles to a friend, which appeared in the *Morning Post* of Thursday, concerning the last moments of Mendelssohn:

"Mendelssohn felt the first approach of the malady which ultimately terminated his life on the 8th of October. It was an attack of an apoplectic nature. From that day until the 28th he experienced moments of ease and relapses. During this period he

felt sufficiently well to take several carriage airings. On the 28th, when in full convalescence, a second attack occurred, but this was of short duration. He promptly recovered his senses and his strength returned. Notwithstanding this, he felt severe attacks of head-ache, and could not sleep for three or four days. During the nights of the 2nd and 3rd of November his sleep returned, and he slept seven hours consecutively. Upon his awaking on the morning of the 3rd, he felt quite well, and his family had sanguine hopes of his recovery. He remained thus during the forenoon. But at two o'clock he had a relapse, and a third attack supervened more violent and more prolonged than the former ones. He recovered consciousness but slowly, after bleeding, application of leeches, and vigorous friction. He was attended by Dr. Clarus and Dr. Hammer of Leipsic. Messengers had been sent for Dr. Schönlein, of Berlin. His arrival was waited for with intense anxiety, but he did not come. The night passed in alternations of agitation and tranquillity. Mendelssohn recognised all the persons present, but spoke little. On the morning of the 4th, his state caused the most vivid inquietude. The directors of the "Gewandhaus" decided to put off the concert which was to have taken place that evening. At the second hour the sufferer became insensible, and gave no other signs of life than a strong and equal respiration. All the efforts of the medical men to restore sight and hearing were useless. From six till eight o'clock blisters and violent frictions were exhibited, but without success. In the meantime his features changed with frightful rapidity. At half-past eight his respiration became feebler—it was evident that his end was near. At last, at nine o'clock, on the 4th, a lengthened sigh announced that Mendelssohn had rendered up his soul to his Maker. Near his bed were his wife, his brother, the two doctors, Mr. Schleinitz, Mr. David, and myself. All Leipsic is in mourning."

We have this moment received from a correspondent at Leipzig a further account of the death of Mendelssohn, which we insert in our journal, as every atom of news, at this moment, concerning the last moments of so great a man, must have an inestimable value. Our correspondent, who sends *via* Hamburg, thus writes:—

Leipzig, Sunday, Nov. 7, 1847.—Before receiving this, you will have already heard the sad tidings of the deprivation with which the musical world especially has, within the last few days, been visited. *Our great and beloved Mendelssohn is dead!* Anxious fears had been entertained respecting him for some time, and on Thursday night (4th instant), at half-past nine, he breathed his last. The commencement of his illness, I believe, was an attack of the nervous fever (very prevalent in Leipzig), and his sufferings were brought to a speedy close by two strokes of paralysis. This severe blow has fallen so suddenly upon all that it seems like a dream. *WOULD TO GOD THAT IT WAS ONLY A DREAM!* But, alas! it is true. The brightest star of the musical hemisphere is now dimmed—no more to shine upon us with its sparkling lustre. You may easily imagine that the fatal news spread like wildfire, and with it carried dismay to every heart. On Friday and Saturday persons were admitted to view the body; great numbers went to pay their last tribute of affection; and many were the heartfelt tears that fell beside his couch, from those who long had known his inestimable qualities, and must now take their "long and last farewell!" Although his sufferings were extreme, the same heavenly smile he was wont to wear, seemed to play upon his features as he lay stretched upon the couch of death. How shall I attempt to describe my feelings, as I stood by the side of him who was so blessed with happiness—transcendent genius—beloved, honoured by all the world—the pride and glory of his art? As I placed my hand upon his fine forehead, and looked on his death shut eye, how fearfully the blood thrilled through my veins 'tis impossible for me to relate! This afternoon the funeral ceremonies were performed in the St. Paul's Church, preparatory to the removal of his remains to Berlin, where they are to be interred. At three o'clock the cortège proceeded on its way, headed by the military band, playing Beethoven's March for the Dead: next came the members of the Concert Orchestra, followed by the students of the Conservatorium of Music (founded by Mendelssohn); then—THE COFFIN—supported on either side by Professors Moschelles, David, Hauptmann, and Gade, and

followed by the brother of the departed as chief mourner; the directors of the Conservatorium; numerous professors (among whom were Meyerbeer, Robert Schumann, Charles Mayer, &c.) and friends brought up the rear of this mournful procession. The streets through which the cortège passed were thronged with spectators, and the church was crowded to excess with persons all anxious to take their last look of this great man. The ceremonies in the church commenced with an Organ Præludium and a Chorale from Mendelssohn, interpreted by a large band and chorus, led by Professor David, and conducted by Professors Gade and Rietz. The heavenly Chorale from St. Paul, "To Thee, O Lord! I yield my spirit," came next; after which the minister made an impressive oration; then followed the Chorus, "Happy and blest are they who have endured," from the same oratorio. The minister then pronounced the Benediction, and the mournful ceremony concluded with a Chorale from Bach's "Passion." This evening the body will be conveyed to Berlin, where it will be deposited in its last resting-place. Doubtless the feeling of the musical profession in England, and the public at large, will receive as great a shock at this melancholy and sudden bereavement as those who have witnessed the close of this amiable and great man's career—cut off in the prime of life, and in the midst of his glory. I understand he has left several important works in an unfinished state, among which are a new oratorio, "Christus," and an opera. Poor Joachim, as you may imagine, is almost heartbroken; and every heart is struck with dismay. But let us hope that "the Great Ruler of all things" has been pleased to receive him into "that blessed place where only his harmony can be exceeded." This very day poor Mendelssohn was to have been in Vienna, to direct his *Elijah*! but, alas! in what a different ceremony has he unwittingly, and to the consternation of all, performed.

The following translation of the words adapted to the music performed at the Funeral Service of the illustrious Composer may not be unacceptable to our readers:

The Funeral Service of Mendelssohn.

CHORALE.

Look down on me, my Saviour,
My Shepherd, take me home;
The Source whence every joy,
And earthly good must come.
Oft to thy table called
I ate the bread of Heaven,
And by thy friendly voice
Were joy and comfort given.

Behold, I stand before thee,
Do not despise me now,
The clammy damp of Death
Is on my whitening brow.
And yet I will not leave thee—
Upon thy love I rest,
And spite of pang and pain
Find refuge in thy breast.

Although I travel hence,
Yet part not thou from me;
If Death be heavy here,
Here let thy presence be.
And as my trembling soul
Draws nearer to the grave,
The agony controul,
And bend thee down to save:

In mine extremest need
Be shield and buckler, thou;
Death loses all its fear
In gazing on thy brow.
My heart is full of faith,
Oh, hold it firm and fast—
For him who thus can die,
Already Death is past.

CHORALE FROM PAUL.*

Lord, to thee, myself I render
Thine, and thine alone, to be;
Thou, only thou, my breath and life
My greatest gain is death in thee.
Thine alone this yearning faith,
Thine in life, and thine in death.

Funeral Oratio.

CHORUS FROM PAUL.

Behold! we hold him holy who is meek of spirit, for when the body dies, yet lives the soul.

Benediction.

CHORUS, FROM THE "PASSION" OF J. S. BACH.

We sit us down in tears
Calling on thee in thy tomb;
Gentle slumber, calm and deep,
On each weary limb shall sleep.
Calming the soul with its gentle kiss
Steeping it in a trance of bliss.
Sleep—sleep, and soft be thy doom.
We sit us down in tears,
Calling on thee in thy tomb.

* It is needless to say that we should not have made a new and so imperfect a sketch of the fine chorale and following chorus from *Paul* had we had the book of the Oratorio by us. This, and the lateness of the hour at which we received our express from Leipzig, must prove an apology for the hurry and imperfection of the translation.—EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

In England, next to the land of his birth, more than any other country, will the memory of Mendelssohn be endeared while genius is prized, and worth revered. In England the intellect of the great composer was duly weighed, and duly appreciated. It was amongst us he found his fondest admirers, and it was our writers, who labouring in his golden wake, first rendered his school a great model for composition. But not his genius alone, his goodness will perpetuate his name. In every relation of life Felix Mendelssohn was loved and honoured. As he had no real rival in the glory of his fame, so had he none who envied his popularity. His hand was ever ready to assist the needy artist, and his tongue was ever lavish of praise, even when praise, without suspicion of envy, were that possible, might be withheld. His death is a universal calamity, without remedy, without hope. Mendelssohn is dead!

Peace to His Manes.

MUSIC! THY BEWITCHING CHARM!

FOR MUSIC.

I have heard steal o'er the waters,
Sounding like some fairy's voice,
Songs by Italy's fair daughters,
Making every heart rejoice.
When reclined beside the ocean,
In the evening, pure and calm,
Then my heart felt with emotion—
Music! thy bewitching charm.

Sweetest pleasure! who does hear thee,
And ne'er feels thy spells divine?
Fiercest wild beasts list and fear thee—
Mortals bow before thy shrine!
Angels do their Saviour's praises,
Sing for ever with sweet psalm's,
And each feather'd warbler raises
Music! thy bewitching charms.

A Treatise on the "Affinities" of Goëthe,
 IN ITS WORLD-HISTORICAL SIGNIFICANCE,
 DEVELOPED ACCORDING TO ITS MORAL AND ARTISTICAL VALUE,
Translated from the German of Dr. Heinrich Theodor Ritscher,
 Professor at the Royal Gymnasium at Bromberg.

(Continued from page 703).

CHAPTER III.

THE ARTIFICIAL COMPOSITION OF "THE AFFINITIES."

AFTER this endeavour to become conscious of the significance of the objects which surround the acting individuals, and to comprehend their æsthetical operation, we turn to the exposition. This gives us the chief traits of the positions and the individualities, so that we can anticipate their future conduct, if any fact should call them out of their sphere, and at the same time points, in the most profound manner to the mystery of the opposition between freedom and necessity. By the latter we, at the same time, gain the peculiar soil, upon which the action and the events take place, and our glance retains the clearly defined limit of the district, which we have to traverse.

It cannot be made sufficiently prominent that the whole exposition, if we consider it in connection with the succeeding development of the work, reveals the most wonderful irony at the views and reflections of the individuals as they themselves express them. Edward, with the most importunate loquacity, entreats Charlotte to consent to an invitation of his active and clever friend; he represents to her, in the most lively manner, all the advantages which will arise from his society. Charlotte does not conceal that she wishes something similar for Ottilia, and looks upon the fulfilment of this wish as a counter concession for the Captain. Thus Ottilia invites the Captain, Charlotte invites Ottilia, and each of the two, unknowingly, draws into the quiet domestic circle the disposition of his happiness and peace of mind. While every one labours thus unconsciously against himself, the seed of a destructive destiny, which ripens more and more fearfully, is scattered in the most unseen manner.

But is not this wish of the married pair perfectly justified? Certainly; its fulfilment therefore shows us nothing further than this, that in the most innocent and insignificant matters, in the most harmless positions, the germ of a violent fate may be concealed; but that here man must make and form into an element for his moral development that which takes place without any action on his part. If he is able to do this he has really mastered chance, but if it is transformed into an internal misfortune, he has become the sacrifice of a blind power.

But in Charlotte's opposition to Edward's desire, from the consideration that the intervention of a third party is important in every situation, nay, that the most sacred relations are not unfrequently utterly destroyed by the addition of a new person—in this opposition we already hear, as it were, a warning voice which carries us beyond the immediate present. If, at the same time, we consider, that it is Charlotte, just this clever, sensible lady, from whom we have this warning objection, it appears as a secret foreboding of an unwholesome change in her position, which has greater weight in the mouth of one, who sets it down as the essential characteristic of her sex, to think more of that which connects together in life; because the fate of women, and the fate of their families, is attached to this connection. Thus, by the most unobtrusive prelude we are carried beyond the immediate present, and by Charlotte the mind is familiarised, at least with the possibility of a great change of position.

Let us not, however, overlook the more important additional element, by which Charlotte's objection first gives the character of a foreboding. When she mentions her earlier connection with Edward, we learn that both of them were compelled, by circumstances, to give their hands to another; that they afterwards met again, and that Charlotte had hesitatingly consented to an union with Edward. From this we perceive, that the relation between the two does not rest upon a feeling which embraces the whole existence, but that they have taken a quiet kindness for perfect love. Thus also, by her resistance at the beginning, Charlotte causes us to suspect a deeper motive. Certainly a secret voice told her that while both had yielded to circumstances, and had formed

another union without affection, they had been, as it were, silently instructed as to the nature of their connection, namely, that it is not a free love, embracing the whole life, which has destined them for each other. For this reason alone does the foreboding soul of Charlotte strive against an union with Edward. But had not both already, in a certain sense, entered with a contradiction into matrimony; since, feeling for each other, they had bestowed their hands elsewhere. That they could do this at all gives us a proof of the state of self-delusion in which they are placed. And in this we might also see the deeper germ of the original guilt of both, which afterwards ripens into such bitter fruit. Hence it is, that the narrative of Charlotte's earlier connection with Edward, on the occasion of her objection to make an associate of a third party, carries us beyond the scene immediately before us, and awakens in us the notion that each of the married pair might easily be completely fascinated by another individuality, and thus gain the mistaken feeling of passionate love. Thus the eloquent opposition of Charlotte becomes to us a secret foreboding which rests upon the feeling of an existence not completely satisfied, and hints at an evil threatening from this side. The very unobtrusiveness of this beginning, the narrative of the earlier connections, which seem woven in accidentally, constitute the artistic value of this introduction, the relation of which to the organisation of the whole, we have endeavoured to show.

After the conversation and reflections of the two have given us the fundamental traits of Charlotte and Edward—after the Captain, on his very first appearance, has introduced himself to us as a clear, practical, circumspect man—and Ottilia, through the letters of the Governess and the Teacher, stands before us in her mysterious internalness, the poet shows to us the three first-named individuals in a dialogue which we may rightly deem the key-stone of the exposition, and also as a mine rich in deep thoughts for our work.

As if by accident, the conversation turns upon the affinity of natural things, and more nearly upon that elective affinity, by means of which certain substances seek and hold each other, mutually seize and determine one another. In this is at once touched the kernel of our work, which does not appear in its full significance and justification until the end. We here see individuals in intimate hearty converse on a natural relation, to which man, as it were, assigns his own position and his own feelings, since he designates by the expression "elective," that which is conditioned by a natural necessity, and thus concedes to such a mere natural operation a sort of will and freedom. The clearly analysing Charlotte had declared herself dissatisfied with this mingling of different regions, and will have choice confined to human relations alone. In a short time we see how in these individuals positions are developed, in which freedom really yields to natural necessity—how these persons who, as it were, in proud security, are conscious of their higher attribute of freedom, sink, against their will and knowledge, into the rank of natural substances, which attract and quit each other as they are compelled. From this feeling of security proceeds those lively, half-jesting allusions in which they class themselves like natural things, and can assign a place to the yet absent Ottilia. In an artless manner the poet has here uttered an almost overpowering irony. The positions in which the individuals place themselves, in mere sport, and for the sake of illustrating the doctrine of "elective affinity," are, in the shortest possible time, transformed into fearful earnest; and the consciousness which has distributed the conceptions of freedom and necessity, among human and natural relations, soon finds itself really exposed to a perversion of these conceptions, since it feels itself bound by a power which lies beyond all reflection.

Since here the consciousness, because it is still free, distinguishes itself from the natural necessity of elective affinity, and in its spiritual vitality deems itself exalted high above the confined position of chemistry, it unconsciously designates the succeeding position, in which, against its will, it is seized and retained by a kindred being, as one which is unfree and opposed to the proper distinction of man, and by which the individual is himself transported back to the point of natural necessity. Is not the really tragic calamity of the individuals thus at the same time indicated? To be forced to enter into a condition which one would rather shun, to be obliged to endure all the happiness and torment which this comprises, to be aware of this condition, this is real suffering of

the soul, compared with which all other misfortune appears merely external. Bound to other powers of feeling, man is an unfree natural product, and subject to the laws of nature. At this grade, it may be said, is shewn only the universal affinity of natural things, which is continued even in the human race, and represents the connection between the macrocosm and the microcosm.

So long now as man, in this his elective affinity, agrees at the same time with the laws of the moral mind, which are quite independent of it, and fulfils the latter only in the form of the former, he is really happy,* for he exhibits in himself and his relations the union of freedom and necessity. If both sides fall into a difference, so that the free moral consciousness stands in opposition to elective affinity, then man is placed in a tragic collision, the deeper sense of which in reference to our work we pointed out at length in our first notice. This whole discussion, the thoughts of which are just brought out, therefore forms a conclusion to the exposition, which is profound, because it shews us in such a naïve manner the essence of Elective Affinity in the region of nature, and again indicates, and almost anticipates its power in human relations. In the distinction between choice and necessity, which is especially put in the mouth of Charlotte, the conversation, with just as much *naïveté*, refers us to the approaching collisions between these two powers. The designation of the characters, the narrative of the earlier relations between Edward and Charlotte, only elevate for us the matter of this dialogue into a foreboding of the discord which is shortly to arise—elevate the harmless classification of individuals according to the law of elective affinities into a warning prelude of reality.

The exposition, admirable by its simplicity and the extensive prospect it affords, has attained that which is the great point in all artistic introductions—the tone of mind is brought so far that it does not find the development of the struggle unprepared.

(To be continued.)

. To prevent misunderstanding, it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

SONNET.

No. LVIII.

[A wrong line crept into this Sonnet, as given last week; it is therefore deemed right to reprint it with the necessary correction, especially as it is immediately connected with No. LIX.]

LIFE does not flow in one continued course,
So that its parts all with each other blend,
Each one beginning at another's end,
And each one in its turn a goal and source.
No, there are points where the stream gathers force,
And suddenly appears its course to mend,
As though to some new destiny 'twould tend—
Such points with joy we think on—or remorse.
And thus it was when first thine eyes met mine,
The changeless course of years at once was broken,
Another scene was offer'd to my view;
And though the image be not always thine
That fills my soul; yet still through thee was spoken
That word of fate, which bade my life be new.

SONNET.

No. LIX.

UNASK'D in a strange country we are plac'd;
The scene of our own act we may not choose.
There is one manacle we ne'er can lose—
One bound'ry, which a pow'r not ours has trac'd.
New scenes arise, old objects are effac'd
Without our will; that pow'r its strength renews,
From whose dark hand no cup we may refuse,
Whether of gall or nectar be its taste.
Within such limits can the soul be free?
It can—for it can meet the pow'r without
By change within, through its own native might.
Quick, bold, relentless must its action be—
It must not doubt—it must not hesitate,
But, lightning-like, flash through the destin'd night.

N. D.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.—The once popular operatic comedietta, *The Rencontre*, has been revived here. The piece was excellently

played and was received with applause. Mr. H. Farren improves a little on acquaintance; but, as far as we could judge from the weak samples he gave us of his singing, the night we heard him in the *Rencontre*, we would advise him to eschew vocalisation altogether. Farren's performance of the old Baron who hates duelling, threatens to disinherit his nephew for challenging a fellow-officer, and is himself ultimately induced to pull a trigger with an adversary, was most excellent. It was legitimate comic acting—rich, racy, and unctuous. Webster's Pierre was admirable. The parts of Madame de Merville and Justine were respectively filled by Mrs. Seymour and Miss Reynolds, and were played right well.

JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.—The principal feature of the week's performance has been the selection from Beethoven's works, which was received on Monday with great applause. Mr. Koenig's benefit took place on Tuesday, when a selection from the *Lucrezia Borgia* was given, embracing the popular airs from that opera. We deem it but justice to notice the performance of two young artistes, Mr. Viotti Collins, and Mr. Roland, who on their respective instruments, the violin and contra-basso, displayed great mechanical powers, and elicited enthusiastic applause. Mr. Viotti Collins is a very elegant and tasteful player, and his performance was decidedly the most complete we have heard, from an English violinist, for some time. He was encored. Mr. Roland played an air with variations, of his own composing, and narrowly escaped an encore. He is really a very clever artiste, and is one of our best performers on the contra-basso. His bowing is particularly neat and clear, and his execution very brilliant. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the theatre has been thronged every night. M. Jullien has announced his *Bal Masqué* for the 22nd inst., with which the conce ts close for the season.

PRINCESS'S.—“Eight celebrated singers from the Pyrenees,” have appeared here during the week, and have indulged the audience in very extraordinary displays of vocalisation. The singers, severally, have considerable merit. The part-singing showed they had studied in a good school, and exhibits both taste and art. A war chant, in which the tenor's chest voice came out with Donzelli-like power, was encored with acclamations. Since the days of the celebrated Hungarian Brothers, we have heard no set of vocalists of this kind, which can compete with the “Singers of the Pyrenees.”

SADLER'S WELLS.—A new tragedy, or play, as the bills call it, was produced here, on Wednesday evening, the 2nd inst. To the interest commonly felt in a successful dramatist, is added the fact that the author is, in the present instance, a clergyman of the Church of England: accordingly a crowded and highly intelligent audience assembled to witness this, the third and latest dramatic effort of the Rev. James White. The play, like the rest of the author's, is historical. We do not know whether John Saville is a real personage or not, but the chief historical interest of the piece turns on the assassination of the Duke of Buckingham, the profligate favourite of Charles the First, by Felton. The opening scene displays the Duke, Mr. Marston, in the midst of his retainers, one of whom, Trivett, Mr. Hoskins, offers him the possession of a young country girl of great beauty, the excitement of novelty to his palled and listless passions. This girl is Lillian, Miss Addison, the daughter of John Saville. Meanwhile, Felton, a kinsman of Saville, claiming, in an interview with the Duke, the long promised reward of important military services, is dismissed by Buckingham with scorn and indifference, and retires to his kinsman. We are now introduced to John Saville and his daughter at their house

at Haysted. The rapacious favourite has already marked Saville's property for confiscation, and a claim is made by the King, which, unless it can be successfully resisted, will involve the unfortunate squire in hopeless ruin. The Duke, in pursuit of his design upon Lillian, obtains an interview with her in her father's garden, by means of a feigned assault and rescue, and thus succeeds in making such progress in her confidence, that upon his announcing himself to be the Duke of Buckingham's brother, the artless Lillian forms the somewhat romantic project of seeking an interview with the Duke, for the purpose of averting her father's impending ruin, and thus falls into the snare that has been laid for her. She secretly leaves her father's house for Portsmouth, the headquarters of the Duke, who follows her, but is encountered by Felton, who, suspecting his designs, succeeds in drawing the truth from him, and vehemently denouncing him, they fight. Felton is wounded, and can only hasten to Saville, to announce to him his daughter's flight. The heart-stricken parent, unaware of her motives, follows her. The scene changes to Portsmouth, and now comes the best scene in the play. The Duke, throwing off the mask, discloses himself and his designs to Lillian, who receives his proposal with the deepest disgust, but she is now completely in his power. Her father has, however, contrived to convey to her a phial of poison, with an intimation to swallow it as a last resource from the Duke's designs; but an order arrives from the King, obtained by one of Saville's friends, commanding Buckingham to desist from his purpose and restore the maid to her father; but the Duke tearing the paper in a rage, and rushing out to consummate his designs on Lillian, is met by the dagger of the assassin, and staggering in again falls dead, and is followed by Felton, with the instrument of death reeking in his hands. The rescue of Lillian thus effected, comes too late, for she has swallowed the poison in despair, and dies in her father's arms. Here is excellent matter in incident and character for a tragic drama, but, although the play contains much of both, and was listened to with considerable interest throughout, yet the author has failed to work up his materials to the utmost of their capabilities. In short, the play is so good that we cannot help thinking that it ought, and that it might have been much better, and such is the impression that this gentleman's plays have all left upon us. They seem to fail of their due effect, less from want of power in the author, than from lack of the needful time and labour in their construction. He weaves his tale with clearness and simplicity, and in his conception of character has as clear an insight of the great requisites for dramatic effect, strength, variety, and contrast. Thus, nothing can be better adapted for his purpose than the characters of the haughty, profligate, and relentless Duke—the honest, brave, and heart-seared parent, Saville—and the gloomy and fanatical puritan, Felton. The fiery elements on each of these only wanted contact to produce a volcano. But the Duke has but two short scenes with Felton, although the latter is a very effective one; and, as for Saville, with the exception of a weak and somewhat feeling interview with Buckingham, in which the outraged parent is made to go down on his knees to his relentless oppressor, they do not once come in contact throughout the play. Thus the author fails to realise the high promise held out by the first two acts. The best drawn character in the piece is that of Saville. The mingled pathos and humour of the early scenes were given by Mr. Phelps with the versatility peculiar to him. The last scene, in which, holding his dead child in his arms, he clings with true parental tenacity to the hope that she is only asleep, was touching. He was well supported by Miss Addison,

who, by the way, looked exceedingly well, and was dressed with becoming grace and simplicity. Her best point was her burst of indignation at the profligate proposals of the Duke. Here she was quite in her element. Felton is made a fanatical and dreaming enthusiast, who fancies that the hand of Heaven will sanction his assassination of the Duke, nor could anything be better than Mr. Bennett's personation of the character, which was not the less effective, because, with the exception of two or three passages, it was perfectly quiet throughout. His face and attitude, as he stood over his fallen victim had a stern repose exceedingly picturesque. A scene of the inside, and another of the outside of Haysted Hall, are well painted, and interesting as specimens of the style of building prevalent at the period; a wooded landscape also is admirably designed and executed. The piece was received with the greatest enthusiasm. After the principal performers had, as usual, come forward, there was a loud call for the author, when Mr. Phelps announced that he was not in the house.

ASTLEY'S.—A new grand dramatic spectacle, entitled, *The Camp of Silesia*, taken, as the bills have it, from Meyerbeer's celebrated opera, was produced on Monday, with great magnificence, and was received with success. A certain Miss Lydia Pearce made her first appearance at this theatre, and played the heroine with great spirit. Mr. Batty's two elephants, purchased at Mr. Hughes's sale, were exhibited in the circle after the spectacle, and displayed great docility, and went through several very un-elephantine feats.

OPERATIC SKETCHES,

No. 1.—GRISI.

GIULIETTA GRISI is one of the most favoured and favourite singers the Opera has boasted of since the days of the famous Banti. From the first night when she appeared in *Ninetta*, in *La Gazza Ladra*, in 1834, to the present time, her career has been one of undeviating favouritism and undiminished success. She took the town by storm and still retains her strong-hold in the citadel. Her classic beauty, her natural ease, her pathos, her fervour, her exquisite organ, the perfectibility of her singing, clear, brilliant, and pure in intonation, created a tempest in her favour, of which time, circumstance, and mutation, have scarcely allayed one breath. The grandeur of Pasta, unfortunately too sublime for general appreciation, or too deeply moulded in the school of imperial tragedy, might awe the public into admiration but for a few seasons—Catalani might electrify and astound awhile, yet at last outweary her hearers—the silvery fluidity of Sontag, unattended with higher excellencies, might pall upon the ear—but it was absolutely left for Grisi, through time and tide, through change and novelty, through seasons, cycles and lustres, albatross-like, with wing that never tired, to hold her way still onward in public estimation: nay more, with Malibran in her zenith, she seemed to divide the general acclamation; and some had the hardihood to declare she was as fine a singer, while no few insisted Grisi's was the more accomplished voice. We do not pledge ourselves to belong to either of these parties.

Grisi's voice is a pure soprano of the very finest quality. She can sing without a strain to C in alt. Her lower notes are occasionally weak, but the middle tones are full, mellow, and deliciously sweet. The flexibility of her voice is proverbial. In arias *di agilità* she may even fairly compete with Sontag, while in every other respect she is the avowed superior of that charming songstress. Grisi's voice has power to a great extent, but power alone is not her forte. If her forte singing be as perfect as might be desired in such an artiste,

her *sotto voce* leaves nothing for the most critical to cavil at. In this respect she is far superior to any singer we ever heard. It is impossible to describe the exquisite delicacy and purity of her tones while warbling *piano* passages. Perhaps the knowledge of this directs her to throw into her singing too much light and shade for the sake of effect, and tempts her to force her voice beyond its power, that she may shine by contrast and revel in the excellence of her *sotto voce*—as actors in parts of their character purposely underplay themselves, that they may strike the more when they come to their *points*. But Grisi's voice has charms independent of this. It adapts itself to all styles of music, from the lofty grandeur of *Donna Anna* to the simple pathos of *Ninetta*—from the passion of the Babylonian Queen to the coquetry of *Norina*—from the voluptuous sensibility of *Norma* to the comic grace and *naïvete* of *Rosina*. Where energy is required, or love, anger or despair, her voice, as it were, having power to modulate itself to every newer shade of feeling, becomes the veritable vehicle of the passion of the moment. This is high praise, but it is commensurate with desert. Her singing Mozart's music, witness her *Donna Anna*, is no less chaste and severe than her singing Rossini's is brilliant and light. From her lips, *Or sai chi l'onore* is as grand an effort of classical vocality, as the *Di piacer* is a dazzling illustration of the *aria di agilità*. There is but little appearance of art about Grisi's singing: what she utters seems to fall naturally from her lips, and from the impulse of the moment. On the stage she, indeed, seems to be a true child of Nature.

Perhaps it may be said, Grisi is still more commendable as a histrionic than a lyric artist. If she be removed from the awful majesty of Pasta, or if she lack the absorbing intensity of Malibran, she has passion and power of the highest accomplishment. In the lofty and sublime she fails not in the ability to identify, or the abstraction to realise. Grisi possesses great versatility of talent. There is grandeur in her tragedy—witness her *Donna Anna* and *Norma*; there is infinite beauty in her pathos, as her unrivalled personification of *Ninetta* may illustrate: and her *Susanna* and *Rosina* abundantly testify her claims to comic power in "its highest signification." Thus, it cannot for a moment be denied that she lays claim to genius in its truest and fullest import. Like every other faculty of the human mind, genius must have its grades. The endurance of fame—the unabating ardour of admirers—the enthusiasm of succeeding audiences—the universal favoritism, amounting to a mania, could hardly be the unfailing attendants on mere talent, or that species of ability, which, however praiseworthy, or however supported by fashion, prejudice, or taste, can never hope to fix that hold on public estimation which true genius alone effectuates.

It must be allowed in the scale of her appreciation, that, with a certain class of her upholders, Grisi's beauty carries no small weight. Her beauty, indeed, is of high order. The outline of the head is particularly elegant and classical, or, as Hector Berlioz would denominate it, Olympian. Her features are expressive and full of fine intelligence: they are, of a verity, features cast in no common mould. They are full-fraught with that nobility by which, with a thought, the deepest shade or brightest sunshine is truthfully depicted. This was one of the wondrous characteristics of poor Malibran's looks!!! The slightest emotion or change of feeling was apparent as the hours on the dial plate. A poet of our acquaintance was wont to say, "she had a thousand passions on her upper lip!" With some little reservation we may assert the same of Grisi. Her face is a clear lake where

the beam or the cloud is reflected with truth and perspicuity. Thought seems to exhale from her countenance, and the artist-feeling casts the momentaneous veil of the ruling passion over her features. This is the choicest faculty of genius; and whether it be ciphered abstraction or mimetic power, is the grand line that, on the stage, separates the rare few from the million. To award an individual a higher niche in the histrionic than the lyric temple, is to invest the head with a crown of gold instead of a wreath of roses. For one who is pre-eminent as an actor, we have thousands who have occupied the foremost rank as singers. Pasta's voice was an organ of indifferent excellency, but Pasta was one of the greatest dramatic singers the world ever saw. On the other hand, what host of delicious songsters do we hear, year after year, that, like comets, emblazon the hemisphere a space, then disappear as suddenly as they came, never to be heard of more—annuals that die with the season! How many singers does England at this moment possess, with voices of rare quality and power, and yet to hope that one of these may rival Grisi is to indulge in a dream of visionary speculation. And why is this? They lack dramatic power—the genius to make others feel what themselves express. Force will not supply the place of energy, rant passion, nor affectation feeling; and yet to these three qualities, or rather assumptions, force, rant, and affectation, some of our first singers are indebted for being enrolled among the foster-babes of genius. Genius is unmistakeable: it stands out in bold relief from the flat ground of surrounding mediocrity. There is no erring in respect to Grisi. Hypercritics may urge that she wants Pasta's flight or Malibran's fire, but this mode of criticising is only less feeble than that of judging by defects, and cannot affect her own high merits. That she is not perfect, is only what may be predicated of all the greatest artists. Greatness, so far from being incompatible with faults, is necessarily, from its lofty soaring, being liable to be dazzled with the sun, or dizzied with its elevation, more subject to sins and offences than mediocrity, whose wing is too cautious and too dependent to dare too high or too discursive a flight. It may be a matter to be deplored, but nothing has experience taught us to be more true, than that the greatest geniuses are allied to the greatest faults. Pasta, Malibran, Catalani, Garcia, Velluti, Ambrogetti, Tamburini, Rubini, and Braham are all on the lyric stage evidences of this position. We shall therefore be less astonished to find Grisi number a few defects among her excellencies. These it is neither grateful to us to touch upon, nor do we think them of sufficient importance to hold our attention one moment. In gazing on the sun his lustre outshines his spots.

In conclusion, whether we consider Grisi as a vocalist or an actress—whether we look upon her as one endowed with the rarest faculties of song, or as gifted with histrionic powers of the highest order, in either case eminent award must await her;—but when conjoining both qualifications, when to sweetness, purity, delicacy, intonation, perfectibility of execution in the voice, we add fire, energy, high development, and abstraction in her acting, we shall not hesitate to enrol her in the list of the greatest singers, while we adjudge to her, as her incontrovertible right, the loftiest seat in the Temple of the Modern Lyric Drama.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

HANOVER, NOVEMBER 7.—(From our own Correspondent.)—Although I have been visiting a number of places, it does not happen that I can give you much musical information.

I beg, therefore, you will not place the dearth to any want of activity, or inclination on my part to seek for it. After leaving Baden-Baden I wended my way north-east. At Frankfort there was no Opera, nor was there any concert announced. Dance-music, à la *Sperl*, one might hear in the Wiedenbuseh Hotel, if inclined to inhale at the same time, the masses of smoke issuing from the mouths of a thousand burghers! I spent one day at the pretty watering-place, Homburg, situated in a most agreeable country. The Prince has allowed a *Cursaal* to be erected there, which is not inferior to those at Baden and Ems. In the evening an excellent orchestra performed *potpourris* from *Robert le Diable*, and *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine*, as well as several waltzes and polkas. Next morning I set off (the railway not being completed) by diligence to Eisenach, the road wending through vallies smiling with verdure, often reminding me of English scenery. At Eisenach I found myself in a most romantic part of Thuringia. Of course I ascended without loss of time, the mountain on which stands the celebrated *Wartburg*, where, some dozen years ago, assembled many thousand students from all parts of Germany to celebrate the 300th anniversary of Luther's birthday. You are aware how unfortunate this meeting ended for the liberties of the universities. The King of Prussia is now having the castle reinstated into its ancient form, and, when finished, it will be, to all lovers of the beautiful and romantic, a spot of great attraction, for, from its casements, the most delightful prospects present themselves to the eager gaze of the visitor. The rooms which Luther inhabited, during his ten months' imprisonment, remain as they then existed; the furniture of wood is of the coarsest description, whilst a couple of portraits of Luther, by Krauch, ornament the otherwise bare walls. From Eisenach I proceeded on to the bath, *Lichtenstein*, situated a few hours' journey distance from Eisenach, amongst the most romantic scenery. The Duke of Coburg, and the Prince of Meiningen were there, still enjoying the pure mountain air; and as the place is but small, all the principal persons congregate at the hotel erected by the Duke for the visitors accommodation. I made some very agreeable acquaintances—among them, the Baron and Baroness of Oldershausen; the Baroness speaks English very well; in the course of conversation I discovered that she is the niece of our esteemed friend, Mr. Wessel, of London. The Baron and Baroness were kind enough to invite me to their chateau at Gebesee, near Erfurt; so, after enjoying the charming retirement of Lichtenstein for about a week, I went to Erfurt and took post for the chateau at Gebesee, where I was most kindly received by the noble owners. The Baroness is a good musician, and possesses a soprano voice of uncommon sweetness and flexibility. The Baron accompanied me to a neighbouring town, called *Weissensee*, where the Thuringia, *Gesang vereine*, had assembled to execute some choruses. At one time, about twelve hundred voices united to sing Luther's Hymn, "Eine feste burg ist unser Gott;" the effect was most overpowering and sublime. The famous chorus, from *Fidelio*, likewise produced a great effect. Minor compositions served for rival display of the powers of the different societies. After the performances all parties met at the social dinner-tables. Lodgings were cheerfully given to the visitors by the townspeople without any remuneration, which gave us a favourable impression of the kindness and hospitality of the Thuringians. I parted with regret from my kind host, and taking the train at Erfurt, steamed on through the pretty valley of the Saale, to Weimar, Halle, Magdeburg, Brunswick, and Hanover, where I had the gratification of seeing King Ernest and the

Crown Prince, who both looked remarkably well. The whole court came in *gala* the other evening to the theatre, in honour of the King of Prussia and the Crown Prince of Bavaria, both guests to his Majesty of Hanover. The opera of *Ernani* was performed on the occasion. The choruses, in particular, showed the excellent training of the conductor, Herr Marschner; the fine band deserves a due share of praise, and the principal singers are very good. A Baron Von Klenzheim gave two evening readings of his poetry, written in the Austrian dialect, that pleased amazingly. He shows in his writings a natural vein of humour, relieved by passages of much sentiment and feeling. Several of his songs have been set to music, and were capitally sung by Madame Nottes, *prima donna* at the theatre. On my return I shall have the pleasure to present a few of them for your use for the *Musical World*. Herr Marschner's last opera is called, *Der Herzog von Nassau*, but I have not yet heard any part of it. A young composer, M. Wallerstein, bids fair to become very popular in Germany, as an inventor of pretty and elegant melodies for polkas and other dance music. In Paris they have been introduced with great success. I had the pleasure of seeing here Thalberg, who was staying at the British Hotel. He travels solus, and is on his way to Vienna. Tamburini also stayed here a night on his way to St. Petersburg, to fulfil his engagement in that city. With the renowned Alex. Von Humboldt I conversed a short time; although past seventy he is still active and occupied in literary labours; his "Cosmos" creates universal attention; no doubt you have heard of his work in England. I hear that a commission is appointed to regulate the acts for international copyright between Hanover and England. I believe that all the states of the "Zoll-Verein" have joined the contract with Great Britain and Prussia. As British composers are daily making progress in the good opinion of their German brethren, it is high time that their labours should be secured to them by law in this country, where so large a field is open to obtain musical reputation and honours. Lady Jersey and Lady Villiers were here on a visit to the King; to gratify them, several of the best pieces from Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* were frequently executed by the military bands. The cavalry band is of the first class; the leader is Herr Sachse, a splendid performer on the saxe-horn. I am now going to "assist" at the opera of *Ernani*, commanded in honour of the Duchess of Mecklenburg's presence; I would gladly have preferred "something worth listening to," but—My next may, in all probability, be from Berlin. I have just received the melancholy tidings of the death of *Dr. Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy*, who expired at Leipzig from the effects of brain fever. This severe loss will be felt by the whole of musical Europe; no where, I am sure, you will say, more than in England, where he obtained the greatest reputation as a composer, and enjoyed the highest regard, as a man.—A. Z.

VIENNA, OCTOBER 27.—Wallace's opera of *Maritana* will be produced here in about a fortnight, the principal parts will be sustained by Mdle. Meyer (a pupil of Mendelssohn), Mdle. Helreich, Herren Relschsky, and Staudigl. The composer has written a new scena and chorus for the last act, of which report speaks highly. Miss Wallace, the composer's sister, has made a great impression on the Viennoise, and is expressly engaged to sing at a grand concert, on the 15th of November, before the Emperor and the court. She is also engaged to sing at a concert to be given on the 8th of December, by the Brothers Helmesbergers, the violinists; and subsequently at Parish Avars' concert. She is next engaged to lend her vocal aid to a concert about to be given by Madame Schütz

Oldose, *prima donna* to the Court of Austria; and finally purports giving a concert on his own account.

HAVANNA, SEPT. 29, 1847.—The cultivation of music here seems to be on the increase. We have a very good opera during the winter, and many vocal and instrumental concerts; and those distinguished *artistes* who visit the United States, seldom omit paying us a visit before their return to Europe. There is an *on dit* afloat that we are to have Rubini next winter, together with the Viennoise children, and other novelties. The planters have been making large crops, and selling them at more than remunerating prices, and can therefore afford to bleed a little for the amusement of their wives and progeny.

A RELIGIOUS FESTIVAL AT BOLOGNA.

THE Philharmonic Society of Bologna published, on the 9th of September last, the following manifesto:—

"On the 16th of September a mass in music will be celebrated at Saint John's Church, to pray to the Lord to preserve for many days to come the health of his Holiness Pope Pius IX., who, after so many acts of magnanimity, has desired to honor the above-named Society with his august protection."

On the day appointed, the fête was celebrated with unprecedented pomp. The church of Saint John was decorated and adorned in the most magnificent style. In the centre aisle they erected a throne of crimson velvet with a cloth of silver spread beneath, and the portrait of the august Pius IX., to whom this fête was consecrated. On all sides were seen portraits of the eminent Cardinal Opizzoni, Archbishop of the city, and the most zealous supporter of the Philharmonic Society. At eleven o'clock His Eminence arrived, attended by the Legate Louis Amat, and found already seated in the church the Marquis Guidotti, Senator and City Magistrate, the members of the Academy of Fine Arts, among whom might be recognised Rossini, and other bodies corporate, mingled in a crowd composed of the most distinguished classes of the society of Bologna.

The mass was chosen from different authors. They performed, with orchestra and full choir, a *Kyrie* of Thomas Marchesi; a *Gloria* of Antoine Fabbri, president of the Philharmonic Society; a *Graduale* of Philippe Vanduzzi; and a *Credo* of Louis Bartolini. The introduction was composed by Professor Manetti, the *Te Deum* by the maestro, Joseph Busi, and the *Tantum Ergo* by the maestro Fabbri.

The solemnity was in every respect worthy of the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius the Ninth, whose revered name is enrolled at the head of the registry of the society. On their departure from the church, the people sung aloud the new hymn, *O Sommo Pio!*

PROVINCIAL.

KETTERING, NORTHAMPTON.—A very pleasing concert was given here on Tuesday last, by Messrs. Nicholson and Weston, of Leicester, assisted by Miss Waldron and Mr. Wykes, as vocalists, and thirteen of their concert band. The programme included solos for clarinet and cornet, well performed by Messrs. Adcock and Smith; selections from the operas of *Lombardi & Maritana*; and Lindpainter's song, "The Standard Bearer," sung by Mr. Wykes very effectively. Mr. Nicholson sustained his reputation as a first-rate fautist by his excellent performance of Drouet's introduction and variations to the "Huntsman's Chorus," in which he was enthusiastically encored. A similar honour was awarded to Miss Waldron in the song "O Peaceful Lake." Mr. Nicholson conducted and Mr. Weston most ably led the band, which performed the overtures, &c., with great precision. The concert terminated with "The British Navy" quadrille, which ~~went~~ off with great *eclat*. The room was well filled, and all departed highly gratified with the evening's entertainment, which was, without doubt, the greatest treat enjoyed for some time past by the good folks of Kettering.—*Leicester Journal*.

LIVERPOOL, THEATRE ROYAL.—The entertainments at this house

lately have not been in the highest walks of the drama, but have well suited the capacities of the company, the taste of the times, and of consequence have served the interest of the manager. The Arabs and the Mexican wonders have aided the attraction of Mrs. Brougham's *Jack Shepherd*, and Mr. Browne in *The Unfinished Gentleman*, and have afforded high gratification. On Thursday evening the little Bush People made their *debut* on these boards, and were saluted with a shower of coppers, the use of which they seemed fully to comprehend. They appeared to be highly delighted with the magnitude of the house, the number of heads which they saw, and the band of music, the drummer in particular receiving a large share of their commendation.—*Liverpool Mail*.

CLIFTON.—Messrs. H. Phillips and Land gave two concerts at Long's Hotel, Clifton, on Tuesday; the morning performance consisting of sacred music, in the delivery of which Mr. Phillips sustained his justly-acquired eminence; and the evening one, of the songs of Scotland, England, and Ireland. Mr. Phillips sang, "Mine be a cot," (Kraus), and the old English ballad, "Shall I wastynge in despaire," (G. Withers, 1640), with consummate taste. Mr. Land sang several songs with much sweetness. The performances afforded a delightful musical treat.—*Felix Farley's Bristol Journal*.

HARMONIC SOCIETY, BATH.—The third meeting of the members was held on Friday evening, at the Assembly Rooms. The room was filled to an overflow, and the performance of everything calculated to please. Six encores were demanded. As to the merits of the singing, we can only repeat our previously expressed opinion, that professionals and amateurs did themselves great honour, and their indefatigable conductor great credit. It would be unjust not to mention the beautiful execution of two pieces in particular—the madrigal, by Luca Marenzio, "Lady, see on every side," and "Thou art beautiful, queen of the valley," Dr. Callcott—a vehement burst of applause followed both. We hear that the demand for tickets for the "Ladies' Night" (the next concert) is unusually large; consequently, a full room is expected.—*Bath and Cheltenham Gazette*.

CHELTEHAM.—Messrs. Hale and Son's Concert took place yesterday morning, at the Assembly Rooms, and was honoured with a fashionable and numerous attendance. The programme was very attractive, as regards both the music and the performers which it specified.—Madame Dulcken, the Misses Smith, John Parry, and Mr. Blagrove, compose an assemblage of diversified talent but seldom surpassed at musical re-unions in the provinces. The style of Madame Dulcken is superb, combining great manual skill with the higher qualities of expression, grace, and inventive brilliancy. She executed "Tarantelle Brillante," "Fantasia on Russian airs," "Notturmo," and "Il Tremolo," an Italian air, in a manner which must have delighted connoisseurs. The Misses Smith are doubtless favourably remembered by our musical readers, owing to the concerts at which they appeared in this town last season. We are quite sure their return will be welcomed by every lover of ballad music; a style in which their voices blend with a penetrating sweetness—a pathetic grace, that for aught we know, resembles the wild and witching strains poured by Ariel on the charmed air of Prospero's magical island. Not the least pleasing of the vocal pieces was, "When daylight fading," a new song composed by Mrs. Francis Herrick, and about to be published by Messrs. Hale and Son. The music of this composition is highly pleasing and harmonises delightfully with the theme. John Parry sang, or rather recited, four of his popular extravaganzas. Of course every body laughed, applauded, and encored, with as much enthusiasm as the conventional restraint of fashionable manners would permit. Mr. Blagrove's performances on the concertina were likewise well received.—*Cheltenham Chronicle*.

DUNMOW LITERARY INSTITUTION.—LECTURE ON MUSIC WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.—On Monday evening Mr. J. T. Frye, organist of Saffron Walden, gave a very pleasing lecture on music, deducing its history and progress from the earliest ages to the end of the sixteenth century, during which, with the assistance of several very able vocalists, he introduced a series of appropriate illustrations and several amusing anecdotes. The company was highly respectable, including John Marryon Wilson, Esq., and family; the Misses Wade and Woodbridge; Jos. Grice, T. Salt, W. Johnson, Esq., their parties and friends, a large attendance of members, and upwards of eighty visitors. Besides the vocal illustrations, which were supported by Messrs. R. and T. Chappell and Mr. W. Spicer, the lecturer accompanied the singing by a cordolion, kindly lent for the occasion by a member.—*Essex Standard*.

NEWCASTLE.—MR. JULIAN ADAMS' CONCERT.—Last night Mr. Julian Adams gave a grand concert in the Music Hall of this town, at which, in addition to his own acknowledged talent, the celebrated Collins family attended. The appearance of the latter is considerably altered since their last visit, four years ago. Miss Rossini plays most superbly on the violin. Her "Carnival de Venice" was rendered with all the spirit of master. Mr. Julian Adams, on his patent harmonion, called down

a perfect thunder of applause, and, we need hardly say, was loudly encored.—*Newcastle Guardian*.

LIBO.—The re-engagement of Miss Rainforth, Mr. Travers, and Mr. Stretton brought out at the theatre Weber's grand opera of "Der Freischütz," which kept the stage for three successive nights. "In its day" this was one of the most popular of foreign operas. Besides some of the beautiful songs, which are still well known, the grand incantation scene imparts to it a terrible interest, which Mr. Stretton, in the part of *Caspar*, rendered with much effect. The last evening was appropriated as a benefit to that gentleman. On Thursday, Mr. Travers took his benefit, in the repetition of Donizetti's opera of "The Love Spell," and last night Miss Rainforth's benefit, in Vincent Wallace's opera of "Maritana," appropriately concluded the engagement of this talented and harmonious *trio*.—*Ibid*.

REVIEWS OF MUSIC.

"*The Fairy Waltz*," for the Pianoforte. Composed by THOMAS TALLIS TRIMNELL.—D'Almaine and Co.

A trifle, but a neat one.

"*The Pirate*:" a Song. The Poetry by the REV. J. MEYNELL WRE福德, F. S. A. The Music composed by THOMAS TALLIS TRIMNELL.—D'Almaine and Co.

No subject for song has been so much worked to death by the poet as this self-same "Vagabond of the Seas," and no subject has taxed more frequently the pens of composers. Mr. Thomas Tallis Trimnell's music is not outrageously original, but it is characterised by a flow of ideas consonant to the spirit of the words, which the Rev. Mr. Wreford has written like a practical rhymers. Wherefore is the ballad a good one.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—At the half yearly general meeting of this society held last Monday week, Mr. J. Clinton (flautist) was elected a member.

MR. BENEDICT arrived from Paris on Saturday last. He will proceed, in a few weeks, to Stuttgart, to superintend the rehearsals of his opera, *The Crusaders*, which will be produced with great splendour at the Royal Theatre, about the middle of December.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—It is reported that Mr. James Wallick, the eminent actor, whose return from America we lately announced, has become lessee of the Olympic theatre.

MR. GEORGE FABRICIUS, a German violinist and musical composer, committed suicide a few days since in Brussels.

MR. THOMAS PRYNN, a bass singer, well known at the minor theatres in the metropolis, died on Monday last in the Clerkenwell workhouse.

MONSIEUR HECTOR BERLIOZ, musical director at Drury Lane Theatre, arrived in London on Saturday.

DRURY LANE.—The rehearsals have already commenced for the operatic campaign. The chorus are busy with the *Lucia*, and a general rehearsal will take place as soon as Madame Dorus Gras has arrived.

WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—Active steps are about to be immediately taken to promote the success of the meeting to be held in 1848. A public meeting is called for on Monday next, at which the Lord Bishop will preside, and a large attendance of the clergy and gentry of the county and city is expected.

MADAME DORUS GRAS is expected in London daily. Mme. Jullien has provided a residence for the accomplished *cantatrice* in the Regent's Park.

MR. REEVES.—We have heard this accomplished artiste at rehearsal on the Drury Lane stage, in the *Lucia*, and have not the least doubt, but that he will prove the greatest tenor we have had in this country, since the best days of Braham. The vocalisation of Mr. Reeves is formed entirely in the

Italian school, and combines the natural, and rare advantages of sweetness and power. He will appear, on the opening night in Edgardo, in the *Lucia*, the part which has taxed the highest efforts of a Rubini, a Duprez, a Salvi, and a Mario.

MONUMENT TO MALIBRAN.—A statue of Malibran is about to be erected in the grand entrance hall of the Scala, at Milan. Pompée Marchese, well known as one of the first sculptors in Italy, is entrusted with the execution of the work.

SOME WORDS ABOUT MUSIC AND THE MODERN OPERA.—To claim the truest and most just view of the end of music and all other arts is one of the greatest blessings we can pray for and strive for. The love of the beautiful is, alas! unconnected in many minds with the longing for the divine. Yet we may feel assured that the longing for the divine and its final attainment in a future world will be accompanied with the beautiful that we seek now in the half light of a faint belief. "Music," says Beethoven, "is a higher revelation than all their wisdom and philosophy." This is one of those attractive half-truths that are more dangerous than downright lies. It is undeniably evident that the love of the beautiful, the poetical, and passionate worship of the corrupt human heart has been from the earliest ages the stumbling-blocks of an idolatrous nature. Well and truly has Milton said—

"Songs, garlands, flowers,
And charming symphonies attached the heart
Of Adam, soon inclined to admit delight,
The bent of nature."

But it was the fallen Adam, not the unstained original; and grand is the answer put into the mouth of the archangel at his side:—

"Judge not what is best
By pleasure, though to nature seeming meet,
Created as thou art to noble end,
Holy and pure conformity divine."

Anxious indeed is the charge laid on those who have the care and the training of one gifted with the musical and poetical temperament. "The starry crown of genius" is paid for too dearly in the sensitive, morbid, and exaggerated views of life and ideal miseries that so frequently accompany the possession. It has been said by one of the great men of our day, that "Poets shed no bitterer tears than ordinary men." He might have added, "should not," for, if not bitterer, they are at least much more frequent. The brightest days produce the heaviest dew. They who dream the most sweetly will weep the more bitterly when they awake. The poetical temperament is in most cases a distressing and complicated mystery, frequently coupled with an imaginative selfishness that sends its wretched possessor to and fro without finding all the false lights that are most seductive and destructive. It is from this wretched band that proceed the exaggerated, distorted, hideous fictions that disgrace our day under the name of French novels. It is this school of mystics that sends forth the music of angels, devils, hell, and heaven, and calls the spasmodic and profitless struggles a sublime apostleship.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

DEATH OF GEORGE WIELAND.—This well-known pantomimist died on Saturday last of consumption, a disease under which he had been labouring for two years. Mr. Wieland had been on the stage since he was five years of age. His first appearance, on the occasion of the benefit of Leclercq, at Sadler's Wells. He was a member of the Acting Committee of the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund. His kindness and charity will be regretted by the members of the profession, as his best endeavours were at all times used for the benefit of his less fortunate brothers. Mr. Wieland was a real *artiste* in his peculiar vocation. His performance of Diavolo in Macfarren's popular opera, *The Devil's Opera*, was extraordinary for its feats of agility and grotesqueness.

MUSICA DI CAMERA.—A musical publication under this title will shortly be given to the world, from the pen of W. R. Bexfield, M.B., of Oxford. The compositions will comprise songs for bass, and treble voices, a round for three trebles, a solo and quartet, a GROUND for the piano-forte, a waltz, a fragment, and a *morceau* for piano and violin, to be called *The Kitten's Scherzo*. There will be a variety at least in the little volume.

THE BATH HARMONIC SOCIETY commenced its meetings on Friday the 8th of October, under favourable prospects. Several excellent voices (amateurs) have joined the society. The Marquis of Thomond is President: Lord Ashley, Viscount Dunan, &c., &c., Vice Presidents. The first public concert will shortly take place. The meetings are held at the Assembly Rooms.

MADemoiselle FALCON, the celebrated French *cantatrice*, (so says *Le Revue et Gazette Musicale*) is engaged at the Opera Italien, and will *debut* in the *Così fan tutte* of Mozart, or in the *Bravo* of Mercadante. Ronconi will sing, in the last work, the rôle written for a low tenor.

GUASCO, the celebrated tenor, and Madams Frezzolini, are engaged at the Imperial theatre, St. Petersburg, and will *debut* in Verdi's *Attila*. Tamburini and Salvi have arrived at the capital of the Czars. The celebrated barytone is, perhaps, the greatest favourite of a vocalist that ever sung in St. Petersburg, not even excepting Rubini. The imperial city is delighted at the announcement of the promised advent of Grisi and Mario. A splendid season is expected.

MR. BEALE, with his usual liberality, has granted the use of Covent Garden, for the dramatic performance about to take place towards the fund for the purchase of Shakspeare's house. The performance will include the names of all the greatest living actors and actresses; and it is even whispered, that so great an occasion will draw from retirement, Young and Charles Kemble. Particulars will be duly announced.

THE GREATEST SINGER IN THE WORLD.—*La Tadolini*, the celebrated Italian soprano, is engaged by Mr. Lumley to play all the high tragedy parts, Jenny Lind's incompetence being most judiciously recognised. She is, or rather has been, a very splendid dramatic artiste; but she is now upwards of fifty years of age, and her vocal powers, which were never of the highest order, have almost deserted her. In one respect, she may with the most perfect truth be called the *greatest* singer in the world. She is nearly as large as Grisi and Alboni together, so you may have some idea of her size. She is, notwithstanding, a very fine dramatic singer, or rather, artiste, and was, some twenty years ago, in high repute in certain parts of Italy. But Pasta then usurped almost all continental fame, and Tadolini was forgotten. She has never been either in London or Paris, and I suspect, if she appears in either of these places, she will have, with her broken powers, but little chance of success.—(*Extract of a letter from a Correspondent at Milan.*)

A GREAT UNKNOWN.—Some curiosity has been excited in musical circles (Paris), by the report of the approaching visit of a new singer from Russia. She is said to have a most extraordinary compass of voice, comprising the most tender and agile soprano with the lowest barytone. No one has hitherto been able to discover who she is, or what the country which has given her birth. She has sung at the Court of Naples, and before the Emperor of Russia; in both cases, however, stipulating to preserve her features concealed by a mask. It is thus she persists in appearing before the public. By some, she is believed to be a noble Russian lady who had been, for years confined in durance vile by her husband, who has mar-

ried again; by others, that she is an Italian nun, escaped from a religious life to get a peep at this wicked world. Others have declared again, that, although her arms and bosom are of the most snowy whiteness, her face and head are those of a negress of Senegambia, which belief is confirmed by her persistence in wearing the domino hood, which conceals even the very form of her head and throat from observation. In England she will immediately be suspected of being the no other than the pig-faced lady. She persists in signing no other name to her engagements than that of *La Mascherata*, by which she is already famous in many parts of Italy.—*Atlas.*

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TRUTH AND JUSTICE.—If our Correspondent refers to the columns of The Musical World, he will find we have said nothing whatever of the young lady to whom he alludes. A Dublin paper furnished us with the article in which her name is mentioned. We, nevertheless, thank our correspondent for calling our attention to the supposed error. We are always open to conviction. We shall not fail to bear in mind for future criticism the information of our correspondent.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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No. 48.—VOL. XXII.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1847.

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LETTERS FROM PARIS.

(No. 10.)

TO DESMOND RYAN, ESQ.,

Wednesday, Nov. 24.—MY DEAR RYAN,—I am pleased to observe that Paris, although far behind London in appreciation of the genius of Mendelssohn as in personal knowledge of the man, is not quite indifferent to the blow which his death has inflicted upon art, nor wanting in respect for his memory. Among the musicians here (the *pianists* especially) there are several whom the intelligence has deeply affected. Out of this small but estimable band the names of Stephen Heller,* Charles Hallé, Rosenbain, and Panofka, occur to me. You will say that these are not Parisians, but of pure Teutonic extraction; nevertheless they have lived long enough in Paris to imbibe the frivolity of Parisian taste, and that disregard for the higher manifestations of art which is the peculiar attribute of French musicians; but, true to their German principles, they have remained in the cauldron unscathed, and are as sincerely and substantially artists as though they had never migrated from the soil of their nativity.

Among these gentlemen—I believe the idea originated with Panofka—it has been proposed to get up a demonstration, signed by the chief musicians resident in Paris, conveying to the widow of Dr. Mendelssohn expressions of regret for his loss, of admiration for his genius, and of condolence with her affliction. M. Habeneck, the well-known *chef d'orchestre* of the *Conservatoire* (whose post at the Opera, lately resigned, is now filled by M. Girard, predecessor of M. Labarre at the *Opera Comique*) having been applied to for his aid and concurrence, has promised both, and there is every prospect that the matter will be accomplished in a style befitting the occasion. This proceeding ought to be adopted by the musicians of London, who knew Mendelssohn so intimately, revered his genius so highly, and loved *the man* with such unanimous affection. Talk of it to Sterndale Bennett, Sir George Smart, Benedict, Costa, Lindsay Sloper, Anderson, Lucas, Charles Horsley, Dorrell, Jewson, &c. &c. They all were often and intimately associated with Mendelssohn, and I think will welcome the proposition; at all events do not let it drop for want of consideration—it merits a better fate.

By the way, I have another notion that may be worth a thought:—as there is to be some kind of monument to the memory of the illustrious composer, what think you of *Hanover Square* for the site? This was the arena of his *first* and most frequent triumphs in England; and there could hardly be a more appropriate tribute than a memento of them on the *very spot*—as near as possible to the Concert Rooms?

* This accomplished musician has just returned to Paris after an absence of nearly three months.

A STATUE OF MENDELSSOHN in Hanover Square! It would be a triumph for the art! We have statues of warriors, of sailors, of statesmen, of kings; but we have no statue of what is above them all—a *great artist*. If every *amateur* and every musician were to subscribe a trifling sum, the thing might be easily accomplished. It would advance music *a whole century*. An honorable testimony of England's appreciation of a mighty genius, it would be also a magnificent means of stimulating endeavour; by elevating the musician in his self-esteem, and inciting him to *do his best*, so that, if God were willing, he might ultimately be found worthy—if not of the same high distinction, at least, of his country's gratitude. Musicians! put your shoulders to the wheel; here is an opportunity of proclaiming your value, and maintaining the dignity of your beloved art, without the assistance of parliament or the necessity of petitions. There is nothing whatever hyperbolic in the suggestion. No one who truly understands and loves music will jeer at me for saying that *Shakspeare* has (or had!) his statue in Covent Garden Theatre and why should not Mendelssohn have his statue in Hanover Square? The author of *Elijah* is worthy of any honors that a grateful nation can pay—and *Elijah* was written for England, and first performed in England. Meanwhile this will not prevent Birmingham, which has had so much to do with Mendelssohn's fame, and Exeter Hall, which has had scarcely less, from exhibiting their own enthusiasm for his memory in any way they may consider becoming; the more and the loftier the honors paid to such a man the greater the credit to the country that pays them. I shall return to this matter, and rely upon your sympathy and your aid in furthering the probability and the practicability of its consummation. Not that I have the least fear of our musicians being backward in such a cause, or that there will be any necessity for an English Liszt, to come forward with the whole of his earnings, and make up the amount required; but unless the question be agitated it will be likely to die for want of nourishment. Therefore, *agitate*, and you will be rendering a service to that noble art of which you are so eloquent an advocate, and whose followers, unhappily, are so lowly placed in the scale of that civilization which their efforts, nevertheless, tend so much to promote. The important question of who shall make the statue may be discussed when we have raised the money.

To give you a notion of how far the French musicians are behind our own in knowledge and appreciation of the highest forms of art—I was speaking to —, the composer of twelve or thirteen operas, an artist by no means without *serious* merit and solid acquirement; the theme was the art and its professors; the name of Mendelssohn escaped my lips:—"Ah, by the way," said —, "is *that* Mendelssohn, who died, Mendelssohn the pianoforte-player?" Somewhat astonished

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No. 49.—VOL. XXII.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1847.

{ PRICE THREEPENCE.
STAMPED, FOURPENCE.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

(No. 11.)

TO DESMOND RYAN, ESQ,

Wednesday, Dec. 1.—MY DEAR RYAN,—In my apostrophe to the sentiment and good taste of the French musicians, I reckoned, it appears, without my host. The address to Dr. Mendelssohn's widow proceeds solely from the German musicians resident in Paris; the "natives" have nothing to do with it. Still, to the credit of M. Habenach, be it recorded, that, in accordance with his desire, the first concert of the *Conservatoire* will consist wholly of the works of MENDELSSOHN. A better compliment could hardly be paid to the memory of the illustrious dead, and there can be little doubt that your London Philharmonic will emulate so good an example. Meanwhile the following is an English version of the memorial addressed to Madame. Mendelssohn by the German musicians, for a French translation of which I am indebted to M. Panofka:—

To the Widow of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

"The death of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy is an irreparable loss to the musical art, of which he was the most worthy representative; for its younger followers, of whom he was the safest guide; for Germany, of which he was one of the most illustrious children; and for humanity itself, which he honored, by his worth as by his genius. All his actions, in private life as in artistic endeavour, were stamped with a rare purity, a lofty aim, worthy of his admirable genius, worthy of the sublime models which he found in his beloved country generally, and in his own family in particular. As his youth was nourished in a pious veneration for the sanctity of art, so all his life was consecrated to the worship of that which to him was most dear, and all his efforts, all his creations were dedicated to its glory.

"It is for this that the tears which fall upon his tomb are not only the tears of a family in desolation, of friends in despair! His memory lives and will live in all hearts that beat, with holy rapture, for the beautiful, the noble, and the true.

"It is for this that the cry of mourning for his loss, so immense, so irretrievable, is uttered with as much anguish, with as much sincerity, from the Thames to the Danube, from the Seine to the Volga, in every part of civilized Europe, as in the little town of Leipzig which he so often and so long honored and made happy by his immediate presence.

"May it, then, be permitted to us, German artists, far from our own country, to offer to the much-beloved master the last acknowledgments of our gratitude and our grief, and to place respectfully in your hands, Madame, the expression of our sentiments for the illustrious defunct.

Paris, 28th Nov. 1847.

In the name of the German musicians resident in Paris:—

J. ROSENHAIN.
G. KALKBRENNER.
H. PANOFKA.
S. HELLER.
C. HALLE.
F. P. PIXIS.
E. WOLFF.

The above are the worthy representatives of the German musicians in Paris. The number of signatures was proposed

to have been *eight* but you will perceive there are here but *seven*. This was the result of an error. A Polish piano-forte player, M. Frederic Chopin, who has, I believe, composed some rondos and dance-tunes (*mazurkas*) for the instrument, was applied to, by mistake, I presume, on the part of the German musicians, for his signature. M. Chopin, however, declined to give it. The following was his reply:—

"*La lettre venant des Allemands, comment voulez vous, que je m'arroge le droit de la signer?*"

"[The letter coming from the Germans, how can I arrogate to myself the right of signing it?]"

It is true that the signature of M. Chopin, affixed to a manifesto from the German musicians, might strictly have been considered an *arrogation* of a right not invested in his specialty; yet the Germans are very clever in composing waltzes, and here would have been a sympathy of talent if not of blood between M. Chopin and the representatives of Germany; but then, on the other hand, Mendelssohn never wrote either waltzes or mazurkas, which, doubtless, acted as a stimulus to M. Chopin in refusing to affix his signature—for he might reasonably say to the departed musician:—"Si moi, je suis musicien, qu'est ce que tu es, toi?" The resolution of the question would be as difficult as Euclid's most abstruse problem—its consideration as perplexing as the *pons asinorum*. Solomon said, "Even this also is vanity!"

However, the want of M. Chopin's signature has not yet decided the German musicians upon withdrawing the memorial to Madame Mendelssohn. I question, indeed, whether the question of withdrawal will be raised. What a pity that Musard is not a German: he would consent to affix his signature without difficulty; for, in his way, he is an *artist*. There is M. Alkan too, a German pianist—why was he not applied to?

* * * * *

I have seen Meyerbeer on several occasions, and by what I can gather from him I am led to conclude that there is little hope of his coming to any arrangement with the directors of the Opera. Of the *Prophète* or the *Africaine*, I believe, no one entertained the slightest notion, the present means of the *Academie* rendering the possibility of producing works of such great musical importance quite out of the question. But there certainly was an idea of the *Camp of Silesia*, which, although it enjoys a brilliant reputation at Berlin and Vienna, and has long been engraved, Meyerbeer will not allow to be *published* until it has been brought out in Paris. I need hardly say that this is a serious loss to the music-publisher, who has purchased the copyright for Germany; since while he might have sold thousands of copies of the vocal pieces (rendered doubly attractive by the union of the names of Meyerbeer and Jenny Lind), he has only

engrossed the unanimous interest of the house. Grisi came on—the magnificent Grisi—and was received with a burst of applause; but it was not Grisi that monopolized the eager curiosity of the crowd, and albeit many *connoisseurs* could not help remarking how finely Grisi was singing, how gorgeous and handsome Grisi was looking, and how superbly Grisi was acting, it took some time to captivate the attention of the major part of the spectators. At length a sudden and unbroken silence wrapped the entire assembly in its unseen embrace, and indicated that the all-desired moment was at hand; the band played the long symphony which precedes the *contralto* air, “Eccomi al fin in Babilonia,” and, with a tranquil step and modest look, Alboni issued from the *coulisses*, and slowly walked up to the footlights. There was a sudden pause; a feather might have been heard to move; the orchestra, the symphony finished, refrained from proceeding, as though to give time for the enthusiastic reception which was Alboni’s right, and which it was natural to suppose Alboni would receive. But you may imagine my surprise, and the feelings of the renowned *contralto*, when not a hand or a voice was raised to acknowledge her, the dead silence continuing, as in mockery! I could see Alboni tremble—but it was only for an instant. What was the reason of this unanimous disdain, or this unanimous doubt?—call it which you will. She might perhaps guess, but she did not suffer it to perplex her for more than the time during which you might, in moderately quick time, count twenty. Throwing aside the extreme diffidence that marked her *entrée*, and the perturbation that resulted from the frigidity of the spectators, she wound herself up to the condition of fearless independence for which she is constitutionally and morally remarkable, and with a look of superb indifference and conscious power, she commenced the opening of her air. In one minute, the crowd, that but an instant before disdained her, was at her feet! The effect of those luscious tones had never yet failed to touch the heart and rouse the ardour of an audience, educated or uneducated. Nature herself made Alboni’s mouth her trumpet, and when Nature speaks, who can listen and not be moved? Not the audience of the *Italiens*, Parisians, though they be—not they, as was evidenced by the tumult of approbation that succeeded the dumbness of disdain, with the interval of some dozen notes of recitative, that gushed from Alboni’s lips like water from a natural spring, and filled the atmosphere with sweet sound, which, as the fragrance of young flowers, made the pulse beat, the sense quake, and the heart open as a rose that swallows up the dew of heaven. Alboni’s triumph was instantaneous and complete; it was the greater from the moment of anxious uncertainty that prefaced it and made the certainty which succeeded more welcome and delightful. It was as the sudden conversion of a whole populace by some saint whose words are as a miracle! I own that the burst of applause was to my ears as the sweetest music, to my heart as a draught of fresh water to the thirsty Arab of the desert. I felt for Alboni, knowing the particulars of her case, and was enchanted to find all my surmises of opposition to her success vanish away like smoke in the blue sky, as it were by the influence of her very breath. From this instant to the end of the opera, Alboni’s success grew and grew in magnitude, until it expanded into the veritable triumph of a conqueror. During the first act she was twice re-called; during the second act, thrice; she was engored in the air, “In si barbara,” which she delivered with angelic pathos, and in the *cabaletta* of the second duet with Semiramide. But, I shall not tire you with details that are unnecessary, and which, moreover, you will find at length in

the *feuilletons* of the *Debats*, &c.* Suffice it that Alboni’s best friend—nay, that Alboni herself, could not have wished for Alboni a more entire, more dazzling, or more legitimate success.

In respect to Grisi, what can I say that shall convey to you my admiration of her immense talent, never more brilliantly exhibited than on this occasion. It is not to say, she was as young as she was twelve years ago, for she is always young, and has many many years of youth before her; it is not to say, she reminded us of Grisi in the meridian of Grisi’s powers, for Grisi is but now in the meridian of her talent, as of her beauty and her womanhood; the only way in which I can hope to make myself understood is by simply stating that Grisi’s Semiramide, on the night of Alboni’s *debut*, was one of the most wonderful exhibitions of dramatic and vocal excellence I ever witnessed in my life. I never can forget her queenly dignity, her flashing eye, her passionate mouth, her majestic gestures; it was a picture worthy the pencil of a Buanorotti.

The excitement of the audience was intense and unremitting, while Grisi and Alboni were on the stage; during the duets the interest amounted almost to a frenzy; it was as though two gladiators were engaged in a struggle for existence, a Roman crowd looking on, applauding each display of skill or cunning, encouraging and exhilarating the combatants by their cheers. When the two queens had left the scene, not a note of the music could be heard; the audience to a man, were busy, extolling and discerning the merits of the rival mistresses of song; but as one or both of them appeared again, the hum of two thousand voices was gradually hushed into a sigh, which soon died away in the embrace of silence—and then every eye was fixed upon the stage, and every ear drank in the sounds with greedy avidity. Were I to live a hundred years the memory of this evening would be as strong and clear as now; and yet, as you know, with the exception of a few passages, *Semiramide* is not an opera that greatly moves or pleases me; more is the honor to Grisi and Alboni, that I, as the whole crowd, could be so greatly moved and pleased. Coletti was energetic and pains-taking in the part of *Assur*, and sang the duet with Arsace (Alboni), and the *scena* in the second act very cleverly; but his acting was conventional and stiff, and there is something in his voice, which in spite of its power and volume, I cannot like. I am aware that M. Delecluze† of the *Debats* is not of my opinion—but I adhere to it notwithstanding. A tenor, Cellini, moved the risible organs of the audience to manifestations of ungentle hilarity, and the costumes and *mise-en-scene* were justly condemned, as shabby, and for the most part inappropriate. I must mention with praise, however, that useful and zealous artist, Tagliafico, who, in the second bass part, was everything that the most punctilious *connoisseur* could have desired. The band was in better force than usual, and the chorus a little more steady and somewhat less frequently at fault in respect of time and intonation; M. Tilmant (formerly the second to Habeneck at the *Conservatoire* and the *Academie Royale de Musique*) is an excellent conductor, and saved the choral and instrumental band from committing a world of blunders, that without him, or a *chef* of equal talent and experience, would have been inevitable, in such an army of musical Huns and

* We have received some of them, and have rendered them into English, for the edification of our readers.—D. R.

† M. Delecluze has supplied the *feuilletons* on the *Theatre des Italiens* in the *Journal des Debats*, for the last twenty-five years, I am told; he also, occasionally holds forth upon pictures, and is a conscientious, sensible, and cautious, though neither a brilliant nor a forcible writer.

Visigoths; but he cannot get a good *tone* out of an indifferent band, any more than he can make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. I beg pardon—but I think I have used this simile on some previous occasion, in speaking of some other operatic band nearer home; but I can not recal the occasion, or the *apropos de quoi*; perhaps you can jog my memory?*

Among the audience were scions of loyalty, ministers of state, poets, philosophers, and others eminent in letters, painters, sculptors, musicians, &c. &c.—all the beauty, all the rank, all the fashion, all the wit and talent and learning and genius that at this precise period of the year could conveniently be brought together, at the beck of some unusual attraction, within the walls of the *Theatre des Italiens*, one of the handsomest, most commodious, best built, architecturally admirable, and ill-cleansed theatres in the whole metropolis. M. Vatel thinks no more seriously of polishing and renovating this magnificent temple, than of polishing and renovating one of the pig-sties at his country-house on the road to Rouen, he forgets that the *Salle de Ventadour* is (in poetic diction) an *aviary*, not a pig-house, and therefore requires cleansing now and then.

The result of Alboni's success has been that no places can be had for many performances to come, and that the prices asked and given have been absurd, and quite unfair to the public. However, as M. Vatel receives no *subvention*, now, from government, he may be considered at liberty to do as he pleases, and make hay while the sun shines—and it has been chary of its beams of late in his behalf. To this argument I cannot well lay siege, but I may remind M. Vatel that as he treats the public when the public is at his feet, so may the public retort upon him when the position is reversed. He has Alboni with him now, and the public will go and hear Alboni, even though they pay through the nose for it; but when M. Vatel has Alboni no more—and judging from his peculiar method of directing a theatre, such a diminution of his attractions is neither impossible nor improbable—the public might take a *pique* and abandon him altogether; nor could the retort upon him be justly blamed—nothing would be more natural under the circumstances. But with the *Academie Royale de Musique* the case presents a flagrant injustice that cannot be defended. MM. Duponchel and Roqueplan receive from government a *subvention* of 650,000 francs—an enormous sum—the object of which *subvention* is that the institution may be open all the year round, the prices of admission remain unchanged, and the public have access, at moderate terms, to the enjoyment of an elegant and civilising relaxation. But the instant of any great novelty is the signal for the prices being raised to so unreasonable an extent that persons of middling circumstances (the mass of the people) cannot afford to pay them, and the rich and the privileged can alone enjoy the advantage. As examples of this indefensible imposition, of which I have myself been a suffering witness, I may cite the first night since the change of management,† the recent appearance of Alboni at four *concerts*, the *debuts* of Cerito, and the first night of Verdi's *Jerusalem*—on which occasions unexampled prices were demanded, and the intentions of Government, in granting the *subvention*, illegally frustrated and disregarded. This question, I am told, will be shortly mooted in the Chamber, and the *subvention* be withheld, or the conditions involved in its

accordance maintained in their integrity—which is nothing more than should be.

I have not much news to tell you. The representations of *Jerusalem* have been happily suspended, for awhile, owing to the unhappy indisposition of Duprez, who has been writhing in the clutches of the pitiless *grippe*, which, at the present time spares nor man, nor woman, nor child, with rare exceptions. Bettini has understudied Duprez' part, and has already rehearsed it; but it is anticipated that Duprez will not resign it for the present. I should recommend the great little tenor to give it up at once as a bad job, or it will assuredly destroy all the voice that he has left in him; the music of young Verdi is as fatal to the lungs as the east wind, and much use of it is an invariable provocation to *phthisis*. Poor Duprez! I cannot but admire his gallantry in thus obstinately making head against so dire an enemy.

On Friday, Carlotta Grisi, crowned with Belgian laurels, fragrant with Belgian flowers, blushing with Belgian honors—for her month in Brussels has been a veritable feast of triumphs—once more delighted the eyes and the hearts of her numberless admirers in Paris. The *Academie* is Carlotta's palace, where, Queen of Choregraphy, she receives the homage of her subjects, and disburses her smiles and her favors; she is there at home and in her element; the boards upon which she moves seem to court the pressure of her feet, as of some old familiar thing, that long custom has made loveable; she is the very spirit of the place, and charmed, as it were, with the privilege of being *there*, she pounds and dances in the exultation of delight. Nothing better than *Le Diable à Quatre* could have been chosen for her *rentrée*, for there we find Carlotta no less a comedian than a dancer; her comedy, genuine and hearty as her dancing is graceful and natural, and the perfection of art apparent in one as the other. Her reception was enthusiastic and her performance exquisitely beautiful; the spectators were enchanted, and Carlotta, enchanted to enchant, displayed the wonders of her art in a hundred new lights, accomplishing feats never before attempted, and which, if attempted by any other dancer than herself, would no longer be the same thing. In short, I never remember Carlotta Grisi more admirable, or admired her with more sincerity; nor do I recollect, on any previous occasion, a more thorough appreciation of her inimitable talent, or more warm and unanimous demonstrations of satisfaction on the part of any audience in presence of which I have had the pleasure to render homage to her excellence. And, as though in honor of her return, the principal dancers, the *coryphées*, the supernumeraries even to the *rats*, and the orchestral performers, with M. Girard at their head, exhibited more than their ordinary zeal, and realised an *ensemble* of more than ordinary perfection. It is worthy of noting, that, on her appearance, the orchestral performers laid down their instruments and applauded her as though they had formed a portion of the *claque*—a compliment they repeated at the end of her several *pas*; from which it may be deduced that Carlotta Grisi has the art of making herself esteemed and liked behind the curtain, as she has that of winning admiration and applause before it.

The *ballet* was preceded by the eternal *Lucie de Lammermoor*, in which I was pleased to observe the great progress made by Bettini, and was delighted by the fluency and elegance of Mdlle. Nau's vocalisation.

* * * * *

I have been reproached by some persons for the *bitterness* which dictated my observations, last week, *apropos* of M. Chopin and the late Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. Th reproach is unjust; no bitterness gave birth to those remarks,

* We could if we would, but we will not: at this juncture be out of place, and therefore unpolite.—D. R.

† The first night of MM. Duponchel and Roqueplan's management, since the abdication of M. Léon Pillet and the *relache* devoted to the renovation of the theatre.

but respect to the departed master, in whose single person was the concentrated essence of all music, and whose death is as though from now to a century forward were to be a blank in the progress of the art. The musician who fails in respect where respect is so manifestly due—nay, I will go further, the musician who does not merely respect, but revere, worship, idolize the name of Mendelssohn, I do not, I *cannot* consider a worthy follower of his art, and therefore, owing him no respect, I pay him none. Understand well, that I only speak of M. Chopin, *the musician*; of M. Chopin, *the man*, I know nothing, not enjoying the advantage of his acquaintance. If not to admire the music of M. Chopin be proof of a bitter spirit, let me be for ever called “bitter;” I like it not, nor can I like it—it sins against all my notions of the proprieties of art, and presents no *ideal* attraction to my fancy. If to think that M. Chopin forgets himself in not readily paying homage to Mendelssohn—who in comparison to the Polish pianist is as the sun to a spark flickering in a tinder box—and entitles me to the charge of bitterness, once more I am content to be styled “bitter,” and strong in faith, exult in my bitterness. But, gravely, the accusation is absurd; what I said was not bitter, but sweet to all rightly constituted minds;—in confirmation whereof I appeal to MM. Rosenhain, Hallé, Heller, Panofka, Kalkbrenner (Kalkbrenner was not too arrogant to give his name), Pixis, Wolff, and the German musicians in Paris whom they have the honor to represent on so worthy and melancholy an occasion.

* * * * *

I find, on looking over the copies of my letters with which you have been good enough to favor me, several promises, as yet unfulfilled. I owe you, it appears, full details about M. Etienne Arago's comedy, *Les Aristocraties*; about Mad. de Girardin's tragedy, *Cleopatra*; about M. Alfred de Musset's “proverb,” *Un Caprice*; and other matters connected with the *Theatre Francais*. Be it so—I owe you them—and when I have paid you, I shall owe you nothing; but when is to be that “when,” I cannot say at present; but I recommend you to get, and to read when you have gotten, the *feuilletons* of the famous J. J. (Jules Janin, in familiar parlance), which, meritorious as are the comedy, tragedy, and “proverb,” are better, and more readable, and more witty, and more poetic, and more instructive, and more amusingly philosophical than the comedy, tragedy, and “proverb” fastened together—*tria juncta in uno*—and yet I have no wish to under-estimate the comedy, tragedy, and “proverb,” of M. Arago, Mad. de Girardin, and M. de Musset, but merely to rate the *feuilletons* of J. J. as they ought to be rated, i. e., much higher than them all. Where M. de Musset says one good thing, J. J. says six; where Mad. de Girardin says one good thing, J. J. says sixty; and where M. Arago says one good thing, J. J. says six hundred—and all as well placed and apposite, when they are not better placed and more apposite; if this be not six, sixty, and six hundred times as good, then am I no master of multiplication, and J. J. not a man of genius—*q. e., absurdum*—wherefore my argument holds “refutation-tight,” as poor Shelley was wont to say.

Also I must give you an apology in the place of anything more about M. Maillart's *Gastibelza*, which being a dull work I did not go to hear twice, and so have forgotten; eke must you take an excuse instead of a review of *Mount Sinai*, which is a duller, and, though I never promised, I intended to have analysed for your edification. Moreover, about the hotel where lived and wrote Mozart, while in Paris, *Les Quatre fils Aymon*, which I have visited; about the

Morgue which I have seen; about the *Theatre Comié** (which is to be no more a theatre but a show, by order of the Home Authorities), the last work of M. Rosellen—neither of which I have seen or sought to see—and other curious and interesting matters, you must not trouble yourself at all; having nothing to tell, I shall tell you as much and no more.

When you receive this I shall be far hence, in quite another part of the musical world; at what time, if ever, you hear from me again, and where, if anywhere, I am unable now to say. Perhaps it may be from the North. I have only to solicit your forgiveness for having left untold more than ninety-nine hundredths of what I saw and heard in this fair city of Paris, which I quit with keen regret, trusting that Paris will mourn my absence in return. Meanwhile Panofka will occasionally let you have some news; but in case he should fail to do so let me recommend you to M. Le Brun *jeune*, (or, M. Le Jeune *brun*, I forget which,) who, at a supper—given at the *Café* near the *Opera National*, on the *Boulevard du Temple*, by the instigators, movers, makers, and managers of the *Opera National*—worthily represented the *ENGLISH PRESS*, and responding to a toast prepared in compliment to that august body, declared, in a neat speech, that he had come to Paris expressly to furnish the *papers of his country* with a history of the *Opera National's* proceedings; whereupon there ensued much cheering—a cheering I would gladly echo but that I never heard of M. Le Brun *Jeune*, (or, M. Le Jeune *brun*) before. If you want news, however, and Panofka neglects to supply you, apply to M. Le Brun *Jeune*, and I wish you may get it. Good bye, until our next epistolary shake-hand, which I trust may not be on the other side of eternity,—till when, notwithstanding, I am yours. D.

P.S. The account of M. Le Jeune *brun's* speech, and the supper, appeared in the *Corsaire*, a daily journal, enriched by the witty contributions of M. Fiorentino.

* A small place of public entertainment in the *Palais Royal*, a kind of olichinello and conjuring-shop.

A Treatise on the “Affinities” of Gothe,

IN ITS WORLD-HISTORICAL SIGNIFICANCE,

DEVELOPED ACCORDING TO ITS MORAL AND ARTISTICAL VALUE,

Translated from the German of Dr. Heinrich Theodor Röscher, Professor at the Royal Gymnasium at Bromberg.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued from page 771.)

THE ARTIFICIAL COMPOSITION OF “THE AFFINITIES.”

As the appearance of the Architect, by his pure personality, elevated above the contradictions of the heart, produces a beautiful *still* life, in which the precipice on which the principal figures were standing is, for a moment, withdrawn from our view, so does the appearance of Luciana, with all her swarm awoken in us the view of an activity directed only to the froth of life, which also lifts us above the breach in family existence, though not all in the manner in which this is done by the Architect. By Luciana's appearance everything is drawn into the whirlpool of life. The contrast of this violent movement, of this ceaseless change of enjoyments and gratifications of momentary whims, with the mind of Ottilia, which, naturally enough, is thus painfully affected, and forced back into itself, is the more striking, the less directly it is expressed by the poet, who has only shown it in its effects.

As the presence of the Architect awakened Ottilia to reflections, in which we often follow the thread of the conversation with that sensible man, and which we recognize as having proceeded directly from a mental contact with him, so, also, does Luciana's presence becoming the cause for noting down thoughts in the diary. These have arisen exactly from the necessity of collecting the mind, which has been destroyed by the confusion created by Luciana, and therefore have for their root a tendency to return from the immeasure-

ability of worldly pursuits into the supersensual region of thought, and thus to acquire a substance and a counterpoise to the billows of the day. In the single expressions the negative relation is to be perceived definitely enough. During the residence of Luciana at the castle, the Architect is Ottilia's only consolation, and as he had already, for a short time, freed her from her pain by his artistical activity, so now, by his tender attachment and attention to Ottilia, does he heal the painful sensation to which her heart is hourly exposed by a contact with Luciana. As for the peculiarity of Luciana's character and inclinations, we have only to refer to the complete description in the second chapter.

Little as Ottilia comes into the foreground, during Luciana's residence at the castle, still she vividly arrests our attention. We again discern the great beauty and art of the poet in this fact, that even amid the boisterous vivacity of Luciana's pursuits, he always unobservedly brings our glance back to Ottilia, who, in connection with the Architect, seems like the mystical background of the various groups, which are commingled before our eyes; and, as man always, from a lawless confused movement longs, for a point of rest, so do we, during the pursuits of Luciana, always return joyously to Ottilia, who again conducts us to clearness, and at the sight of whom we again collect our scattered senses.

The Architect, who lived for Ottilia, took leave of the house in which he had passed such happy hours, by the *tableau*, in which Ottilia, raised to a queen of heaven by her beauty and soulful expression, was to shine in this form, and spread her beams on all around. The description of this living picture and of this festal moment, has a special charm in the development, beyond the manner in which it is set forth by the poet. At the sight of Ottilia as the Madonna, the thought of a contradiction between her appearance and her state of mind, is awakened both in herself and in us. Ottilia unconsciously entangled in the natural force of immoral feeling, here appears as the pure blessed Virgin, elevated above all earthly discord. She herself, if not in a developed form, is aware of this contradiction, and—which is highly significant—just at the sight of the Assistant (teacher), who had educated her, to whom her soul had always been open, and in whose presence at this very moment she was perfectly conscious, whilst a great growth had been matured in her, since she previously saw him. Here too the whole æsthetical effect rests upon a mild contrast, which connects us with the whole past, while, at the same time, it reveals to us a foreboding future. The same opposition of moral freedom and necessity is, though in another form, again brought forward, and the scattered threads are again collected in the most subtle manner.

On the occasion of the Architect's appearance we remarked that every important man, who appears in a circle, will always exert an influence upon it. If it is a circle of ladies which he enters, he will so rule it as to call forth and conduct the whole course of conversation and activity. Thus the Architect's appearance gave the whole circle an artistical tendency, and directed all the attention to the region of art. Thus, on the occasion of the Assistant's visit, the conversation and sympathies are directed towards instruction, education, and particularly to the understanding of the different destination and duties of the two sexes. By these conversations, which lay claim to a higher nature, we are, as with the Architect, lifted above the contradiction and internal breach of family life, which has gone on gathering strength in the hearts of the personages, and we feel, in a certain measure, satisfied.

But, while occupied with this internal relation, we ought not to overlook the external thread by which the appearance of the Assistant is connected with the whole. We learn, that being moved by his own inclination and sensible reflections, and urged by the Baroness, he has undertaken the journey for the sake of gaining Ottilia's hand, but that he is always prevented by a certain timidity from paying his court. This timidity does not lie wholly in his natural bashfulness, but in the deportment of Ottilia, which involuntarily speaks to him, and in which, though he finds her altered greatly to her advantage, he sees impressed the effects of a destiny, which has rendered an approach on his part perfectly impossible. The Assistant's offer to take Ottilia back to the school for some time, that the defects in her knowledge may be supplied, forms indeed a strong contrast to the education which a heavy calamity has given to Ottilia. For her, the whole universe is absorbed in

love for Edward, and all instruction from any other source, and which is beyond the power of her enjoyment, appears but meagre and trivial. The desire to place one who has been matured by the most consuming pains of love in the class of uneducated novices, appears to us—although the proposition was kindly meant—as a cruelty, which gives no little pain to Ottilia. Thus, here again in a simple way (the reverse of far-fetched), does the poet afford us a glance into the deep wound, from which Ottilia ever bleeds, and which has gathered strength amid all the successive positions and changing excitements.

By the birth of the child, which owes its existence to the immoral embraces of that eventful night, in which the natural force of feeling first exercised its mastery over moral freedom, the threads of the main action are again gathered together. Our glance, extended by so many mental treasures being spread out is by this occurrence again contrasted. The delusion of Mittler, who sees in the event the removal of all the perplexities hitherto felt, the solemnization of the christening, which first shows Ottilia the strangest agreement between her own eyes, and those of the child, the death of the old pastor, which immediately follows the solemnity, the suffering of Ottilia, which goes on increasing to a boundless extent, and in which she longs for death—all this together forms a picture so full of foreboding, that we discover in it the traces of a glowing fate, which cannot much longer defer its perfect revelation.

While our deeply moved mind is thus again directed to a narrow circle, and all the threads are woven into a gloomy web, this is suddenly illumined by a light, which allows the fundamental colors to appear conspicuously, and in which the spectators objectively perceive their own interior. We mean the episode that is introduced before the development of the catastrophe.

(To be continued).

. To prevent misunderstanding, it may be stated that the copyright of the translation belongs solely to the translator.

SONNET.

No. LXIII.

Oh would'st thou—would'st thou have that time gain,
When ev'ry day was by its anguish known;
Each moment had a sorrow of its own,
Diff'ring by greater or by lesser pain?—
That time of aching heart and madden'd brain,
When ev'ry energy was overthrown;
When o'er the soul's waste transient joys were strewn,
Like with'ring flowrets on a desert plain.
Thou call'st me cold;—the anguish that would creep
Athwart my brow has now that brow forsaken;
Thou call'st me cold, that from their magic sleep,
The pains of other days I do not waken;
Thou call'st me cold, that in a whirlpool deep
I plung'd thy grief and mine!—Thou art mistaken.

N. D

ALBONI AT THE OPERA ITALIEN.

As a pendant to our extracts from the French criticisms on Alboni's *debut* at the *Academie Royale de Musique* in Paris, we subjoin some more *apropos* of the celebrated *contralto's* recent triumph on the boards of the *Opera Italien*. The following article, from the pen of M. Delecluze, a veteran of the French press, appeared in the *feuilleton* of the *Journal des Debats*:—

DEBUT OF MADEIRA ALBONI IN "SEMIRAMIDE."

There is something powerful and tenacious in the Italian nature, which supports in those born beyond the mountains an energetic hope, the kindling warmth of which prolongs youth to an advanced period of life. This, which may be predicated of individuals, is applicable also to the whole nation; and of all countries where civilization has deeply penetrated, Italy is the one in which a distaste for life more rarely manifests itself. A man *blasé*, or *used up*, is hardly known amongst them, and indeed the word has no synonyme in the Italian tongue.

The éclat and puissance of this eternal youth struck all who assisted at the splendid performance of *Semiramide*, in which Madlle. Alboni debuted in the Italian Theatre at Paris. Here

one might observe and compare, on one side, the youthful *cantatrice* who had already joined the completion of art to the results of an organization on which nature had lavished all her wealth; and on the others, all the juvenile *verve* of a virtuoso who has obtained universal favoritism for so many years in the same theatre, and in the same city.

Madame Grisi never in her life sang more magnificently than she did in *Semiramide* on Thursday last. With that grand and gracious manner, which is peculiar to her, she seems better adapted to personate *roles* like that of the Babylonian Queen, than any artiste of our times, and her performance, at all times surpassingly great, has never been surpassed on this occasion. Arsace, it is known, does not appear until the third or fourth scene of the opera, and it was nothing more than natural that the liveliest impatience should prevail among the audience for the entrance of the debutante: nevertheless, from the moment that *Semiramide* came on the stage, and as soon as Grisi and Coletti commenced singing, the public, delighted with the two artistes, soon perceived that the representation was grand and imposing, and that it was necessary to attend to it equally in every part. In effect, so early in the opera as this scene, the spectators had been roused to enthusiasm by the singing of Grisi and Coletti, and the performance in general, and were disposed to accord that profound and willing attention which brings out the talent of the artiste to its greatest power, and makes the public capable of judging.

At last the *ritournelle* of the aria "Eccomi alfin in Babilonia" was heard, all eyes were anxiously turned towards the side-wing from whence Alboni was to appear. The question mooted at Paris after the splendid performances of Alboni at the concerts of the Royal Academy of Music was soon solved: the young *cantatrice* appeared, and at once established herself as a great dramatic artiste, preserving all through a noble simplicity in her attitudes and gestures.

Although the talent of the debutante was known by the greatest number of amateurs who were present at the Theatre-Italiens on Thursday, Madlle. Alboni did not obtain that enthusiastic greeting which might have been expected. The reception was cold and cheerless, the applause, which was little, did not continue long, attention and curiosity seemed to absorb every other feeling, and an absolute silence prevailed. To this silence succeeded demonstrations of delight and rapture after the few first bars of the opening aria, which increased to the end, and then broke forth into a unanimous and enthusiastic shout of applause which endured for several minutes. Alboni had incontrovertibly shown that not only could she entrance her hearers by singing in a concert-room, but that her talent was more importantly developed when applied to the art lyric and dramatic in conjunction.

The quality of Madlle. Alboni's voice is well known in the musical world of Europe; I shall find it unnecessary, therefore, to enter minutely into the peculiar advantages of this faculty, which the *cantatrice*, although so very young, appears to have submitted to the most arduous exercise and study demanded by the art of singing. I shall merely observe that Madlle. Alboni's voice, so pure, so sweet, and so resonant; which includes the highest notes of the soprano, and the lowest notes of the contralto, provides in its effects a marvellous variety which she uses with singular effect. With regard to its agility and flexibility, it is such, and the results are so rapid and pure, that one can have no idea of the least effort on the part of the singer. Agility is a quality essential to the voice of a vocalist, because the more rapid and facile is the execution, the more it evidences capacity and largeness of design. In every art ornaments are indispensable to give true value to large masses: so that a song entirely stripped of *floriture*, is like an edifice upon the surface of which there is not even imposed a cornice. The art of adorning song Madlle. Alboni possesses in the highest degree. As this artiste surmounts with incredible ease all the difficulties of vocalisation, so she employs them without any parade; for which reason her singing, although extremely ornamented, when one considers it attentively, appears, and is in reality, of a large design, when you deliver yourself naturally to the pleasure of hearing her. As to her method, it is most admirable, and partakes of the true Italian method, such as has been transmitted to us by Crescentini, Fodor, Pasta, Rubini, Grisi, Brambilla, and Tamburini. By this method the singer is taught to take breath at the exactest moment; to be

frugal in the use of the full power of the voice, to phrase eloquently to subordinate the ornaments to the *ensemble*, to observe the *nuances* religiously, and by these means to join unity and harmony of execution in a musical composition, instead of seeking to draw attention at all times to himself. This discretion, indispensable to a true vocalist, which induces him to forego the transient importance which may be allowed sometimes to prevail with the inferior personages of a drama, is one of the rarest qualities which distinguishes the great artiste. Madlle. Alboni possesses it in a singular degree, as she fully and satisfactorily demonstrated when singing her part in the grand *morceau d'ensemble* at the foot of the queen's throne.

As the young *cantatrice* had heretofore been heard in Paris at the concerts of the Opera only, she excited the liveliest sensation on Thursday last by the manner in which she gave the recitatives, and by the expression, I shall not say dramatic, because it is a word of late sufficiently abused, but true, simple, and profoundly sympathetic, she infused into Rossini's exquisite music. This young artiste, who attitudinizes so little, seems to throw her entire soul into her singing; and then her accents penetrate deeply into the hearts of those to whom music is a veritable language.

It were fruitless for me to endeavour to draw the attention of the audience, and the extreme delight with which the opera was heard throughout; for though that must be mainly attributed to the superiority of talent exhibited by Madlle. Alboni, it must be acknowledged that the excellence of the representation of Thursday night was also due to the remarkable manner in which Grisi and Coletti sang their portions of the music. The two duos (for that in the first act between *Semiramide* and Arsace has been restored) were received with uproarious demonstrations, and were encored. The grand duo of the second act, sung by Grisi and Coletti, and the aria before the tomb, which displayed the power of the last singer's voice to much advantage, were given with great effect. It was in the *cavatina*s belonging to the part of Arsace, that the public especially recognised the talent of Alboni, since singing alone, the best opportunity of judging was given, and it was then only they could fully appreciate the indefinable charm of her voice, her astonishing flexibility, and the simple and large character she throws around her singing.

Italy is decidedly the country of vocal music; throats appear to be organised there as they are nowhere else; the method of singing is good, and has been for more than two centuries, and all the pupils profit thereby. Nevertheless, despite the uniformity which would seem necessarily to result from the same elementary studies, all the true singers who come from beyond the mountains, although belonging to an identical school, have each a distinguishing characteristic. Old amateurs, doubtless, have not lost recollection of Mesdames Stranassachi, Barilli, Festa, Correa, Fodor, Pasta, Grassini, Monbelli, while they may yet hear Grisi, Persiani, Brambilla, and others; but when one compares the very different impressions produced by the talent peculiar to each of these vocalists, all, however, issuing from the same school, he will feel less astonished that Alboni, armed with the same traditional method, should suddenly appear in a light perfectly original, and replete with a charm and a grace altogether her own. It is the peculiar advantage of schools founded on the best principles, that they provide unity in the material exercise of the art, without destroying the development of those qualities proper to the individual who practices them, and that, in other respects, they are favorable to talent on a large scale, but are ruinous to mediocrity.

The engagement of Madlle. Alboni at the Theatre Italien has already produced, and will certainly produce many serious necessary revolutions, that, for example, of reanimating the sacred fire in the hearts of artistes, and of leading to the production of other operas in the same style of perfection as the *Semiramide*. Besides, as one may easily perceive that Madlle. Alboni produces the greatest effects without forcing her voice, or straining her attitudes, the public as well as the artistes will draw from thence this conclusion, that, most indubitably, to scream is not to sing, and that there is no need of giving *tours de reins* upon the stage to become dramatic. Still further, the presence of Madlle. Alboni will preserve us from the ennui of hearing certain blustering operas, which tear to pieces the singers' voices, and will restore to us works such as *Tancredi*, *La Gazza Ladra*, *Cenerentola*, and *La Donna del Lago*.

To these advantages *in futuro*, which we shall owe to the new debutante, may be added that of having awoke the attention of the auditories of the Theatre Ventadour, which, as it were, had slumbered for some time. **DELECLUZE.**

The humorous *Charivari*, in a moment of unusual gravity, delivers itself in the following terms:—

DEBUT OF MADLLE. ALBONI in "SEMIRAMIDE."

Every thing has already been said, that can be said, about the voice of this celebrated singer—about this Rothschild, who possesses so extraordinary an accumulation of vocal richness. The Opera and the Theatre Italien disputed the possession of the marvellous *contralto* of Alboni, *et cela conçoit*.

It was worth at least a *Sunderbund* war. M. Vatel at last carried her off. At the concerts of La Rue Lepelletier we had but the quality, flexibility, and extraordinary compass of her vocal organ to appreciate; last night her lyrical debut proved that Alboni has not only natural gifts but exquisite taste, and an excellent method. She invested the part of Arsace with new and charming features portrayed with an *aplomb* that announced a talent that could rely on its own merits; dramatic excellence she possesses in a remarkable degree. The duet of the *Barbiere*, and "La Brindisi," from *Lucrezia Borgia*, however, which she sang with so much dash at the Opera, makes us think that music of that class suits her even more than that of a serious character. Her *contralto* notes are splendid, and would produce even more effect were she to be less prodigal of them. The success of Alboni was rapturous; she will be the cause of the revival of the old *repertoire* of the *Theatre Italien*.

Madame Grisi, reanimated by the companionship of the debutante, came out with all the splendour and talent of her best days. The result of this rivalry between two superior vocalists on the ground of the divine score of the *maitre des maitres*, was one of those rare evenings that will remain for a long time in the memories of the dilettanti.

The not less humorous rival of the humorous *Charivari*, *Le Corsaire*, equally in a moment of gravity, expresses itself thus:—

ITALIENS—SEMIRAMIDE. DEBUT OF MADLLE ALBONI.

We will give an account in a few words of this brilliant event. Alboni was admirable from beginning to the end of the part of Arsace. She was received with immense enthusiasm; the air *In si barbara Sciagura* was encored, and certainly we never heard anything in France so exquisite and splendid as the duo in the second act between Alboni and Grisi. Grisi sung wondrously, and appeared as if she was singing at the Italiens for the first time. How beautiful, grand, and terrible she was in the magnificent character of the Mother and the Queen. What brilliancy, freshness, grace and energy she displayed. She was interrupted nearly every moment—at every phrase by the bursts of admiration that escaped from the audience; Grisi will never forget that evening. Never did she appear younger—never more magnificent. What efforts have there not been made to drag *La Diva* from her starry throne. Neither rivals, intrigues, dark plots, gross falsehoods—indeed nothing has been left undone to effect it: but let them work and let them talk, La Grisi will always be La Grisi; one look, one gesture, one glance from her and the public are at her feet. Coletti was worthy of being associated with Grisi and Alboni, we can say nothing more flattering to this excellent artiste. There must, however, always be something to mar the efforts of the unfortunate theatre. The tenor was laughed at; the chorus-singers were laughed at; the immense *coquetiers* worn by the grotesque Assyrians, caused roars of laughter. But the public were so contented, so enchanted, that they did not make themselves unhappy about it, and we will do as the public did.

One of the oldest of the Parisian musical journals, *Le Menestrel*, offers the following appropriate apostrophe on the occasion:—

ALBONI AT THE ITALIENS.

If, as wicked tongues affirm, it be true that M. Vatel, after the example of good old Homer, has slept sometimes since the opening of the season, it must be allowed that he has been roused from his

somnolency by a *coup d'ecart*. At the moment when it was matter of the most violent disputation, whether Alboni would or would not appear on the stage of the Opera, the report was spread abroad that she had been engaged at the Italiens; some days afterwards the testimony of the *affiche* made a reality of the report; and finally, on the day appointed, the great *cantatrice* débüté at the Ventadour in the role of Arsace in *Semiramide*. Received on her entrance with an anxious silence, Alboni had no sooner uttered the first notes of the recitative, "Eccomi al fin in Babilonia," than the whole theatre resounded with applauses, and the success of the artiste increased from thence to the end of the representation.

Although we have previously made mention of Alboni in this journal, on the occasion of her first appearance at the Royal Academy of Music, we must take leave to return to the subject a second time, since so great a talent cannot be studied with too much attention, nor made known in too much detail.

Mademoiselle Alboni, is, perhaps, the most rarely and richly-gifted singer we have ever heard. She sings with so much facility, so much abstraction, so much pleasure, that melody seems her natural element, as to each one of us the air which he respires. In listening to her, one might be tempted to believe that study had nothing whatever to do with the management of her organ and that she came into the world trilling, cooing, and sighing like a bird. The voice of Alboni embraces an extent of notes of two octaves and a half, from E flat to C sharp. She unites, then, the two registers of *contralto* and *soprano*. Nevertheless, by the nature of the quality of the voice, by the position of the *cantilene*, and, above all, by the fullness of the lower notes, it enters more particularly into the category of the *contralto*; it is there it holds its true domain, its centre of effects, and its power of action. How is it possible, by any words, to describe this organ, so pure, so vibrating, so limpid, so full of éclat and emotion, which has the freshness and softness of youth, which insinuates itself into the heart by accents of a delicious tenderness, which speaks to the soul a language fraught with the noblest and loftiest sentiments. And then her method and her style,—was ever anything more perfect or more exquisite? Here you perceive neither affectation, nor sacrifices to bad taste, nor jugglery, nor any of those *ficelle* which moderate singers call to their aid, but, on the contrary, a frankness, and as it were, an ideal loyalty; an expression by turns dignified and gracious; a firmness of articulation and a roundness of finish which one might compare to a steel engraving; an agility and a flexibility of vocalising which makes one dream of pearls of gold rolling in a crystal basin.

And yet is not this dazzling sun free from spots. The imperfection of all things earthly is not exceptional in Alboni's case. To a countenance extremely sweet and interesting, she presents a figure *brusque* and somewhat inclined to the *embonpoint*; but in her acting she rarely fails in energy, and does not fail to be able to realise the spontaneous cries, those *élans* of passion which move and electrify an entire audience. It is by means of these also that Grisi can advantageously struggle against her new rival, and maintain, even alongside of her, the same proud height in the sympathies of the public. The inimitable Queen of Babylon, moreover, sang with a care, and willingness, and a facility which entitled her to the greatest praises, all other species of merit apart.

Alboni was quite perfect in her first cavatina: she was scarcely less effective in her duo with Assur. This was not altogether her style. The magnificent duo between *Semiramide* and *Arsace* (usually omitted) afforded each of the vocalists an occasion for a splendid triumph; the scena in the crowning scene was given in a most wonderful manner by Alboni, and finally the second duo with Grisi, "Ebben a te Ferisce," presented a *chef-d'œuvre* of delicacy and perfection in ensemble singing—such as has rarely been heard: you might have fancied that a single voice had interpreted these inextricable musical arabesques. The last part of this duo, and the cantabile of the second air were encored with the greatest enthusiasm. Alboni was recalled at the fall of the curtain and cheered immensely from all parts of the house. We must not forget Coletti, who, in the part of Assur received considerable applause from his large manner of acting, and his dramatic style.

The management, it is said, intends giving four representations of *Semiramide*, and afterwards—what a fertile mine for the director to work in—to bring out *La Donna del Lago*, *Cenerentola*

L'Italiana, &c. &c., the most dazzling jewels which form the dazzling crown of Alboni. E. VIEL.

Next week we shall pursue our extracts; meanwhile, for further particulars we must refer the reader to the letter of our Paris correspondent.

OPERATIC STARS.

NO. IV.—TAMBURINI.

In the year 1833, Antonio Tamburini, preceded by a great continental reputation, debuted as Dandini in *Cenerentola*, and established himself at once as one of the finest florid barytones ever heard in this country, and one of the most delightful comic actors ever seen on any stage. His reception was tremendous. He was called at the end of the first act, and at the fall of the curtain was led on by Donzelli, who played Ramirio, to receive the uproarious manifestations of the audience. It caused no small merriment among the spectators at witnessing one gentleman leading on another; but the ruse was admissible, as Tamburini was a *debutante*, young, and had been playing in comedy. The extraordinary flexibility of the new artist's voice was, however, not its chief recommendation; the quality was rich, round, and sympathetic, and the tones were exquisitely modulated to every variety of feeling. Tamburini's appearance was immensely in his favour. His face immediately attracted the beholder as possessing great manly beauty, together with much expressiveness. His hair, worn short, almost in a crop, showed his well-shaped forehead to peculiar advantage, and gave a classical appearance to the head. The ease and grace of his gestures were no less admired, while his figure was universally pronounced well-proportioned and elegant. With such attractions and accomplishments, Tamburini could not fail of rising immediately into the greatest favoritism. But the public had as yet only witnessed the artist in his lightest colours. So great a comic actor could hardly be supposed to be equally the great tragedian. No sooner, however, had Tamburini appeared in a serious part, than that line of acting was pronounced to be his forte. His fame was henceforward firmly established, and he was elevated to the highest niche in the temple of art. From 1833 to 1841, he maintained his position at the London Italian Opera without a rival, increasing yearly in popularity, and was only superseded by the ill-considered policy of the management, joined to the now well-known malicious workings of certain members of the establishment, who, for their own private ends, and envying him his proud position, after ceaseless efforts, at length undermined him, and had him dismissed from the company of which he constituted, for so many years, one of its most signal ornaments. But this did not occur without the most strenuous interference on the part of the public. In 1840, Tamburini came to London without an engagement at the Opera. Signor Coletti, the celebrated barytone, who last season occupied the highest position at Her Majesty's Theatre, supplied his place. The artist was favorably received, but was found so much the inferior of his predecessor in every respect, that the subscribers and the public in general took umbrage, and loudly demanded the reinstatement of their favorite. The Tamburini row is matter of operatic history. The manager could not contend against so much unanimity and determination on the part of his audience, and, after a struggle which endured for several nights, he came forward, and announced the re-engagement of Tamburini. Never shall we forget the scene we witnessed on that night. I few mistake not, the opera was *Puritani*, and Coletti, who

assumed Tamburini's celebrated part, Ricciardo, was listened to, throughout his performance, with the greatest respect, but also with the greatest coldness. But no sooner had the curtain fallen on the opera, than loud voices were heard from all parts of the theatre calling for "Tamburini." There could be no mistake about the feeling of the house. Boxes, stalls, pit, and gallery were all on one side. The tumult continued to increase for upwards of a quarter of an hour, till at last the noise became deafening. At length, Laporte appeared, and was received with yells, hisses, threats, and every possible demonstration of disapproval an excited multitude could display. The manager bowed before the storm, and stood exposed to the elemental din for several minutes, endeavouring in vain to make his voice audible amid the roar of the human tempest. An opportunity of being heard was at last afforded him, and in a lull of the hurricane, he shouted out at the top of his voice:—"Ladies and gentlemen, Signor Tamburini is engaged, and will appear on Thursday." Instantaneously from the mouths of the immense assemblage, as if by word of command, there issued a shriek of triumph that scared the very cab-horses in the Haymarket, and threatened dilapidation to the walls of Her Majesty's Theatre. Roar after roar succeeded, broken like waves, to be created again from their own disruption; on every side was

A wide sea of waving kerchiefs seen,
Hats flung aloft, and hands in transport keen;

in short, a more maddened audience was never before witnessed inside a theatre. But the demonstration did not rest with shouts of triumph, and such common manifestations of enthusiasm. No sooner had the manager announced the unexpected engagement of Tamburini, than the two omnibus boxes, the occupants of which had been among the most indefatigable supporters of the ex-artiste, disgorged their royal and noble contents upon the stage, and these, being joined by others from the neighbouring boxes and stalls, they all threw up their hats, and cried, "Viva, Tamburini;" thus, as it were, taking the managerial position by storm, and planting their standard on the citadel. Tamburini was engaged, and Coletti appeared no more during the season. It must be owned that this was hardly fair to the latter very clever artist; but the manager was entirely to blame for engaging one quite incompetent to fill the high place left vacant by Tamburini, whose immense and splendid triumphs were so fresh in the minds of the public. Not wishing to imbroil himself in further disputations, and seeing, perhaps, that the manager was not very amicably disposed towards him, Tamburini kept away from England, and did not return to this country, until recalled by last year's engagement to the Royal Italian Opera. But the public had not forgotten their old and time-honored favorite. The reception accorded to him on his first appearance last season, was so great as almost to move him to tears; and though his voice had lost a portion of its fluidity and some of its quality, enough of the splendid vocalist and great artist remained to render his season one of the brightest in his brilliant career.

It is worth while examining the causes that led to Tamburini's great popularity—a popularity unapproached since the days of Ambrogetti—and which certainly no other barytone obtained since his time. Tamburini's voice, independent of his powers as an actor, could hardly have won for him a great reputation. It is confined in the upper register, that is in comparison with many modern barytones, and all the high notes are formed from the head. A want of power is also manifest beyond the D. The middle voice is round, sonorous,

and sympathetic—the latter term seeming to us admirably adapted to express the peculiar quality of Tamburini's voice. The lower toes are also round and full, but not very powerful. The flexibility of the artist's organ is proverbial, and there is hardly a passage written for an instrument which it could not master with ease. This remarkable facility of executing is of the greatest utility in comic opera, especially to a barytone, and is absolutely indispensable in the interpretation of Rossini's music. It was in Rossini's operas that Tamburini first made his reputation, and in the delineation of the chief parts of these to the present moment he stands unrivalled. Among his principal characters in this master's works we may name Figaro in *Barbiere*, Dandini in *Cenerentola*, the father in the *Gazza Ladra*, Assur in *Semiramide*, Maometto in *Maometto Secondo*, Iago in *Otello*, &c. Tamburini's reputation was established in Italy while a mere boy. Before his voice broke it was a treble of marvellous quality, power, and flexibility; and he frequently appeared in female characters on the stage at Naples, Sicily, and other places with the greatest effects. It was thus that he imbibed a love for his art from his very infancy, and by such early indoctrination arrived at that perfection which subsequently elevated him among the greatest vocalists of the day. But not in Rossini's music alone, or in that of the florid school, has Tamburini proved himself the consummate artists. Without one moment's hesitation we pronounce him the most conscientious interpreter of Mozart's music of any Italian singer we ever heard. Though possessed of that marvellous flexibility, which seems eternally tempting the vocalist to play the truant, and though he does indeed play the truant with the scores of other composers at times, Tamburini never alters a note of Mozart's, and never interpolates a note more than the composer sets down. This is very high merit, and exhibits the great taste and great judgment of the singer. As he is the most conscientious interpreter of Mozart's music, so also is he the most admirable delineator of some of the principal personages in the works of that composer. His Don Giovanni is undoubtedly his greatest part, and may stand comparison with any performance ever seen on the Italian stage. Of his serious characters, if we were to judge by the effect produced on the audience, we should pronounce his Father, in Pär's *Agnese* to be his best. His performance in the mad scene in this opera, when it was produced in the first, or second year of his London engagement, was so fearfully real, that several ladies were carried out fainting every night it was played, and the representation was withdrawn *because the artist was too successful*. This is within the recollection of all the old Opera frequenters. Several composers have written operas, and special parts in operas for Tamburini, among others Bellini, Donizetti, Mercadante, Pacini, Balfe, Costa, &c., &c. We have only to add that in his private career no vocalist was ever more beloved and respected than Tamburini, and that if his high abilities entitled him to be called a GREAT ARTIST, his unquestionable worth entitles him to the prouder appellation of a GOOD MAN.

MISS BIRCH AND THE ACADEMIE ROYALE.

The following letter has reached us from our Paris Correspondent; we hasten to publish it, as a matter of justice to our readers and ourselves, no less than to him:—

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I was greatly astonished at reading in *Galignani's Messenger* a letter (which I enclose) signed C. A. Birch. As the subject cannot be agreeable to the young lady, and I do not wish to hurt her feelings, I shall confine my observations to the following:—The contents of the letter are—to use a French term from the vocabulary of *politesse*—

incorrect; every word I wrote to you on the subject was *perfectly true*; the correspondent of the *Illustrated London News* and *The Britannia* wrote to those journals, to the same purport, in terms as ill more forcible than mine. The conclusion I arrive at is that the letter signed C. A. Birch is a *hoax*, or that Miss Birch shows very little gratitude for persons who readily sacrificed themselves in her quarrel, and interfered for her sake, and to their own loss, in matters which did not concern them. I cannot believe that the letter, supposing it *not* to be a hoax, came from Miss Birch spontaneously; but whoever advised her to write it, admitting *that she did* write it, was a very unwise counsellor, and whoever wrote the letter was a very ill letter writer. I need say no more to you on the matter; you know me well enough to have the fullest confidence in the truth and sincerity of what I write to you. And here let the subject drop, with a proviso that if it be further mooted I shall not hesitate to publish the whole particulars, without deference to anybody. My honour is at stake in this matter, and you will not be backward in affording me (if occasion demand it) the means of vindicating.

Paris, Dec. 5, 1847.

YOUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

We place the fullest confidence in our correspondent, and have reason to *know* that his statement is in every particular correct. In publishing the letter signed C. A. Birch, we leave it to the strength of its own argument, the most unkindly office we could render it. Meantime, we entertain the highest respect for Miss Birch, and regret to find her placed by injudicious, though, perhaps, well-meaning friends, in a false position. Below is the letter from *Galignani*:—

SIR,—Will you allow me to offer some explanation to the public on the subject of my journey to France, and of my sudden return to London, without having made my *debut* at l'Académie Royale. I have no complaint to make of the directors of that theatre, as your readers may have been led to believe. On the contrary, they did their utmost to assist me to a success, and to encourage me in the hope that I should obtain one. They placed me under the care of the best masters for accent, &c. I need but mention MM. Duprez, Michelot, and Emanuel Garcia. I had a full rehearsal of the part of Mathilde, in *Guillaume Tell*, with orchestra and chorus, after which I received the most flattering encouragement, and my *debut* was fixed for the 22d of this month, of which I received official notification. It was on the receipt of this, that yielding to the fear of which I am about to explain the cause, I took the resolution of coming suddenly to London, instead of staying to make my *debut*. An insurmountable terror had taken possession of me on account of the imperfection of my French pronunciation. I had been aware, at the general rehearsal of *Guillaume Tell*, of smiles and *jeux de mots* at certain passages; at that, for instance, which I thought I had pronounced accurately, "Mon cœur n'a pas trompé mes yeux," there was open laughter, and I heard people repeating the phrase made into a parody by my defective pronunciation—"Mon cœur n'a pas trompé Messieurs." You can imagine with what alarm I was seized on finding how easy it was for a public, so fond of a joke as the public of Paris, which makes game of everything, including itself, to find in my accent a perpetual subject of pleasantry. I then felt the enormous difficulty of my task, and I have shrunk back from it, as, indeed, Madlle. Jenny Lind (to whom, certainly, I have not the pretension of comparing myself) did, when she refused the engagement offered her in London by M. Duponchel, and, more recently, Madlle. Alboni. The latter lady has sung four times in Italian on the stage of l'Académie Royale with extraordinary success, but in spite of this advantage, no temptation could induce her to sing there in French. Under these circumstances, I have renounced the attempt to do what Madlle. Jenny Lind and Madlle. Alboni believed to be beyond their powers. I think in so doing I have acted with prudence, and I hope that MM. the directors of the French Opera, giving me credit for my motives, will hold me excused from the promise I had given them. Such, Sir, is the reason of my refusing to *debuter* at the French Opera, when the formal notification was sent to me, rendering it incumbent on my part to beg you to correct the statements which have appeared in some English papers, where it has been said that the Parisian directors had not treated me in a generous or courteous manner. I venture to hope that, after this simple explanation, the public of London, no less than that of Paris, will find what I have done only reasonable and natural.—I am, sir, your obedient, &c.,

C. A. BIRCH.

We abstain with pleasure from further comment, but cannot help adding that the letter is without exception the funniest we ever read.

P.S. The letter is published in *Galignani's* as "from the London journals;" but the only papers it appeared in were

the *Morning Post* and the *Observer*!! In the latter some remarks were added by the editor, on which we shall, perhaps, find it necessary to comment by and bye. It may not be generally known that the managers, who treated Miss Birch so very handsomely, have issued proceedings against her in the French courts, and recovered damages to the amount of 30,000 francs.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

M. JULLIEN commenced his first campaign as manager of a theatre, on Monday night, under highly favourable auspices. The first conditions of opera, strictly interpreted—a complete and brilliant orchestra, a numerous and efficient chorus, an accomplished *chef d'orchestre*, and good principal singers—were all supplied, whereby the pledges involved in the director's prospectus were honourably fulfilled. The absence of novelty in the opera selected for performance was balanced by the almost entire novelty of the performers, the chief of whom were wholly unknown previously on the English stage. The *prima donna*, Madame Dorus Gras, had never before sung in English opera, or in the English tongue, and had only studied our language within the last few months to render her fit for the Grand Opera at Drury Lane. Mr. Sims Reeves was unknown, or more properly, unremembered on the English stage, and those who did recal the novice of 1842 shook their heads, and doubted his continental reputation. Mr. H. Whitworth was in the like predicament as Mr. Reeves, and was entirely unknown to more than nine-tenths of the audience. Besides these, there were other unknowns, and in short, with the exception of Mr. Weiss, all the principal artists were strangers to the boards of Drury Lane. Thus the greatest curiosity was excited respecting M. Jullien's company, and various were the opinions murmured as to the future position of the new English Opera. Let us now say a few words of the principal artists separately.

Madame Dorus Gras had for many years been one of our most celebrated concert singers, and had won for herself, in that line of the musical profession, a considerable reputation. The part chosen by the fair *cantatrice* for her *debut* was Lucia, in Donizetti's *Bride of Lammermoor*, a character written for Persiani, and one which did not tax any great histrionic efforts on the part of the performer. The high vocal powers of Madame Dorus Gras had been acknowledged both in France and England, and a great success was expected in consequence, though the fact of her having to sing in a new language, it was feared, would seriously militate against the best efforts of the artist. The *debut* of Madame Dorus Gras approached nearer to a great triumph than her best friends had hoped for. The difficulties of the English language were certainly not entirely overcome, but enough was mastered to show that immense progress had been made by the artist, and that ere long, with further care and study, she would become a proficient in our tongue sufficient for the purposes of music. The acting of Madame Dorus Gras does not belong to the loftiest school; it was, however, characterised by much simplicity and ease, a deportment natural and graceful, and she showed herself perfect mistress of the business of the stage. In the last scene she was highly effective, and elicited loud applause from all parts of the house. Whatever exceptions we may have taken to Madame Dorus Gras' acting, we have none whatever to make to her singing. She was in most delightful voice and sung with great brilliancy and effect. Her first *cavatina* quite astonished the audience by its perfect execution, and the almost marvellous way in which the vocalist accomplished the greatest difficulties. The

flexibility of Madame Dorus Gras' voice is proverbial, and perhaps this wondrous mechanical facility was never evidenced more completely than on Monday night. In the recitative and the declamatory music she was not so happy, doubtless from having to contend with the pronunciation of a foreign language, an almost insurmountable obstruction. Madame Dorus Gras was received throughout the opera in the most enthusiastic manner, and obtained several recalls during the evening.

The new tenor, Mr. Sims Reeves, achieved, and most deservedly achieved, the most unequivocal success we have witnessed on the English stage for a quarter of a century. It may be in the recollection of our readers that in our review of a concert in which Mr. Reeves sung last year at Drury Lane, we spoke of him in the highest terms, and prognosticated a great success for him in dramatic singing. We must own, however, that on the stage he has far surpassed our utmost expectations. Mr. Reeves' voice is a pure high tenor of delicious quality, the tones vibrating, and equal throughout. The management of this exquisite organ displays considerable skill, and proves the artist must have studied deeply and laboured hard in his early youth. We have heard no voice out of Italy so decidedly Italian as Mr. Reeves'. It is Italian in character in *timbre*; and there is the Italian feeling in his style. The artist has been instructed in the best school, and a fine natural capacity has done wonders in a few short years. It is almost impossible to believe that within so short a space so astonishing an improvement could have taken place in a singer, as that we have found in Mr. Reeves, since we heard him with little pleasure, and little hope, in 1842. He is now an accomplished, indeed we may add, a great singer, and it will be his own fault if he be not one of the very greatest artists on the modern stage. As an actor Mr. Reeves is also entitled to the highest praise. His deportment is natural and easy, his action manly and to the purpose, and without having recourse to vehement ranting, he exhibits both passion and power. In his first scene, on Monday night, he was, perhaps, a little cold, doubtless from the anxiety consequent on his first appearance, but in the second act he came out immensely, and created quite a *furor*. His malediction was extremely fine, and the famous death scene was both sung and acted in the most artistic and effective manner. Mr. Reeves was called for after the first act, twice after the second, and again at the end, when the whole house cheered him for several minutes. Mr. Reeves's *debut*, we repeat, was a great triumph.

Mr. H. Whitworth, the new barytone, created a very favourable sensation in the part of Henry, the Enrico of the Italian opera. He has a fine, capable voice, and manages it with much skill. His upper notes are clear and strong, and his delivery is particularly good. He has scarcely passion enough for a part like this which has taxed the powers of a Tamburini and a Ronconi; nevertheless, he is deserving of much praise, and will be a great addition to the new operatic corps.

The orchestra was magnificent, and the chorus nearly as fine. A more splendid band M. Jullien could not have selected, and such a band, under such a conductor as Berlioz, was never heard within the walls of Drury Lane, or any theatre in London, if we except the Royal Italian Opera, from which and Her Majesty's Theatre, M. Jullien has taken his leading men. The orchestra was heard to great advantage in Beethoven's overture to *Leonora*, which, wherefore we could not discover, preceded Donizetti's opera. M. Berlioz, deeply versed in the scores of Beethoven, directing it with wonderful animation. We must enter our protest

against a minuet interpolated in the last act, which was worthless in itself, entirely out of place, and which merited the tokens of disapproval it obtained from the audience. We are sorry to be compelled to notice any defects in a performance so excellent in every other respect. The chorus was admirably trained and was quite perfect throughout the performance, the *pianos* and *fortes* being taken with exceeding care and precision. The new conductor, M. Hector Berlioz, established on Monday night his continental fame, as one of the greatest living *chefs-d'orchestre*. The highly efficient and artistic manner in which he ruled the mass of instrumentalists under his baton was deserving of all praise. His conducting was marked with great decision and energy, and he exhibited that spirit and animation which proved him a true enthusiast in his art. It was hardly possible for M. Jullien to have selected a more able and competent *chef* than M. Hector Berlioz.

M. Jullien has fulfilled the promises of his prospectus in every item. He has provided one of the very finest bands in the world; a complete and powerful chorus; the best performers he could possibly obtain, and a conductor whose name is European. That M. Jullien may succeed to his utmost expectations this year is our earnest wish; his outlay has been enormous.

The Drury Lane management seems to have eschewed, and perhaps discreetly so, the *ballet* proper, if we may judge from the choregraphic entertainments supplied on Monday after the opera. The divertissement is entitled *Le Genie du Globe*. The chief dancers were Mesdames Giubelei, Louise, and Melanie Duval, and Mr. Harvey, and all acquitted themselves capitally. The music is written by M. Maretzek. The dances are composed and the *ballet* arranged, with much ingenuity and taste. The author is Mr. Benjamin Barnett.

The scenery, painted by Messrs. Grieve and Telbin, was very beautiful; and the dresses were splendid and appropriate. The Highland costume, heretofore used, was most properly rejected, and the dress of the period of the story assumed. A new drop curtain, painted to represent white satin and light blue velvet, looped with gold, has been supplied.

After the opera the National Anthem was sung in full chorus. Subsequently M. Jullien was called for, and on his appearance was received with immense applause. D. R.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SHAKSPEARE NIGHT.—Covent Garden never, in its palmiest days, presented a more imposing spectacle than it did on Tuesday evening, on the occasion of the performance instituted in aid of the fund to purchase Shakspeare's house. Every seat in the theatre was taken for several days previously, and as much as ten pounds was offered for a small box on the Monday. The novelty of the performance, no doubt, was the main attraction, all the leading Shaksperian actors in the metropolis having volunteered their services. The first scene introduced Macready in his great character of the king in the second part of *Henry the Fourth*, the tragedian having most judiciously selected the death scene, in which he exhibited his great art and judgment to the infinite delight of the audience. A more splendid piece of acting we have seldom witnessed. Mr. Macready was ably supported by Mr. Leigh Murray as Prince Hal. Mrs. Butler appeared in the death scene of Queen Katharine in *Henry the Eighth*. In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Harley and Buckstone supported the whimsicalities of Lance and Speed with much spirit and humor. The scene of Falstaff's recruits, before Justice Shallow, in the second part of *King Henry the Fourth*, introduced Mr.

W. Farren as Justice Shallow, Mr. Granby as Falstaff. Juliet's Marriage Day, from *Romeo and Juliet*, introduced Miss Helen Faucit as Juliet, and Mrs. Glover as the Nurse need we say how admirably sustained by both these great actresses. Mrs. Nisbett and Mr. Webster won immense applause in scenes from *The Taming of the Shrew*, as Katharine and Petruchio, Keeley coming in for his full share as Grumio. The scene of the Buck Basket, and Slender's Courtship, were selected from *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, to introduce Madame Vestris as Mrs. Page, Mrs. Stirling as Mrs. Ford, Miss Marshall as Ann Page, Mr. Granby as Falstaff, Mr. F. Matthews as Shallow, Mr. Charles Mathews as Slender, and others—a strong cast. Mr. Phelps as Prospero, and Miss Laura Addison as Miranda, were favorably received in a scene from *The Tempest*; and Mrs. Warner, supported by Messrs. Graham, J. H. Johnston, G. Vining, &c., wound up splendidly with the Statue Scene from *A Winter's Tale*. Macready, Webster, Keeley, and the ladies Nisbett, H. Faucit, and Glover, were severally honored with a recall, and received with great enthusiasm. The receipts amounted to upwards of £900.

SURREY THEATRE.—Mrs. D. W. King appeared, for the first time, on the London boards on Wednesday, in *The Bride of Lammermoor*, and, as we learn from all who heard her, created a very great sensation. We have not heard Mrs. King, but shall take the first opportunity of seeing her and judging for ourselves. Mr. Bunn is the most indefatigable of managers, and is always seeking and providing something novel for his audience. On Thursday *Macbeth* was played and introduced H. Phillips as Hecate, who was received with thunders of applause. The celebrated barytone is announced shortly to appear in *The Maid of Artois*.

FRENCH PLAYS.—On Monday last this theatre opened its doors for the season, rather later than has been usual these last few years, and with a company, if we may judge by the sample hitherto given, not at all inferior to what we had expected of Mr. Mitchell. It is of course understood that the present company is meant merely to form what may be called the groundwork of the edifice, the stars to appear at different intervals after Christmas. Considered as such, they are open to no objections, except perhaps a want of *ensemble*, and we may attribute some share of this fault to the fact that they are new to an English public, unused to act together, a great desideratum in theatricals, and suffering evidently in many instances from the effects of the prevailing epidemic. *Le Jeune Mari* was the first piece produced, known in England by the title of *Spring and Autumn*; it was respectably done. As M. Montaland was suffering from severe hoarseness, we cannot with any justice pronounce a decided opinion on this gentleman's merits. M. St. Marie was decidedly too old for the part he impersonated. The ladies were Mesdames Valmy, Saint-Ange and Davenay, the latter playing the part of the niece, Clara, with much judgment and discretion. The second piece is an importation from the *Theatre Francais*, and is entitled *La Cigüe*. The scene is laid at Athens, and turns upon the disgust which Clinias (M. Fechter) evinces for a life of dissolute idleness and profligacy, his contempt for his old companions of debauchery and his resolve to put an end to his life by taking hemlock. He leaves his two friends, Paris and Cléon, to dispute his inheritance, the decision to depend on the arbitrage of a young slave of great personal beauty, whom he has just bought. The slave, however, refuses both the suitors, and the affair terminates by a marriage between her and Clinias, in whose heart she has aroused sentiments of dignity and

honour which he had conceived lost for ever. The plot of this play is simple to a fault, and recalls to mind the satires in dialogue of the schools of Aristophanes and Plautus. There is much of caustic irony about it; the repartees are good and salient, and it is enlivened by much wit, which never degenerates into the common-place, of that sort which creates a smile on the countenance, and leaves behind it no qualms or doubts as to its being genuine. It is written in verse, and is decidedly of the good school of French comedy, although we are inclined to think that much of the point is lost on account of the locality chosen by the author, which would have been more appropriately situate in Paris than in Athens. M. Fechter did his part carefully, and evinces capabilities of a high order; we shall watch his progress with pleasure. M. Cartigny was quite out of his element, and M. Tourrillon not at all up to the mark. Madlle. Baptiste looked exceedingly pretty and played her part with much feeling. In the *Vicomte de Giroflée* we shook hands with an old friend of the Princess's, the part being played at that theatre by Mr. Compton. We really think there should be a law to compel managers to acknowledge the source from which they derive their dramatic pilferings; as no law of international copyright exists, common courtesy, the only payment the miserable author gets, should induce the plagiarist to make honorable mention of his name at any rate. But to return to the St. James's. *Giroflée* was played with much talent and humor by M. Josset. This gentleman has had no trumpeter to announce his arrival; he has never played in Paris, but comes from Nantes, to which town he will certainly never return. He is the best *niais* we have had in London since Arnal was here; he sings his couplets much better than we have hitherto heard them sung in this theatre; he was deservedly applauded, and will become a favorite. We shall speak next week with more confidence of the merits of the artistes. We look forward with pleasure to the arrival of M. Bocage, who is to play the part of Créon in *Antigone*, the entire music of Mendelssohn to be given under the conduct of the celebrated Benedict; let us hope that the patronage of the public will be such as to induce Mr. Mitchell to follow it up by Racine's *Athalie*, with the choruses set to music by the same great composer. J. DE C—.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

STATUE TO MENDELSSOHN.

SIR,—I resume again, on this important subject, as my last communication was unavoidably short, in the fear of losing your publishing hour, but I thought I would not lose even the smallest opportunity of mootng for the furtherance of this desirable question to a successful attainment, and the sooner, sir, we arrive at this termination the greater the amount of credit will be due to us as—devotees enthusiastically kneeling at the shrine of genius—as, acting quickly and spontaneously, and, from impulses that proceed at once from the heart—heart! that ought to overflow with grateful aspirations for the parentage and birth of such a bright and beauteous orb, such divine emanations of intellect—such spiritual inspiration, that can only shine *once* before us, in our short career; therefore ought we to make much of what lies in our power, by being instant in our efforts in rendering this, our “Last Tribute.” In my last, sir, there was an expression of fact lest there should not be that union of purpose which ought to reign paramount in such a theme as the present, but happily, I am inclined to think that this may be allayed, from circumstances that have transpired since. But I still emphatically and fervently hope with your Paris correspondent, that the question of *Bust* will be merged into that of *Statue*. I hope this, as, ought we to be satisfied with the placing; the mere placing a *small—unpretending*—piece of masonry like a bust, in some out of the way building to be placed in some obscure and out of the way corner, and for persons to go out of the way to catch a glimpse of the same? In my idea ‘twill be just as such subscribed money thrown away, for as soon as the inaugu-

ration is over, it will be forgotten and neglected, and we shall need reminding, that we possess such a “small memento” to bind us to the memory of such “large” worth. I hope, sir, for the sake of our character,—for the sake of our taste, for the sake of surviving friends, for the sake of the departed himself, that this will not be done. You must yourself, sir, take a great interest in this affair! Do then, for genius's sake, throw your interest into the scale;—take up your pen, sir, and second what your friend and correspondent has so well suggested, strike at once while the subject is young and fresh, lest it go too far, lest, sir, that a long list and a large amount would be the result, and you have only to take it in hand to command this. I wished to have hinted this to you in my last, but was prevented by pressure of time, I therefore hope now, that what you do you will do quickly, and I feel not the least anxiety about raising funds necessary “even” for a statue, for the musical world has only to be appealed to, I am sure on this occasion for the immediate and prompt response of large subscriptions. Hoping, next week, to see a long list of goodly amounts, together with the latest detail and on *dits* in your column, touching this affair.

I remain, yours truly, G. W. F.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Having no opportunity of studying thorough bass, I should be much obliged if you would give me the rules for accidental sharps and flats in writing music, as I am often at a loss to know whether for instance to write F sharp or G flat. An answer to this question will, sir, greatly oblige, your constant reader. M. T.

[We refer our Correspondent to Dr. Day's System of Harmony, where he will find the best instruction on Notation.—Ed. M. W.]

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Should you in your paper of this week criticise the Grand Opera at Drury Lane, on the opening night (Monday last), I beg to call your kind attention to a mistake in the name of an individual severely criticised by the *Morning Chronicle*, also their vindication by Mr. Clifford, as appeared in the same paper of Thursday last, that you might not fall into the same error. I will here submit to your notice my letter, or what is nearly the same, their version of it. “Grand Opera, Drury Lane.—In our notice of the opening performance at this theatre on Monday night, the character of Bucklaw was criticised as performed by Mr. Clifford; that gentleman having been suffering from indisposition, the part allotted to him was supported by another, a Mr. Garstén, as appears now in the Drury Lane bills of the day. But the mistake arose from the circumstance of his Mr. Clifford's name remaining in the bills, and no mention being made of his absence.” Trusting you will give your kind attention to this should you speak of the Opera.

I remain, &c., yours truly, GEORGE CLIFFORD.

PROVINCIAL.

LIVERPOOL.—SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.—(From our Correspondent.)—These popular concerts, that have been established for the working class, by the committee of the Northern Mechanics' Institution, continue to keep up their high character, for which they have so long been distinguished. The entertainments of this season, commenced with Herr Staudigl; and have been followed by Mr. H. Russell Mr. Wilson, the celebrated Mrs. Wood, late Miss Paton, the Misses Smith, “The Distin Family,” and on Saturday evening last, a concert was given, at which appeared Miss Whitnall, Mr. John Parry. Mr. Blagrove, (Concertina) Mr. G. Weiss and Mr. Robinson. Unfortunately the weather was unfavourable, and we are sorry to say, the concert was the most unsuccessful of the season.

PAISLEY.—MR. HENRY RUSSELL.—On Thursday evening last, this popular vocalist and composer appeared in the Exchange Rooms. The high repute in which Mr. Russell is deservedly held in this quarter may be gathered from the fact, that, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, and the present severe depression of trade, his audience was one of the largest and most respectable which has congregated in Paisley, on a similar occasion, for a considerable period back. Mr. Russell appeared in excellent voice, and gave a number of his popular melodies in his own pleasing and attractive style. “Why don't the men propose?” was admirably sung, and called forth peals of laughter, and thunders of applause. “The Gin Fiend” was a performance which conjured up to the audience all the horrors of strong drink, and inspired the mind, as it were, with an instinctive abhorrence of the dreadful abandonment of the drunkard. The “Pauper's Drive” followed, and was given with that deep pathos which Russell alone can impart to such performances; this piece was rapturously received. The next performance was, however, one of the best musical commentaries on the *morale* of capital punishments. Music is a very desirable auxiliary to the cause of morality, and in the hands of one like Russell, it cannot but

prove a most effective one. He is therefore deserving of the best encouragement of all, whether they be admirers of song or lovers of morality. It not frequently occurs that public support is withheld where it should be awarded. We are, however, glad to know, that with Mr. Russell the case is different. He is, indeed, amongst the most popular of the most popular of all our vocalists and he is deservedly so, and the more he is known, the more popular, we feel assured, will he become. From the rapturous manner in which his entertainment was received, we trust that he may be induced to favour a Paisley audience with another evening soon.—*Paisley Journal*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EXETER HALL.—Mendelssohn's 114th Psalm, one of the most exquisite of modern sacred works, and Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, the most divine of all musical pastorals, was performed on Monday evening by members of Mr. Hullah's First Upper Singing School, together with the following principal vocal performers:—Mr. Lockey, Mr. Williams, Mr. H. Phillips, and the Misses Stewart and Gill. The performance of Mendelssohn's Psalm reflects the greatest credit on Mr. Hullah's pupils. The chorus went remarkably well, and the band, under Mr. Willy's leadership, composed of some of the best instrumentalists of the day, was highly efficient. The pastoral of Handel was also rendered in a most praiseworthy manner, all the principals acquitting themselves in the most creditable manner. In brief the performance was one of the best we have heard under the management of the talented director, Mr. Hullah. We have not been hitherto able to afford that room to the notice of the performances, under the direction of Mr. Hullah, which their importance in themselves as efforts of art, and as proceeding from one of the most rising institutions of the day would seem to warrant; but we shall take the earliest opportunity of devoting a leading column to their consideration.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—We learn from the best authority that Mr. Beale, in consequence of a delicate state of health, which disinclines him from very arduous duties, joined to his numerous avocations connected with the great establishment in Regent Street, has withdrawn from the management of this theatre. Mr. Beale's loss, as a manager, will be universally regretted, but we are happy to state that his immense influence and interest will continue to be exerted in behalf of the new Italian Opera.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS has returned to town from a tour in Wales, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health, and has now resumed his professional duties.

JOHN WHITAKER the composer died on Saturday last, aged 71.

MADAME MENDELSSOHN BARTOLDY has received letters of condolence from three crowned heads:—The Queen of Great Britain, the King of Prussia and the King of Saxony.—*Journal des Debats*.

BUNN AND LIND—This action is expected shortly to be tried. On Monday the special jury nominated a few days back, was, in legal phraseology, "reduced" to twenty four, by the solicitors on both sides. It appears that the cause stands the second in the paper for Monday week, and its position for hearing on that day will depend on the causes previously heard, seven being allotted for each day. It is understood that the demurrer in the action will be tried before the 20th instant.—*Morning Post*.

MR. ROOKE'S CONCERT.—In our last week's notice we omitted several particulars connected with the above concert, which should have found a place in our notice. For instance we should not have passed over the valuable aid rendered by Sterndale Bennett, nor that of Messrs. Balsir Chatterton and Richardson. We are pleased to learn that the Fund

for the widow and Children of Mr. Rooke progresses favorably, and we beg to call especial attention to the subscription lists, which will still be open at all the principal music sellers, and are forwarded to Mr. Wilson, Treasurer to the Committee.

THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Last night *The Messiah* was performed for the first time this season. The great oratorio was ably interpreted by the executants of this society, and favorably received by a crowded audience. The principals were Made. Caradori and Miss Steele, Messrs. J. Bennett, and H. Phillips. Encores and applauses were almost wholly abstained from.

PHILHARMONIC.—The concerts next season will take place as follows: Monday March 13, 27; April 10; May 1, 15, 29; June 12, 26.—The rehearsals will take place as heretofore, on the Saturdays preceding the concerts.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.—It is expected that the concerts of ancient music will commence the third week in March. The Bishop of Bath and Wells has succeeded the Archbishop of York, as one of the directors.

AMATEUR SOCIETY.—The concerts of this Society, will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, next season, as follows: February 24; March 10, 24; April 7, 21; May 12, 29, and June 9. The rehearsals will take place a week preceding the performances.

THE NOBLEMEN'S AND GENTLEMEN'S CATCH CLUB, will commence its eighty-sixth season, on the 4th of March.

THE GLEE CLUB will commence its monthly meetings on the 18th inst., at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, and conclude in May.

THE MADRIGAL SOCIETY will celebrate its 107th anniversary the third week in January.

THE MELODISTS' CLUB will resume its monthly meetings on the 25th of January, at the Freemasons' Tavern, and conclude in June. H. R. H. The Duke of Cambridge patron and president of the Club, will give a prize for a song, to be sung by Mr. Lockey, with a harmonized melody for four equal voices.

THE WESTERN MADRIGAL SOCIETY will hold its annual festival, early in March.

A NEW OPERA, we hear, is about to be produced at Drury Lane, the music by Barnett, the libretto by the successful author of "Flying Colours."

THE MESSRS. DISTINS have returned to Town, having given concerts with *immense success* in the following Towns. Boulogne, Dover, Lewes, Chichester, Jersey, Guernsey, Guilford, Scarborough, Whitby, Stockton, Newcastle, Sunderland, North and South Shields, Carlisle, Maryport, Cockermouth, Keswick, Penrith, Dumfries, Kilmarnock, Greenock, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Perth, Dundee, Capar, Dunbar, Berwick, Durham, Liverpool, Manchester, Bolton, Chester, Hull, Leicester, Ashby, Cambridge, and Ashford.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. D.—Is informed that the recitatives in the opera of *The Bride of Lammermoor*, as sung at Drury Lane, are identical with the recitatives, as performed in the opera at Her Majesty's Theatre.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Messieurs DISTIN

Beg to inform their Friends and the Public, they have arrived in TOWN FOR THE SEASON. DISTIN'S Musical Instrument Repository, 31, Cranbourne Street, Leicester Square; the only House in England for DISTIN'S Patent SAX HORNS and SAX TUBAS, as used by themselves. COURTOIS CORNETS, EIGHT GUINEAS. Distin's Courtois Model, £5 5s. Now ready, DISTIN'S SAX HORN and CORNET TUTOR, Price 6s., the best ever published! Drawings and Explanations of all Instruments transmitted for Two Stamps.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE. GRAND OPERA.

LAST THREE NIGHTS OF "THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR."

M. JULLIEN has the honor to announce, that in consequence of the production of M. BALFE's NEW OPERA, "THE MAID OF HONOR," on MONDAY, December 20th, the Last Three Performances of "THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR," will take place on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, & FRIDAY NEXT. These will be the last occasions on which Mr. REEVES, Mr. WEISS, Mr. WHITWORTH, and Madame DORUS GRAS can appear in the same Opera.

MONDAY, December 13th, 1847, Her Majesty's Servants will perform

"The Bride of Lammermoor."

(Founded on Sir Walter Scott's celebrated Novel.)

The Music by DONIZETTI.

Edgar (Master of Ravenswood) Mr. S. REEVES.
Colonel Ashton, Mr. H. WHITWORTH.
Raymond, Mr. WEISS,
Lucy Ashton, Madame DORUS GRAS.

The Conduct of the Orchestra is confided to M. HECTOR BERLIOZ.

After which will be represented the entirely new Allegorical Divertissement, entitled

"LE GENIE DU GLOBE."

Principal Dancers, Madame LOUISE, Madelle. MELANIE DUVAL, Madame GIUBILEI, Madelle. VAITE, and Mr. HARVEY.

PRICES OF ADMISSION—Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Pit, 3s. 6d.; Dress Circle, 7s.; Boxes, 5s.; First Gallery, 2s.; Second Gallery, 1s.; Private Boxes, £1 1s. and £2 2s.

As the season will be for three months only, instead of eight as hitherto, there will be only Fifty Representations, and the terms to Subscribers reduced accordingly, viz. Stalls, 15 Guineas; Private Boxes, 60 Guineas, 80 Guineas, and 120 Guineas.

Doors open at seven, the Opera to commence at half-past seven.

ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

THERE is a Vacancy in the Choir for a CONTRA-TENOR VOICE. None need apply as Candidates who are not Members of the Established Church, and willing to enter on probation. Age not to exceed Thirty years.

Further particulars may be had on application to Mr. J. L. HOPKINS, Organist

VALUABLE AND EXTENSIVE

MUSICAL LIBRARY, CREMONA VIOLINS of unusual pretensions, a SERAPHINE, and a few valuable Paintings.

PUTTICK AND SIMPSON,

(Successors to Mr. FLETCHER) Auctioneers of Music and Literary Property, will sell by Auction, at their Great Room, 191, PICCADILLY, on FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17th, and following day, at one o'clock most punctually, the extremely valuable

Library of a distinguished Professor,

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35	1 8 6	2 17 0		35	1 4 11	2 9 10	
40	1 13 3	3 6 6		40	1 9 2	2 18 4	
45	1 19 6	3 19 0		45	1 14 10	3 9 8	
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PETER MORRISON, RESIDENT DIRECTOR.

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

GRAND OPERA.—PROSPECTUS.

It is a circumstance as unaccountable as extraordinary that in an age when Music has made such rapid progress among Civilized Nations, as not only to become one of our chief Recreations and Amusements, but to form part of almost all ceremonials, whether military, civil, or religious, and when every City of any importance in Germany, France, or Italy, possesses its own Musical Institution, that London, the Metropolis of the World, should still be without any acknowledged Establishment for the protection and advancement of the Lyrical Drama. It cannot be urged that the English are not a Musical Nation, or how is it that, for a considerable portion of the year, London becomes the universal rendezvous of the greatest Artists of which Europe can boast, who here find the British Public ready to bestow an almost unbounded patronage, as well as that more substantial mark of approval—a princely remuneration. It is believed by some that the support allowed by Foreign Governments to their National Operas is absolutely necessary to the maintenance of a like institution in England; but on the Continent, nearly all extensive undertakings, of whatever character, are carried out by the Governments; while it is well known that in England private enterprise and public patronage are sufficient to create and perfect works of the greatest magnitude without any such assistance. M. JULLIEN, during many years residence in this Country, has often been forcibly struck with this apparent anomaly, and from all the information he has been enabled to collect, and from his own observation, he believes most firmly that the simple reason is to be found in the fact, that while French, Italian, and German Operas have been occasionally produced in London, with more or less perfection, yet no Lyrical Work has ever been placed on the English Stage, with that excellence and completeness in all its branches, as would be even likely to ensure the approbation of the Musical Amateur, or to command the Patronage of the Nobility of the Land. Emboldened by the Encouragement which has been accorded to him in his several Musical Undertakings, M. JULLIEN has ventured on the task of attempting the Establishment of a National English Opera. It must not be understood from this title that an Opera, supported exclusively by Natives of England, is meant, but a Musical Establishment open to Genius and Talent, from wherever it may emanate. This is essentially the character of the Musical Institutions of the Continent; and M. JULLIEN trusts, with the support of the Public, the countenance of the Nobility, and the goodwill of the Profession, to be enabled, at all events, to lay a Foundation Stone of a like Establishment in the British Metropolis.

With this slight introduction, M. JULLIEN begs respectfully to submit the following List of his Engagements:

PRIME DONNE:

Madame DORUS GRAS, (from the Royal Academy of Paris), and **Miss BIRCH**, (her First Appearance on the Stage in England).
Mrs. J. LEA, **Miss MESSENT**, **Mrs. WEISS**, **Miss MIRAN**, and **Miss SMITHSON**.

TENORS:

Mr. SIMS REEVES, (from La Scala of Milan), **Mr. ALFRED LAKE**, (his First Appearance,) and **Mr. CLIFFORD**.

BASSI:

Mr. HENRY WHITWORTH, (from the Theatres Royal of Venice, Verona, and Genoa), **Mr. WEISS**, **Mr. J. LEA**, **Sig. GALLI**, and **Mr. GREIG**.

Arrangements are pending with **HERR FISCHER**, as also with several other Artists of Eminence whose names will be duly announced.

ORCHESTRA:

Messrs. Sainton, Tolbecque, Nadaud, Blagrove, Mellon, Case, Mori, Collins, V., Baker, T., Payton, Jay, Jacquin, Dawson, Pluys, Watkins, Kreutzor, E. J., Goffie, Kreutzer, Band, Eisenbaum, Collins, Barrett, C. Hill, Dubriol, Thompson, G., Westrop, Schmidt, Thompson, Trust, Piatti, Rousselot, Collins, G., Hausmann, Lavenu, Loder, W., Chapman, Howell, Casolari, Anglois, Rowland, Pratten, Castell, Alsept, Waud, Winterbottom, Richardson, De Folly, Godfrey, D., Barret, Jennings, Lazarus, Sonnenberg, Baumann, Larkin, Platt, Harper, C., Jarrett, Hooper, Koenig, Davis, W., Cioffi, Antoine, Horton, Prospere, Hughes, Baker.

It will be seen that the above list embraces the chief Members of the Orchestra of the rival Italian Operas of last season, to which M. JULLIEN has been enabled to add the names of several talented and popular Artists, forming an "Orchestra d'Opera" never yet heard in London.

The Conduct of the Orchestra is confided to **Monsieur HECTOR BERLIOZ**, the celebrated Composer, who was chosen by the French Government to Compose and Direct the Music of the National Fêtes, and is acknowledged to be one of the most distinguished *chefs d'Orchestre* of the present day.

CHORUS:

First Sopranos—Messdames Boden, R., Byers, Chambers, Dubois, G., Dubois, L., Galli, Harris, Nye, Herbert, Gill, Howard, Norman, Renaud, Wilkinson, Martindale, Murray, Ward, Henley, Salabert, St. George, Browning, Schwiese, Barret, Hammond, &c. &c.

Second Sopranos—Messdames Ashton, L., Ashton, R., Boden, H., Brannan, Diether, Frost, Goldsmith, Alfred, Wolfe, Evans, Shankland, Allen, Mapleson, Barnett, Crouch, Hewett, Henley, Miller, Tweedi, Heward, &c. &c.

First Tenors—Messrs. Ashton, Connell, Giffin, Lewis, Lomax, Price, W., Price, T., Walsh, Herbert, Hayes, Horton, New, Salabert, Rutters, Hammond, G., &c. &c.

Second Tenors—Messrs. Grice, Jones, Morgan, Nye, Price, J., Rakes, Sharp, Tett, S., Tett, C., Walker, Alderson, House, Taylor, C., Taylor, J., Chierici, Shaw, &c. &c.

First Basses—Messrs. Boltura, Gledhill, Hodges, Morgan, J., Macarthy, D., Santry, Slims, Bath, Corri, Hehl, Zezi, Bry, Norman, &c. &c.

Second Basses—Messrs. Beale, Butler, Carro, Frost, Lawler, Macarthy, T., Williamson, Ball, Hensler, Holgate, Handley, Galli, Mattaks, Coulrick, Pawsey, Villascusa, &c. &c.

Maitre de Chant,

M. MARETZKE.

The above Chorus is also selected from those of the two Italian Operas, neither of which was so effective as could be desired, the one possessing the best Soprani and Contralti; the other, the best Bassi and Tenori.

PRINCIPAL DANCERS:

Madlle. FUOCO, **Made. LOUISE**, **Madlle. MELANIE DUVAL**, **Made. GIUBILEI**, **Madlle. VAITE**, **Mr. HARVEY**.

CORPS DE BALLET.

Mademoiselles Mott, Greene, F., Rose, Turner, J., Weston, Weston, J., Gilbert, Coleman, Kirby, Moseley, Low, Chester, Wiltshire, Presdie, Barton, Martinez, Paris, Page, Fenton, Green, Weymouth, Browne, Watkins, Watson, Gray, R., Marsano, Ellis, Mitchinson, Horne, Ryan, M'Ewen, Meves, Charles, Lee, Schmidt, E., Schmidt, M., Valler, Auguste, R., &c. &c.—**Messrs.** Roffey, Roffey, H., Douglas, Edwards, Taylor, Firth, &c. &c.

Extra Ladies—Messdames Marston, Marston, F., Grubins, Grubins, E., Sheridan, Edgar, Desborough, Taylor, Wallstein, Dale, Martinez, Ennis, &c.

Children—Mademoiselles Ryan, R., Morris, F., Martinez, I., Turtle, Hammond, E., Mendez, Whitmore, Desborough, Oldfield, Wallstein, M.—**Masters** Wait and Sloman, &c. &c.

Maitre de Ballet,

M. BENJ. BARNETT.

Chef d'Orchestre,

Monsieur NADAUD.

M. JULLIEN has the great satisfaction also to state, that the following Gentlemen are also attached to the Establishment, and will superintend those several departments for which their talents so admirably qualify them, viz.:

Sir HENRY BISHOP,

Mr. PLANCHE,

Mr. A. FORRESTER,

and Messrs. GRIEVE & TELBIN.

M. JULLIEN believes that the above Programme represents an ensemble not as yet combined in the arrangements of any Theatre in England, and notwithstanding the very great outlay, as well as the extraordinary current expense necessarily incurred, he does not intend to increase the Prices of Admission above those which have been usually charged to an English Opera.—Prices of Admission:

Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Pit, 3s. 6d.; Dress Circle, 7s.; Boxes, 5s.; First Gallery, 2s.; Second Gallery, 1s.

Private Boxes, £1 10s. 6d., £2 2s., £3 3s., and upwards.

As the Season will be for 3 Months only, instead of 8, as hitherto, there will be only 50 Representations, and the Terms to Subscribers reduced accordingly, viz.,
Stalls, 15 Guineas; Private Boxes, 60 Guineas, 80 Guineas, and 120 Guineas.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE APPROACHING SEASON.—The Theatre opened on MONDAY, December 6th, 1817, with DONIZETTI's Opera, "THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR," the principal characters being sustained by Madame DORUS GRAS, Mr. REEVES, Mr. WHITWORTH, Mr. WEISS, Sig. GALLI, &c. &c.—The performance met with the approbation of the Nobility and the Public present on that occasion.

Early in the Season will be produced an entirely NEW OPERA, composed expressly by Mr. M. W. BALFE, entitled "THE MAID OF HONOR." At Christmas, in addition to the Opera, and in accordance with the long standing custom of the Patent Theatres, A GRAND COMIC PANTOMIME, by ALFRED CROWQUILL and ALBERT SMITH, will be produced.—During the month of JANUARY, two other Original Operas will be brought forward, and the Season will be concluded at the end of FEBRUARY with GLUCK'S Classical Work, "IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS," together with an entirely New Grand Ballet d'Action.

The Theatre will be open THREE TIMES IN EACH WEEK, previous to Christmas, after which time the Performances will be given EVERY NIGHT until the termination of the PANTOMIME, when they will be again limited to Three times per Week until the close of the Season.

Terms of Subscription, Tickets, &c., to be had at the Box-Office of the Theatre, at the Musical Conservatory and Musical Library, 214, Regent Street, and all the principal Libraries.

Printed and Published, for the Proprietors, at the "Nassau Steam Press," by WILLIAM SPENCER JOHNSON, 60, St. Martin's Lane, in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, in the County of Middlesex; where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed, post paid. To be had of G. Purkess, Dean Street, Soho; Strange, Paternoster Row; Vickers, Holywell Street; and all Book-sellers; City Agent, Mr. G. F. Denning, 2, Bucklersbury,—Saturday, December 11, 1817

The Musical World.

(PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT NOON.)

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No. 51.—Vol. XXII.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1847.

PRICE THREEPENCE.
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THE TWO ITALIAN OPERAS.

THE time is drawing near when the public may reasonably expect a prospectus of the ensuing season's arrangements at the hands of each of these great establishments. Although little of positive is known of what the managers and agents of either theatre have been doing since the recess, there is enough of rumour and *on dit* to authorise a chat with the reader on the subject, which promises to engross even more of public attention in 1848 than it did in 1847.

The proceedings of the director of Her Majesty's Theatre have, as usual, been enveloped in a cloud of diplomatic mystery. Travellers in far countries testify to the fact of having seen Mr. Lumley here, there, and everywhere; but his precise whereabouts, like his actual whereabouts, has been almost uniformly a matter of conjecture. Some assert that Mr. Lumley was at Berlin when Madlle. Jenny Lind was at Berlin; that Mr. Lumley was at Vienna when Madlle. Jenny Lind was at Vienna; and that ultimately, when the Swedish Nightingale rested her weary wings, and closed her pretty lips at Stockholm, Mr. Lumley also put a temporary period to his travels, and laid up, for a while, his carpet-bag. Others state that Mr. Lumley was seen in Paris, one fine October night, on the *Pont Neuf*, with a dark lantern in his hand, looking out for a *primo tenore*. But of course this is a piece of pleasantry, only worth citing as such. The reports of Mr. Lumley's doings have been numerous enough, but no certainty is attached to any of them. First, a one-act opera for Jenny Lind was secured from Meyerbeer; but this Meyerbeer has himself denied, if we are to believe our Paris correspondent. Next we were to have had the *Camp of Silesia*; but it appears that the author of the *Huguenots* insisted upon certain guarantees about the orchestral, choral, and other arrangements, which the spirited director of Her Majesty's Theatre was not ready to grant; the consequence would seem to be the sudden rupture of the treaty in the midst of the preliminaries. We are informed, however, but will not pledge ourselves to the fact, that Mr. Lumley intends to do the *Camp of Silesia* in spite of the composer, who may grumble as he likes, and make the best of it. In self-defence, perhaps, Meyerbeer will direct the same opera at another theatre, where his foible in respect of orchestral and choral completeness will be gratified; but against the Swedish Nightingale, the finest orchestra, and the finest chorus, and the most complete cast, and the most gorgeous and characteristic *mise en scene*, and military bands upon the stage, and the superintendence of the MEYERBEER in person, will (who can gainsay it?) avail nothing. As we have heard some staunch supporters of Mr. Lumley's diplomacy assert, over and over again, during the course of the last absorbing season—Jenny Lind and, four fiddlers in the orchestra, would be quite enough to draw the

multitude to Her Majesty's Theatre, and make the fortune of the manager. To which we respond "Amen," without a wince. Jenny Lind, in her own person, is *prima donna*, orchestra, chorus, scenes, conductor, music and all; and then, as we have heard aptly suggested, the pre-eminence of her talent is enhanced by the charms of her person, and capped by the purity of her morals. What can resist such an *ensemble*? Surely nothing!

All we can precisely ascertain of the programme of Her Majesty's Theatre touches the *personnel*. That we are to have Jenny Lind is certain; that we are to have Lablache is sure; that we are to have Gardoni is undeniable; that we are to have Coletti is unquestionable; that we are to have Superchi is incontrovertible; that we are to have Bouché is inevitable. Add to these, Tadolini, who was famous before Grisi was known; and a rumour—only a rumour—of Frezzolini Poggi. We shall not have Frascini, and we cannot rely upon the assistance of Made. Solari and Dai Fiori. The ballet will be as grand as ever. Cerito, Rosati, Marie Taglioni, and last and best, CARLOTTA GRISI, will again be with us. Taglioni is very doubtful, and Lucile Grahn out of the question, since Rosati has usurped her place—which we state with anything but satisfaction. About the male dancers, except Perrot, we know nothing, and care less; suffice it that Perrot will once more, and for the last time, direct the *ballet*; and as was the case last year, will be preceded by Paul Taglioni, whose merit is to be the father of his daughter, pretty pouting little Marie. In the *ballet*, therefore, rivalry is altogether impossible. The band, with some few exceptions, will be entirely new; let us hope that it may be better than the last. Balfe remains conductor—a fortunate thing for the manager, to whom he rendered, in 1846-7, such inestimable services. Mr. Lumley remains director, and M. Maretzek diplomatist, *chargé d'affaires*, and master of the choruses. Mr. Marshall rests at the head of the scenery department, upon which we may congratulate all concerned; and Made: Couperie will continue to superintend the costumes, and organise the throwing of bouquets to Jenny Lind and Rosati—upon which we hardly know whether we may congratulate all concerned. MM. Escudier, of *La France Musicale*, will persist in the assumption of the Paris agency, and act as the common sign-post for manager and artiste. M. Fiorentino, of the *Constitutionnel*, will persist in maintaining his neutrality, and act as a sign-post to neither.

The theatre will be cleaned, because it wants it; but it will not be renovated, because it does not want it. Mr. Nugent will be at his old post, which will be welcome intelligence to those who have experienced his invariable politeness and attention.

All these things may be relied upon, albeit we have

seen no programme, nor the shadow of one, either in MS. or in print. Meanwhile, we wish a prosperous season to Her Majesty's Theatre, and shall be always ready with the *quid pro quo* for a gallery stall, whenever there is anything that demands our attendance, as critics and recorders; on other occasions, we shall feel obliged to any friend who exults in a box, if he will give us a place in it, or to any one who has a stall to throw away, if he will exercise his liberality on our persons.

When the prospectus appears, we shall be enabled to say more. Need we insist that, like Fiorentino, we maintain that position of neutrality which nothing could shake last year—not all the noise about Jenny Lind, on one side, nor all the enthusiasm of our *collaborateur*, D. R., on the other.

And now a word or two about Covent Garden. The resignation of Mr. Beale is well known and unanimously deplored; but it is comfortable to state that, long before his retirement, he had made *all* the arrangements for the coming season, the prospectus of which will doubtless appear in due time. *Par parenthèse*—the last step of Mr. Beale, previous to his abdication, crowned his retreat with glory; need we say, that we allude to the free loan of the magnificent theatre and its stores of resources for the use of the managers of the Shaksperian fund? We have heard that a testimonial is getting up, which will be signed by all the artists of the Royal Italian Opera, expressing to Mr. Beale their strong sense of his manly, upright, and honorable conduct—his courteous demeanour—his gentlemanly manners—his strict and unswerving justice, without prejudice to persons—his managerial talents, at once solid, brilliant, and useful—and concluding with expressions of lively, heartfelt, and unanimous regret at his retirement from the direction of that theatre on which his name had conferred so much honor, and for which his policy and general behaviour had won so much credit, under circumstances of trying difficulty such as perhaps no manager of any theatre had ever been encumbered with before. We trust and believe this to be authentic;—nothing can be more thoroughly deserved.

Among those whom rumour enumerates as likely to succeed Mr. Beale we shall only mention one—Mr. Mitchell, lessee of the St. James's Theatre—who, if he be induced to undertake the office, will leave us less cause to regret the loss of his worthy predecessor.

And now a word or two anticipatory of the prospectus of the Royal Italian Opera. We have seen nothing either in MS. or in print; what we say, therefore, which will be very little, must be taken at its proper value. Among the *soprani* we are sure of Grisi, Persiani, Made. Ronconi, Steffanoni, and Corbari; among the *contralti* we are only sure of Alboni—but Alboni is in herself a host. Add to these Pauline Viardot Garcia, *soprano* and *contralto* in one, on whose advent we may rely; and a certain Madlle. Zoya, who is coming for the express purpose of playing Maria, in *La Figlia del Reggimento*, and, according to all accounts, is one of the most extraordinary phenomena of the modern stage. For tenors, we may count with safety upon Mario and Salvi, to say nothing of Lavia and some "*sidera minora*." Bettini will not return at present; he is looking out for the sceptre, which Duprez must shortly abandon, at the *Académie Royale de Musique*; let us hope that the eleven threatened operas of "young Verdi," of which one of our Paris correspondents speaks in his letter this week, may not prematurely finish his career, as was the case with the two tenors of Milan. For barytones have we not Tamburini and Ronconi?—and for basses Tagliafico and Marini?—not to count the planets that revolve in the

system of these sons of dramatic song. Bassini is not coming next year, but in 1849 we may expect him, with the "pupil of Pasta," about whose pre-eminence report has been so mysteriously busy. Nor can Roger, the inimitable tenor of the *Opera Comique*, whom rumour has engaged at the Royal Italian Opera, be expected in 1848; still less Duprez, who, according to some dealers in chit-chat, was to have played with Viardot in the operas of Meyerbeer; these assertions were but guesses, and have turned out wrong.

The orchestra and chorus of the Royal Italian Opera—good enough last year, in all conscience, for any stork of a connoisseur, for any cormorant of the stalls, (Sir Henry Webb himself), for any fanatic of Mozart—will be increased in numbers, and improved in quality, as if the numbers wanted reinforcement, or the quality were capable of amelioration.

Costa will again direct the musical proceedings of the establishment; comment upon this would be superfluous.

The *ballet*, even more than last year, will be cast into the shade. We only know of one engagement—Flora Fabbri, for three months. Rumour, however, is loud in the praise of some *young* dancer, lately secured in Paris, remarkable in an equal measure on the score of talent and of beauty—a Fanny Ellsler (we are told) with nineteen summers! We shall see—and if captivation be inevitable, be captivated; in such cases the citadel of our judgment, and the stronghold of our affection are easily stormed and taken. Of the other *ballet* arrangements we know little or nothing. For the male dancers, as we have hinted, we do not care a straw. "What matters it," as the witty J. J. says, in allusion to St. Léon, "what matters it, whether one male dancer dances better or worse than another?—what does it signify to him, and what does it signify to us?" Of one thing we are sorry—that we are to lose Casati, the excellent *maitre de ballet*, who composed *Manon L'Escaut*, for Ellsler, and (more-to-be-lamented) his lovely wife, who appeared in Mr. Lumley's prospectus, last year, as Mdlle. Wauthier—the beautiful Mdle. Wauthier, for whose *apparition* all eyes were glistening, all hearts quaking, with the anticipation of a charming slavery. Madame Casati is, indeed, one of the most ravishing persons, *to look at*, that ever filled mortal eye with delicious visions, that ever loaded mortal brain with the "stuff that dreams are made of," that ever made mortal fancy build castles in the air! But we are not to have Madame Casati in 1848—so let us make the best of the *hope* of seeing her again in 1849. Who are to be the minor luminaries of the *ballet*, who the orchestra conductor (we shall be glad to see Mr. Alfred Mellon at his post again), who the *ballet-master*, who the *costumière*, &c. &c., not knowing, we cannot say. We are not to have Fuoco; Jullien has secured the lively, little Sophie and her *pointes*.

Mr. Grieve will remain as principal scene-painter—than which no more welcome intelligence could be given to the amateurs of well painted, graphic, life-like pictures.

The theatre will be cleaned—but will the *Amphitheatres* be demolished, and a spacious gallery spring from their ashes? We hope *yes*, but fear *no*. Time will decide. We know nothing of whom is to throw the bouquets, nor at whom they are to be thrown.

Now, reader, you possess all we are in a condition to tell you at present. At any rate there is matter for speculation, until the rival prospectuses are issued; and be assured that the earliest information possible to be obtained shall be yours. We shall watch the proceedings at both houses with an eye that can neither close with weariness nor wink with indifference. We have now means of information both on the continent and

at home. Argus with his hundred eyes, and Briareus with his hundred arms, shall be the types of our watchfulness and diligence.

PAULINE VIARDOT GARCIA.

(From a Correspondent.)

THIS celebrated vocalist has been reaping new laurels in some of the German musical towns. After a triumphant engagement at Dresden, she took her adieu on the 3rd Dec. *Don Giovanni* was to be given, but Don Giovanni was ill, and the masterpiece of Mozart could not be performed. Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* was then chosen for the substitute, but the tenor, Raoul, was seized by the *grippe*, and the *Huguenots* also was put *hors de combat*. Finally, we were compelled to put up with the fourth act of *Robert le Diable*, with the shadow of a tenor—the third act of *Otello*, ditto ditto—and the last scene of *Sonnambula*. Viardot Garcia's success was tremendous; every point was applauded with enthusiasm. The house was crowded to the roof, and there were regular battles to obtain tickets of admission; she was compelled to repeat the *finale*, which was followed by showers of bouquets, recalls, and all imaginable uproar.

On the 9th, Made. Viardot debuted at Hamburg, in the *Barbiere*, to an immensely crowded house. The cavatina, "Una voce poco fa," was encoired, but as she was going to introduce several *morceaux* in the lesson scene, Madame V. declined to respond to the demand; she was several times recalled, however. The duet, "Dunque io son," produced a furore. In the singing lesson Madame V. introduced the "Contrabandista," the "Calezera," "Riqui riqui," and, to wind up, the finale to *Cenerentola*, the *andante* of which was redemanded, as were also the variations, but she only repeated the latter. In short a more complete fanaticism was never created by an artist. At the end of her Hamburg engagement, Viardot Garcia goes to the Royal Theatre at Berlin, where she is engaged for three months.

A Treatise on the "Affinities" of Gothe,

IN ITS WORLD-HISTORICAL SIGNIFICANCE,

DEVELOPED ACCORDING TO ITS MORAL AND ARTISTICAL VALUE,

Translated from the German of Dr. Heinrich Theodor Rötacker,

Professor at the Royal Gymnasium at Bromberg.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued from page 787.)

THE ARTIFICIAL COMPOSITION OF "THE AFFINITIES."

THE merely retarding element of the epopee, or the romance, differs from the episode in this—that in the former, besides an internal connection of the thought and view with the idea of the work of art, there is also visible an external link with the acting personages and the events, whereas in the episode this is altogether wanting. The episode has, therefore, for its union with the whole only the internal affinity of the idea, so that, if it is severed from the rest, we completely retain the whole cause of the development; but, at the same time, if the episode be of the right kind we deprive ourselves of the internal relations of thought, which not unfrequently bring forth the purest æsthetical effects, and which also by the feelings and views which they awaken, contain an element of progress.

At a moment when, through the existence of the child, the breach in domestic life seems, to a superficial observer, to be hastening to its cure, we are met by two figures in the persons of the lord and his companion, who, while they are but little familiar with the internal relations of the family, in the course of their conversation touch unconsciously upon points which awaken troubled recollections and painful feelings, and by the state of feeling which they call forth against their will, force us to the painful certainty that an incurable malady is here hidden beneath a deceptive veil, and tends to the destruction of its vessel.

The poet has not missed giving us a lively picture of the apparently becalmed mind with which, after the birth of the child, the individuals appear to be blessed. Charlotte through this boy obtains a new relation to the world and her property, her old activity revives, and in this state of joy she pictures to herself a possible union between Ottilia and the Captain, she abandons herself to cheerful contemplations on the vicissitudes of fate, in which she sees nothing like a daemonic power, but one which grants us our wishes, after a fashion of its own, to be able to give us something beyond our wishes. Delighted with the noble prospect which is opened to her from the new building, she at once resolves to accelerate its completion. A brisk activity develops itself, and the pleasure of this productive activity is enjoyed by Charlotte and Ottilia in common. The kindly mood seems heightened by the arrival of the lord and his companion. By the side of these guests, they stray through the park, which visibly derives advantage from the lord's remarks. The interest in immediate objects is revived in the ladies—they hold intercourse with each other, as though the most central mood resided in their circle.

But what a flimsy veil this is short cheerful interest! How now do we perceive beneath it the deep wound, which offers to us a sight the more disgusting, because it has been long withdrawn from our sight. Here also the æsthetic effect rested on the contradiction (exhibited without effort) between the external appearance, and the internal reality, which is now first brought forward, if indeed it is only in the remotest degree that notions are awakened which are involuntarily connected with the peculiar feelings of the parties and turn the glance inwards.

In the effects accidentally produced on the two ladies by the lord's accidental remarks, the contrast of their individuality and peculiar constitution of mind is most forcibly exhibited. While Charlotte, partly through her intercourse with the great world has grown accustomed to the *contre-temps* and accidental wounds that may be inflicted in the course of conversation, partly through the moral clearness she has attained after subduing her passion, feels no particular pain; Ottilia's heart on the other hand suffers the acutest anguish. To characterize this it is an important feature that the apology for "homelessness," which we hear from the mouth of the lord, who praises that condition as the happiest, brings before the soul of Ottilia the most lively image of Edward, who is restlessly contending with danger and difficulty, and fills her with a pain hitherto unknown. From this we learn how the homeless, wandering friend is ever floating before her; how all her views are all collected about this one centre, and by that centre alone are attracted and sustained. Such features produce an effect so extraordinary, because by them the whole past situation, the invisibly progressing passion suddenly becomes illumined, and the tragic wound for the collision is not a little heightened.

To heal the wound, which he has observed in the course of conversation, the lord proceeds to the narrative of the novel, which is here introduced into our work. While in the previous conversations of the lord and the ladies only a retarding element has shown itself, in which the direct progress of the action is impeded, but at the same time an immediate relation to the acting individuals is retained, so in the following episode every external connection with the work is broke off, and nothing is left as a result but the tone of mind and view, which alone works upon the internal sense and by that alone can be apprehended. He whose mind cannot perceive and produce in himself those views, which rest in the affinity of thoughts, and thus form themselves according to a certain necessity, might without offence regard the filling episode as a mere non-essential addition. Let us endeavour to develope, in a few words, the æsthetic effect of our narrative.

If we are to give, in a word, the internal connection of the novel with our work of art, we perceive in it, that the thorough victory of *Elective Affinity* as the result of various changes and contests is made plainly conspicuous. Between two excellent young creatures, destined by their parents for each other, at an early age, appears the strongest repugnance, which is even heightened to rage; the mutual position separates our obstinate antipodes; the girl matured to a beautiful virgin is treated with the most refined attention by a young man, eminent in every respect by position and property, and is destined to be his future wife by the habit of his society, and the

opinion of the world, which has often designated her as the bride of so hopeful a suitor. A quiet goodwill was the basis of the whole relation, to which she carelessly and cheerfully resigned herself, and in this perceived a guarantee for future happiness. The former adversary who is now new-formed into a handsome youth, comes back, and by his whole appearance, so fetters the girl's mind, that her feelings are soon heightened into an immediate passion, in which death is welcome to her as a release from an existence which has missed its aim and is completely torn. In the presence of the beloved one the release from life is to take place, that the image of the girl destroyed by his coldness, may for ever be impressed upon his soul. The sight of the beautiful maiden, who devotes herself to a certain death in the waves, and has pointed him out as the cause of her desperate resolution, calls forth all his strength. With strong arms he carries his lovely prey ashore, and at that moment, a passion hitherto concealed in him is revealed, and dispals the scruples of both. As he has rescued her from the death, which she preferred to a life without him, he thinks he has a claim to be preferred before that of any of the living. A right so acquired is sanctioned by the parents with their blessing, which they can hardly refuse to a pair destined for each other by a higher ordination.

Even in these individuals, [from the very beginning of their mutual relation, is shown the power of an Elective Affinity, which indeed, in the childish years of our couple, appears in the disguised form of hate, while however, according to the poet's fine expression, a dark acknowledgment of internal worth lay at the foundation of this hostile feeling. As there is no greater mystery than love and hate, so does this mystery exhibit itself here. For that dark impulse towards an unmeasured recognition of the kindred being, which, before it became conscious of its own character, aimed at an annihilation of the subject, afterwards manifests itself as the most unbounded passion, which will annihilate itself when the possession of its object seems denied. This perfect resignation is rewarded; a higher ordination of things brings to light the secret of love between kindred beings, which in some form or other, has manifested itself from the beginning, and attains for it the most perfect victory over the claims which have been recognised by fancy alone.

Here love, which has staked even life, triumphs over every obstacle and maintains the majesty of Elective Affinity against all other well acquired rights. A female, being almost exposed by many circumstances and errors to the sad lot of a life which has entirely missed its aim, saves for herself, by a bold resolution, an existence which she has nearly lost, and thus secures for her beloved an inevitable repentance, as to the delusion in which he has been placed as to his own feelings.

The series of views forcing itself out of the narrative with something of compulsion necessarily affected to the most painful degree, the ladies who heard it, because their own lot, so completely opposite, was brought before them. No beneficent deity revealed to Edward and Ottilia, when Charlotte first brought them together, the secret of their Elective Affinity. It is not till a perfectly completed moral position prohibits the passionate feeling of both, that this affinity raises in bitter irony its voice, which will not again be hushed, and yet which cannot—like the girl's cry for aid—find a hearer. Thus in the present narrative, Charlotte and Ottilia look at their own situation, as it were, objectively. And if the former, by the happily solved allusion, to which the girl in the novel resigned herself, by admitting the bridegroom's suit, is painfully reminded of that illusion of her own, which once connected her with Edward in a manner quite similar, so can Ottilia, with silent envy, regard a destiny which has attained for kindred hearts a victory over all obstacles—a victory for which she likewise would readily encounter the peril of death.

But a completely pure voice also tells them that in that case there was no substantial perfected relation to silence passion, as there was in their own. Therefore, through that question, which was cited in the first chapter—("Why am I involved in relations, which, in my consciousness, I cannot make, and from the moral power of which I cannot free myself?")—they are destined to sustain a sorrow, which in them, as in us, points to an absolute solution of their discordant fate. As therefore, on the one hand, the episode awakens in the two individuals the feeling of a contrast

with their own lot, so it at the same time excites the tragic tone of mind, which in an enigmatical existence points to the absolute unveiling of the eternal laws. Thus the episode has at the same time produced the proper turn for the catastrophe, which is now hurried on, and prepares our minds for a shocking result.

(To be concluded in our next).

. To prevent misunderstanding, it may be stated that the copyright of the translation belongs solely to the translator.

SONNET.

No. LXIV.

THERE seems to be a fount of bitterness
Conceal'd within my heart, which sometimes lies
Tranquil and harmless, but will sometimes rise,
And overwhelm me with its black excess.—
Then all things round me wear an alter'd dress;
And so distorted pass before my eyes,
I scarcely knew them in their wond'rous guise,—
And fain would curse, where I am wont to bless.
Then heed me not; when the dark waters gush
From the abyss, let them pursue their course,
And rage, and boil,—they will subside at last.
For in these moments I could wildly crush
The things I love the most, with demon force,
And with mad joy;—but all is quickly past.

N. D.

ALBONI AT THE OPERA ITALIEN.

IN accordance with the promise intimated in our Journal of last week, we return to the quotations from the French papers, on the all-absorbing topic of Alboni's *début* and reception at the Theatre Italien, in Paris. The great success of the artist in the French capital, must be highly gratifying to the English public, who, the moment she had been heard in this country, without *prestige*, puff preliminary, or claqueism, acknowledged her to be the most consummate artist, and the most wonderful vocalist, of any singer who had debuted since Grisi. We shall not presume to say that the Parisian public was guided in its estimation of the singer, only by the favor she had received at the hands of a London audience,—for what public could hear the inimitable contralto, and not be dazzled and enraptured?—but it cannot be doubted that the success she obtained amongst us awakened the curiosity of the Parisians, and determined them to exercise the strictest justice towards her, and not suffer themselves to be infected with the disease so prevalent of late in the British Isles, entitled the *music-mania* or *entersimus*, as Byron called it. No doubt they had the best possible reasons for their caution. A severer and more decided audience, we believe, never assembled inside a theatre, than that which crowded the *salle* of the Theatre Italien, on the night of Alboni's first appearance, and we are satisfied, that had not the singer obtained the greatest possible success, her *début* must have amounted to a failure. The entire audience, self-constituted, presided as her judges, and made themselves her witnesses and her jury. But Alboni dared the strictest investigation, confronted the imperious court with a look that awed its undelimited authority, treated with disdain her puny (*puisse*) judges, laughed at her jury, and *commanded* their verdict. Certainly, they were not slow in giving it, but Alboni could hardly thank them for it. Alboni appears to have wrought a complete revolution in the Italian Opera, at Paris. First she stirs up M. Vatel, and makes him pay a little attention to the production of his operas; next, she awakens Grisi from a long lethargic slumber, into which the frigidity of the auditory at the Italiens appears to have lulled her; thirdly, she infuses fire even into Coletti; and lastly, she frights the aristocracy of the theatre from its listlessness and apathy, and converts it into a mob as excitable as one appertaining to the *Champs Elysées* on a *fête* day. Yet, all this is done in the most legiti-

mate manner. She appears without a single partisan in the house. Every listener in that hushed and awful assembly is ready and willing to censure and find fault; else why—oh! shame on thy chivalry, France, that would deny encouragement to a woman and a stranger!—is no hand, no voice lifted in her behalf, and she, poor, unsupported thing, left to build up a reputation, which was never built before, without the kindred and kindly-proffered help of an audience? But she *did* build it up, and reared it lofty and large, despite the ungallant hands that refused their assistance, and the unmanly tongues that withheld the cheering tones of encouragement. Oh! triumph of triumph for the great contralto! Oh! happiest day of a life devoted to art! She has tamed the Lernean Hydra, trampled on its neck, and stopt the hissing of its hundred tongues! She has disappointed the critics, and made them bow subservient to the fiat of an English press, and an English audience. She has obtained a result, redounding to her glory as long as she lives, which no singer, under the same circumstances, ever before obtained. Respecting such an artist, what musical journal could be silent? We shall not attempt to record all that has been said and written of this extraordinary singer, even in the Parisian journals, which, though varied in their accounts, are unanimous in her praises; but, in addition to our present extracts relating to to her *début*, we shall add, from time to time, notices respecting her performances in the French capital, as each and all of them must needs be invested with the greatest possible interest. Alboni is now the rage in Paris; the reaction was inevitable. She can hardly elevate herself one step higher in the temple of Art. But we are unintentionally led into encomiums on Alboni, when we were merely desirous of affording the reader an opportunity of judging of the effect she must have produced, by permitting him to peruse the French *feuilletons* devoted to her. And first let him hear "*La Presse*."

DEBUT OF MADLLE. ALBONI.

After Madlle. Alboni's *début* at the opera concerts, it was rumoured she would reappear there in the drama on her return from Prague. Was she frightened by the difficulty of singing in the French language? Did she fear that her velvet tones would become discordant through the mediation of our harsh consonants, and that her brilliant cadences would be lost in our E *muets*, which prove so rebellious to Italian throats? Or, indeed, has some unforeseen circumstances interfered, which crushed the former negotiations? However this may be, the result was, that, on Thursday last, the *Semiramide* was executed in a style of completeness and magnificence, the remembrance of which it will take a long time to efface from the memory of the visitors. The company was unanimous in its appreciation. Grisi, at her entrance, was received with the most frantic applause. On the contrary, when Alboni appeared, a profound silence reigned, and it was not until she had given her first song, that the bravos broke forth like a hurricane.

It was impossible to say, in a more delicate manner, "You, Giulia Grisi, are our favorite *cantatrice*; for many years you have made us experience the noblest sensations derivable from art and beauty; be not afraid, we shall not prove ungrateful; we shall not sacrifice you to your young rival. We shall applaud you above all, for we feel assured that you will justify our admiration before this stranger,"—and to the *debutante*, "Be not thou intimidated; we are impartial judges. If you be what the world have named you, show your title, and we will present the hand to you, and lead you to the golden throne of the *prima-donna* which awaits you."

Thursday evening proved, though many anticipated a very different result, a veritable triumph for Grisi. Never did she produce so tremendous an effect as she did front to front with her redoubtable rival. Pre-eminent still in beauty and in voice, pre-eminent in all the mysteries of her art, she became radiant, refulgent, appeared commoved by some internal mystic sway, and sang and acted as she never sang and acted before. She was splendid and sonorous; a flame and a crystal. It demanded all the intrepidity

of Arsace not to shrink before this beaming luminary, and perhaps the greatest victory ever Alboni achieved, was not suffering herself to be conquered on this occasion. Even Coletti seemed to have caught some sparks from this kindling light. *Semiramide* was performed as it was never performed before in Paris.

What a precious acquisition will Alboni prove to M. Vatel; since, in addition to the admirable talent and the superb and exquisite voice she brings him in her own person, she appears to have restored Grisi to him at twenty-four years of age, in all the éclat of her beauty, in all the freshness of her youth, and all the enthusiasm of her art; and to have stricken fires from Coletti, who is usually contented to be an excellent singer, but has certainly no pretensions to the *diable au corps*. Without fearing to prove a false prophet, one may foretell a glorious harvest which M. Vatel will reap at the Italiens by the end of the season.

The influenza, by no means sensible to the charms of music, has seized upon Duprez, and strangled the increasing success of *Jerusalem*. For any other theatre this would be a calamity irremediable; happily feet are not subject to sore throats, and Carlotta Grisi, reappearing in the *Diable à Quatre*, has restored the opera to its pristine brilliancy, has renovated the appearance of the house, and replenished the treasury, as is usual with her. This *rentrée* was one of the most signal triumphs ever witnessed at the opera on any occasion. The continued bravos, the torrents of applause, the gloves broken in their enthusiasm, the chorus of canes, the recalls, the avalanches of bouquets, nothing was wanting to complete the ovation. Should the divine Carlotta make her *rentrée* every day her reception would be the same.—THEOPHILE GAUTIER.

Our contemporary, the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*, thus eulogises Alboni; and the praises are worthy of attention as coming from one who has shown himself no partisan of any artist.

DEBUT OF MADLLE. ALBONI IN "SEMIRAMIDE"

Nothing was more simple and more natural than that Alboni should have gone to the Italian Theatre, it was the place marked out for her; but that she should have gone there, after having passed through the theatre of the French Grand Opera, after an interval of about two months, was indeed something *bizarre* and extraordinary. It must be allowed, that the affair has been bungled in a singular manner, excepting as far as concerned the *cantatrice*, who has reaped all the advantage in honour and in money.

When Alboni left Paris, she proceeded to Perth, and returned to Vienna. At Pesth she played in the *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Maria di Rohan*, and gave a third representation at a concert. At Vienna she also gave a concert, on the 20th of November last, in the theatre An-der-wien, and obtained a prodigious success. We have seen the programme of this concert, and remarked among the *morceaux* sung by the Italian vocalist, the famous air from Gluck's *Orfeo*, "Che farò senza Euridice," which she sang, accompanied only on the piano, as Madame Pasta used to sing it, and with the same simple beauty of style, and the same warmth of sentiment. In the three other *morceaux*, which followed Gluck's air, the cavatina of *Niobe*, the rondo finale from *Cenerentola*, and the famous *Brindisi* from *Lucrezia Borgia*, Madlle. Alboni absolutely electrified the audience, and transported them to such a pitch of enthusiasm, that they encored the *Brindisi* three times, the music of which is, after all, simply mediocre. Who could have foreseen that this poor *cantatena* could have transformed itself into a triumphal song?

From Vienna, Alboni retraced her steps towards Paris, to debut there on the day previously appointed. She appeared on Thursday last in the character of Arsace, in *Semiramide*, and, as if everything which concerns the singer was destined to be original, not a single bravo saluted her on her entrance. A complete silence reigned throughout the house, even until the moment when the fair vocalist commenced her aria, and gave evidence of the admirable tones of that voice so powerful, and yet so moderated in its power. The silence did not endure long, and the *cantatrice* soon regained the applauses and acclamations to which her ear has been accustomed. However, to be exact in all things, it was not in the recitative, "Eccomi alfin in Babilonia," nor in the cavatina which follows, nor even in the duo with Assur, that Alboni displayed the astonishing power and intense beauty of her voice; but in her two duos with Semi-

ramide, in the aria of the second act, when Arsace learns that he is the son of Ninus, and that he is destined to avenge his father's death, that the artiste accomplished her revelation, and established herself as the consummate singer she has been represented, wherever she has hitherto appeared. After the two duos, she obtained a double recall, and was encored in the aria; which was nothing less than the strictest justice accorded by the audience, who had seemed at first determined to shew themselves as frigidly just as a jury in a court of assize, and not allow themselves to be surprised into the least demonstration of favor. We know that it is often one of the manias of our good public, with whom one loses nothing by having a little patience: artistes and authors know the rest.

It is, indeed, a long time since we have witnessed at the Theatre-Italien a representation so splendid. We had heard it rumoured that Made. Grisi was afraid to sing alongside of Albani. What necessity was there for this? Made. Grisi was never more magnificent, and never received more enthusiastic applause than she did on Thursday last in the character of Semiramide, one of the most exquisite flowers of her queenly crown. Never did she produce a greater effect in the concerted phrases, which were rendered with a talent equal to her best day. The greatest artistes, far from lessening each other's effects in conjunction, only serve as stimuli to make more manifest their power and their genius. Rubini would never have sung so marvellously in the duet from the *Mosé* if he had not had Tamburini for a second, and for a rival. Coletti sang very well in the part of Assur. Tagliafico was more than respectable in the rôle of the grand priest. The tenor alone enjoyed the privilege of amusing the assembly with notes of doubtful intonation, and with a quality of voice which recalled a generation of singers long since lost.

One of the merits of Albani, in the character of Arsace, was her having truly the air of a young man at once proud-looking and handsome, whom a Semiramide might have regarded with eyes of envy, and might have judged capable of wielding the sceptre. We have only one fault to find with this magnificent artiste; her little mustachios, which realised the idea of a royal officer of cavalry, might have been very well dispensed with. We respectfully advise the fair artiste to forego this item of costume, which has nothing traditional to recommend it.

Albani will shortly have to appear in a new character at the Italiens,—*Tancredi* or *Cenerentola* is named. We shall then have further, and more critical notices of the great contralto to lay before our readers, as they appear in the Parisian journals.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.

THE Fourth Chamber Concert took place at Erat's Harp Saloon, on Monday evening. The following vocal and instrumental programme was performed:—

Sonata in A, Op. 47, dedicated to Kreutzer, Piano-forte and Violin, Miss Clara Sterling, (her first appearance at these Concerts), and Mr. A. Streather	} <i>Beethoven.</i>
Duet, (MS., first time of performance), Miss Solomon (her first appearance at these Concerts), and Mr. W. H. Seguin.	
Two Songs (first time of performance), Miss Duval (imitated from the German by E. Buxton, Esq.)	} <i>C. E. Horsley.</i>
Quartet, No. 2, in D minor (MS.), two Violins, Tenor, and Violoncello, Messrs. John Day, A. Streather, R. Hughes (his first appearance at these Concerts), and W. Lovell Phillips	
An interval of ten minutes.	
Duet in E minor Op. 9, (first time of performance), two Pianofortes, Messrs. F. B. Jewson and Lindsay Sloper	} <i>Lindsay Sloper.</i>
Recit. and Air, Mr. W. H. Seguin (MS. first time of performance)	
"The Mother's song," Miss Cubitt	} <i>Kücken.</i>
Quartet in C (No. 6), Messrs. A. Streather, J. Day, R. Hughes, and W. Lovell Phillips	
Trio, "Complaint," Miss Solomon, Miss Cubitt, and Miss Duval	} <i>Leonhart.</i>
<i>The Vocal Music accompanied on the Pianoforte by Mr. Brinley Richards.</i>	
<i>Director for the Evening, Mr. Walter G. Macfarren.</i>	

The sonata of Beethoven should only be attempted in public by first-rate executants, a distinction to which Miss Clara Sterling and Mr. A. Streather can hardly aspire. Miss Clara Stirling should have been less ambitious on the occasion of her *debut*; she would have been likely to make more impression in a sonata of moderate difficulty.

Mr. Brinley Richards' duet is pleasing but not remarkably original; it is well voiced, and, although Miss Solomon supplied Miss Steele's place, at a short notice, she seconded Mr. W. H. Seguin very assiduously in its interpretation.

Mr. Charles Horsley's songs are both charming and musician-like—the latter especially, which only *sine inas-* much as it is too close an imitation of Mendelssohn. Miss Duval sang them well, and deserved the encore accorded to the second, "To thee, to thee, my words are flying." The words of these songs, by E. Buxton, Esq. display a fine ear and a graceful style; the first, perhaps, borders a little too closely on the freedom of the Anacreontic style, but the elegance of the verses wins a pardon for the voluptuousness of the sentiment, and the thin covering which only half hides the nakedness of the prime incident, and is as easily torn away as the veil which the poet has placed upon the bosom of his Blonda. *Fi dono*—we are becoming Puritans! Mr. Buxton, we beg your pardon.

Mr. Calkin's quartet is an old acquaintance, and we have nothing to remark but the excellence of its performance by Messrs. John Day, A. Streather, R. Hughes, and Lovell Phillips. Mr. R. Hughes' first appearance in so unpretending a position as that of tenor, is a guarantee of his modesty, as his playing is a guarantee of his talent.

The interval of ten minutes lasted more than a quarter of an hour.

Mr. Lindsay Sloper's duet is the work of an accomplished and elegant musician. We liked it when played by the author last year, at his own request, in conjunction with Mr. Benedict, and we liked it as much again on Monday night—a proof that its qualities are sterling. It was faultlessly executed by Mr. Jewson and the composer, and was highly admired by the *connoisseurs*.

Mr. C. E. Stephens's recitative and air offers no point for praise, and none for blame but its entire want of character. M. Seguin did his best for it.

Kücken's song is a piece of insipid twaddle; we hope Miss Cubitt did not select it for herself. The young lady will doubtless respond, "I was encored!"—which does not prove the song to have been good.

Mozart's quartet, a mine of genius, and a storehouse of science, was well performed, but not so well as Mr. Calkin's! Mr. Day, for Mozart's sake, should have retained his post as first violin.

Of the trio of Leonhart (who is Leonhart?) we only heard the first phrase, but that was quite enough.

Mr. Brinley Richards presided at the piano with the ability for which he is known, and the post of director of the evening was honorably and assiduously sustained by Mr. Walter Cecil Macfarren. On the whole the compositions and performances at this meeting gave us little reason to hope that the society is making any progress. Let us trust that the programme of the fifth meeting, on Monday evening, Dec. 27, may be more attractive and more promising.

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On Thursday morning, at 12 o'clock, we were summoned to the Hanover Square Rooms, to hear the following programme of untried works by the members and associates.

Overture	J. Thomas.
Song, "Yes, dear to memory," Miss Cubitt	J. F. Day.
Canzonet, "Moonlight," Miss Duval	J. J. Haits.
Duet, "How moonlight gems," Miss Williams and Mr. Ferrari	Brinsley Richards
Symphony in E flat	Wm. Baly.
Recitative, "Come, pensive sage,"	Mr. St. Albin. H. C. Banister.
Air, "Come, and o'er my longing soul,"	
Terzetto, "How calm," Miss Stewart, Miss E. Turner, and Miss Duval	W. S. Rockstro.
Canzonet, "I am thine," Mr. Wrighten	C. E. Stephens.
Song, "The rose," Miss Steele	Brinsley Richards.
Overture in C.	A. Mitchell.
Duet, "Our home is the forest green," Miss A. and M. Williams	Brinsley Richards

At present we shall offer no criticism on these compositions. The committee must first pronounce their verdict; the critic may then assume the privilege of the *Cour de Cassation*, and confirm or set it aside; the latter happens but too often. One word, however:—the symphony of Mr. Baly, and the overture of Mr. Thomas (both R. A. M., we believe), are guarantees that the younger members have both means and aspirations. *Tant mieux*—but what has become of all the older members? Have they run away from the society like rats?—Fye upon them.

The following gentlemen (according to the printed circular) assisted in the orchestra, which was more numerous than excellent:—Mr. F. Eames (leader). Violins: Messrs. Betts, W. Dawson, J. Day, E. Deane, Gattie, Jay, Hill, Newsham, Newson, E. Perry, Spillane, S. J. Stephens, A. Streather, Thirlwall, W. Watson, T. Westrop, and H. Wheatly. Tenors: Messrs. R. Blagrove, Graves, Weslake, Gledhill, Gleadow, and J. F. Day. Violoncellos: Messrs. Phillips, Quinton, Guest, and Calkin. Double Basses: Messrs. Giles, Pratten, C. Severn, and Reynolds. Piccolo: Mr. R. S. Rockstro. Oboes: Messrs. G. Horton and Crozier. Clarionets: Messrs. Lazarus and Wilson. Bassoons: Messrs. W. Chisholm and Baker. Horns: Messrs. Callcott, B. Hooper, Catchpole, and Stock. Trumpets: Messrs. Harper and Macfarlane. Trombones: Messrs. Smithies, N. Johnson, and B. Healey. Drums: Mr. Horton. The trial was under the direction of Mr. A. Nicholson.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

PARIS.—(From a Correspondent.)—December 8, 1847.—According to promise, my dear friend, I send you an account of all that has occurred, musical or antimusical, since the last few days. The witty and paradoxical letters of your correspondent, D. (who has left Paris for a time), continue to give birth to rumours of excellent augury in the etherial region of that musical infirmary which it has been agreed to baptize by the name of the *Academie Royale de Musique*. Our magnanimous directors disturb themselves very little, read the letters of Miss Birch, go to the *Italiens* when they can, and to the Opera when they cannot do otherwise, enter into a treaty with Verdi, for 1848, and will not hear of any one but him. The affair is regulated, concluded, decided, and Verdi remains at Paris for the winter. We shall have eleven operas by him, or, at any rate, eleven translations, during the eleven years duration of the privilege. Next year *I Masnadieri*! And yet, according to some silly friend of ours, I forget whom, "*l'opera ne fleurit plus depuis qu'il a Verdi*."*

The *grippe* is playing the deuce with us all; Duprez, aux abois, abois; Alizard que rien n'étonne, tonne et detonne; Porthaut has neither the name nor the voice of a *chanteur*

chaleureux; Mad. Julian *orie* ——— *tres bien*; but nobody sings, except the public, which leaves the theatre, humming a parody of one of the most lugubrious verses of Dante:—

"Ricordati di noi qu' andiammo via."

While we are speaking of the Opera, allow me, my dear friend, to cite some verses suggested to one of our waggish journalists, by the *comique* of the situation, which, it is hardly necessary to remind you, are a free imitation of one of the finest passages of our great Racine:—

"Ce superbe Ténor, qu'on voyait autrefois,
Plein d'une noble ardeur, faire obeir sa voix,
L'œil morne, maintenant, et la tête baissée,
Partage du public la lugubre pensée.
Un effroyable cri, qui ne sort pas des flots,
Des airs, en ce moment, a troublé le repos,
Et du fond de la salle, une claque effroyable
Repond en rugissant à ce cri redoutable.
Jusqu' au fond de nos cœurs, notre sang s'est glacé;
Du parterre attentif le poil s'est hérissé.
Cependant sur le dos d'un petit auteur vide,
S'élève à gros bouillons une montagne aride;
Elle approche, le brise, et vomit à nos yeux,
Parmi des flots d'écume un chanteur furieux.
Son front semble agrandir sa bouche menaçante
Tout son corps est couvert de sueur jaunissante;
Indomptable taureau, dragon impétueux,
L'ut, chez lui, se recourbe en replis tortueux;
Ses longs mugissements font trembler le rivage;
L'orchestre, avec horreur, voit le monstre sauvage;
Le public s'en émeut, il en est affecté,
Le flot qui l'apporta, veut être remporté.
Tout fuit et sans s'armer d'un courage inutile
Au théâtre voisin, chacun cherche un asyle!
Les moyens sont partis et sourds à cette foix
Ils ne connaissent plus ni le frein, ni la voix;
En efforts impuissans sa rage se consume,
Il rougit tous ses mots d'une sanglante écume.
On dit qu'on a vu même, en ce désordre affreux,
Un Dieu, qui du Ténor, pressait les flancs poudreux...
Il crie aux claquetins, et sa voix les effraie;
Il hurle... son gosier n'est bientôt qu'une plaie.
De ses cris douloureux la salle retentit,
Sa fougue impétueuse enfin se ralentit:
Il s'arrête non loin de ces tombeaux antiques
Ou des ténors anciens sont les froides reliques...
"Le ciel," dit-il, "m'arrache une innocente voix..."
Ces mots sont les derniers du ténor aux abois."

But, to return once more to the abominable compilation, which has been adorned with the pompous title of "opera in four acts and seven *tableaux*," and would be much more aptly designated, "opera in seven scenes, music by Ciceri, words by Philastre and Cambon"—in short of *Jerusalem*. Our excellent and *spirituel* Janin said, the other day, that this work had but one solitary advantage:—"La partition était tellement noircie de notes, qu'une puce un peu hardie pourrait y faire ses incongruités sans que cela fût remarqué."† Is not this a criticism at once slashing and picturesque; Janin alone was capable of it. *Jerusalem*! The very name made the good *Persuis*‡ afraid, when the subject was proposed to him:—"No, no," said he, shaking his venerable *perruque*; "Sacchini alone dare venture on such a theme!" It is true that Verdi was not a cotemporary of *Persuis*, or poor Sacchini would not have had such a compliment paid him. Oh, Hoffman—admirable Hoffman!—and thou Chatmurr, his worthy friend, his *collaborateur*, his counsellor—Hoffman, master of all of us! where wert thou when they dared to present before

* The painters and machinists of the Opera.

† We think it better not to translate the *bon mot* of friend J. J.—EDITOR.

‡ One of the unknowns whose names, in company with those of Beethoven and Verdi, are inscribed in the *foyer* of the Opera, where Mendelssohn and Spohr are forgotten.

* Our correspondent must excuse us from spoiling his pans by translation into a language less accommodating than his own.

those, who, like thyself, understand what is really beautiful in the absolute worship of that divine art, which is called poetry and music—when *Jerusalem*, by VERDI, was given? If, like us, thou hadst heard that incredible hubbub, springing from the complete arsenal of the instruments of copper and brass, fashioned in such sort that it were impossible for the most practised ear to detect in the midst of the bacchanal, any other effect than that of direct dissonance! Unhappy public! To listen to four acts of this infernal music! Have ye nor hearts nor ears! (The latter, perhaps, *too long*). And, yet there are in this world, persons so deprived of sense, so shameless, so insipid, as to dare to signalize this rubbish as “a work sparkling with energy, force and expression!”* Take an example:—A trifling passage (not *phrase*, for Verdi holds phraseology in contempt) for the violins *tremolo*, accompanied, or followed, by a high note for the *flauto piccolo*;—well, this trifling *tremolo* and this high note for the *piccolo* have been ludicrously qualified as the *rising of the sun*—and critics have been so hardy and so silly as to find parallels in Haydn (*Creation*), Beethoven (*the Pastoral Symphony*), Rossini, (*Moise*), &c. Such impious buffoonery is enough to make the hair of one's head stand on end;—to *dare* to cite these sublime, immortal, and unapproachable masterpieces, by the side of a trumpety burlesque! They must needs be unhappy beings, reduced to an incredible state of misery, who can accept, no matter for what salary, the unworthy office of applauding to the skies, of affecting enthusiasm, for four mortal hours, and smothering under an insolent clamor, the modest negative of persons of taste and intelligence—if there still be any such—who allow themselves to be humbugged by the lying representatives of an *affiche*, upon which figures pompously, in letters a foot long, the great name of JERUSALEM—*musica del celeberrimo maestro, illustrissimo Cavaliero Verdi!* Unhappy opera! Unhappy artists!

Let us hasten from the *Invalides* of the *Rue Pelletier*, and in the aristocratic theatre of the *Place Ventadour*, endeavour to obtain a place in the *coulouir*, or a corner in a box, where, perched *sur la pointe des orteils*, the poor journalist, the Paria of the Parisian Theatres, may render an account of the magnificent success of Alboni, in the part of Arsace in *Semiramide*. There, if you please, is a great and beautiful voice; there, if you please, is a great singer; in this matter, my dear friend, I completely and absolutely espouse your sympathies, and that of your excellent correspondent, D. (whose absence is so much lamented by Paul Smith, Henri Blanchard, and the *loge de la commission*)—which, you are well aware is not invariably the case. Yes, Alboni is *une grande artiste*—or rather *un grand artiste*.† Who could desire more warmth, more energy, more *brío*?‡ Such as she is, we have heard nothing more complete, more perfect in Paris for many long years. She is not Pasta; she is not Malibran; she is not Pizaroni; she is not Grisi; but she is ALBONI—and that name says enough in all conscience! The papers, the reviews, and your private letters, have all, no doubt, detailed to you the astonishing triumph of this *cantatrice*: I shall, therefore, refrain from enumerating the bouquets, the ovations, the recalls, that have welcomed her on each successive evening. The *bouquetière* of the *Theatre Italien* is making a fortune and has already bought shares in the *chemin de fer du nord*; the *bouquetières* of the Opera have emptied their stores in supplying her;—is that not enough?

* Does our correspondent hint at M. Desnoyers, of the *Siècle*, who wrote the puff which Fiorentino nobly disdained to indite?—EDITOR.

† A distinction for which the English tongue has no synonyme.—EDITOR.

‡ An epithet exclusively Italian.—EDITOR.

But, I must tell you, that Giulia Grisi nobly divides the triumph with Alboni. The Norma disputes, step by step, the vocal throne of the *Italiens*. Like a generous steed that has, for some time, been overcome by a lazy sleep, the Grisi has awakened from her torpor, at the first prick of the spurs; she bounds, she rushes forward—or, as Theophile Gautier says, “she is *twenty-four*—she is sublime!” It is really an admirable spectacle, this duel between two great singers, who fight for the sceptre of Italian opera; since Malibran and Sontag we have lost sight of such generous and magnanimous rivalry. The *dilettanti* clap their hands; the treasurer is in ecstasies; the director (M. Vatel—the “*homme malheureux*” of Fiorentino) is in the seventh heaven. “Another *petit poulet*, like this, hatched and nourished at the *Academie Royale de Musique*,” says M. Vatel, “and behold my fortune made.” Kind M. Duponchel! Excellent M. Roqueplan! Lucky M. Vatel! He has promised us Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, with Grisi, Alboni, Mario, and Ronconi, as interpreters. This will be followed by the revival of *La Cenerentola*, with Alboni and Lablache. We were to have had the *Barbier*, but it would have been unkind to Madame Persiani, and we must, consequently, wait till next year. I admire nothing more in Alboni than this repugnance to hurt the feelings of a sister artiste. Thus, you see, on this side of the *Boulevard*, all prospers; the season is rich, and we are promised marvels:—here, I may safely prophecy that the mountain is not in labour with a mouse, as in the instance of the wretched *Jerusalem*.*

The *Opera Comique* is sleeping on its ancient *repertoire*; the director promises that the awakening shall be a thunder-clap—an opera of Auber, with a great display of decorations and costumes, an unprecedented luxury in the *mise en scene*—and last, not least, Roger for the principal tenor part.

At the *Theatre National* there has been nothing. The public neglects it—which, thanks to *Gastibelsa*, is not a gross injustice.

Alexander Dumas is preparing *Hamlet* for immediate production, at the *Theatre Historique*. Yes, my friend, *Hamlet*! You Englishmen will start at this great name. And *Hamlet* too, re-touched, arranged—Shakspeare arranged by Alexander Dumas! *Que voulez vous?* The ridiculous is so close to the sublime. I will let you know the result of this adventure.

A thousand friendly greetings to Berlioz. Tell him that I have sent a biography of him to Germany, as complete and minutely detailed as possible, where his *portrait* has already had a *succès de vogue*. And this was not *par petit besogne*, I assure you:—why—*ce diable homme*—why does he compose so many fine things!—why he is so wild, so grand, so original, so sublime? Adieu, my friend, always yours,

D. CORFELIUS.

N. B.—Do not forget, that in the midst of the *grippe*, the fear of the *cholera*, and the unhappy condition of business, the *Carnival* will begin in a few days. The first *bal masqué* at the Opera is fixed for the 18th. We shall have balls at the Opera, the *Opera Comique*, the *Variétés*, the *Ambigu*, &c. &c. At Paris we dance, and we laugh, by the side of a corpse, in the face of public misery. What is it to Paris, after all—or to the corpse and the sufferers?

PARIS, December 4.—(From another Correspondent).—My dear — In promising to give you, from time to time, some news about musical Paris, I had quite forgotten the singular reputation which your correspondent D. gave me in the eyes

* “D'un souris,” adds our correspondent—“qu'elle sourit!”—Untranslatable again.—EDITOR.

of your readers, in one of his spiritual letters upon Paris. To justify his words, I should "know everything and everybody, the reason of everything, and the peculiarities of everybody." Such qualities would indeed be a precious acquisition for a correspondent; but alas! I do not merit the honor; for, although I know a great many persons, I know very few things—as the sequel will show.

Not having been to the *Académie Royale* since the concerts of Alboni, I am ignorant of what has taken place in the theatre, behind the scenes, or in the *bureau* of the administration.

As I rarely go to the *Théâtre des Italiens* I can tell you nothing further than that the stock operas lately have been *Semiramide*, *Lucia*, *Il Barbiere*, and *Norma*.

At the *Opéra Comique* you are aware that a new work by Auber is in preparation. Within the last few days they have revived the same admirable composer's opera of *Fra Diavolo*, that charming work, which swarms with delicious melodies, and offers the greatest interest in its refined and spiritual orchestration. It was sung to perfection, and obtained as much success as on the occasion of its first production. In this opera all is fresh and new—nothing has become stale—nor the form of the *morceaux*, nor the melodies; all breathes the *verve* and the grace that are peculiar to Auber.

The *Opéra National* is still giving *Gastibelza*, *Aline*, *Une bonne Fortune**, while *Felix* and *Le Postillon de Lonjumeau* are in preparation.

The concerts are beginning. Two have already taken place in the room of the *Conservatoire*. The first was given by M. Wekerlin, a Frenchman, in spite of his thoroughly German name. M. Wekerlin came before the public as a man of courage and ambition; his programme comprised an overture, some vocal pieces, French and Arabian choruses, and an ode-symphony, entitled *Roland*, which I regret that I was unable to hear. M. Wekerlin is a young composer with a fine prospect before him; he possesses more science than is general at his age; he instruments well, writes well for the voices, and chiefly sins by the too great complacency with which he accepts the melodic ideas that present themselves to his fancy; these, with the exception of the "Chœur Arabe," a charming *morceau*, well designed, well written, and received with great favor, are wanting in originality.

At the other concert we had Felicien David, with a new symphony and his oratorio, *Moïse au Mont Sinai*, as the chief attractions of his programme. The first part of the symphony denotes a progress in the composer, inasmuch as it is modelled on a larger plan and one more worthy of a symphony than in his first.† This movement betrays a marked predilection for a composer whose premature death, alas! we must ever lament,—you understand that I allude to MENDELSSOHN. But, far from reproaching M. David for this new phenomenon of his style, I signalise it with pleasure, since the resemblance has been useful to him, and, despite of certain analogies in the manner of conducting the development of the principal theme, and in the melodic forms, it has enabled him to manifest a refined and vigorous style of instrumentation, especially in the quartet. The *andante* had still greater success—thanks to a theme of, perhaps, too great simplicity, and to certain effects of instrumentation purely physical, which agreeably tickle the ear; in addition to which it is composed with the hand of a master, and interests the musician by the ability with which it is written. The *scherzo*, which is a regularly developed *finale*

pleased me less; the principal theme is a kind of *fandango*, and the length of the movement is not compensated by any strokes of genius, either in the melody or in the orchestral combinations. In *Moïse* there are some beautiful passages—for example, the instrumental introduction, a romance with chorus, cleverly sung by Mademoiselle Grimm, of the *Opéra Comique*, and a duet and chorus, interpreted to perfection by the same charming vocalist, and her admirable *camarade*, Roger. I hear that Felicien David will go to London, next season; for which reason I abstain from entering into details that you will be able to describe to your readers much more satisfactorily than is in my power. I have seen Meyerbeer, who says nothing about either the *Africaine*, or the *Prophétie*; but much about *Le Camp de Silesie*, which he hopes to hear performed in London.

The *Conservatoire*, you will be pleased to hear, is preparing an address to the widow of the immortal Mendelssohn, of which the composition has been entrusted to M. Maurice Bourges.*

There, "old fellow"—I have said all I have to say. I write to prove to you that I can keep my promises, at the risk of losing, in the estimation of your numerous readers, the reputation of *one who knows everything*. Good bye—your devoted

HENRY PANOFKA.

LEIPZIG, Dec. 8, 1847.—(From our own Correspondent.)—I have perused with great interest the articles which have appeared in the last few numbers of your valuable *World*, respecting the "immortal Mendelssohn." To every member of the musical profession, and every sincere admirer of the art, it must be gratifying to see that England *shows* her appreciation of the great merits of "the Mozart of the nineteenth century," whom it has been the will of divine Providence so suddenly to remove from this earthly scene, and does honor to him whose "memory lives, and will live in all hearts that beat with holy rapture for the beautiful, the noble, and the true." I am glad to see that the enthusiastic spirit of your talented correspondent, at Paris, finds so many congenial hearts among the brethren in London, and gives such assurance that the project for raising a "commemoration to the immortal Mendelssohn" shall be carried out and brought to a glorious and successful termination." In my last I gave you a hurried description of the funeral obsequies, as they were celebrated at Leipzig; but, I omitted to state that number three of the fifth book of the "Lieder ohne Worte" was arranged by Professor Moscheles for the mournful occasion, and performed by the band as the solemn *cortege* wended its way towards that church where the last rites were performed. I also stated that Meyerbeer was present at the ceremony, which, I have since been informed, was not correct. In the article you have extracted from the *Journal des Débats*, I think a few errors have, by some means, crept. First: It states, that "the obsequies of Mendelssohn Bartholdy were celebrated on Saturday, November the 6th," which is incorrect, as they were celebrated on Sunday the 7th ultimo. Secondly: That "during the ceremony, several *morceaux* of Handel were performed," which, if you will refer to my list of what was performed, you will find was not the case; but the greatest error is, that "whilst the reverend pastor (who, by the way, bears the name of Howard, and not Beerwig) pronounced the funeral oration, three professors from Dresden were occupied in taking a portrait of Mendelssohn, whose body was placed in an open coffin, having the brow

* A one-act opera, by Adolph Adam, the director.
† Qy. Are there not already two symphonies by this composer known to the public?

* Let us hope that this address will be couched in language less frigid than that of a paper upon Mendelssohn from the same hand, which appeared in a late number of the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*.

bound with a crown of laurel." The absurdity of such a statement is too gross to allow it to pass current. In the first place the *coffin was not open*, and, in the second, no one would have been permitted to take a portrait of the illustrious deceased in the church, and during the funeral solemnities! Such was not the case; the coffin was closed and raised upon a pedestal, covered with a "sable velvet pall," and decorated with palm branches, wreaths, &c. By this you will see that "the French version"—so singularly graceful and unaffectedly simple—a masterpiece of *unadorned* prose!—is far too learned and romantic! On Thursday evening, Nov. 11, a concert, in memory of the great departed one, was given in the Gewand Haus; the first part consisted of his music entirely, including his last compositions, one of which might almost be looked upon as prophetic of his own approaching dissolution, the words being, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," &c. I need hardly say how these works were listened to with breathless attention by a crowded audience. Rehearsals of his *Elijah* have commenced; it is to be performed here some time in February next. This great work has not yet been performed in Leipzig, therefore you may easily imagine the hearing is looked forward to with great anxiety. The musical public of the various towns in England, who were fortunate enough to hear its interpretation, under the direction of the mighty composer himself, and the orchestras who have had the honor of working under his guidance, ought, indeed, to be proud and cherish the memory of him, and his "greatest work," to their dying hour! An artiste of Leipzig, by name, Knauer, has exhibited a very successful model of a bust, taken after death, which will shortly be ready for sale. The price will be twelve shillings, for casts in plaster of Paris, and eighteen shillings, in porcelain. Doubtless, numbers of his musical admirers and friends in London, and elsewhere, will be anxious to obtain a faithful likeness of the departed "Prince of Musicians," and I would take the liberty, through your medium, of advising them to send their names, to be attached to the subscription list *HERE*, and thereby secure the *best and most perfect* models, which will be given to the subscribers. On Monday, the 29th ult., a concert, supported by some of the pupils of the Conservatorium took place, before a large audience, and concluded very satisfactorily. The gems of the evening were, the first movement of Moscheles' brilliant and masterly pianoforte concerto, in E flat, with orchestral accompaniments, played by Herr Michel de Sentis, from Warsaw (who, ere long, will be one of our first pianoforte performers), in a manner highly creditable to himself and worthy of the composition, and the first movement of Beethoven's concerto in C minor, given by Miss Emma Jardine, from London, who made her *debut* before a Leipzig audience on this occasion, and played with great taste, spirit, and neatness of execution, and elicited loud applause. Herr Alexander Winterberger, from Weimar, performed Moscheles' "Recollections of Ireland," with *éclat*. Herr Julius Riccius, from Bernstadt, Herr Anton Metzler, from Zwickau, and Herr Wilhelm Gertz, from Hanover, severally performed violin concertos, from De Beriot, Ferd. David (professor and music director in Leipzig), and Vieuxtemps, with success. On Thursday, 2nd instant, Mendelssohn's wonderful inspiration, "Die Erste Walpurgis Nacht," was finely performed in the presence of his Majesty, the King of Saxony. The solo parts were sung by Mdlle. Schloss, Herr Wiedemann, Herr Behr, and Herr Pögnier. The singing of Herr Behr, especially, elicited the warmest applause. He has a bass voice of magnificent quality, and sings most artistically. Mendelssohn himself, on a previous occasion, com-

plimented him very highly upon his interpretation of the above work. To-morrow we shall have a fine concert (No. 8 of the subscription), when a new manuscript symphony, by Professor Gade, conductor of the concerts, will be performed, of which report speaks very highly. Willmers, the pianist, also plays Weber's "Concert Stuck," and a composition of his own. J. A. B.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MENDELSSOHN.

A speechless grief pervades each minstrel breast,
Euterpe mourns in silence o'er his tomb;
No words so wild a phrensy e'er express,
As that which sheds through Europe's heart a gloom.
Yes, thou art gone! and o'er thy hallowed shrine,
Proud hearts, with unfeigned reverence, will bend;
And noble minds, that knew the worth of thine,
To deep remorse their warmest feelings lend.
As summer flowers, mown down before their time,
Are dead at noon, nor live their little day,
So drooped thy head in manhood's fullest prime,
And, meteor-like, thy spirit passed away.
Though chilling damps have circled thee around,
And Death's cold arms have clasped thy mortal frame,
Thy memory lives, thy praises will resound
While lips have power to breathe thy honoured name.
An earthly muse shall vainly strive to tell
The sense refined—the noble genius given
To thee, whose mem'ry in our hearts will dwell,
Till called to join thy harmony in heaven.

ANNA MARIA PIPER.

MUSIC IN DUBLIN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE musical societies of Dublin, of which the following is a list, have all some time since commenced operations for the winter campaign. The Madrigal Society meets on every Monday evening, conductor, Mr. Geary; the Melophonic Society on every Tuesday evening, conductor, Mr. Murphy, jun.; the Philharmonic Society every Wednesday evening, conductor Mr. Bussell; the Ancient Concert Society on every Thursday evening, conductor, Mr. Joseph Robinson; the Anacreontic Society, conductor, Mr. Wilkinson; and the University Choral Society, conductor, Mr. Stewart, on every Friday evening; and the Amateur Harmonic Society on every Saturday evening, conductor, Mr. Glover.

The Philharmonic Society gave their first concert for this, their 22nd season, on Wednesday evening, the 1st December inst., in the Ancient Concert Rooms, Brunswick-street. The following was the programme:—

PART I.			
Sinfonia, (No. 1.)	.	.	Reissiger.
Quartet—"Spring's delights"	.	.	Orpheus.
Cavatina—"Quando o core"	.	.	Baccini.
Cantata—"Adelaide"	.	.	Beethoven.
Quartet—"Lovely night"	.	.	Orpheus.
Song—"The standard-bearer"	.	.	Lindpainter.
Solo—Pianoforte, "Theme, Gustave"	.	.	J. W. Glover.
PART II.			
Overture—"Freyshutz"	.	.	Weber.
Duet—"Dunque io son"	.	.	Rossini.
Solo—Clarinet, Signor Cavallini	.	.	Weber.
Song—"O come to the greenwood"	.	.	Mendelssohn.
Septett—"Pull away, boys"	.	.	Orpheus.
Overture—"Italiana in Algieri"	.	.	Rossini.

Reissiger's sinfonia, in E flat, was admirably performed by a first-rate orchestra, under the conductorship of Mr. Bussell. The andante, in A flat, was given with great precision; and the final allegro, played with much fire and spirit, served admirably to develop the power of the orchestra. Beethoven's cantata formed an excellent expositor of its manifold beau-

ties, in the rich tenor voice, and fervent and impassioned style of Mr. Geary. He gave the allegro molto with all the abandonment the subject demanded, and on its conclusion was loudly and deservedly applauded. Mr. J. Werner Glover's fantasia on "Theme de Gustave" was performed by him with great power and brilliancy; the first variation, especially, where the subject is taken alternately by the right and left hand, amid arpeggio passages of lightning rapidity. The finale is light and brilliant, *à la* Herz. This movement winds up with an admirable fugue, and the original theme coming in as a counter-subject, has a novel, and at the same time a charming effect.

The first concert of the season of the Madrigal Society took place on Monday evening, the 6th December inst. The programme comprised madrigals by Bennett and Festa, which were steadily performed by a chorus consisting of nearly seventy voices, conducted by Mr. Geary.

Bellini's Duetto, "Vieni fra queste braccia," from *Puritani*, exquisitely sung by Mrs. Smith and Mr. Geary. Costa's terzetto, "Vanne a colei," charmingly rendered by Miss Searle, Mrs. Smith, and Mr. Geary. Kucken's harmonious duet for tenor and bass "Oh how sweet the hills away;" and, though last, not least, Carter's "Oh Nanny," harmonised for four voices, were among the vocal gems of the evening. The concert was crowded to overflowing.

Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was produced on last Thursday evening, at the Society of Ancient Concerts. As I look upon this performance as the most musically important of any that has occurred here, since the production of Handel's *Messiah* in 1741, I will defer any further observations until next week, when I promise you a full and detailed account. Suffice it, for the present, to say, that high art never achieved, in every respect, a more decided or eminently successful triumph—a triumph that will be long remembered by those who, like myself, were sufficiently fortunate to be present on the occasion.

C. B.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

LYCEUM.—Under the name of *The Tragedy Queen*, a comic piece, in one act, was produced on Monday, and achieved a success as complete as it was well-merited. Our readers are acquainted with the plot of the French drama, *Tiridate*, in which Mdlle. Fargueil made so great a sensation at Mr. Mitchell's charming little theatre. Well, Mr. John Oxenford, to whose accomplished and elegant pen we are indebted for the new piece at the Lyceum, adopting the incidents and dramatic progress of *Tiridate*, substituting Mrs. Bracegirdle (the celebrated cotemporary of Betterton, famous alike for her beauty, wit, amours, charities, and genius) for Dumesnil, Nathaniel Lee's *Alexander the Great* for a new tragedy of Racine, and otherwise metamorphosing the character and allusions, to give a colouring suitable to the change of locale, has produced a little one-act drama, which, naked as it is of startling and unexpected incident, sparkles from first to last with wit and humour of the most genial, graceful, and thoroughly racy kind. In Mr. Oxenford's version there is scarcely one word of the French dialogue; but what is substituted is of a far superior order. The piece was received throughout with roars of laughter, and the curtain descended amidst the most unequivocal demonstrations of pleasure and approval. The historical allusions, with which the piece abounds, the apt citations from Lee's bombastic play, the reference to places, things, and events of the epoch during which Mrs. Bracegirdle flourished (somewhat beyond the middle of the 18th century), all show the author's great familiarity

with the dramatic records of the period, while his masterly handling of them proves his unquestionable stage tact, and his thorough knowledge of effect. The part of Mrs. Bracegirdle was performed by Mrs. Stirling, almost as well as the parallel character of Dumesnil by the charming Fargueil, and she was deservedly recalled at the fall of the curtain. The other parts were zealously sustained by Miss Marshall, Mr. Frank Matthews, and a Mr. Parselle, although the zeal of the last-named gentleman was more to be commended than his ability. The costumes and scene were appropriate to the *The Tragedy Queen* is played now every night, and which has given a fillip to the business of the Lyceum—which was in want of something new.

SADLER'S WELLS.—On Friday se'nnight the comedy of *The Steward* was revived here. This play is of Scotch origin, and was altered and adapted to the metropolitan stage many years ago. The chief interest lies in the schemes of Item, the villainous steward, to build his fortune on the ruin of his master, a cold-blooded profligate gamester, who fixes, or suffers to be affixed, the stain of illegitimacy on his legitimate daughter, for what purpose we could not very clearly understand. The character, which is unredeemed by any strength in the drawing, was committed to Mr. Marston, who however failed to relieve it of its heavy and offensive features. Mr. Younge, as the Steward, was excellent, smooth, close, and shrewd. Mr. Roskins, as the lover, and Mrs. Marston, as the Abigail, who speaks English in the style of Mrs. Malaprop, kept the audience in good humor. The play was received with approbation by a well filled house, but we do not think that, on the whole, the revival has been a very judicious one. The piece, which is of the Morton and Holcroft school, is not a good specimen of its kind. If the visitors of Sadler's Wells persist in liking these plays, they might have better things of the sort. There is Morton for instance, with his five-act farces.—(Does the reader remember Elliston and Munden in them?)—Then there is O'Keefe—better still. The comic strength of the company here is quite equal to the performance of such pieces.

FRENCH PLAYS.—We have been confirmed in our opinion, expressed last week, that the present is a good working company, and in every respect qualified to act up to the stars, as they may alternate both in the serious and comic line; we may also venture to state that, now that we are better able to discriminate, we are less inclined to qualify our praise; in the first place we make the *amende* to M. Montaland whom indisposition alone prevented from giving full scope to his abilities. Mr. Fechter has justified the opinion we expressed of his talents; and Mr. Josset is decidedly an excellent comic actor, with a slight touch of the burlesque, without, however, descending to the vulgar. It would be ungallant entirely to leave out the ladies: of these Madlles. Baptiste and Berthe deserve honorable mention at our hands. The selection has hitherto been good as regards the pieces. *Le chef d'œuvre Inconnu* is one of those little homely dramas, in the construction of which the French are supereminent. It is like a cabinet picture, domestic in its interest, interesting as regards the subject, highly finished in all its details, delicately and artistically handled, with as many personages as are necessary to bring out into strong relief the conception of the author. Here we have the conflict of two passions brought into direct antagonism—the love of an artist, a sculptor, for his mistress, and his devotion to his art; the former triumphs over the latter, and the crown destined for the living genius is placed on the forehead of the dead victim, who has generously sacrificed his own dreams of glory and distinction to the honor

of her whom he loved. M. Fechter's conception of the part pleased us in many respects; his acting was natural, and in the passionate scenes he elicited much applause; let him, however, be careful to restrain over-exuberance of feeling; this is a common fault with young actors, and mars not unfrequently their best of parts. We should also advise more attention to the filling up of those little minutiae, both of gait and manner, which distinguish the perfect master of his art, and which have placed Bouffé at the top of his profession; in short we should advise M. Fechter to be his part, and nothing but his part. "Le Reveil du Lion," is the original of the "Roused Lion," now being played at the Haymarket. It is worthy of remark, that the opening scene, which, in the translations appeared to us so interminably long as to tax our patience to the utmost, loses all its monotony in the original; the cause may partly arise from the heaviness of the language too literally translated, from the allusions not understood by an English audience. M. Cartigny was in his natural element in the part of the old gentleman, he revelled in fun, when victimising Mauléon; was in every respect a gentleman in his gallant scenes, a perfect compound of the *muscadin* of the directory and the *beau* of the empire, whilst in the pathetic passages he was forcible and persuasive. M. Montaland was excellent in the part of Hector Mauléon, the modern lion, lively, animated, and sarcastic by turns, he kept the house in a roar from beginning to end. Madame Valmy did justice to the retired opera dancer—yet we regret we had not a Mrs. Keely in the part. How well Dezajet would do it! Mademoiselle Berthe deserves a word of praise—she is lady-like and uncommonly pleasing in her deportment.

J. de C—

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

THE MENDELSSOHN MONUMENT.

SIR,—The question whether the English nation should or should not erect a tribute to the memory of the great, the good, the gifted Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, appears to me to be a matter now placed beyond the reach of doubt, or controversy,—to be a thing absolutely fixed and determined on. Not so the nature, manner, and form of this proposed erection, which still seem matters of difficulty and discussion. It is fixedly resolved that *some kind* of honorary memento shall be raised, but the *exact nature* of that memento is *not* so fixedly determined on. I would wish, with your permission, to offer a few observations upon the subject.

That part of the question, as to whether the monument intended to be erected, should be a bust or a full length statue of the late eminent composer, I apprehend may easily be decided and dismissed forthwith. All will admit and pronounce in favour of the superiority of the statue in preference to the simple bust; and the only difficulty or obstacle at all likely to be raised to our having the former, can be as to the insufficiency of the funds to meet the greater expence of a statue. But the English people have been rarely known to fail in acknowledging (after death, at any rate) the merits of genius, and if an appeal were made for their assistance, the monies accumulated, I make no doubt of it, would be amply sufficient to erect a statue, and a very noble statue, instead of a small bust.

Supposing, then, that the bust yields to the statue; then arises the question, which with the bust never could have arisen; whether the statue should be erected in the open air, or within one of the metropolitan music halls or concert rooms. Your clever Parisian correspondent gives his vote in favour of the open air erection, and suggests Hanover-Square as an appropriate site for the statue.

Now, I must confess, I cannot look upon the scheme for raising an out-of-door statue of Mendelssohn in the metropolis, without fear and trembling. The out-of-door statues throughout London are anything but comforting and encouraging. That we have not improved of late in this particular is very manifest, if we consider the last *alfresco* statue erected. Need I mention, that butt for the ridicule and laughter of Europe, that target for the jokes of the whole universe, the "Arch-Duke" at Hyde Park-corner?

It is very true, that the task of modelling the statue of Mendelssohn

may be entrusted to some artist, whose acknowledged merits will ensure the correctness and artistic beauty of the work. But still, if placed in a metropolitan thoroughfare, it cannot fail to be catalogued with many monstrosities in the open-air statue line, which already stud too thickly our great city; and heaven forbid that the testimonial of this nation's respect and esteem for Mendelssohn, should be turned, as other testimonials have been, before now, to ridicule and universal contempt. With respect to Hanover-square as an appropriate site, is there not one statue there already? Canning, if I mistake not. Again, it appears to me, that erecting an out-of-door statue of Mendelssohn, in London, will scarcely seem appropriate and *comme il faut*. One can scarcely reconcile the idea of a statue of that great musician, from whom have emanated some of the finest compositions mortal ever penned,—the author of those magnificent works, St. Paul and Elijah,—standing in a popular metropolitan thoroughfare, midst the hubbub and racket of this great metropolis, midst the roar of business and the din of people. It would seem as though he were placed in a sort of purgatory,—as though he, who so loved, so cherished the chords of harmony and melody in life, were doomed to list to nought but discord and riot after death!

No, sir, the statue of Mendelssohn could not consistently be placed in the centre of this great city, unless under the roof of some hall strictly devoted to music, unless beneath the sacred ceiling of a cathedral, unless in some public gallery of statues and monuments of eminent men.

But there is no reason why the statue should not be erected in the open air, some short way out of London; in some shady, quiet nook, into which the whirlwind of toil and business never intrudes. Why not in one of our beautiful cemeteries, a short distance out of London? Surely, the holy calmness, the heavenly peace, the death-like stillness, which pervade these hallowed resting places of the dead, would be more in unison, more in harmony with the living thoughts and imaginings of the great musician, than the din and riot of a busy city. There it would be a sort of pious pilgrimage, a holy, much-loved duty, to jog on to the peaceful spot where England had raised her tribute of earnest admiration, passionate love, heart-felt respect for that man, who never had an equal, a rival, or an enemy—who loved and was loved by all—the mighty inspirations of whose genius must last to eternity—and there, to linger near the monumental marble, indulging in the soul-elevating thoughts, the tearful, soul-searching reflections, which must rush spontaneously to the heart as it ponders o'er his heavenly genius, his meteor-course, his premature decay! Or, why not erect the monument in some shady grove or avenue in our public parks or gardens? Why not in some leafy spot in Kensington-gardens, for instance? These places, which I have mentioned at random, and, doubtless, many better may be suggested, appear to me infinitely more appropriate than any London street, or public thoroughfare. Though I could wish to say a few more words upon the subject, I dare not any longer venture to presume upon your patience, your time, or your valuable space. But, I hope the importance of the subject of my letter may excuse both my prolixity and my intrusion. You, I feel assured, will concur in the wish that the funds for the testimonial may prosper and accumulate, and that a monument, worthy of the great name it will bear, may speedily be erected, and long remain a token of England's respect, love, and admiration for every child of genius, let him be born in what clime he may.

I am, sir, in some haste, your obedient servant,

E. D. C.

Dec. 14, 1847.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I take the liberty of referring your attention to the letter which I had the honour of writing to you on the 1st of September last, and for the insertion of which, in No. 36 of your valuable Journal, I have to return you my most sincere thanks. You will readily conceive my surprise and vexation, when, on going to the Union public-house, for the express purpose of hearing this grand harpist, I found that he had discontinued playing there; for what reason I know not, though, I am given to understand, that he considered the patronage he received too small. Being totally unacquainted with his address, you will see my inability of writing, apologising through your kind medium, to some gentlemen, who, influenced no doubt by the same feelings as myself, have called at the Union public-house, in the Bagnigge Wells-Road, to hear him play, and not finding him there, were so confiding in my statement of his merits, as to leave their cards, which, unfortunately, the careless bar-keeper has lost. To these kind-hearted gentlemen must I tender at the same time my apologies and thanks; apologies for the disappointment they met with, through the non-appearance of the harpist, and thanks for the trouble they have taken in order to hear him play. By dint of great trouble, I have, however, become acquainted with his address, which is, W. P. THOMAS, 3, Ave Maria-Lane, Ludgate-Hill. I have requested him to attend at the Union public-house, on Tuesday evening next, and he has promised to be there from nine until twelve o'clock,

and also on any other Tuesday evening, if it be the wish or desire of any lady or gentleman. I beg leave to inclose a copy of my letter, referred to at the commencement of this, in order to save you any trouble or inconvenience you may be put to, by having to refer to the identical number in which it was inserted, and I beg leave to subscribe myself,

Your obliged, obedient servant,
13, Charles-street, 15th Dec. 1847.

MAHONY MYLES.

To the Editor of the Musical World
SONGS IN HAYDN'S CREATION.

H. E. will feel obliged to the Editor of the Musical World, recommending him some songs for the "Creation." His voice is a *barytone*, but cannot easily reach beyond E. If the Editor cannot do so, perhaps some of H. E.'s fellow subscribers will oblige him.

[Our columns are open to any subscriber who has the time to reply to our correspondent's question?—Ed.]

PROVINCIAL.

LIVERPOOL.—On Wednesday the annual concert of Miss Keale took place at the Concert Hall, Lord Nelson-street, in this town. The attendance, without being crowded, included some of the first families in the town. A duet by Thalberg, played by Miss Keale and a young lady, her pupil, whose name did not transpire, delighted while it captivated all present. Miss Keale's pupil will take her place at no distant day amongst the most accomplished instrumentalists. The singing of Mr. Weiss was highly relished. Miss Emily Grant carried away the applause by her finished singing and tasteful execution. Her favourite song, "Sound the pibroch," is quite a gem. There are few lyrical compositions more inspiring, the echo notes show the accomplished vocalist, while the spirit which she throws into the air smacks pleasantly of the practised actress. Signor Giulio Regondi played two or three solos on the concertina and the guitar. Over both instruments he exercises perfect mastery.—*Liverpool Chronicle*.

HODDSDON.—(From our Correspondent).—Miss Steele gave a very excellent musical entertainment at the Literary and Scientific Institution, on Monday last, which was (of course taking into consideration the influenza) responded to very agreeably by the most respectable families of the place. The artists comprised in addition to the beneficeaire, Miss A. Hill, Miss E. Mounsey, Mr. Bodda and Mr. Watson. The programme was very judiciously selected, and proved highly satisfactory to the audience, who manifested by abundant applause their unanimous acknowledgements. The principal features therein were Proch's "Think of me" sung by Miss Steele, and Kalliwoda's "Home of Love," sung by Miss Hill, both with concertina accompaniments, very artistically executed by Miss E. Mounsey. Miss Hill, who has much improved in style and power since we last heard her, gave the "Carlo Nive" from Verdi's *Masnadieri*, with a boldness and energy, far surpassing the merits of the composition. The gem of the Concert was decidedly the "In si barbara" from *Semiramide* sung by Miss Steele. The deep pathos, sweetness and excellent style with which it was rendered, called forth a most vehement encore, and even very narrowly escaped being redemanded. Mr. Bodda sang a Hungarian dancing song, by Miss A. S. Mounsey, which richly deserved a similar compliment, the singer having done ample justice to a talented composition. In the *petit rien*, of *Jeannette and Jeannot*, he however obtained what the first essentially merited. Mr. Watson performed a charming solo on the violin, by Sainton, which elicited abundant applause, and between the first and second parts of the concert a request from several of the audience was made to him to repeat his performance, which consisted of an air, with variations, by Mayseder, which was also received with flattering marks of approbation. The duet from the *Semiramide* sung by Miss Hill and Miss Steele, was greatly relished and narrowly escaped repetition. The popular ballad of Knight "Beautiful Venice" was loudly redemanded, but the fair beneficeaire responded by singing "Comé off to the moors," the change proving highly satisfactory. The programme not being too long, they added very much to the spirit with which it went off, the general opinion at the conclusions being that of most decided gratification with the evening's amusement.

DEVIZES.—The musical entertainment given by Mr. H. Phillips and Mr. Land, at the Town Hall, was attended by a large and fashionable audience. Mr. H. Phillips was in splendid voice, and we never heard him sing with greater power and effect: he was encored in his charming old ballad "Shall I wastyng in despair," but substituted one of his later compositions entitled "There's a New Year coming," which was enthusiastically received. Mr. Land was deservedly much applauded, especially in the Scottish songs, "Lizzie Lindsay," "Auld Robin Gray," and "The Lass O' Gowrie," in the latter of which he was rapturously encored. His voice is a tenor of beautiful quality, and his pure style of singing was greatly admired. In concluding, Mr. Phillips thanked his

audience for the approbation they had manifested, and announced, amidst much applause, his intention of revisiting Devizes in the Spring. Since Mr. Wilson's first appearance here, no similar entertainment has been received with more unequivocal marks of pleasure.

BRIGHTON.—(From a Correspondent).—MADAME CATHINKA DE DIETZ'S CONCERT.—This Pianist gave a concert here last week; it was attended by a most fashionable audience, which included several officers of the 16th Lancers, in full uniform. The band of the 16th Lancers performed a piece at the commencement of each part, most wofully out of tune. Madame de Dietz played with considerable execution two morceaux of her own and Albert's joint composition. Signor Alessandro Galli sang two arias in excellent style, and also took parts in duets by Donizetti and Mosca, with Madame Santa Croce. Baerwolf's "When the post horn gaily sounding" (*Post horn klang*) was sung with great brilliancy and excellent taste by Madame Santa Croce; the obligato violoncello accompaniment to which, was artistically rendered by Herr Haussmann. The concert had the merit of ending at an early hour, so that the audience were perfectly satisfied and not fatigued. Herr Kuhe was the accompanist at the Pianoforte.

LANCASTER.—Mr. Templeton's music entertainment took place in the Music Hall, on Wednesday, the 8th inst., before a highly respectable audience. His anecdotes are good, and his songs, to the true lover of national melodies, always welcome. Mr. Templeton has shown great judgment in the selection of an accompanist in the person of Mr. Blewitt, who, for many years, was director and composer to the Theatre Royal, Dublin: The entertainment commenced with Dibdin's song "The Lads of the Village," which Mr. Templeton gave with great feeling. The next song was Shield's "Tell her I love her." The next was "Sally in our Alley," by Henry Carey, which was given with great feeling. This was decidedly encored. The scene, "All is lost now," from *La Sonnambula*, "They may rail at this Life," "The Minstrel Boy," and "The meeting of the waters," left nothing to be desired. "The brisk young lad," was humourously given, and encored. The entertainment concluded with Mr. Blewitt's amusing song, "The merry little fat grey man," which set the audience in roars of laughter. Mr. Blewitt's accompaniment throughout the whole of the evening, merits the highest praise. Mr. Templeton has promised, ere long, to revisit this town.—*Lancaster Gazette*.

CONCERTS.

PRIVATE CONCERT.—HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS.—(From a Correspondent).—An evening concert, under the direction of a party of amateurs (of whose liberality we have had cause to make favourable mention on a previous occasion) was given at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Wednesday evening, in the presence of a brilliant audience. The vocalists were Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Dolby, and Miss Ransford; Messrs. H. Phillips, Locket, and John Parry. The instrumentalists consisted of Mr. Joseph Richardson, Mr. Frederick Ghatterton, and Mr. Brinley Richards, who also officiated as conductor. Amongst the pieces encored were songs by Madame Caradori, Miss Dolby, Messrs. Locket, Phillips, and John Parry. Miss Ransford gave a new song, with considerable expression. The concerted pieces went as most things do when they have not been sufficiently rehearsed. We must, however, except the "Alla Trinita." Mr. Richardson played his own variations on "Rousseau's Dream." The harp solo consisted of a grand fantasia, by Mr. Chatterton; and Thalberg's "Mosé" afforded Mr. Richards an opportunity for the display of his command over the pianoforte.

PRINCESS'S CONCERT ROOM.—On Tuesday evening, a concert took place here for the benefit of a *professional lady* (Qy. who?) when a good selection of music was performed by a number of popular favorites, including Miss Sara Flower, Miss Cubitt, Miss Bassano, Messrs. Frederick Chatterton, Bodda, &c. Among the performers were two small debutantes. A young lady, eleven years of age, sung a song of A. Lee's. She has a sweet voice, and sings with correct taste. The other youthful debutante was Miss L. Marshall, a sister (we presume) of the Miss Marshall, late of the Royal Academy. The young lady, who was encored, sings like an apt and intelligent pupil, and does credit to her fair instructress—Miss Sara Flower. As we left at the end of the first act, we missed a piano-forte fantasia, by another debutante, and daughter of the Beneficeaire. We must not omit Miss Bassano's interpretation of a very sweet ballad of Walter Maynard's, "I strive to forget thee." The simplicity and fine natural feeling with which this lady can, when she chooses, invest her cantabile singing, were never more effectively shown than on the present occasion. She has not yet, however, entirely rid herself of a fault which has already been the subject of remark,—a propensity to hold the suspended notes of the closes to too great a length. Once fairly rid of this defect, her interpretation of music of this kind would be perfect. The attendance was but thin.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE OLYMPIC THEATRE will open on Monday, the 27th instant, under the management of Mr. Davidson, with a strong and effective company. The performances will be devoted principally to the legitimate drama. Among the chief engagements, we may mention Mr. Stuart, from the Haymarket; Mr. G. V. Brooke, Mr. H. Holl, Mr. Davidge, Mr. Conquest, Mr. L. Thompson, and the Mesdames Stuart, Glyn (pupil of Mr. Charles Kemble), Gordon, Brougham, Bromley, &c., &c. The Theatre has been entirely re-modelled and re-decorated.

THE CHORAL HARMONISTS] commence their sixteenth season on Monday next at the London Tavern. We gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity to recommend this excellent Society to all amateurs, offering them the means of hearing pure classical music, always well performed. The selection will consist of Handel's Coronation Anthem, "The King shall reign;" Mozart's glorious, though rather hackneyed "Twelfth Mass." Mendelssohn's overture to the "Isles of Fingal," and the overture and selections from "Der Freischütz." Monsieur Robert, the first tenor to the King of Holland, is engaged, and the Misses Williams, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Seguin will complete the list of vocalists.

MUSICAL ASSOCIATION CONCERTS, EDINBURGH.—These concerts, which have given such general satisfaction for several years past, are announced for the season. The Association will, we understand, perform a number of those classical compositions which have created such a sensation on the Continent during the last year, besides repeating many of the works of Beethoven and other great masters. We are confident, that conducted by Herr Durner, led by Mr. Mackenzie, and supported by an efficient orchestra, the Association may look forward to an excellent season.

MR. WILSON gave one of his entertainments at Wellington Salop, on Monday evening, which afforded much gratification to the audience, and was received with hearty applause throughout. Many of the songs were encored, which Mr. Wilson readily complied with, and sang several songs besides, which were not included in his programme.

—AN OPERATIC COMPANY, composed of Miss Rainforth, Miss Susan Kenneth, Mr. Travers, and Mr. Stretton, has been lately performing at the Theatre Royal, Williamson Square, Liverpool, in the *Sonnambula*, *The Loves Spell*, *Maritana*, and other operas. The second named lady is the daughter of Mr. Kenneth, so well-known in the theatrical world, and is young on the stage. Her voice is a clear and excellent *mezzo soprano*. Her style is excellent and she is in most respects a better actress than the larger mass of vocalists. When she ultimately, as she must do, takes her place in the operatic portion of the Metropolitan stage, we have no doubt she will be found an excellent and permanent addition to it.—*From our own Correspondent.*

VALUE OF MUSIC IN 1728.—It is worthy of remark that in the year 1728, a first-rate singer, according to play-house pay, which means the actual night's performance, could command no more than 45*l.* annually; whilst we have it on record that a first-rate singer (Mrs. Billington), in the year 1801, was deemed worthy of an arbitration between the rival managers, who each contended for the privilege of paying her 3,000*l.* for the season, with the addition of a clear benefit!

GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—Thomas Turner Esq., has furnished a statement respecting the financial results of the late festival. The total amount of the expenses was £3127 4*s.* 2*d.*, from which, deducting the sum of £2580 15*s.* 6*d.*, the net amount received from the sale of tickets and books,

there will remain a gross deficit of £546 8*s.* 8*d.*; consequently each of the twelve stewards will be £45 10*s.* 9*d.* minus. Although the principal vocalists were paid nearly £300 more upon the late occasion than in the year 1844, yet the deficiency is £200 less than happened at that period, after taking into the scale the aid then afforded by a guarantee fund. It only remains to notice that the total amount of the late collections, made for the relief of the widows and orphans of the clergy, is £723 2*s.* 3*d.*, which includes a donation since remitted by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol of £20.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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GRIMSTONE'S AROMATIC REGENERATOR, for Improving and Promoting THE GROWTH OF HUMAN HAIR.

TO THE LADIES.—A lady had the following letter inserted in the *Times* newspaper on August 7, 1846. Reader, remember this letter was put into the paper by the lady herself, as a testimony to the virtues of Grimstone's Aromatic Regenerator:

"Mrs. Weekley, of No. 3, Swan-street, Borough, takes this opportunity of publicly thanking Mr. W. Grimstone, of the Herbarry, Highgate, for the efficacy of his Aromatic Regenerator, in having completely restored the hair on her head, after using it about four months, and the whole of her hair is much stronger and more luxuriant than it ever was before the baldness appeared. She will feel a pleasure in answering any lady of respectability to the above facts.—3, Swan-street, Borough."

The most delicate ladies may use this delightful product of the most aromatic herbs and flowers with confidence; its refreshing odour removes head-ache and makes it a most necessary companion to the toilet. In cases of nervous head-ache, pour ten or twelve drops on the crown of the head; if very bad, repeat it every quarter of an hour. In most cases, relief is certain in ten minutes. It produces hair on children's heads in a few applications. If used on infants' heads, it has such a peculiar cooling influence on the brain as to prevent convulsions, as well as promoting the growth of hair.—See pamphlet of testimonials with every bottle.

CASE OF RING-WORM CURED.

14, Devonshire-sq., Bishopsgate-st., 19th July, 1847.

"Mr. Frederick Bradshaw, having lost some portion of his hair from ring-worm, has had it so perfectly and so wonderfully restored by only a short application of Mr. Grimstone's 'Aromatic Regenerator,' feels thus called upon gratefully and publicly to acknowledge it. Mr. F. Bradshaw has much pleasure in thus bearing testimony to the efficacy of the remedy, and Mr. Grimstone is at perfect liberty to make any use of this communication he pleases."

To Mr. W. Grimstone, Herbarry, Highgate, near London.
Sold by Mrs. J. and E. Atkinson, 34, Old Bond-street; Messrs. Fisher and Toller, Conduit-street; J. Sanger, Chemist, &c., 180, Oxford-street; Messrs. Barclay and Son, Farringdon-street; Mr. Johnson, 68, Cornhill; Thomas Keating, Chemist, St. Paul's Churchyard; Messrs. Hannay and Co., 63, Oxford-street; and by all Chemists, Druggists, and Medicine Vendors. Sold in triangular bottles, at 4*s.*, 7*s.*, and 11*s.* each; and forwarded by post at 4*s.* 6*d.*, 7*s.* 6*d.*, and 11*s.*, each, in closed ed. for money orders only. Sold only, Wholesale, at the Herbarry, Highgate. The 7*s.* contains two 4*s.*, the 11*s.* four times the quantity of the 4*s.*

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PUBLISHED THIS DAY, in 8vo., with engraved Music, 16s. cloth, **SIGHTS IN ITALY**: with some Account of Music and the sister Arts in that Country. By WILLIAM GARDINER, Author of "Sacred Melodies," "Music of Nature," "Music and Friends," &c.

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Particulars will be duly announced. In the meantime, any communications addressed to Mr. BARKER, at his residence, No. 56, Brompton Square, will be punctually attended to.

MUSICAL PRIZE, or CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

This Day is published, Price 10s. 6d.,

THE BOOK OF SONG, beautifully illustrated and illuminated in colors, by Brandard, containing new Songs and Duets, by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Lady Dufferin, Balfe, G. Linley, Val. Morris, Barker, Maynard, Macfarren, &c. The Songs are by the most popular Composers, and have been selected with the greatest care in order to form a highly attractive Musical Album, at half the usual price.

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MADAME ANNA THILLON'S New Song, "The Lily lies drooping," Is now published, Price 2s. "The Ballad by Mr. Val. Morris, 'The Lily lies drooping,' seemed most to the taste of the audience, and was redemanded as it were with one voice; and a very pretty ballad it is, and charmingly was it rendered by Madame Thillon."—MUSICAL WORLD, NOV. 20.

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In the Press, the whole of the Vocal and Instrumental Music of Balfe's New Grand Opera, "THE MAID OF HONOR," to be produced at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, on Monday next, for which performance, BOXES, STALLS, and FRONT SEATS in the DRESS CIRCLE, in the best situations, can be procured at CHAPPELL'S, 50, NEW BOND STREET.

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SIR,—I cannot resist informing you of the extraordinary effect that I have experienced by taking only a few of your LOZENGES. I had a cough for several weeks that defied all that had been prescribed for me; and yet I got completely rid of it by taking about half a small box of your Lozenges, which I find are the only ones that relieve the cough without deranging the stomach or digestive organs. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

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SIR,—I have great pleasure in informing you of the great good your excellent COUGH LOZENGES have done me. In December, 1845, I caught a severe cold from riding two or three miles, one very wet night, which settled in my lungs, and quite took away my voice, so that I could not speak above a whisper from that time until the beginning of December last. I tried all kind of medicines, but they were of no avail. I was then advised to try your Lozenges, which I did only to please my friends, but before I had finished a 2s. 9d. tin, my voice, to my great joy, came back as of old. I am, Sir, your's respectfully,

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The Music by Mr. BALFE.

Queen Elizabeth,	(Who will make her Debut on this occasion).	Mrs. WEISS,
The Lady Alison,	(Who will make her Debut on this occasion).	Miss MIRAN,
The Lady Henrietta,	(Who will make her Debut on this occasion).	Miss BIRCH,
Sir Tristram,	..	Mr. WEISS,
Lyonnell,	..	Mr. SIMS REEVES,
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"To Professor Holloway," (Signed,

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20	1 0 0	2 0 0	20	0 18 0	1 16 0
25	1 2 2	2 4 4	25	0 19 7	1 19 2
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No. 52.—VOL. XXII.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1847.

{PRICE THREEPENCE.
STAMPED, FOURPENCE.

GRAND OPERA, DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

M. JULLIEN, mindful of his pledge, brought out a comic opera, in three acts, from the popular and untiring pen of Mr. Balfe, under the seducing title of the *Maid of Honour*, on Monday evening last. The first appearance of Mr. Reeves, the tenor, in an original part, and the *debut* of Miss Birch, Mrs. Weiss, and Miss Miran, added increased interest to the events of the evening. No wonder, then, that the theatre was crowded to the ceiling, and the audience in a condition of unusual excitement. The number of *debutantes*, the difficulty of the work, the short time that had been consumed in rehearsal—unfortunately, the rock on which so many opera-companies split:—and the nervousness attendant on a wholly new speculation, all combined in rendering it an anxious moment for the management and the friends of the composer.

The libretto of the *Maid of Honour* may be traced to *Henriette*, a grand ballet, produced some years ago, at the *Academie Royale de Musique* in Paris, and subsequently transplanted to the boards of Drury-lane Theatre, during the engagement of the celebrated Lucile Grahn. The subject is well suited for music, and Mr. Fitzball has managed to preserve its incidental interest, while the dramatization is skilfully developed. As a poet, it is true, Mr. Fitzball cannot exactly be compared to either Byron or Shelley, but in reply to those who attack him on the essential point of stage tact, he may triumphantly cite the names of at least twenty successful operas that have been manufactured in his studio. As successful as any, and more successful than most of these, the *Maid of Honour* has an advantage over its predecessors, inasmuch as the dramatic interest progresses gradually, and reaches its culminating point in the third act, thereby affording the musician an opportunity, but too often denied him, of constructing his work on a plan wherein symmetry may be preserved, and anti-climax eschewed; an opportunity of which Mr. Balfe has well availed himself, as may be demonstrated, by reference to his third act—no *caput mortuum*, as in many of his operas, but a worthy climax to a work of merit, and containing, moreover, some of the best and most attractive pieces.

The following outline of the plot involves everything necessary to be known:—The scene of Act first is Greenwich, during the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The fair is approaching, and two of the Queen's maids of honour—Lady Henriette (Miss Birch) and Alison (Miss Miran)—playfully resolve to assist at the fair, and persuade Sir Tristram (Mr. Weiss), the Queen's Chamberlain, to go with them as protector. Assuming the attire of servant girls, they mingle with a crowd of those indispensable adjuncts of comfortable domiciles, and offer themselves for hire to the passers by. Two wealthy yeoman, Lyonnell (Mr. Reeves) and his friend, Walter (Mr. Whitworth), struck by the beauty of the Maids

of Honour—rather set off than deteriorated by their homely guise—immediately offer them terms, which are laughingly accepted. As night advances, the Queen's ladies think they have had enough of the joke, and are for making their escape unnoticed; but Lyonnell and Walter, who take quite an opposite view of the matter, insist upon the inviolability of their bargain, and, encouraged and aided by the mob, force them away despite the angry remonstrances of Sir Tristram, who loses sight of the party during the scuffle. In the next scene, we find the Maids of Honour at the house of Lyonnell, waiting upon the two friends at supper, and, by breaking plates and other demonstrations of awkwardness, indicating their unfitness for the office they have engaged to fulfil, and their entire ignorance of its duties. At a hint, however, that Henriette possesses a talent for singing, the young men request her to favour them with a song, promising to retire immediately afterwards, and leave them unmolested. Henriette then sings a ballad about some adventurous Red-cross Knight, and Lyonnell and Walter, enchanted, retire to their bed-rooms. The scene is so disposed that Lyonnell's chamber is visible, and we are let into the secret that his heart is already inflamed by the beauty and accomplishments of Henriette. Restless and uneasy, he can contain himself no longer; but, rushing back into the dining-room, makes a declaration to Henriette, who (after singing a passionate duet with her admirer) escapes from his grasp, and retreats into her own room, carefully bolting the door. Lyonnell, discomfited once more, retires, and while he is falling asleep—courting repose by reminiscences of the melody of Henriette's ballad, which gradually die away into the embrace of silence—Sir Tristram, the chamberlain, who has traced the two Maids of Honour to the house, finds means of entrance through the window of the dining-room, and having arranged the necessary preliminaries, assists them in escaping by the outlet which was his inlet. At this interesting crisis the curtain falls upon Act first.

In Act second we find Lyonnell and Walter, in soldier's attire, having abandoned the ploughshare for the sword. Queen Elizabeth (Mrs. Weiss) is engaged in the pleasures of the chase, upon the domain of her own royal park, attended by her head ranger, a troop of huntsmen, and a body guard of which our ex-yeomen form a part. The venerable incident (to be found in Wallace's *Matilda of Hungary*, and other operas) of the Queen's horse running away with her and exposing her life to imminent danger, here (of course) gives Lyonnell, our hero, the opportunity of making himself eminent by saving Her Majesty at the risk of his own neck, of which opportunity he gallantly avails himself. The grateful Queen demands the name of her saviour, and as a recompense, presents him with a sword, and invests him with the honour of nobility. Meanwhile Lyonnell and Walter have discovered

their *innamoras* in the persons of two of the Queen's ladies, whom, although masked, they recognize by their mien and gestures. The Queen has promised Lyonnel to grant any request that he may make, and the latter demands that all the ladies of the Court shall unmask, which is accomplished forthwith; but, pending the ceremony, the "two particular stars" have contrived to slip away from the crowd and effect their escape. Lyonnel is in despair, and the second act ends in general rejoicings, shared by every one but himself and his friend Walter. It should be stated that, previous to saving the Queen's life, Lyonnel had surprised Henriette, asleep, in a bower belonging to the Royal Garden, and that a scene ensued which involved protestations of love on one side and unequivocal disdain on the other. Henriette is noble, and cannot wed a yeoman—albeit her heart tells her that she loves him better than any one else in the world.

The third Act opens with a masque, got up for the amusement of the Queen, wherein Henriette, Alison, and Sir Tristram take part, as Eurydice, Orpheus, and Pluto—wherefrom it may be surmised that the argument of the masque is the classical myth of Orpheus rescuing Eurydice, by the charms of music, from the power of Pluto. Lyonnel, a spectator of the masque, distracted by his hopeless passion, rushes upon the stage while Orpheus and Eurydice are singing, and drawing the sword which has been presented him by the Queen, throws himself at the feet of Eurydice (Henriette), and threatens to kill himself unless she relent. A scene of confusion ensues, in which the Queen, Walter, and all the rest of them, take active part. But at the request of Henriette, the Queen makes a sign for everybody to retire to a respectful distance. Henriette then approaches Lyonnel, and confessing that she returns his passion, promises to meet him, on some future day, at his own house, the scene of their first acquaintance, and there to requite his affection. But it is now too late; Lyonnel is frantic, and at the Queen's order is carried away by the attendants. Henriette then discloses the whole matter to the Queen, and a plan is forthwith arranged between them, to insure the recovery and ultimate happiness of Lyonnel. This is carried out in the last scene, where we find Lyonnel at his own house, with Walter endeavouring to calm his distraction. Persuaded to retire to his chamber (the scene is the same as the third in Act 1), Lyonnel suddenly hears the melody of the "Red-cross Knight," in the accents of a dear and familiar voice. Moved and astonished, he returns from his chamber to the dining-room. No one is there but Walter. Soon, however, in response to a signal from Walter, Henriette and Alison appear, and, in their ancient disguise of servant maids, sing the couplets with which they had formerly bewitched Lyonnel at Greenwich Fair. The sequel is evident. The Queen appears; the stratagem is known; Lyonnel is restored to reason; and, need we say, the yeomen are united to the Maids of Honour, as a reward for their constancy and their pains.

Little fault can be found with this *libretto*, which is one of Mr. Fitzball's happiest, and though sinning occasionally on the score of improbability, and here and there on that of lengthiness, is neither sufficiently improbable to offend nor sufficiently lengthy to fatigue.

In the music of the *Maid of Honour* Mr. Balfe, has, with great care, and equal felicity, preserved the *coulour locale*, and—doubtless encouraged by the superior orchestral and choral forces, for the first time at his disposition in Drury-lane Theatre—has raised himself in the estimation of musicians by a more finished and masterly instrumentation than can be cited in any of his previous operas; unless, as a contemporary re-

marks, "It be in those which he composed for the Paris theatres, and in his *Falstaff*, produced at Her Majesty's Theatre about nine years ago." The overture is a *pasticcio*, almost entirely formed out of the music of the masque in the third act; except a short pastorale movement in B flat, the whole is in G, minor or major, which, in spite of the brilliancy of the instrumentation, induces a monotony of tone that it would have been easy and prudent to avoid. But modern composers seem determined to follow the example of Bellini and Donizetti, and either to write no overture at all to their operas, or to substitute an instrumental prelude that can only deserve the name of *fantasia*; and this, in spite of some beautiful passages and clever instrumental effects, is the case with the overture to the *Maid of Honour*. It was played with great spirit by the band, although those minute delicacies of light and shade to which the magnificent orchestra of the Royal Italian Opera has accustomed us, were not always apparent.

The overture over, Mr. Balfe is no more a timorous explorer in the depths of some unknown region, but a proprietor surveying his possessions with an air of conscious pride. The comic opera is the proper domain of Mr. Balfe; his inclination was in that direction from the first, and experience has shown that it was the natural field for his genius to move in. There is merit of some kind in all his previous operas—much merit in many of them—but it was not, in our opinion, until the *Bondman* was composed that the solid part of his talent was made manifest. We bear in mind the unexampled popularity of the *Bohemian Girl*, and the continental passport granted to the *Quatre fils d'Aymon*, drawn up in Paris, signed in Vienna, and endorsed by London; but we adhere to the opinion we formed from the first—greatly preferring the *Bondman* to all its agreeable precursors. And now it is a pleasant task to have to record our candid opinion that as much superior as was the *Bondman* to its predecessors, is the *Maid of Honour* to the *Bondman*; in which decision we, with regret, must leave the overture out of account. *Pi done!* Balfe—why will you not write a good overture, after a good model, in your own dashing style? We say, why will you not?—because we are sure you can, providing you will take the time and pains required.

To begin, then, from the drawing up of the curtain—the overture being laid carefully on the shelf.

The opera opens with a chorus in G major, "Lo! the bee on fairy wing," written in emulation of the ancient madrigals, but with a much better defined melody, and much less elaborate harmony and "counterpoint" than the majority of these venerable relics exult in. This chorus pleases us by its quaintness and freshness, by the skilful manner in which it is voiced, and the transparent clearness of the orchestration—chiefly confined to the quartet. The half cadence on the dominant of the relative minor, and the unprepared *reprise* of the subject have been compared to a similar point in the chorus, "Be not afraid," in Mendelssohn's *Elijah*—and with reason, since it is precisely the same thing. Go to this inexhaustible mine as often as you please, Balfe, and we shall like you the better for it; leave the modern French and Italians to themselves, they have no ideas to spare, and you have more in your own fancy than the greater number of them, as you have abundantly shewn in the *Maid of Honour*. After the first verse of the chorus there occur some clever imitative passages, leading back to the theme, which is repeated *notatim*. If you want a cut, M. Jullien, here is your chance; not that we find twice the madrigal once too many, by any means; but by cutting out a verse of it you lose nothing.

The next piece of music is a long concerted *morceau*, the construction and development of which display much cleverness, while the ideas, if not remarkably original, have a certain sprightly animation that forces you to listen to, and like them. The action of this *morceau* involves Sir Tristram's description of the "Faire of Greenwich;" the curiosity of Henriette and Alison; their subsequent determination to go, excited by the noise and jubilee heard from out of doors; and their persuading the Chamberlain to accompany them. Mr. Balfe is very happy in the treatment of such situations; his ideas flow easily, and he has the art of continuity which is the despair of so many musicians. The opening of the *morceau* under consideration, beginning with the entrance of Sir Tristram, at the words "Stay, bright enchantress of my fate!" is a lively phrase in F, well developed in the orchestra, to the accompaniment of the voices, in which we have only to complain of a sequential progression of harmony that *much* has made trite. This leads into a slow movement in A, for the gentleman and two ladies in *trio*—"Oh, Cupid, hear thy victim's prayer!"—which involves a graceful melody, some charming prolongations of the cadence, and a harmony by no means common-place. The *trio* gives way to a short chorus, in F, sung behind the scenes, "Lads and lasses haste to the fair," a vivacious *gigue* in the approved *gigue* measure—9-8. Some unimportant *romplissage* then brings us to another and a better country-dance tune, in B flat, which illustrates Sir Tristram's description of the choughs and gawkeys dancing at the fair—as Mr. Fitzball significantly expresses it.

"Where people dance just so—"

[SIR TRISTRAM dances awkwardly.]

The response in the relative minor to this phrase is quaint and appropriately old-fashioned. A jolly *ensemble* in F, for the *trio*, succeeds, and conducts to the reprise of the choral motive, followed by a spirited *coda*, in the original key, which winds up, with spirit, this well conceived and equally well-written concerted *morceau*, and makes a good end to the first scene.

Scene the second finds us "in plain Greenwich Fair," as Jules Janin would say. Simple and straightforward, as is the greatest part of the music of this scene, we feel moved to pronounce it one of the most artist-like and effective that ever proceeded from the pen of Mr. Balfe, and cordially agree with the intelligent critic of the *Daily News*, who declares that except the market scene in Auber's *Masaniello*, he knows nothing of the kind that can beat it. Let us briefly enumerate the movements of which it is composed. The scene opens with a bustling country-dance tune, in G, to the chorus of which the people sing, in unison (not *à la Verdi*), a pleasing counter-theme on the words—"Oh, what mirth and what pleasure!" A somewhat awkward progression of harmony—of the orchestra playing *fortissimo*,—leads to a duet in E flat, "Country lasses," for Lyonnal and Walter, who are admiring the pretty girls at the fair; there is nothing to be said of this duet but that its melody and manner of accompaniment have a strong resemblance to Auber. A prettily turned progression, however, brings us back with effect to the theme of the first chorus, and this, in turn, gives way to a lively chorus of servant girls, in C, "Who wants a servant maid?" of which the theme, innocent and pretty, is well carried out by the orchestra, the voice-parts being confined to reiterated notes, in the French style. A progression which may, without discourtesy, be termed *adroit* (we have as much pleasure you see, Mr. Balfe, in finding fault as in awarding praise, and we hope you may profit by our admonitions), prepares the way for a deliciously piquant phrase in G, a *duet*, for Henriette and Alison,

"We come, when you ring the bell, &c.," answered by an equally piquant *ritornella*, "Who ever heard the like?" for the servant maids in choir, to which the new management of the melodic-interval from D to G, with its harmony (simple enough—dominant to subdominant—but rendered original by its rhythmic position), gives a particular grace. After sundry repetitions of these phrases, we come to a country-dance, in C, played by the orchestra, without vocal accompaniment, while a dance goes on upon the stage. There is a spontaneity about this which thoroughly enchants us; albeit it is nothing more, in substance, than a clever imitation of the old fashioned English dances of the kind, that are extant in thousands, and whereabouts the learned and zealous divers into the depths of musical antiquity—Mr. William Chappell and Mr. Edward Rimbault, with our absent friend, George Macfarren, who has the happy art of dressing these old tunes in such an attire of sweet harmony that they become absolute music, and charming music too—can tell you, reader, more than we; albeit, six years bygone, we did manufacture a kind of *critique* of Mr. William Chappell's interesting and useful book, for the *Dublin Review*, with which we understand the excellent and fastidious antiquarian was thoroughly displeased. At all events, be it or be it not canonic, we like Balfe's country dance enormously; it stirs up our hearts with the feelings of old times—of times such as poor Shelley describes in his Lament,—

"Drowned, frozen, dead, for ever!"

We like, also, the *crescendo* which interrupts its progress, and leads with capital effect to the brilliant and animated solo and chorus in D, illustrating Sir Tristram's dismay at losing sight of his two fair *protégées*, who are carried off amidst the shouts and jeers of the crowd, by the adventurous and amorous yeomen. Nothing could end so animated a scene more satisfactorily than this vigorous chorus, with its massive and sparkling orchestral accompaniment.

The third and last scene of Act the first involves incidents we have already described in the plot:—the arrival of Henriette and Alison at the house of Lyonnal, the sudden passion of Lyonnal for Henriette, and the ultimate escape of the ladies, by the aid of Sir Tristram. In this scene we have first to notice a ballad, in G, "Behold the happy home," for Lyonnal, which is to be praised for the tenderness of its melody, for the elegance of an oboe solo, in the symphony, exquisitely played by Barrett, and, lastly, for the agreeable relief afforded by the introduction of a new figure in the accompaniment to the second couplet. Much of this scene is treated in unaccompanied recitative, in which Mr. Balfe has, nevertheless, contrived to introduce some pleasing vocal effects, enhanced by the contrast of the two male and two female voices almost always singing in couples. Another ballad, "It was the Red-cross Knight," in F, is likely to achieve the popularity that alone can repay the music publishers. It is a graceful melody, remarkable for the quaint introduction of the interval of an octave, which makes it easily recognized, later in the opera, where it acts an important part. The accompaniment is a simple harp arpeggio, set off occasionally by some ordinary orchestral combinations. In the symphony, after the first couplet, there is a progression, during which the bass ascends to E flat, which we do not like at all; it is forced and not agreeable.

The orchestral symphony in F, that follows this ballad,—during the whole of which the violins are employed, *con sordina*, in the elaboration of a phrase both elegant and melodious—is highly interesting and dramatic. A sentimental

duet, in A flat, "I know not by what spell," for Lyonnell and Henriette, will doubtless serve the purposes of commerce, and attract the applause of fashionable drawing-rooms; but excepting a passage for the violoncellos, which relieves the otherwise uninterrupted poverty of the orchestral accompaniment, it offers little for the admiration of a musical ear. The return of the orchestral symphony, with the violins *con sordini*, is a very great relief, and rouses the interest which had nigh gone to sleep over the duet. The *terzetto*, in F, "Hush, hush, hush, by the moon's pale ray," is piquant in itself, and enriched by a cadence charmingly prolonged, while its interruption by the first *motivo*, with the resumption of the cadence, is highly effective and musicianly. Not less to be admired is the clever manner in which the composer has mixed up the snatches of the ballad, "A Red Cross Knight," with the dramatic music illustrating the anxiety of Sir Tristram, Henriette and Alison, to effect their escape. Through the whole of this the violins continue playing *con sordini*, which imparts a peculiar feeling of mysteriousness, happily characteristic of the dramatic situation. With this concerted piece, the first Act concludes.

(The remainder next week.)

BUNN v. LIND.

THIS case was called on at half-past two on Tuesday, but only seven of the special jury answered to their names. The plaintiff did not pray a *tales*, and the Court adjourned. It is understood that this case, which has excited so much interest, will not be tried till next February.

A Treatise on the "Affinities" of Gothe,
IN ITS WORLD-HISTORICAL SIGNIFICANCE,
DEVELOPED ACCORDING TO ITS MORAL AND ARTISTICAL VALUE,
Translated from the German of Dr. Heinrich Theodor Röscher,
Professor at the Royal Gymnasium at Bromberg.

CHAPTER IV.—(Concluded from page 802.)

THE ARTIFICIAL COMPOSITION OF "THE AFFINITIES."

WHERE all the elements press forward to development, neither retarding moments nor episodes are of any further importance, as we have already shown. This is the case with our work, at the instant when Edward, decked with honors after the conclusion of his campaign, and with the old passion in his heart, reappears on the scene, and in the preservation of his life, amid the greatest perils, purposely sought, only discerns a sign that he has a right to possess Otilia, whom he now thinks to gain as a reward for his toils. This view he entertains with a confidence, which awakens in us the fear of a violent decision. It appears to us very significant, that immediately before-hand, we are shown the mysterious affinity of Otilia with nature, as we are thus prepared for the development of the mysterious character of Otilia. In characterising Otilia, we have completely apprehended this mystical trait of affinity with the macrocosm, as being in harmony with the whole individuality. While Otilia thus appears properly to be a child of nature, we at the same time suspect that she will fall a sacrifice to nature, and are no longer astonished at the deep mysticism which appears on the catastrophe; nay, we look upon it as perfectly consistent with the character.

As the development of the collision proceeds with the growing passion of Edward, so does his stormy impetuosity lead to the tragical catastrophe. While exhibiting the character of Edward, we have shown the change of mind that takes place in him. His awe of the moral power of marriage is gradually thrust back by his passion for Otilia, and gives way to a sophistry of the understanding. This, especially in the conversation with the Major, expresses itself in various turns, the simple purport of which is the absolute right of his passion. At this point of view no more reasoning can find entrance, no appeal to moral dignity can be heard. All appears to lie in the hands of Charlotte; his imagination

represents to him as already accomplished that, which he fancies depends only on human will and resolution, and which, as a well earned prize, he thinks he has a perfect right to claim. This tone of mind ceaselessly presses forward to a decision. On the summit of this passion, which would willingly resign wife and child to a friend, and which is therefore on the point of breaking through all family ties, he is struck by the lightning of fate, which darts down quite at the moment when he feels certain of his aim.

The whole manner in which this catastrophe is exhibited, is in every respect admirable. Never has a greater end been attained with simpler means, with such a contempt for every external motive power. The expression and the development transport us into the bosom of the most internal life, where we can hear its lightest vibration. Passion and honor, a boundless pain in the most broken existence, and again, the highest moral elevation, the tenderest and at the same time the most stubborn, against a natural force of passion which still gathers together all its strength, a binding of matter beneath the dominion of mind, which proclaims the eternal triumph of the moral mind—from all these are formed the arches and the tendencies, from which the dome of our noble edifice rises in the simplest grandeur, and invites the mind, a ready purified by the completion of the work from the dross of temporality and desire, to a devotional absorption into the all forming power of the moral mind. In this pious region we watch the sense of the poet, who here solemnizes the absolute interpenetration of the most moral beauty and the most moral earnest, and who, in freeing from sin and the bonds of matter, which he unveils, produces in us that tone, which we properly designate the *christian*, because pointing to the spiritual resurrection.

Edward's passionate impatience does not await the return of his friend, but takes him to the vicinity of the lake, where Otilia, with the child of Edward and Charlotte in her arms, is so absorbed in reading and meditation, that she seems to have forgotten time and hour altogether. Edward always pressing forward with restless zeal, seeks Otilia, the sight of whom excites the most fearful storm in his soul, in which transport and an immoderate glow of passion prevails. These at least carry on Otilia to a corresponding return of passion. The sight of the child reminds Edward of its impious origin, and the thought of this urges him to a wild immoral spirit of defiance, in which he regards the child as the most eloquent advocate for his separation from Charlotte and his union with Otilia. With Edward all bears the stamp of unfettered feeling, in the form of a stormy natural force.

That the whole turning point is shown in the death of the child, occasioned by Otilia's delay—this is of as great depth, as comprehensive insignificance. The destruction of this innocent creature affects all the guilty. A sin has been committed against the spirit of family, against marriage, and this spirit avenges itself by annihilating its own fruit, because that fruit has received its existence from a contradiction of the spirit with itself, from a contradiction between the phenomena, and the essence, and therefore is born of a lie. Hence the child, instead of being, as usual, a connecting bond of marriage, by which that institution first attains its highest reality, appears as if transposed into the midst of a broken existence, of a dissolved forming life, where there is no consoling voice of a relation at one with itself to receive it, but the discord of a relation painfully sundered. We may, therefore, maintain that death is a great benefit to this child, since it is removed from an existence deeply wounded within itself.

Charlotte and Edward are touched by the loss of a possession, which was to them a lasting witness of a mental adultery, and which they did not deserve because it resulted from the spirit of falsehood. The guilt of the individuals is therefore atoned for here in its most peculiar region. The moral substance of marriage, injured by the thought, which had entirely separated the marriage pair, in their deceptive embrace, since they abandoned themselves to the most immoral feelings, while in a moral veil, returns with vengeance to destroy that which, as a hypocritical existence, it cannot endure, and which it plunges back into eternal night. Thus, in the death of the child, the moral mind is in the first place restored from its own discord.

But this is only one side. The death of the child, precisely, because it is the result of that mind, which is restored from the

injury, drives the internal nature back into itself, that she, who with blessed freedom, has played with sin, as a child of nature, may find herself guilty. But Ottilia can only so far look upon herself as guilty, as, on account of the long delay, produced by her passion for Edward, she is forced to accuse herself as the cause of the death. The deep moral nature manifests itself in this, that she seeks a tragic event which she has occasioned in its ultimate source, and brings it into an internal connection with her whole thought and action. While she thus regards her own guilt as the root, which has shot up this visible form from its dark abyss, she also discerns the warning of a supernatural power, which compels her to retire into herself by this path and thus deigns to conduct her to a remedy. While in this shocking event the most secret soul of Ottilia is suddenly revealed to her, as a great impiety against the moral mind, so that her whole past life is illumined to a horrible clearness, as if by a flash of lightning, it (the event) becomes the germ of her regeneration, and of her release from those natural bonds, which has hitherto unceasingly fettered her. Thus Edward too is afflicted in a twofold manner. For the loss of the child, through the complete renunciation of Ottilia, leads to an irretrievable loss of her also, and deprives him of the reward for all his exertions, all his reflections and thoughts, all his hopes and actions. Thus does the moral law, as an objective power, here shelter a life, which has missed its aim. Thus, from this point of view, the death of the child appears to us as the sign of a higher government of the world, which, accordingly as it is considered as such, reconciles or destroys by its operation.

It is excellently conceived, that Ottilia, after this interview with Edward, receives by the death, which this interview has occasioned, so fearful an exhortation to return into herself. For the first time she had allowed herself to be completely carried along by the natural force of feeling, and, with the child of the wife in her arms, had violated the holy law of marriage.

The glow of love, which has hitherto burned in the inmost soul, but has been preserved from an outbreak by the limits of morals and maidenly feeling, here, in consequence of Edward's stormy passion, bursts forth into consuming power, and closes frightfully over the heads of both. "She clasped him in her arms, and pressed him most tenderly to her bosom. Hope darted like a star, falling upon their heads from heaven. They fancied,—they believed that they belonged to each other; for the first time they exchanged free decided kisses, and separated with violence and pain." The blow follows immediately, and consigns Ottilia, after she has in vain expended every effort for the preservation of the unfortunate sacrifice, to a dull sense of despair. Such an abundance of moral relations is revealed to us in the death of the child, which is brought about in such an effortless manner, and exhibited with the most violent power over the heart. Whether we look at the married pair or at Ottilia, at the past or the future, at the concrete occasion, or the absolute cause, a moral element, which points to a deep atonement, is everywhere revealed.

Death is born from life. The same spirit destroys and elevates again. Hence, from the death of the child, the moral life breaks forth, and points to its perfect victory. The effects of this catastrophe are different according to the situation and moral point of view of the individuals. The purified Charlotte receives the event, with that painful feeling, which discerns in a great loss a destiny long expected, and indicted for a previous sin. She remains mute, and only greets her friend, on his entrance, with a painful smile, in which might be expressed the feeling of sorrow at the severe loss, and the thought of a higher order of things, which manifests itself in this event. Moreover, the sight of the dead child is to her a warning, that she should give to each other, those whom she already had considered to be the fittest pair, and the union of whom now appears to her as the fulfilment of a higher law, which should never have been violated.

Ottilia, by the death of the child is awakened to a resurrection in spirit and in truth, after it has revealed to her the contradiction between her existence and her destination. Lastly, Edward having fallen into the deepest guilt is wounded in two respects by the death of the child, being forced both to mourn the actual loss of a dear possession, and to see himself deprived of the sweetest hope of his life by Ottilia's moral elevation and firm perseverance in her self-denial.

How this misfortune gives Charlotte an opportunity to display her whole moral elevation and the most amiable tenderness for Ottilia,—how Ottilia in an absolute rupture with the natural force of passion, at the same time, takes leave of her whole existence,—how her self-control exhibits itself as a real liberation from the bonds of matter; finally how Edward remains behind in an insupportable state of internal discord, so that only the vicinity of Ottilia affords him at moments, the blessing of a calm, nay, happy state of mind—all this is completely exhibited in its internal connection, as a necessary appearance of the single individuals, and in the development of the characters.

We may here call attention to one more beautiful trait in the whole. After the monstrous events,—the deep heart sorrow which has seized upon all—each after his own fashion,—after the mighty rent in the very bottom of the soul, we see at the conclusion, just before the tragical end of Ottilia and Edward, that the beings, related by affinity are again brought together, apparently in the position, in which we saw them peacefully and cheerfully before the contest with themselves and the moral mind. But a monstrous internal experience,—a life of the most abundant intensive events lies between the two periods. There is indeed something spirit-like in this assemblage; on the same spot, in the same internal relations, in the same habits of life, are moving the forms, which have undergone so perfect a transformation* in the depth of their souls. By this vision of the earlier life, the spirit-like union points to its dissolution; nay, meets us as the precursor of an inevitable catastrophe, for which our minds are thus fully prepared. But this return into the first state is at the same time the result of a movement, in which all have found themselves guilty and the product of a development in which the moral idea has attained its rights.

When at the beginning the individuals, familiarly jesting one with another, cheerfully applied the laws of affinity in natural things to their own relations, and fancied themselves safe from every truth in this respect, they did not suspect how near they were to the frightful earnest of the playful comparison. The course of the work perverted the two worlds of freedom and natural necessity. The individuals falling into the power of the latter were also entangled in the delusion that a higher law was here fulfilled—a law from which man could not withdraw himself, while moral freedom and marriage, that work of the moral mind, sank down in their eyes to something unjustifiable.

But freedom only consists in movement, and therefore dissolves the motionless law. Thus only does it (freedom) attain its destination, and show itself as the all-ruling power. In this sense the Captain and Charlotte had heard its voice, and torn themselves from that natural force of feeling which had already mastered them, and involved them in a contradiction with the moral idea. The same moral freedom had now also elevated to itself the beautiful child of nature, but at the same time had loosened the bonds which bound her to life. The powerless Edward regarded this victory with a broken heart, being incapable of realising it in himself, and only feels the presence of the moral mind in the victorious silence which Ottilia opposes to the stormy urgency of his passion. Hence he attains no atonement, and his position points, not like that of Ottilia to a transfiguration, but to a disconsolate departure. In whatever direction we turn our glance, the presence of the moral mind shines every where around us, and in the manner of its appearance manifests itself both as the absolute energy developing itself before us, and also as a true providence, which transports itself into the most internal life and consciousness of the individuals makes these the objects of its especial interest, and in the manner of bringing about the atonement according to the individuality of each, exhibits itself as the reconciling justice of a higher world-government.

End of the Treatise.

* To prevent misunderstanding, it may be stated that the copyright of the translation belongs solely to the translator.

In the next number of the *Musical World* will appear the first portion of the "Poetics" of Aristotle, newly translated, with explanatory notes, by the translator of the "Affinities."

* "Thus, in the daily intercourse of our friends, nearly everything moved again in the old train. Still did Ottilia, by many kindly acts, tacitly express her obliging nature, and thus, also, each acted after his own fashion. In this manner, the domestic circle appeared as a vision of the former life, and the illusion, that all was as before, was pardonable," cited by Dr. Richter.

SONNET.

No. LKV.

Voices, mild thoughts of consolation bringing,
 Wrapped in the music of your melodies;
 Soft inward sounds, that when the tempests rise,
 Can penetrate their rage, with your sweet singing.
 Visions, from time to time a radiance flinging
 Upon a heart, that like a desert lies:—
 Thou last—last leaf that when the verdure flies
 From the lorn tree, still to its branch art clinging.
 Oh, are ye fall'n—and will ye pass away,
 Leaving the blank that other hopes have left,
 That dark, dull pain, hell only would invent?
 Or, is there prophecy in what ye say,
 Telling me, I am not of all bereft,
 But still beyond the whirlpool dwells content?

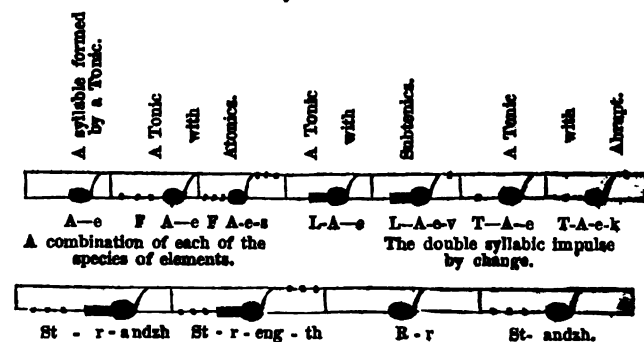
N. D.

AN ANALYSIS OF THE HUMAN VOICE.

Compiled by FREDERICK WEBSTER, Professor of Elocution to the Royal Academy of Music.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 777.)

THE following notation may serve to illustrate the preceding account of the structure of syllables:—



This scheme represents the movement of a third; but the mode is the same in all intervals. The dotted line denotes the atonic sound.

The third black line, united to the radical, denotes the pitch of the subtonic, when it precedes a tonic; and the full black radical, with its issuing appendage, signifies the tonic alone, or the tonic in combination with a vanishing subtonic.

In this notation, the atonic sounds are represented by the dotted lines, as if they had a certain place in pitch; but being mere aspirations, their place is in no appreciable relation to the tonics and subtonics; and, I beg that the reader may so understand the notation, where the atonic symbols are used to show the presence of the aspirated voice.

If the principle of compound syllabication consists in a voluntary effort and pause of the voice, or in any other mode of length than that which is here insisted on, a syllable might contain an indefinite number of tonic sounds, combined with such other elements as have no occlusion: and consequently the length of the syllable would be limited only by the time of expiration. But from the influence of the radical and vanish, in the utterance of the common aggregates of elementary sounds, the duration of a syllable is quickly arrested. There are twelve tonics; fourteen subtonics; nine atonics; and six abrupt elements. Twelve of these, the nine atonics and the three abrupt subtonics, being productive of an interruption to the continuity of the syllabic impulse, the mingling of all the elements must give one of these a position in every third or fourth place among the tonics and subtonics, and thereby set a limit to the duration of syllabic sound. Sometimes this interruption produces syllables of two elements only; and it has never, perhaps, in the English language, allowed any syllable in use, to extend beyond seven.

The reason why the words *strange* and *strength* cannot be made longer without more than ordinary effort, is this:—The tonic elements cannot be added since, as we have seen above; no two of them can be united into one vocal impulse. Nor will these words bear a subtonic at the beginning; for as *s* is an atonic, any subtonic

uttered before it must come to a pause, must, therefore, go through its vanish, and thus produce a separate syllable. An atonic being prefixed to these words would not indeed make a new concrete; but it would produce a varying effort of hissing and aspiration, which would bear no analogy to the audible and gliding nature of tonic and subtonic syllabication. In answer then to the question, why syllables are not continued to the utmost length of an act of expiration, it has been shown that as speech employs all the elements, the abrupt and atonic must necessarily divide the time of one expiration into different syllabic impulses.

From the four kinds of elementary sounds employed in the construction of syllables, let us now suppose the atonic and abrupt to be rejected, and consequently the last mentioned cause of limitation to be removed. Why is it impossible in this case to give indefinite length to a syllable, formed by the union of a tonic with any number of subtonics?—Or, why is such a syllable otherwise limited, than by the term of expiration?

When a tonic precedes a subtonic, in the formation of a concrete interval, it gives up a portion of its movement to the subtonic, which then carries on and completes the vanish. In this way, the radical and vanish may consist of a tonic and one, two, three, or at most four subtonics. But the number cannot, in easy pronunciation, be extended beyond these. Thus in the syllable *strandzh* (strange) the concrete rises begins on *a*, and continuing through *n*, *d* and *zh*, vanishes on the last. If two more subtonics *v* and *m*, were subjoined to this word, as in *strandzhum*, few speakers could make one pure syllabic impulse of the combination. The reason of this difficulty, or as we may call it, impossibility, will appear in the following remarks.

In the most general use of the voice, the concrete rises through the interval of a tone, and employs therein a certain portion of time. Now, though the tone and time may be executed on one tonic combined with several subtonics; yet there is a maximum to the number, utterable by an easy effort of speech. For since each constituent must have a certain duration, to render it cognizable as a variation of pitch, and to ensure a distinct pronunciation, it must consume a portion of the concrete; and it is plain from experience that each constituent does consume so much, that not more than four subtonics, together with the preceding tonic, can in easy utterance be compressed into the time and space of the radical and vanish.

In describing the concrete, we pointed out three modes of this function,—its equable progress, and the prolongation of its radical, and of its vanish. When a combination of tonics and subtonics, greater than can be used for one concrete, is offered for pronunciation, one of two things must occur: either two syllables must be formed by two separate concretes, or some one or more of the numerous constituents must be prolonged on one line of pitch. And though this last mode of utterance would not necessarily produce two syllables, yet by assuming the characteristic note of song, it would be very different from the equable effect of the true syllabic concrete.

I have thus endeavoured to show why, in ordinary speech, syllables cannot be indefinitely extended when they consist only of tonic and subtonic sounds, and consequently when there is no obstruction to their continuation, by the interposition of abrupt and atonic elements.

(To be continued.)

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FLORENCE. — (From a Correspondent.) — None of the theatres seem unusually brilliant. We have eight here. The *Pergola* is not better than the rest, although the charming Steffanoni is the *prima donna*, and the portly Marini the *basso*; but two stars do not make a heaven, and the lesser luminaries are detestable. Last week they played an opera, called *Emeralda*, by Prince Joseph Poniatowski, which was unequivocally condemned; nevertheless, the Prince has the reputation of being an intelligent musician, which I am not in the humour to dispute. At the *Teatro Piazza Vecchia*, we have also an opera. The tenor Boccardo, has really a superb voice, and on the whole, the arrangements are by no means

bad, considering the low price of admission—half a *paul*, (two-pence-halfpenny). There is also another opera, at the *Teatro Borgognissante*, where they have been playing the *Leonora* of Mercadante, but in a very ordinary style. This is all the theatrical news I have at present to tell you; but you may look for another letter soon. The carnival is approaching, and things may become more interesting. The grand Duke is very popular here; on his fête day all the *gardia civica* went in procession to congratulate him,—a very pretty sight, of which we had a capital view from a balcony opposite the *Palazzo Pitti*. The cheering was enthusiastic, and a hymn was sung in honor of the occasion. In the evening the whole city was illuminated and our apartment being situated in the most public thoroughfare, we were compelled to do as the rest.

W.

PADUA.—(From a Correspondent.)—Mr. Curtis, an English tenor, formerly a student in the Royal Academy of Music, Tottenham Street, and subsequently pursuing his vocal education under one Mazzucato, at Milan, is engaged as *primo tenore*, for the approaching carnival at Padua.

THE HAGUE.—(From our own Correspondent.)—Balfé's *Etoile de Seville* has been produced here, in presence of all the Court, with brilliant success. The vogue already obtained by his comic opera, *Les Quatre Fils d'Aymon*, has already made Balfé's name popular here. Among the recent celebrities who have visited us, are Vivier, the famous and facetious performer on the horn, guitar, piano, violin, &c., &c.; Ecker, a clever violinist and composer (pupil of poor Mendelssohn, whose death has put us all in mourning); and Steveniers, the admirable violinist from Belgium. All these artists have been well received at Court.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

DRURY LANE.—A new opera, in three acts, the *Maid of Honour*, was produced on Monday night, with that success which seems inseparable from the name of Balfé, the composer of the music. Miss Birch, Miss Miran, and Mrs. Weiss, three debutantes, were all received with the utmost favour. Mr. Reeves made a decided hit in his new part. Mr. Weiss had also a part in which he maintained his well-deserved reputation. The libretto is from the experienced hand of Mr. Fitzball. The *mise en scene* and costumes were liberal and splendid. Mr. Balfé presided in the orchestra, and was received with cheers. At the fall of the curtain, composer, artists, and manager were all called forward. For further particulars we must refer to our leading articles of this and next week.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—All the resources of this establishment have been bestowed on a new and magnificent spectacle, called the *Pearl of the Ocean*, written by Mr. Charles Selby, and produced on Monday last with great success. The idea of the piece is not an uncommon one, being that of the love of a marine maiden for a mortal. Here Coralie (Madame Celeste), the aquatic fair one, is not only an inhabitant of the deep, but actually a mermaid—a creature with a tail, which, by the power of the Witch of the Whirlpool, is converted into a pair of legs. The Prince of the Pearl Islands (Miss Woolgar), whom Coralie has saved from shipwreck, is the object of her passion, and to him, on assuming mortal shape, she attaches herself as a sort of attendant, though she is under an obligation not to reveal her origin and the service she has rendered. The love of the Prince for a Princess of Circassia, whom he is about to marry, nearly drives poor Coralie to despair. She summons her sister mermaids to her aid, and they all attend the wedding as Amazons dressed in armour, who, after amusing the party with a sort of sham-fight, eventually carry off the bride. Urged by

the witch, Coralie is about to stab her rival, but relents, and the Princess, not to be outdone in magnanimity, resigns the hand of her lover to the happy mermaid, when a grand festival is held at the bottom of the sea, in honour of the junction of earth and water. Madame Celeste has a picturesque part in the character of Coralie, which she dresses in a variety of costume, and plays with excellent effect, and Wright has room for his comicalities in the personage of a pearl-diver; but altogether the piece is less a vehicle for acting than for scenery. As a spectacle it is gorgeous indeed. The submarine scenes show great fancy on the part of the painters, especially a moving diorama, in which the love-sick mermaid floats to the abode of the witch. The arrival of a solid galley, which sails from the back to nearly the front of the stage, is a peculiarly grand point, and we believe that the stage has been enlarged at the back to render this achievement possible. The appearance of the sea-nymphs in real steel armour is novel and striking, for the ladies are actually armed *cap-à-pie*, with closed vizors, instead of wearing that light sort of equipment which is usual with the female warriors of the stage. Is this piece a version of the French, *La Belle aux cheveux d'or*? Albert Smith can tell us. He went to the *Porte St. Martin*, as well as to the *Theatre Historique*, we are certain; for, reader, we know him well.

SURREY.—Mr. Bunn has treated the public, lately, with two very interesting novelties:—a new singer, Mrs. D. W. King, of eminent pretensions; and an English version of Donizetti's *Figlia del Reggimento*, with our old favorite, Miss Poole, in Jenny Lind's part of Maria.

Mrs. D. W. King is the wife of Mr. D. W. King, the tenor, late of Drury Lane, and now of the Surrey. Her voice is a sweet and flexible *soprano*; her power is not great, but she sings with grace and facility, and throws an immensity of feeling into her acting. Mrs. D. W. King has already appeared in an English version of *Lucia di Lammermoor* in which her interpretation of the plaintive melodies of poor Lucy declares her the possessor of as much intelligence and sensibility as of vocal excellence; and more recently in Wallace's *Maritana*, wherein she displays quite an opposite kind of talent. In both these operas she is received with enthusiasm by the public. With Mr. H. Phillips, Miss Poole, and Mr. King, as accessories, it is hardly necessary to say that the vocal part of the music has been ably executed; and quite as much may be advanced in favor of the compact band and chorus, under Mr. Tully's experienced guidance.

Miss Poole, in the *Figlia*, has, in her way, created quite as great a sensation as Jenny Lind herself. No one would have given this usually quiet and unpretending artiste credit for such a world of vivacity, animation, and humour, as she displays in the lively character of the *Vivandière*; and then, her singing of the music, here and there transposed to suit her voice, is as nearly perfect as could be desired by Donizetti himself. Three encores, and as many recalls, manifest how well the public appreciate Miss Poole's admirable performance.

Mr. H. Phillips makes an admirable part of the ordinarily modest Sulpizio; he acts like a Trojan, and sings *like himself*—the best tribute we could offer to his talent. In Gardoni's part of Tonio, Mr. D. W. King displays zeal and ability; while Mrs. Daly, Mr. Horncastle, and the rest, make the most of the subordinate parts; and again we must eulogise Mr. Tully, and his vocal and instrumental forces, so small in number, yet so efficient in strength. The English version of *La Figlia* is, by the untiring Mr. Fitzball, who, in the present case, has evinced more than his accustomed taste, and more than the usual

solidity of his judgment. The *mise en scene* and costumes are precisely what was to have been expected from the taste and experience of Mr. Bunn. *La Figlia* has drawn crowded houses, and will, doubtless have a long run. It is well worth a trip across the water to see and hear.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR.—Could you inform me, in your next paper, what is the compass of Mr. Weiss's voice, also of Mr. Henry Russell's.—I am, Sir, your obedient Servant, J. L.

[Perhaps the possessors of the voices may be disposed to satisfy the curiosity of J. L. Our pages are open.—Ed.]

PROVINCIAL.

WORCESTER.—Thursday evening 16th, the new organ, recently erected by Mr. Nicholson for the Worcester Harmonic Society, in the large room of the City and County Library and Reading Institution, was opened, and the occasion was celebrated by a concert. We were greatly disappointed in noticing that the concert was attended by only about seventy persons—that, in fact, the audience was outnumbered by the choral orchestra. Deeply do we regret this circumstance, not only on account of the object of the concert, but because we feel sure that the musical portion of the Worcester public, in their absence, deprived themselves of a great treat. The concert opened with the performance of the Dead March in *Saul*, upon the organ, by Mr. Done (organist of the Cathedral), followed by the chorus, "How blest are they," from poor Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, the performance of which called up feelings of the liveliest emotion towards the deceased composer. Then came the first part of the *Creation*. Mr. Done played the introduction, representing chaos, with excellent judgment. Mr. Rickhuss, the solo tenor, was in excellent voice, and sang the music allotted to him with taste and skill. Master Holloway and Mr. Whitehouse, the other chief singers, acquitted themselves admirably. The choruses were given with precision, and we cannot speak too highly of Mr. Done's management of the accompaniments. The second part of the concert commenced with the Russian National Hymn, with variations, by August Freyer, for the organ, to which ample justice was done by Mr. Done. The concerto was followed by Mr. Rickhuss, in "Lord, remember David," succeeded by a hymn from Perry's *Death of Abel*, the *solis* by Mrs. Hewitt and Mr. Stoye. Then came the selection from *Israel in Egypt*, with which the concert concluded. In this we have to notice the style in which the duet, "The Lord is a man of war," was rendered by Messrs. Whitehouse and Stoye; the manner in which Mr. Jones sang the graceful air, "Thou shalt bring them in;" and the declamation of Miriam's song, "Sing ye to the Lord," by Mrs. Mason. The choruses, as in the former part, manifested diligence on the part of the conductors of the society, Mr. E. Rogers and Mr. Done, and intelligence on the part of the executants. This concert was the best the society has hitherto given, and it ought to be a source of pride to Worcester that she can realise such a performance from her own native talent, unaided by foreign resources; but it is also matter of regret and shame that the society is not more numerously and efficiently supported than it is in a pecuniary point of view. Mr. E. Rogers was the conductor of this concert, which, at the request of several influential supporters of the society, will be repeated, we believe, in the Christmas week. Meanwhile the oratorio of *Jephtha* will be produced under the direction of the same gentleman. The organ was built by our townsman, Mr. Nicholson, who has executed it in a manner highly satisfactory to the subscribers. The great organ manual extends to CCC, the swell organ to CC, and the pedal organ has a compass of upwards of two octaves. It is prepared for twenty-nine stops, but at present does not contain more than eighteen, including two copulas. The diapasons, the dulciana (which extends to CCC) wald flute, hautboy, and cornopen stops, are free from the defects too often found in reed stops.—*Worcester Journal*.

LIVERPOOL.—The Festival Choral Society gave its thirty-seventh public rehearsal on Tuesday evening, 14th, in the Music Hall, Bold Street. The scheme comprises Romberg's cantata "The Lay of the Bell," with a selection chiefly from the works of Sir H. R. Bishop. The orchestra was under the leadership of Mr. H. F. Aldridge. The solos were confided to Messrs. Armstrong, Ryalls, George Holden, jun., and Mrs. George Holden; and the same parties, with others, sang the concerted pieces. The concert terminated soon after ten o'clock. Mr. George Holden was the conductor, and Mr. Richardson the organist.—*Liverpool Mail*.

MANCHESTER.—The remark is now somewhat trite that, at the present day, no great work of literature or art can long remain the property of the wealthy critic or connoisseur; that its worth once recognised, its diffusion amidst the "common people" follows almost as a matter of

course. Nor is it merely works of a light and frivolous character whose expansion is thus demanded, but also those which, pregnant with the deepest meaning, and coming from the depths of the human heart, necessarily demand for their appreciation thoughtful, earnest, and loving minds. Amongst the foremost of those who have addressed themselves to meet this requirement, and develop this characteristic of the age, we have often had occasion to mention the directors of the Mechanics' Institution, whose Saturday evening concerts have frequently been the medium of bringing before the public some of the best works of the greatest masters. The greatest advance which they have made in this direction has certainly been, in the present season, in the production of the grandest form of musical composition—the oratorio. The success of the performance of the *Creation* we noticed on a former occasion; we have now to record a similar success in the performance of Dr. Mendelssohn's great work, *Elijah*, on Saturday evening last. The profundity of this composition, as a work of art its highly dramatic style, the unity of spirit and design pervading the whole, manifested alternately in the broadest contrasts and the most gradual transitions, combined to render its performance a work of no small difficulty. In the performance on Saturday evening, these difficulties were mastered, these requisites supplied, in a manner most creditable to the skill and taste of the conductor, Mr. Conjan, and the other performers. The leading vocalists were Misses Stott and Kenneth, and Messrs. Burnett and Isherwood, all of whom are deserving of great praise for the intelligent and artistic execution of the music allotted to them. The chorus was well trained, and effective. The efforts of the vocalists were admirably seconded by the instrumental performers. Mr. Barlow was the organist. The performers received, as they deserved, the hearty and unanimous approbation of a crowded audience. The audience were supplied (as on the occasion of the performance of the *Creation*) with a nicely printed copy of the words of the oratorio for a penny. This, and the other business arrangements for the evening, reflect the greatest credit upon the able and indefatigable managing directors of the institution. We cannot close this notice without the expression of a wish that the directors may give us another oratorio before very long.—*Manchester Guardian*.

LIVERPOOL.—Mr. Ryalls had a very full audience at his annual concert, on Tuesday evening, the 18th, in the Concert Hall, Lord Nelson Street. The performances were marked by the novelty of two first appearances. Mrs. Sunderland was the leading vocalist. Her singing of Handel's "From mighty kings," with violin obligato, and Bishop's "Mocking bird," with flute obligato, elicited hearty encores. Miss Saunders, from the York, Sheffield, and Leeds Concerts, made a favourable impression; her voice, though not powerful, is sweet, and her style unexceptionable. In Bishop's "Come, summer, come," Rodwell's "Click clack of the village mill," and, "Go, cull your roses," though labouring under influenza, she was much applauded. The duet, "O lovely peace," between Mrs. Sunderland and Miss Saunders, was well given. Miss Clements, a pupil of Mr. Ryalls, made her *debut* in a duet with that gentleman, but was so frightened at the novelty of her situation that she nearly abandoned the duty which she had undertaken, but the applause of the audience somewhat restored her confidence towards the close, and she developed powers of voice and acquirement which will, with experience, make her a great favourite in the concert room. She was also much applauded in Bishop's song, "Like the gloom of night," which after the display of a little timidity she got through very creditably. Mr. Ryalls, who was most cordially received, gave in good style Donizetti's "Star of life," Bellini's recitative and air "All is lost," and "Still so gently," being encored in the latter and Lover's "Kitty Creagh." Bellini's duet, "Take now this ring," was spiritedly executed by Mr. Ryalls and Miss Saunders. Much interest was attached to the *debut* of Miss Eleanor Ward, of whose abilities as a pianist, report has for some time spoken favourably. She appeared to be a little frightened with the warmth of her reception, but soon recovered and pleased the audience with the brilliancy with which she executed Henri Herz's very difficult variations on the grand march from *Purissini*. Her first piece was encored. Mr. Richardson, the eminent flute player, charmed his hearers by his performance of two of his own fantasias—"There's nae luck," and "Rousseau's Dream," which were both unanimously encored. Mr. Goodall, the violinist, of whose talents we have before had occasion to speak favourably, justified our encomiums by the manner in which he rendered De Beriot's First Concerto, and was immensely applauded. Signor Giulio Regondi and Mr. George Holden, who had both been announced, were absent through influenza, but the place of the latter very ably supplied, on short notice, by Mr. Frederick Tivendale, who is deservedly esteemed as a conductor. As one of the favourite pupils of the great composer, Mendelssohn, his re-appearance will be hailed with gratification by all admirers of the great school. The concert terminated about a quarter to eleven o'clock.—*Liverpool Mail*.

RICHMOND.—Mr. W. C. Selle's Concert took place on Friday evening 17th, when the great room of the Castle Hotel was crowded with fashion-

able company, including some of the most distinguished families in the neighbourhood. Mr. Selle engaged, as vocalists, Madame Caradori Allan, Miss A. and Miss M. Williams, Mr. Lockett, and Mr. W. H. Seguin, all of whom gave the greatest delight, and were called upon to repeat several classical compositions. Mr. Selle's performance of Hummel's Concerto in E major, and Mozart's Quartet, in G minor, demands our especial notice; he was rapturously applauded. Mr. Willy led an excellent orchestra, and performed one of his favourite solos, which afforded the highest gratification to all present.

SHREWSBURY.—Last week, the second concert of the Choral Society was given at the Music Hall which was filled with an audience composed of the rank and fashion of the neighbourhood. The committee of the society are entitled to the greatest praise for presenting the *Seasons of Haydn* to a Shrewsbury audience, in such an efficient manner. Miss Bassano, Mr. Pearsall, and Mr. Machin, were in fine voice; indeed the lady appeared to us to have greatly improved since we last had the pleasure of hearing her. Mr. Bourlay was leader, and Mr. Hiles conductor. Mr. W. Lewis presided at the organ. The whole performance went off with the greatest *clat* possible.—*Shropshire Conservative*.

WALWORTH.—Mr. William West gave his vocal entertainment at the Literary Institution, on Wednesday, the 15th, to a crowded audience. He was assisted by Miss Eliza Vaughan, Miss A. Purcell and Mr. Frodsham, who possesses a tenor voice, which study may render profitable. Miss Binfield Williams, in a fantasia on the piano-forte, was highly applauded, as was the boy, Alexander Ranchevaege.—Who is this boy?—*Ed.*

PLYMOUTH.—Country theatricals seem by no means at a discount with Mr. Newcombe, manager of the Theatre Royal. Patronised by the Earl and Countess of Morley, Lady Elizabeth Bulteel, and other of the fashionable inhabitants of the vicinity, this theatre is crowded night after night to witness the performances of one of the most efficient and attractive companies ever employed in a provincial town. The leading members of the troupes are Messrs. J. Davis, Mills, Emery, and Gates; Misses Pitt and Aldridge; Mesdames Harding and Russell; not to forget Mr. Newcombe himself, whose gentlemanly conduct and polished deportment have gained him an *entrée* into the first circles of society, and whose liberality and invariable kindness have endeared him to the members of his establishment, where his versatile talents have won him the unanimous suffrages of the public.

MAIDSTONE.—The theatre was crowded on Wednesday 15th, on the bellpeak of Col. Middleton and the officers of the *dépt*. We are glad to be able to say that Mr. Melville, who is a good and deserving actor, had a productive benefit last evening. His selections were the *Lady of Lyons* and *Mary Blane*. That well-established public favourite, Mr. B. Ware, takes his benefit on Thursday, which will, we doubt not, prove a bumper. The last night of performing will be on Friday, when the season will close. The Panorama opened last evening, and if we may judge by the thousands who visited it, from far and near, when last in Maidstone, the new panorama of the late war in India, which has been very highly spoken of, is likely to be well attended.—*Maidstone Gazette*.

MARGATE.—The Harmonic Society of this town gave a grand concert on Thursday evening last, at the London Bazaar, High-street. The performances of the band were highly creditable, and drew forth much applause. It is proposed to continue the entertainment every week throughout the winter.—*Maidstone Gazette*.

WATFORD, Dec. 5.—(From our own Correspondent.)—We had a great musical treat yesterday morning, when Madame Duicken gave a brilliant display of her talent as a pianist, in a great variety of styles, from Handel down to Schulhoff, in all and every of which she was loudly and deservedly applauded. Mr. John Parry sung two of his songs, both of which were rapturously encored. Our Masonic Hall was filled by a very elegant company.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SHREWSBURY.—The organ in St. Mary's Church, which has undergone the most complete repair, together with many alterations and extensive additions, was again opened for divine service on the 5th instant. The original organ, by Harris and Byfield, which has been retained in its full integrity, comprised a great organ and choir organ, the compass being what is termed short octaves, and at a later period a feeble swell of four stops to middle G had been added by a modern builder. This latter has been removed and replaced by one of nine stops to tenor C, the keys being continued to CC, and communicated with the bass of the choir organ; and

the compass of the other manuals has been altered to the German scale. The new swell contains—

Double Diapason	Principal	Hautboy
Open Diapason	Fifteenth	Cornopean
Stopped Diapason	Sesquialtra, 3 ranks	Clarion.

The cornopean is a splendid reed stop, and it is altogether of that rich and brilliant tone (more especially in the reed stops) so characteristic of the builders (Messrs. Gray and Davison, of London) who have been employed to execute the work. Two notes of pedals from CCC 16 feet to D, with large open pipes throughout, have been added, together with the various coupling stops; and it may now with truth be pronounced the most complete church organ in the county of Salop. The parishioners of St. Mary's are fortunate in possessing in the person of Mr. George Hay, the organist, who succeeded the late Mr. Tomlins, a musician of talent, and a skilful performer, qualified to develop the power and capabilities of his instrument.

Miss EMMA LUCOMBE, according to *La France Musicale*, has recently been making considerable sensation in the fashionable *salons* of Paris. Her first public appearance was at a concert given for the benefit of M. Killiane *jeune a benéficiaire* whose name is new to us. Here our young countrywoman made a great impression by her execution of the air, "Casta diva," from *Norma*. Miss Lucombe's next triumph is preparing for her by M. M. Escudier, at the second concert of *La France Musicale*, for which she has, with much discretion, proffered her services, thereby securing the gratitude and invaluable protection of MM. Léon and Marie, whose delight is to puff the *Académie Royale de Musique*, and pepper the English nation.

MR. LUMLEY, says *La France Musicale*, has engaged two tenors, for next season, of whom report speaks highly—Ferrari and Casini. We have never heard of the first, but that says nothing. Our Milan correspondent, T. E. B., in a private letter to ourselves, speaks of the latter, in respect to his personal appearance and manners—of which he has had occasion to judge, having met him on the road from Genoa to Naples, during a recent tour—in the highest possible terms, but he has not heard him sing. Casani is, according to our correspondent's account, "a young man, good-looking, and exceedingly agreeable in his conversation and deportment." In the same letter, by the way, T. E. B. alludes, in glowing terms, to a *basso profondo*, by name Haigh—an Englishman, who is studying singing at Milan—the brother of Mr. Joseph Haigh, well-known some years ago in the London concert world, and at present resident in Venice. This Haigh, it would appear, has been for some time the subject of conversation in the *salons* of Milan, but, hitherto, has persisted in declining all offers from *impresarii*.

HENRY RUSSELL has concluded a successful tour through the north of England, having attracted crowded audiences to his vocal entertainments.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The examination of candidates for the two King's Scholarships, vacant every Christmas, took place at the institution on Friday, the 17th inst. The following professors composed the board of examiners:—Mr. C. Potter, chairman; Sir G. Smart (who was prevented from attending by indisposition); Mr. Goss, Mr. C. Lucas, Mr. W. S. Bennett, Mr. J. Elliot, and Mr. J. Bennett. The successful candidates were Miss Dorothy Watkins, and Master W. G. Cusins. The following candidates distinguished themselves at the examination:—Misses M. E. Smith, B. M. Strut, and C. Fraser; Messrs. Layland, Nicholson, and Von Holst.

ON the opening night of the Glee Club, on Saturday, several vocal compositions, in parts, were performed by a host of vocalists; and Dr. Hayes's round, "This tomb be thine," was sung, as a tribute to the memory of the late Charles Taylor, many years a member of the Club. The oldest member living is Mr. J. B. Sale, who was elected in 1797.

It is reported that both Madame Dorus Gras and Miss Dolby will take a trip with Jullien through the provinces; two concerts will be given at Manchester the 1st week in January.

MR. RANSFORD, with his son and daughter, have lately given concerts at several places in the vicinity of the metropolis; also at Bedford, Rochester, &c., with great success.

CAROLS.—In former years most of the churches in Wales used to be lighted up, about three o'clock, on Christmas day in the morning, when carols were sung by several persons, some of them accompanied on the Welsh harp; but the old custom is fast falling into decay. On those occasions the churches were crowded by persons who seldom entered them save on that day, so attractive was the singing of carols. In the earliest times the tunes sung by persons for dancing were called carols; and the old Italian *carola* was a song of a plain, simple, popular melody, to be sung to a dance; the Welsh exalted the character of the carol by writing sacred words to a simple melody, and singing it in the churches.

SIR JOHN LEMAN ROGERS, Bart., died on the 4th instant, aged 61, at his residence near Ivy Bridge, in Devonshire. Sir John Rogers was for many years president of the Madrigal Society, and the composer of several glees, madrigals, anthems, &c. His death is deeply lamented.

EXETER HALL.—The *Messiah* was given last night, with the usual perfection, to the usual crowd, and by the same performers as last week.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.—His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge will preside at the 110th anniversary festival of the Royal Society of Musicians, which will be celebrated in February, on the same extensive scale as heretofore. His Royal Highness will give a prize next season, as patron of the Melodists' Club, for a song, to be sung by Mr. Locket, with a harmonised burden for four equal voices; the musical members of the club (of whom there are twenty,) alone can become candidates.

REMARKABLE INFLUENCE.—A remarkable effect from a remote cause came under observation last week, but whether it is attributable to mesmeric, sympathetic, neurohypnotic, or other subtle and occult influence, we must leave to the sagacity of those learned in such mysteries to discover. Mr. Templeton, the popular vocalist, arrived in Liverpool last week, and after he had settled his preliminary business at the Mechanics' Institution, where he was to sing, sought for himself a lodging, deciding on his location with the becoming caution of "a canny Scot." Voice, a precious commodity to professional singers, being in these days of influenza easily impaired, he desired, in combination with interior comfort and convenient position, salubrity of situation. Thus it happened that he took up his abode in a house where he had not before resided on any of his former visits to Liverpool. Next morning he was trying his voice in order to discover if he had, by any misfortune lost his G, or any of his other notes, during his journey to Liverpool. No, not a note was impaired, "I am in capital voice this morning," he remarked to his friend, Blewitt, "only hear?" and again he ran from his lower note to the top of his compass and back again. Just then, the smiling mistress of the house entered the room. "You are in capital voice this morning, Mr. Templeton, I hear," "Excellent," replied Templeton. "Well," said she, "it's easily accounted for; you slept in Alboni's bed last night."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A CONSTANT READER.—The agent for all matters of artistic importance, at Milan, theatrical, musical, or otherwise, is Mr. ALFRED NOEL, whose long residence in the City, and invariable urbanity to foreigners, added to the lofty position he enjoys in the commercial world, and the advantages attendant thereupon, have for many years been universally recognised.

A TRAVELLER TO MILAN.—We strongly recommend the *Café Martini*, the name of which alone, re-calling the celebrated *Padre Martini*, friend and adviser of Mozart, and one of the musical glories of Italy, must recommend it to all lovers of the divine art; moreover, we can testify from personal experience that it is the best café in Milan—in short (English visitors to Paris will understand us) it deserves the name of the *Café du Cardinal of Italy*. Among other advantages enjoyed by the habitués of the *Café Martini* is the opportunity of association with the accomplished and celebrated *Tarrelli*, one of the foremost of Italian literati, who frequents the café daily.

H. A. T.—In the matter of Miss —'s age we are as wise and no wiser than the Editor of the Era. Whatever be the number of her summers she carries them bravely, and looks both youthful and handsome. But, wherefore this indiscreet and forbidden curiosity on the part of our correspondent?

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

GRAND OPERA.

On MONDAY, December 27th, Her Majesty's Servants will perform
Mr. BALFE's New Opera

"THE MAID OF HONOR,"

Principal Characters by Miss BIRCH, Mrs. WISE, Miss MERRIAM,
Mr. SIMS REEVE, Mr. WHITWORTH and Mr. WALSH.

After which will be produced the NEW CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME, written by
ALFRED CROWQUIL and ALBERT SMITH, and called

FRIAR RUSH, or HARLEQUIN & KING GOLD.

During the Week and until further Notice, the Theatre will be open every night and the performance commence at Seven o'clock.

LONDON ASSURANCE CORPORATION,

(Established by Royal Charter, in the reign of King George the First, A.D. 1720).
7, Royal Exchange, Cornhill, and 10, Regent Street.

THE Governors and Directors of this Corporation give notice, that all Life Assurance Policies on their series of 1846, opened with them prior to the 1st of January next, will participate in the appropriation of profits to be made at the end of the year 1850, either by a bonus to be added to the policy, a payment in cash, or a reduction of premium for the succeeding five years, or for the whole term of life.

The policy holders under the series of 1831, are informed that the annual abatement of premiums will be, on the 1st January next, £28 3s. 4d. per cent. in addition to the permanent reduction made on the 1st January, 1846, equivalent to a bonus of three per cent. per annum on all policies but five years in existence.

Prospectuses and all information may be had by a written or personal application.
JOHN LAURENCE, Sec.

The Greatest Sale of any Medicine in the Globe.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

A Very Wonderful Cure of a Disordered Liver and Stomach.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Charles Wilson, 30, Princess Street, Glasgow,
dated February 18th, 1847.

"SIR,—Having taken your Pills to remove a disease of the Stomach and Liver, under which I had long suffered, and having followed your printed instructions I have regained that health, which I had thought lost for ever. I had previously had recourse to several medical men, who are celebrated for their skill, but instead of curing my complaint, it increased to a most alarming degree. Humane speaking, your Pills have saved my life! Many tried to dissuade me from using them, and I doubt not but that hundreds are deterred from taking your most excellent medicine, in consequence of the impositions practised by many worthless persons; but what a pity it is that the deception used by others, should be the means of preventing many unhappy persons, under disease, from regaining health, by the use of your Pills. When I commenced the use of your Pills, I was in a most wretched condition, and to my great delight, in a few days afterwards, there was a considerable change for the better, and by continuing to use them, for some weeks, I have been perfectly restored to health, to the surprise of all who have witnessed the state to which I had been reduced by the disordered state of the Liver and Stomach; would to God, that every poor sufferer would avail himself of the same astonishing remedy."

"To Professor Holloway." (Signed, "CHARLES WILSON.")
These truly invaluable Pills can be obtained at the Establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY, 244, Strand, (near Temple Bar), London; and of most respectable Vendors of Medicines throughout the civilised World, at the following prices: 1s. 3d., 2s. 3d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 32s. each Box. There is a considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

FRENCH PLAYS,

St. James's Theatre.

First Representation at this Theatre of the celebrated Lyrical Tragedy of

ANTIGONE.

In which the eminent Actor,

MONSIEUR BOCAGE,

Will sustain the principal character of "CREON," as originally performed by him at the Theatre de L'Odeon, Paris, and by whom the *Miss en Scene* at this Theatre will be conducted; the character of "ANTIGONE" by

MADAME RABUT FECHTER,
(Her First Appearance this Season.)

Mr. MITCHELL respectfully announces that

On **WEDNESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 5th,**

Will be produced the Lyrical Tragedy of

ANTIGONE,

From the Greek of Sophocles, with the entire Music of the illustrious composer

MENDELSSOHN.

Director of the Music **M. JULES BENEDICT.**

DISTRIBUTION OF THE CHARACTERS.

CREON -	-	-	MONSIEUR BOCAGE.
HEMON -	-	-	MONSIEUR FECHTER.
TIRESIAS -	-	-	MONSIEUR LEMONIER.
LE GARDE -	-	-	MONSIEUR ST. MARIE.
LE CORYPHEE -	-	-	MONSIEUR HENRI ALIX.
ANTIGONE -	-	-	MADAME RABUT FECHTER,

(Her First appearance this Season.)

ISMENE -	-	-	MADLLE. BAPTISTE.
EURYDICE -	-	-	MADLLE. BERTHE.

For the efficient Performance of this celebrated Composition, the following Professors have been expressly engaged, and will constitute

THE ORCHESTRA:

Director, **M. BENEDICT.**

Violins.
Messrs. BUROTTE,
DELOFFRE,
NEWSHAM,
MELLON,
THIRLWALL,
BROWN,
GOFFRIE,
MORRIS,
ELLA,
PAYTON,
ZERBINI,
NEWSHAM, Jun.
ELMORE,
WATSON.

Tenors.
Messrs. LYON,
GLANVILLE,
WESTLAKE,
R. BLAGROVE,

Violoncellos.
Messrs. LUCAS,
PILET,
LOVELL,
GUEST.

Double Basses.
Messrs. HOWELL,
CAMPANILE,
SEVERN,
GRIFFITHS.

Flutes.
Messrs. RIBAS,
KING.
Oboes.
Messrs. GRATTAN COOKE,
NICHOLSON.
Clarionettes.
Messrs. BOOSEY,
MAYCOCK.
Cornet.
Messrs. CHARLES HARPER,
CALLCOTT.

Bassoons.
Messrs. LARKING,
WINTERBOTTOM.
Trumpets.
Messrs. THOMAS HARPER,
HANDLEY,
Trombones.
Messrs. SMITHIES,
HEALEY,
WINTERBOTTOM.

Drums.
Mr. CHIPP.
Harp.
Mr. WRIGHT.

THE CHORUS,

UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF Mr. GRICE,

WILL INCLUDE

Messrs. F. MILLAR, GIFFIN, WALSHE, LOMAX, HAMMOND, STIRLING, GRICE, SHARPE, JAMES PRICE, MORGAN, SMITH, RAIKES, SMYTHSON, LEE, HOWLET, HAWKER, SIMMONDS, HODGES, C. BEALE, COLLETT, FROST, BUTLER, HEHL, WILLIAMSON, HENRY, JOSSET, CHATELAIN, TOURILLON, SOLA, EUGENE, LUCIEN, BARR, MIMARD, &c. &c.

A NEW SCENE,

Representing the Proscenium of an ancient Greek Theatre,

Has been painted expressly for the subject by Mr. MUIR and Assistants.
Boxes, Stalls, Tickets, and Season Prospectuses, may be had at Mr. MITCHELL's, Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street.

MUSICAL PRIZE, or CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

This Day is published, Price 10s. 6d.,

THE BOOK OF SONG, beautifully illustrated and illuminated in colors, by Brandard, containing new Songs and Duets, by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Lady Dufferin, Balfe, G. Linley, Val. Morris, Barker, Maynard, Macfarren, &c. The Songs are by the most popular Composers, and have been selected with the greatest care in order to form a highly attractive Musical Album, at half the usual price.

In a few days will be published, as a Companion to the above, **L'ALBUM DU BAL,** by Charles d'Albert, composer of the Bridal and Helena Polkas, &c., comprising Waltzes, Polkas, Quadrilles, and Galops, splendidly illustrated and illuminated in colors, by Brandard, Price 10s. 6d.

Madame ANNA THILLON's New Song, "The Lily lies drooping," Is now published, Price 2s. "The Ballad by Mr. Val. Morris, 'The Lily lies drooping,' seemed most to the taste of the audience, and was redemanded as it were with one voice; and a very pretty ballad it is, and charmingly was it rendered by Madame Thillon."—MUSICAL WORLD, Nov. 20.

NEW PIANO FORTE MUSIC.

Kube's Gems of Albion,	4s.
Chaulien's Il Segreto per esser felice,	2s.
Burgmüller's Robert Bruce, Nos. 1 and 2, each	3s.
Ditto L'Aldeana Valse,	3s.
Ditto Brune Thérèse,	3s.
Huntén's Souvenir de Jenny Lind,	2s. 6d.
Ditto Tyrolese Air,	3s.
Ditto Le Magon,	2s. 6d.
Ditto Nel Lasciar la Normandie,	3s. 6d.
Ditto Le Bouquet de l'Infante,	3s.
C. Mayor's Air Italien—"Il Tremolo," as played by Made. Dulcken,	ss. 6d.

CHAPPELL, 50, NEW BOND STREET.

In the Press, the whole of the Vocal and Instrumental Music of Balfe's New Grand Opera, "THE MAID OF HONOR," produced at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, on Monday last, for which performance, BOXES, STALLS, and FRONT SEATS in the DRESS CIRCLE, in the best situations, can be procured at CHAPPELL'S, 50, NEW BOND STREET.

HOPKINSON'S PIANOFORTE

AND GENERAL MUSIC ESTABLISHMENT,

Removed from 70, Mortimer Street, to 27, Oxford Street, Where may be seen for SALE or HIRE a Superior Stock of the Pianofortes by J. and J. H., so highly approved by the celebrated Pianist THALBERG, and the most eminent Musicians of the day;—ALSO A CHEAPER CLASS of Instruments, warranted of well seasoned materials and sound workmanship, and MUCH SUPERIOR IN TOUCH and TONE to the generality of Cheap Pianofortes.

NEW MUSIC, Just Published,

	s.	d.
"A Song of Wood Nymphs." Poetry by Barry Cornwall, Music by John Hopkinson. Sung by Miss Anne Williams, Miss Cubitt, Mrs. Sunderland, &c.	2	0
The Fairy Quadrilles (as published in the Queen's Boudoir, for 1848), by John Hopkinson,	2	0
A "Nunc dimittis" (suitable for Congregational Singing), by John Hopkinson, Organist of St. Mark's Church, Pentonville	1	6
"O Zion that bringest glad tidings!" an Anthem by William Jackson	2	6

GRIMSTONE'S AROMATIC REGENERATOR, for Improving and Promoting THE GROWTH OF HUMAN HAIR.

TO THE LADIES.—A lady had the following letter inserted in the *Times* newspaper on August 7, 1846. Reader, remember this letter was put into the paper by the lady herself, as a testimony to the virtues of Grimstone's Aromatic Regenerator: "Mrs. Weekley, of No. 2, Swan-street, Borough, takes this opportunity of publicly thanking Mr. W. Grimstone, of the Herbarry, Highgate, for the efficacy of his Aromatic Regenerator, in having completely restored the hair on her head, after using it about four months, and the whole of her hair is much stronger and more luxuriant than it ever was before the baldness appeared. She will feel a pleasure in answering any lady of respectability to the above facts.—3, Swan-street, Borough."

The most delicate ladies may use this delightful product of the most aromatic herbs and flowers with confidence; its refreshing odour removes head-ache and makes it a most necessary companion to the toilet. In cases of nervous head-ache, pour ten or twelve drops on the crown of the head; if very bad, repeat it every quarter of an hour. In most cases, relief is certain in ten minutes. It produces hair on children's heads in a few applications. If used on infants' heads, it has such a peculiar cooling influence on the brain as to prevent convulsions, as well as promoting the growth of hair.—See pamphlet of testimonials with every bottle.

CASE OF RING-WORM CURED.

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